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ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.

Frontispiece.

The
CHRISTIAN TREASURY
CONTAINING
CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS
OF
VARIOUS EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS
1867.
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Zaida

THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

CONTAINING

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF VARIOUS EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS.

A CONTINUAL JUBILEE.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

'Blessed is the people that *know* the joyful sound.'—PSALM LXXXIX. 15.

WHAT is the joyful sound? It is just, I think, the gospel. It has been in the world ever since the fall. When sin had reigned unto death, grace began to reign, through the coming righteousness, unto eternal life. It was the grain of mustard seed sown in Eden; and it went on, age after age, opening up and expanding. Paul tells us that it was preached to Israel, even as to us. It was wrapt up in all their types and ceremonies. It was the subject and substance of all their sacrifices and solemn feasts.

There was one of their feasts, however, which more clearly and fully expressed or pictured it than any of the others. It was the jubilee, which occurred every fiftieth year, and was indeed, in a temporal sense, a joyful sound. It came immediately after the day of atonement; and in the kindness and remission which it enjoined towards their fellow-men, was a most fitting exercise for those who had themselves just been receiving forgiveness and clemency from God. We are told how eagerly it was waited for, and how gladly it was welcomed. Persons were stationed on the hill-tops, all over the country, to watch for the first appearance of the new moon, which was the commencement of the year of grace. Whoever first observed it, signalled to the others; and so the good news was circulated all over the land, with a kind of telegraphic celerity. Then the trumpets were blown, and that moment all were free. The prison doors were opened, the chains were broken, the debtor discharged, the captive released, the slave enfranchised, the mortgaged houses and lands restored to their original proprietors; and thus many a scattered family met once more in the old home and inheritance, to thank the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men. It was a real Christmas season.

Don't you think that Christ must have looked with deep interest upon this? He loved and honoured all the ordinances of his Father's house. Every Sabbath saw Him in the synagogue. He regularly attended the Passover from his youth up. We find Him walking in the temple at the Feast of the Dedication, and taking occasion, from the many lamps which it was the custom then to light, to draw attention to himself as the world's great Light, and to urge them to walk in his light of life, till travelling days were done. At the end of the Feast of Tabernacles, when the people were pouring out, as they were wont to do, the pitchers of water which they had drawn from the pool of Siloam, He again drew attention to himself as the Well of life, the world's great drinking-fountain. He stood and cried, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' May we not, therefore, conclude that the jubilee would be peculiarly dear to Him? When acknowledged by the Father, anointed by the Spirit, a victor in the wilderness, He returned full of power to Nazareth, and read in the synagogue the words of Isaiah, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at

liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord,'—don't you think that, while thus engaged, his mind may have been full of the jubilee, and that very possibly He would say to the wondering assembly, 'I am the true Jubilee; I am the world's great Jubilee. Come unto me, and be free; come unto me, and be forgiven; come unto me, and receive more than your fallen father Adam lost?' Would not the same thought be in his mind, when He said to his disciples, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?' Yes, the gospel *is* a joyful sound. It proclaims salvation to the lost, forgiveness to the sinner, health to the sick soul, comfort to the troubled, deliverance to the oppressed. It bids the prodigal come back to his father's love, his father's house, his father's boundless wealth; and all this free, absolutely free, without money and without price. It is simply, Come—come now—come just as you are—come, for all things are now ready. Work is not required, strength is not needed, fruit is not demanded, questions are not asked; it is simply, Come, and receive.

Such is the joyful sound. But it must be *known* before it can bless. This is very important; it explains what would otherwise be a mystery. The jubilee trumpet has long been sounding in the world, the gospel has been largely preached, and yet the greater part of men are still aliens from God, slaves of the devil, without peace, and without hope. How is this? Here is the explanation: the joyful sound must be known before it can benefit. 'By his knowledge shall my righteous Servant justify many.' Says the Apostle Paul: 'The excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' What is this knowledge? It is believing, understanding, welcoming it. Multitudes who read and hear the gospel, never really *believe* it. They give a lazy, indolent, uninquiring assent to it; but if they were asked, they could give no intelligible reason for their doing so. The subject has, perhaps, never fairly crossed their minds; or, if it has, they have given it the go-by. They say it is too simple, too humbling, too easy; it will lead to licentiousness,—as if they knew better than God what will preserve and conduce to his glory. Many, again, never really *understand* the gospel. They have not felt their need of it, and so they take little interest in it—never give their minds to it. They are busy with many things, which they think more urgent and important; and thus they have not attained a correct, intelligent knowledge of God's way of peace. They never see its fulness, freeness, suitableness, nearness, and the obligation under which all lie to receive it. They hear it preached and explained from Sabbath to Sabbath for a whole lifetime, and yet, at the end, they are as ignorant of God's way of justifying sinners as they were at the beginning. If we were more in the habit of speaking freely and directly with one another about our most important concerns, we should oftener see how very general this ignorance is. They confuse the way of grace with the way of works, and think that it is by their own righteousness, not by faith in the righteousness of another, that they are to be saved. They cling to their own works, and say they are doing what they can. This, I suppose, is the hell-filling sin of our day. But, once more, there are many who do not *welcome* the gospel. I suppose there were some who did not welcome the jubilee. The selfish slaveholder's evil heart rose against it. He would say, Here have I been training and educating this servant; and now, must I set him free? The avaricious landholder, adding field to field and house to house, did not welcome it. He said, Must I now part with my accumulated possessions? The slave, enamoured of his bondage, said, I do not wish to be free; I love my master, am pleased with his service, and enjoy the connections which I have here formed. And so there are many who do not welcome the joyful sound. They give it the same reception which He, who is the sum and substance of it, got when He came into the world,—they do not receive it. But, thank God, there are many who do receive it. The poor, awakened, heavy-laden sinner, welcomes it; those who are broken in heart and wounded in spirit, welcome it; those who are weary of sin and its bondage, welcome it; those who feel their need of something better and more enduring than this world can give, welcome it; those who are afraid of judgment and the wrath to come, welcome it. The gospel just suits them; it is like bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothing to the naked, life to the dying. Put these three things together,—believing, understanding, welcoming,—and then you will *know* the joyful sound, and experience in yourself the blessedness which it brings.

Let us look at this blessedness. There are three ingredients in it which are here mentioned,—the favour of God, the joy of God, and the exaltation of God.

The *favour* of God: 'They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.' The light of God's countenance is another way of describing his favour. When He is displeased, He hides his face, or covers it with a cloud; whereas, when He is pleased, He lifts up the light of his countenance, or makes his face to shine. 'Walking' is just the whole conduct. A man's walk is his whole life; and therefore, when it is said, 'They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy counte-

nance,' it is as much as saying, they shall enjoy God's favour in all they do. What a comfort is this,—the Father's smile always resting upon his child,—the master's smile always resting upon his servant! This is a kind of summer life, a continual sunshine. Christ had it. The Father looked down, and said, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;' and the Son looked up, and said, 'The Father heareth me always, for I do always the things that please Him.' God's favour is life. How little the world's frown can trouble a man in whose heart God is whispering, 'I am well pleased!'

The *joy* of God: 'In thy name shall they rejoice all the day.' God's name is himself; what He is,—his attributes, his perfections, his being. They rejoice in this, and their joy is perennial—all the day. God's gifts change, but He never changes. 'He is the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' We very commonly err here; we rest in the streams, when we should rise to the fountain. We should turn away from our comforts, works, and fruits, and say, God is mine; 'the Lord is the portion of my soul, therefore will I hope in Him.'

God's *exaltation:* 'In thy righteousness shall they be exalted.' What righteousness is this? Not God's attribute of righteousness, for that could only condemn us; not our own righteousness, for we have none. It can only mean the righteousness which Christ has wrought out, and in virtue of which He has been exalted, and is now with God upon the throne. When we *know* the joyful sound, Christ's righteousness is put upon us, and we become partakers of his exaltation; we are justified, accepted, made near and dear to God.

'So near, so very near to God,
Nearer I cannot be;
For, in the person of his Son,
I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,
Dearer I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son,
Is the love He bears to me.'

Put these things together,—favour, joy, exaltation,—and think what a blessedness this is. Yet it is open to us all, free to us all. Take in the joyful sound; hold it fast; rest simply, unwaveringly upon it. Give no heed to the suggestions of the devil, the questionings of your own heart, and then you will abide in perfect love, and walk in perpetual sunshine. A good man, who was much blessed and honoured in his day, was once asked, 'How is it that you are always so peaceful and unencumbered amid cares and labours which would crush other men? He answered, 'It is not that I am not tempted. I have many thoughts, and fears, and cares crowding upon me, and seeking to get possession of my heart. But then, hundreds of times a day, I think with myself, Is not God my Father, Christ my Brother, the Holy Ghost my Comforter, Providence my helper, heaven my home? And thus I am upheld, and carried on from day to day, as upon eagles' wings.'

Narrative and Descriptive.

OCCHINO AND HIS FELLOWS:

A FRAGMENT OF ITALIAN CHURCH HISTORY.

AT Sienna, in Italy, in the year 1487, was born a noble witness to the gospel; one who might, in some respects, be called the Italian Luther. His early spiritual conflicts were not unlike those of the German Reformer. His name was Bernardino Occhino.

He began early to seek the way of life; which in his age was so hard to find, because of the darkness which then rested on it, the thorns and briars with which it was blocked up. 'From the very beginning of my life,' he says, 'I had a great longing for the heavenly paradise.' Here was the Spirit of God moving on the face of the deep. His eye was beginning to turn upward, but his sky was cloudy; he saw no sun, nor moon, nor star.

He thus expressed his uncertainties: 'I believe in salvation through works, through fasting, prayer, mortifications, vigils. With the help of God's grace, we can, by these performances, satisfy the justice of God, obtain pardon for our sins, and merit heaven.' He fasted, prayed, kept vigils, tormented his body; but no peace came, no holiness. He became a monk, and courted the sternest rules and the hardest penances; but still there was no peace, no holiness. At times, after going through some sad round of penance and self-torture, he would cry out, as he lay on the ground in his hard cell, 'O Christ, if I am not saved now, I know not what I can do more!' Truly he could do no more. He did not need to have done so much; for the promise is, 'To him that worketh not, but believeth, his faith is counted for righteousness.'

He was called to preach; but he had no good news to tell. Preparation for preaching, however, led him to the Bible. He began to study it; but it only increased his troubles. It contradicted all he had been saying and doing. It was irreconcilable with his great idea of peace by doing and suffering. He continued, however, to study the word; and as he studied, light

broke in. Hitherto he had taken his own works and prayers to God, to secure a hearing for him; now he began to see that there were better works and prayers than his which were available for him, nay, placed at his disposal. Hitherto he had tried to soothe his conscience by works and fasts; but his conscience refused to be pacified, either by these works and fasts themselves, or by his thinking of them after they were done. Miserable comforters are a man's own doings, or feelings, or experiences! They heal no wounds; they are not the balm of Gilead.

Soon he came to this conclusion: 'Christ, by his obedience and death, has fully satisfied the law of God, and merited heaven for sinners. This is the true righteousness; this is the true salvation.' Light broke in upon him; peace took up its dwelling in his soul. He was not yet wholly delivered from error, but he had found Him who is the way, and the truth, and the life; and this knowledge of the Son of God had brought him out of the house of bondage. He was now a freeman, and could act and speak as one who knew that he was not under wrath, but under grace.

His zeal waxed more fervent as he drank into the liberty of the gospel. He went from place to place in Italy, on foot, preaching the good news which had given him joy and liberty. He preached because he believed. Whole cities, it is said, went out to hear him; and no church could contain the crowds that flocked to him. He was not old, but his hair was grey, his face pale and thin, his beard falling to his waist, his clothes of the coarsest kind. He was the very image of what men in all ages have supposed the outward person of a saint to be.

The word came from his lips in power, as it ever does when it pours out of a full and fervent heart. At Perugia and at Naples there was what we would now call a mighty revival. The Emperor Charles v., who went to hear him at Naples, remarked, as he left the church, 'That monk would make the very stones weep.' An Italian nobleman, Valdez by name, was led by him into the liberty of Christ; and a young widow, noted in that day for her beauty, and rank, and accomplishments, was stricken to the heart. Valdez and she met, and the teaching of Valdez completed what Occhino's sermons had begun.

'There is war within me,' she said to Valdez; 'that monk's words fill me with fear of hell. He stirs up in me longings after paradise; but I feel also a love for the world and its glory. How can I get free from this conflict?' Valdez showed her that the hand of God was upon her, and that it was the Holy Spirit that was beginning his work in her. He showed her that the law had wounded her, and that only the gospel could heal her; that the law kills, but the gospel makes alive. He pointed out the necessity of being decided, and the sin of a compromise between God and the world. He then spoke of good works as springing out of faith. 'Our works are good,' he said, 'only when they are done by a justified person. As fire is needed to give heat, so faith is needed to produce love. Faith is the tree; love is the fruit. This faith is that which clings with entire confidence to every word of God. When Christ says, "He that believeth shall be saved," he that believeth ought not to doubt his salvation.'

So spoke Valdez. The lady made answer: 'But no one can believe better than I do.'

But the teacher, who saw her deficiency at that very point which she seemed so sure of, made answer: 'Take care,' said he, quite after the manner of Luther; 'if you were asked whether you believed in the articles of the faith, you would reply, Yes; but if you were asked whether you believed in the forgiveness of your own sins, you would only say, You thought you did; you hoped; but you were not quite sure. Ah! madam, if you accept with full faith the words of Christ, then, even while suffering under the pain caused by your sins, you would not hesitate to say assuredly, Yes, God himself has pardoned all my sins.'

The preaching of Occhino struck upon yet another ear—a nobleman of Florence, Carnesecchi by name. The truth entered his soul. With his eye on the Saviour of sinners, he exclaimed, 'Ah! certainly justification proceeds from faith alone, in the word and love of a crucified Saviour. We can be sure of salvation, because it was purchased for us by the Son of God at so great a price.'

Another of this little but noble Italian group was Flaminio, a native of the north of Italy, but brought into contact with the Christians of the south, at Pausiliporo, hard by Naples. There he learned the way of peace through Him who finished the great work upon the cross. Having found forgiveness through the knowledge of a crucified Christ, he spoke out thus: 'God does not call those happy who are clear from every stain, for then there could be none such here; but those whom his mercy pardons, because they believe with all their heart that the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ is the atonement for sin. If our conscience accuses us before God, if death be near, let us still be full of hope, for the mercy of God exceeds all the wickedness of the whole human race.'

This Flaminio, writing a commentary on the Psalms, and dedicating it to the Cardinal Farnese, grandson of Paul III., thus confesses his faith in the one sacrifice, the one cross, the knowledge of which is everlasting life: 'Herein will be found many things about Christ, our Lord and our God,—his bitter death, and his everlasting kingship;—his *death*, by which, sacrificing himself on the cross, and blotting out all our sins by his most precious blood, He has reconciled us to God;—his *kingship*, by which He defends us against the eternal enemy of the human race, and, governing us by his Spirit, leads us to a blessed and immortal life.'

From such witnesses we learn what was the old Italian gospel,—the good news of the one great work on Golgotha, which 'finished transgression, and made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness, and made reconciliation for iniquity.' In the belief of God's testimony to that one sacrifice, these men found

immediate peace, and were assured of eternal life. This believed gospel did not introduce them into *uncertainty*, but into *certainty*. That great work which they believed contained the peace which they needed—'peace with God;' and, in believing it, that peace flowed into their souls. They did not wait, and work, and weary themselves with attempts to qualify themselves for the reception of the peace. They believed, and they entered into rest.

FAVOURED ONES SHOULD NOT FEAR.

'Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God.'
—LUKE i. 30.

GOD'S favour, even 'good-will towards man,' is *proclaimed* wherever the gospel comes; and it becomes the portion of every one who receives the glad tidings. Such should not fear; they have no reason to do so, seeing 'God is for them.' They stand in grace, and should seek to have access into it. The farther they travel in this direction, the less will they fear, and the more will they hope. Thus grace saves and supplies: the salvation is complete, the supply suited and sufficient. Among these rich supplies are many 'fear nots;' and the provision shows that there is much need of them. To Abraham, to Jacob, to David, to Jeremiah, and many others, God hath ushered in his sweetest encouragements with 'Fear not;' and the family of faith, throughout all ages, have used them to chase away fear and strengthen faith. 'Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid,' has been their exulting resolution, and that with good reason.

To find favour with God, sometimes, as in the case of Mary, means to be used by God in some special way, as instruments for his glory,—being set apart from others, as separated ones. Thus Noah and Moses 'found grace in the eyes of the Lord.' Mary, the humble virgin of Nazareth, was distinguished above all others. This favour was as unexpected as it was great. The manner of announcing it was also extraordinary; and no wonder that she was 'troubled at the saying of Gabriel.' But there was no reason to *fear*. There could be no failure of the word spoken, however wonderful; no injury could come to her in being God's instrument; and it was a high honour that God put upon her. Let us not put from us, by unbelieving fears, any happiness, help, or honour which God pleases to bestow. What should we not, however unworthy, expect from such favour; and what may we not become, however feeble, by its pledged assurance?

LUTHER AT THE SICK-BED OF MELANCTHON.

COME, rouse thee up, Melancthon!
I have wrestled for thee well;
And the prayers are answered that we prayed
To break this deadly spell.
I bear the cup within my hand
Shall call thee back to life;
What, brother! would'st thou leave me here
To bear alone the strife?

There is work for thee, Melancthon—
Brave work for thee to do;
God needs on earth thy loving heart,
Thy words of counsel true.
In heaven He hath good souls enough,
His bidding to pursue.

And what were I, Melancthon,
If thy presence were withdrawn?
I am as bleak as the cold midnight,
Before the frost is gone;
And thou art gentle, and kind, and warm,
As the sun of the summer's dawn.

Thou'rt not the first, Melancthon,
My prayers have held from death:
Our gracious God hath promised grace
To those who pray in faith;
And well He knows a hundred souls
Hang on thy trembling breath.

All night for thee, Melancthon,
My soul in prayer was rent;
I wrestled for thee as of old
Did Jacob in his tent,
With an angel mightier even than that
Wherewith his strength was spent.

So rouse thee up, Melancthon!
'Tis not thy time to die:
The Lord, who needs thee on his earth,
Gives life the victory;
And even now the evil one
Hath turned his face to fly!

—*Paraphrased from the Life of Luther.*

The Hidden Treasure;

HOW IT WAS SOUGHT, AND WHERE IT WAS FOUND.

BY M. H.,

AUTHOR OF 'ROSA LINDESAY,' 'THE STORY OF A RED VELVET BIBLE,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

'Happiness! thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat?—oh, tell me where!
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame
All cry out, It is not here.
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.'

'I ONLY wish *I* had been one of the Knights of the Round Table, and wouldn't I have sought for the Sangreal, and found it too! If one could find it, he would obtain true happiness, they say; and surely that would make up for long years perhaps spent in the search. Yes, it is a thousand pities I was not born a Sir Galahad; I'd have been off to-morrow in the quest!'

The speaker was a lad of some sixteen years, with a bright, good-looking face, who sat in the midst of a group of young people, under the shade of some old trees in the lawn of Amberley Park, in Westmoreland. The summer sunshine was bathing with its golden light the whole surrounding scene,—resting caressingly on the brilliant-coloured flowers in the terraced garden, and playing on the waters of the not far distant lakes; and, despite of the thick foliage, forcing its way through the delicate green leaves of the cluster of beech-trees where the youngsters sat.

Shouts of laughter greeted the boy's speech. 'Harry Wilmot turned a Sir Galahad; and in search of happiness too, as if he were dying of misery! Come, Harry, you must pull a longer face ere we believe that!'

But Harry was not to be put down by a laugh. 'All very fine to laugh, Osborne,' he said; 'but, after all, what is the great object in the lives of all men, but just a seeking to find happiness?—only all are not agreed as to what constitutes it, and so seek it in different ways, though they may call it by different names. I have not made up my mind yet how or where I am to seek it; but find it I must, and shall. I believe it is a hidden treasure, to be got for the seeking. What say you, Stewart?'

The person thus addressed was a young man of twenty-one years, with a clever, studious expression of countenance, whose name was already attracting attention, by the honours he had won at Cambridge.

'Suppose we refer the question to Aunt Mary,' he said, rising, as he spoke, to make way for an elderly lady and a young girl, who had come to join them. 'Now, Aunt Mary, a question of great importance has been started; and as some differences of opinion have arisen on the subject, you must be judge, and decide who is right and who is wrong. Is true happiness a hidden treasure, to be found by seeking, as Wilmot declares; or is it something that we all possess, as Osborne says, and therefore need not to be sought for at all, seeing we have it already? We wait for your decision.'

Very kindly did Aunt Mary smile at the youngsters, who had gathered around her; but the smile changed to a more serious look as she answered: 'Harry is right. True happiness *is* a hidden treasure, only to be found in one place; but surely to be found there by those who seek it aright. The Great Treasurer, who keeps the key, himself hath said, "Seek, and ye shall find."'

All understood Aunt Mary's words. It might be that, in their own hearts, all acknowledged their truth; but, as yet, the paths which they had marked out (though they scarce acknowledged it) as leading to the treasure, lay far away from the only true one.

Stewart was the first to break the silence which had followed Aunt Mary's words. 'I mean to seek for happiness,' said he, 'in books, and in wisdom; and you know, auntie, your Book says, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding." Does it not?'

'Yes, Robert; but it also says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments." And again, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."'

'Well, Aunt Mary,' was the laughing reply, 'you've got the better of me there; and one thing I do believe—*you* have found the hidden treasure; one can read it in your face. Can they not, Cousin Lucy?' he said, appealing to the young girl who sat beside his aunt.

Lucy Villiers looked up at the quiet, happy face of the lady (whom, although no relation to her, she had learned to call, as all the young people did, Aunt Mary), and, as she looked, she felt that her cousin was right. *She* had indeed found true, lasting happiness; the Treasurer had opened to her, and given largely. She smiled assent, but said little; for Lucy, too, had chalked out a way of her own for seeking happiness,—a

way which lay right through the world's crowds; and she began to wonder whether it were possible that this path might never, after all, lead to the treasure.

Holiday time was nearly over, and the party of young people were to disperse on the morrow —some to go back to school, others to return to their homes; but all would look back with pleasure to the pleasant days spent at Amberley Park whilst visiting Aunt Mary.

Once that house had echoed back the merry laugh and bounding steps of two children, who spoke of Mrs. Wilmot, not as Aunt Mary, but as 'darling mamma.' Ten years ago a dark cloud had fallen on Amberley Park; the childish voices and the bounding steps were stilled; the kind Shepherd had gathered the lambs into the heavenly fold; and the mother, widowed and childless, unable to catch one gleam of earthly comfort in the cloud, lifted up her eyes, and saw, as she never had seen before, 'Jesus only.'

And now, though her thoughts often turn to the loved ones before the throne,—though every place where they played, every spot they loved, is sacred to their memory,—Mrs. Wilmot's heart and house are ever open to the young; her words of love and help are ever ready for them all; and 'the peace which passeth understanding' fills her heart. The hidden treasure was revealed to her where she least expected to find it,—in the midst of the great and terrible wilderness, a land of the 'shadow of death.' There it was that the Great Treasurer had revealed himself, and given to her abundantly of the pure gold.

The history of Aunt Mary's life was known, at least in part, by the young people who heard her words about the hidden treasure; and Harry Wilmot, as he pondered the subject, was assured that the treasure Aunt Mary had found must be the real one,—the true Sangreal,—since it could give that calm, happy spirit to one who had suffered as she had; and over and over he inwardly repeated the words, 'Seek, and ye shall find.' But how? was a question he left unanswered; though his imagination pictured, far off in the misty distance, a vision of perhaps finding it whilst alleviating the sufferings of his fellow-creatures,—for Harry had already begun his course as a doctor; and so, with many deep-stirring thoughts and purposes in his mind, he bade adieu to Aunt Mary and the others,—laughing merrily as Osborne, dubbing him Sir Galahad, bid him write and tell him as soon as he found the Sangreal.

As it will be some time ere we see him again, we may bid him God-speed; may pray that the heavenly Guide—who, though unseen, is even now by his side—may lead him on, step by step, in the search, making crooked places straight before him, and darkness light, till the appointed moment come, when He will remove the veil which the great enemy of souls has woven over every human eye, to prevent them seeing the only spot where the treasure lies; and, by the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness, will show him the good he seeks,—hidden no longer, open to him, and to whomsoever will accept of it as a free, undeserved gift.

CHAPTER II.

'Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
In which of nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found?
The birds wild carolled over head,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said—
No bliss for man she knew.'

THE party at Amberley Park was broken up; only Lucy Villiers and Alfred Osborne remained, and they were to leave the next day. The last day at any place where one has spent some happy weeks is always a sad one, more especially if you are, as Lucy was, left almost the last of the visitors.

Certain it is, as Lucy sat alone that night in her own room, she felt more depressed than she could have believed it possible to have done in the prospect of parting with one whom she had known for so short a time as she had known Aunt Mary; for this was her first visit at Amberley Park, and the first time she had seen Mrs. Wilmot.

Lucy Villiers was an orphan. Her father had died while she was still an infant, and the remembrance she retained of her mother was misty and dream-like: soft grey eyes, with the soul looking out of them, full of tenderness and love; gentle words, and loving caresses,—and that was all.

Yet, Lucy, there was more than that left to you of your now angel mother. A mother's prayers are floating round you,—prayers of faith, of trust, of hope, offered in that name which is above every name, and in unfailing trust in the truth of Him who hath said, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, I will do it.' Into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus, she had access even on earth; and there prayers were offered for her only child, which shall one day receive their full answer.

Lucy's thoughts were full of the future before her. Her school-days were over; her home for the future was to be with her Uncle and Aunt Osborne in London; and by them she was to be introduced into the gay world of fashion, in the midst of which they dwelt; and there she hoped to find the hidden treasure of true happiness. Visions of brightly lighted rooms, of rustling silks and satins, of light gossamer-like lace dresses, of flowers and gems, music and dancing, were before her eyes; and, pent up as she had hitherto been in the schoolroom, the very prospect of mingling in such scenes appeared delightful, and she longed for the moment to arrive that she might drink the cup of pleasure.

Such were the feelings with which Lucy came to Amberley Park to visit her mother's friend, Mrs. Wilmot; but now, as she sits thinking over the events of her visit, on the eve of her departure, she wonders how it is that the future before her does not look so dazzling as it did. Will she find the happiness she expects? she asks herself. And what has led her to doubt it she cannot tell. Surely nothing that has been

said to her. Aunt Mary has not spoken on the subject; the young people have all envied her the life before her. What can it be? Her cousin Alfred boasts of the number of parties and fêtes his beautiful sister Leila attended last season, and of the number she is to give herself next season, as she is Leila Osborne no longer, but the Hon. Mrs. Dudley; and tells how delighted she is that she can chaperone her cousin, though only two years older than she.

But Lucy, as she thinks of these things to-night, sighs, scarce knowing why; and rising, throws open the window to let in the balmy air, and gazes out at the beautiful scene—beautiful indeed in the soft moonlight. Silver-tipped are the hills and trees; whilst, mirror-like, the quiet lakes reflect the whole, and smile under the gentle toying of the moonbeams. No wonder that Lucy stood enraptured; never before had nature seemed to her so lovely. There was *rest* there, even such rest as she fancied lay in Aunt Mary's eyes, and in those soft grey ones seen so long ago, so dimly remembered.

Yes, Lucy thought that she had learnt the secret of Aunt Mary's peaceful spirit, the key to her hidden treasure. Amidst the tranquil beauties and wonders of nature she had sought and found it; and the more she gazed and thought, the more fully she became convinced she had guessed aright. As she lay down to rest, she wished she could have spent her life in this quiet abode, in the midst of this glorious scenery, that in the midst of nature she might find the treasure she coveted.

Nay, Lucy, nay; not there the blessing you seek. Nature can give much,—pure joys, simple, soul-elevating pleasures; it can rouse feelings akin to the sublime; but it cannot give true happiness, cannot impart real peace. Only *One* can do that, and *He* is hidden from your eyes, though He is ever present with you. Though He has loved you with an everlasting love; though He has *died* to redeem you from the god of this world; if He is named to you now, you would exclaim, 'I see no beauty in Him.' But yet a while, and, your eyes opened, his glories will flash on your sight, and the language of your heart and lips will be, 'He is chief among ten thousand—altogether lovely.'

Even as she lay asleep, prayers were ascending for her. Aunt Mary's heart yearned over the orphan girl: too well she knew the temptations which lay before her. Fain would the childless widow have kept the child of her dead friend to live with herself, but it might not be. Her natural home was with her mother's brother, Mr Osborne, and all that Aunt Mary could do for her was to pray. All! but was not that enough; better than anything else she could do? Could she not thus draw down on the head of the motherless girl richer blessings, surer protection, than she or any one on earth could bestow? Ye who love the Lord, and delight yourself in Him, pray on; pray for the souls of those around you,—'Lord, let them live before Thee;' and doubt not, though the answer tarry, it will surely come; and He, true to his promise, will give thee the desire of thine heart.

CHAPTER III.

'Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
One peace branch from above!
Then sorrow touched by Thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.'

'AND you really think, Alfred, that Harry Wilmot is determined to find the hidden treasure? Well I do wish, if he does, he'll let me into the secret; for I am beginning to believe that happiness is all a myth, a mere word, found only in a dictionary. I doubt if any one is happy, even those who are well, and able to go where they like, see what they like, and do what they like; not like me, obliged to lie here all day, hardly ever able to move or do *one* thing I wish to do. Certainly, happiness is a thing unknown in my experience, and yet, could it be got, it is a boon worth the finding. There now, I have horrified Cousin Lucy by my speech. Never mind, dear, Alfred can tell you I don't always speak like that; only my head aches to-night, and it is weary weary work, always to be ill, and know you will never be better—at least never like other people.'

The speaker was a young girl of about fourteen, the Osbornes' youngest child. An invalid almost from her birth (a fall, whilst still an infant, having injured the spine, and laid the seeds of permanent though not fatal disease). All that care, nursing, and the best medical skill could do, had been done, and yet the hopes were small that Netty Osborne would ever rise much from the couch. For long the child was as contented as the circumstances would admit of, and the loving attentions lavished on her went far to soften her lot. But of late it was different: the precocious mind was early developing; the feelings of the child were changing to those of the woman; she was waking up to the bitterness of her lot; cut off from the enjoyments of life, incapacitated from taking her part in the busy world. The cup *was* a bitter one to drink, and can we wonder if she turned away from it, and rebelled, loudly rebelled, against the draught?

Poor Netty! were there none to tell you of Him who alone could sweeten the bitter cup; of Him who, for your sake, drank to the dregs a still more bitter draught, and murmured not, only saying, 'Father, not my will, but thine be be done?' Were there none to speak to you of Him, whose very name is as 'ointment poured forth;' none to lead you to Him, who is as willing as He is able to cure,—the Great Physician, the kind, loving, sympathizing elder brother, Jesus?

No, not one. Father, mother, brother, sister, gave all they could give, in the shape of fond love, unwearied attentions, kind sympathy—but no more. The treasure was indeed a hidden one to her; months of vanity and wearisome nights were appointed to her, and she knew not that He who appointed them did so in *love*. She thought of Him (if at all) only in the light of

an enemy, and saw not that the very hand that chastened bore the marks of wounds received for her.

Lucy Villiers had scarcely ever seen her Cousin Netty for years, and now as she sat beside her on the day after her arrival in her uncle's London home, her whole heart was filled with compassion for the young girl. She marked the restless, eager, longing eyes, the weary unsatisfied expression, and noticed the bitter tone of irony in which she spoke,—too surely indicative of a heart ill at ease; and Lucy's kind heart longed to comfort the sufferer, and speak words of peace to her.

But how could she speak what she knew not; how lead one to the hidden treasure, when she herself knew not the way? As she sat there, joining Alfred in repeating many of the jokes which had amused them at Amberley Park, in order to cheer up Netty, she felt that they fell pointless on the girl's ears, and she longed to see Aunt Mary sitting by that couch, sure that she would find a way to soothe and cheer. Not till Alfred told the story of Harry Wilmot setting off to search for the Sangreal, did his sister's interest seem roused; then she spoke as we have told.

Yes; happiness was something worth seeking, one only knew the right way. It was all very well in Alfred to say that happiness was a thing which every one possessed, and therefore did not require to be sought for; but she knew she had not, nor many others that she could name; not even Leila, bride though she was, and rich in all the world calls good.

Long after the others had retired to rest, Netty lay and thought of the hidden treasure, and wondered if the Great Treasurer, of whom Aunt Mary had spoken, would ever open to her, and give forth the hidden store. Oh, if He only would—if any would tell her where she could find Him! She would beg and pray Him to do so, and surely he would not refuse a poor suffering child like her.

Refuse!—ah, no! He is waiting to be gracious; longing to pour the balm of Gilead into the weary heart; longing to show thee himself, to reveal his glory to thee. Even now, though thou hearest Him not, he is saying, 'Come unto me, ye weary and heavy-laden one, and I will give you rest.'

But as yet Netty heard not that voice, and as she lay she began to mark out a path for herself, by which she hoped to attain the treasure. She was wonderfully attracted to Lucy Villiers; she felt she could love her; her soft eyes seemed to read her thoughts, and feel for her, and her gentle voice sounded as sweet music in her ears. Ere Netty fell asleep, she had determined to search for the treasure in the path of friendship: surely in the interchange of thought and affection with a kindred soul, she would find the good she panted for! She too had joined the seekers, and her path also would end in 'vexation of spirit.'

(*To be continued.*)

Readings for the Young.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

THE Silesian vale is in the midst of great high mountains in Germany. There is in the middle of it a village, where very plain peasants live. Not far from the village stands a very old castle, which was occupied by a nobleman and his family. Strangers, in travelling through the country, often went to see the castle, for it was very remarkable in many respects. There were beautiful paintings in the parlours, curious old books in the library, and articles of carved ivory that were very wonderful.

One day a man went to the castle gate and asked admission. He seemed to be old, and was clad in a long cloth robe, which made him look exactly like a priest. A servant came to the gate, and the stranger said to him: 'I am a plain country priest, and have come from a distance to see this castle. I have heard a great deal about it, and the wonderful things that are in it. May I be allowed to enter it? Tell the gentleman who lives here that I am a poor man, and that I will be grateful if I may be allowed to go through it.' The servant replied: 'My master is not at home, but his wife is at home, and she is a very kind lady. I am sure you can gain admission; in fact, it is a standing rule here, that when a preacher asks admission, he is never refused. Come in.'

The great iron gate opened slowly, and the stranger entered. By-and-by he reached the door of the castle, and was admitted into the parlour. He was introduced to the nobleman's wife, who was indeed a good woman, and had a very kind heart.

She showed him the pictures, and the beautiful ivory articles, and the old books, and many other interesting things. She led him through all the chief parts of the castle, and finally conducted him up the high flights of stairs to the top of the tower. Her little boy accompanied her, and she held him by the hand. By-and-by they reached the highest point of the tower, and the good lady said to the stranger, 'Look out now upon this beautiful Silesian valley; did you ever see it surpassed?'

No sooner had she said these words, than the stranger threw off his monk's hood and his long robe, and seized the little boy of the good lady in his arms, and held him over the parapet of the tower.

'Now,' said he, 'give me your jewels, or I will drop your child!'

Horrified at such conduct, the good lady screamed aloud; but, of course, nobody could hear her at that distance.

She then said to the cruel man, 'I now see who you are; you are Kuno, the great robber. Give me my dear child, and you shall have all the jewels in the house.'

'Do you promise me faithfully?' said he.

'I will. I will give you everything you want, if you will save my child,' she answered.

'But will you make no alarm, so that I may get away from here in safety?'

'Give me my child,' said she, 'and you shall go from here in safety.'

Wicked Kuno took the child down, and gave him to his mother. In one half-hour from that time he had taken his departure through the big gate, with the splendid jewels in his possession.

Many weeks passed on, and the nobleman, who had been several months in Paris, returned. The whole event was told to him; and he took his little boy, whose name was Lewis, in his arms, and said, 'Thank God! How thankful I am that his life is spared! He is worth more to me than all our jewels.'

I have said that the nobleman's wife was a kind lady. Now I will prove it.

She was in the habit of taking a long ride every Thursday, with provisions for the poor in her carriage. One day she was told by a humble peasant woman, whom she had assisted many times for several years, that in the next cottage a poor man lay, who had fallen in one of the mountain passes, and had so injured himself that he could not live much longer. 'I have a few loaves of bread left,' said she, 'and I will go in and see him, and perhaps I can help him.'

She was admitted into the dying man's little room. On seeing the strange lady enter, he lifted his weary eyes toward her, and gave a loud groan.

It was Kuno, who had taken her jewels!

'I know you,' said she, 'but I will not harm you. I forgive you all.'

He replied: 'I am a dying man. Your jewels have been like coals of fire in my heart ever since I took them. They now lie in that bag in the corner of the room. Good lady, will you pray with me?'

She did pray with him, and stayed with him several hours. She noticed a beautiful little white dog, which sat on the foot of the bed, and looked at Kuno all the time. It was Kuno's dog, named Flink; and he seemed as if he really thought his master was going to die. He was faithful to the last.

Kuno said: 'There are the jewels, which you must take home with you; and here, on this bed, is my little jewel, Flink. He has been faithful to me in all my crimes, and he will be faithful to you in all your good deeds.'

The kind lady left the house, but not until Kuno died. She provided for his burial. He was laid away in the village graveyard. She took Flink home with her; and though it was some time before he became attached to the family, yet he did become fond of Lewis, and all the rest of the occupants of the castle.

Several years now passed by, and Lewis grew large enough to ride on horseback. Little Flink followed him wherever he went. He was as devoted to him as he had been to his first master. One day Lewis was riding on one of the roads that wind around the neighbouring mountains, and the horse became frightened at a queer-looking rock that stood near the road. He sprang suddenly, and Lewis was so taken by surprise that he fell off, and his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged for some distance on the ground. Flink made a spring at the reins that were hanging loose from the horse's neck. He got one of them in his little mouth, and held it firmly. The horse seemed to be gentle enough on ordinary occasions; but I fear that poor Lewis would have lost his life, if it had not been for little Flink; for that dog held the horse by the rein for some time, until a peasant, who had come from the other side of the mountain, saw the strange scene. The remarkable sagacity of the dog astonished him. Lewis's foot was released; and, after recovering his strength, he was placed upon his horse, and returned home. He told his parents all that had happened, and that Flink had been the instrument of his safety. Gratitude filled the hearts of Lewis's parents, and thanks were offered that his life had been preserved.

The next time that the nobleman went to Breslau, he ordered a little silver collar to be made for little Flink. Now, I will tell you what inscription was put upon it. It may seem to you a very long one; but the words were small, so that they could be engraved very easily around the collar. You will find it in the Bible; and without telling you where it is, I hope you will find the place if I give you the words—

'Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that you should inherit a blessing.'

The beautiful bright silver collar was brought home, and Lewis read the strange inscription. He then asked his mother why that verse had been put upon Flink's collar. She then told him, for the first time, all about Kuno's threatening to throw him from the castle tower, and that the only way his life was spared was by giving away her jewels.

'Mother,' said Lewis, 'I hope Kuno was a good man when he died. But your kindness to him on his deathbed will be worth more to me than all the property I may ever possess. I shall be thankful as long as I live for my good mother.'

BE YE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER.

We were playing at bricks one afternoon in our old nursery. We had begun to build a castle, and were very anxious to see it finished. So we took all the bricks to build it with, each a heap for herself, and left none for the baby to play with. She did not cry, but came to me and asked, in her sweet childish accent, for one little brick.

It was refused. The bright face clouded, and the blue eyes filled with tears. Generally the sight of my dear little sister's distress would have

touched me; but I was too much taken up with play at the time to care.

She went away to another sister, and got a brick from her. So the baby was happy, and soon both she and I had forgotten all about it.

But I was to remember my unkindness again; for, when the trees were getting green, and the flowers springing up, and the earth looking her loveliest, God took our baby-sister to that land where the trees are ever green, and the flowers never fade.

'The baby is dead!' they told me. They took me to see her lying on her little bed. As I looked on her face, now so cold and passionless; on her eyelids, shut fast by the hand of death; the memory came back to me of an earnest pleading face, and blue eyes filled with tears by my unkindness. I lay down on the floor beside her bed, and wept long and sore.

Then they told me that she was happy—quite, perfectly happy; that nothing could ever grieve her any more; that even now, as we looked at the empty body of our baby, her spirit was in heaven,—one of those infant angels whom Jesus keeps so close and near to himself; that in her little hands a harp is placed; on her sorrowless head a crown of gold is set.

They could not comfort me. I believed every word which they told me of her happiness, but that did not comfort me.

They laid her under the green grass, and soon the daisies grew over her head. Not so soon did my sorrow pass away.

God saw that this sad and sore lesson was needed to make me less selfish; and not until it was fully learned, in all its bitterness, did He send me comfort.

And though it is a long, long time ago now since then, and many a winter's snows have lain on her grave, and many a summer's flowers bloomed there, I cannot yet think without pain of the day when I grieved the baby-sister whom God lent us for a season; and have written this for you, dear little ones now reading it, in the hope that, by God's help and blessing, your little hands may be made gentler, and your little hearts kinder, towards those little ones whom your loving Father has given you to love.

'Little children, love one another.'

O. D.

THE CHASTENED SOUL'S CHOICE.

'Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great.'—2 Sam. xxiv. 14.

David had sinned; the pride of his heart, excited by Satan, had led him astray; and the prophet meets him with a message from God, as one who had entered into temptation. But his heart had already smitten him, and he had gone to the throne with his inward sorrow, saying, 'Take away the iniquity of thy servant, for I have done very foolishly.' In this frame the divine proposal—to choose one of three troubles—was laid before him. It is seldom that God allows his people to choose their own troubles; and David wisely casts himself back on God. He had learned what man is, and he had also learned by experience how gracious God is. The event proved that, though God would not pass over the sin of David, and of his people, yet that He could overrule all for good. This was a kind of clearing-up storm in David's eventful life. Then came the tranquil evening, to be followed by the bright day of Solomon's prosperous reign. New discoveries, new blessings, sprang out of this last trial of David's.

The Lord does not present us with three evils, out of which to choose what we think is the best; but He presents us with good in its infinitely varied forms. He spreads out before us his word, the riches of his everlasting covenant, and says, 'Ask what I shall give thee.' Let us 'open our mouths wide, and He will fill them.'

Still, it may be that, in consequence of various trials and sorrows, we may be in a great strait of perplexity. If so, let us adopt David's resolution; and whatever may have brought us into our trouble, 'let us fall into the hands of the Lord.' If we fall penitently and resignedly into the hands of Omnipotence, saying, 'Let Him do as seemeth Him good,' we shall prove that we are under the shadow of his tender mercies.

'Use the rod, and not the sword;
Correct with kind simplicity;
Bring me not to nothing, Lord,
But bring me home to Thee!'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 Cor. i. 7.

At Corinth there was a large and noble church. It was not perfect; there were errors and divisions in it; there was gross sin in it. Yet it was not only a true church, but one of high attainment. The Corinthian saints were enriched in all utterance and all knowledge. They had gifts as well as graces; manifold gifts; all gifts; they came behind or were deficient in no gift; they abounded in them. They were an advancing church; a church of true progress, in knowledge, gifts, and holiness.

Thus there may, in a church, be much evil in the midst of much good. Even when there are divisions and inconsistencies, there may be life and fruit. The remedy for all the evil, and the source of all good, was to be their holding fast Christ and his truth,—Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God.

It is *progress* at which we are to aim,—each church, each Christian. We must first *start*—start in the right direction—for the walk or the race. We must begin with believing; we must be rooted and grounded in love. And then progress, *true* progress begins; not till then. Having begun, we go on unto perfection; we increase and abound in wisdom, truth, holiness, hatred of sin, love to the brethren, pity for the world. Onward, upward, is our motto. Our earnestness after true progress, and our dread of progress falsely so called, should go together.

But, along with these gifts, there was one thing specially noticeable in these Corinthians: they waited for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us mark here—

I. *The Person.*—He is not here designated Son of man, or Son of God, King, or Master, or Bridegroom, but 'Lord Jesus Christ,'—his fullest, largest title, and one which the apostle delights to repeat at full length, as if never weary of it. He is—(1.) *Lord;* nay, He is Lord of lords: He is Lord in the sense of *God;* He is Jehovah; for this is his Old Testament name. (2.) *Jesus;* Jah, the Saviour; He who saves us from our sins; a divine Saviour. (3.) *Christ;* Messiah, the anointed One; filled with the Spirit without measure; the vessel of infinite and divine fulness. These three names declare his glory, and also reveal his grace. In them we read: 'God is love;' 'God so loved the world;' 'Herein is love.'

II. *The Event:* 'the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.'—The word is properly 'the Apocalypse,' or 'revelation,' or 'manifestation.' He is now hidden—unseen—within the veil. But this concealment is not always to last. God hath appointed a day for 'revelation.' Then He shall be visible; every eye shall see Him. His first coming is the greatest event in earth's past history; his second coming is the greatest in its future. He shall come! Behold, the Lord cometh. He comes in glory; in majesty; with clouds; with all his saints; to destroy antichrist; to deliver creation; to bind Satan; to convert Israel and the Gentiles; to execute vengeance; to raise his saints; to judge and to reign. For these things He comes. He is only waiting for the time appointed of the Father. Then He shall appear in his glory, no longer the man of sorrows, but the Conqueror, the Bridegroom, the crowned King.

III. *The Posture:* 'Waiting' (see Rom. viii. 19, 23).—As the servant for the master; the traveller or mariner for the morning; the bride for the bridegroom. In all these there is eager and earnest expectation. The event is infinitely desirable; the person is the object of love. We have heard of Him; we long to see Him, and to hear his voice. His absence is sadness and gloom. As Rutherford says, 'It is like a mountain of iron on our heavy hearts.' All seems to go wrong in that time of absence. In such a case 'waiting' is a necessity; we cannot but wait. (1) We wait in faith; (2) In hope; (3) In patience; (4) In desire; (5) In love; (6) In watchfulness. Such was the church's position before Messiah's first coming; such is it before his second. It is the posture of the church—and of each saint. They are waiters and watchers. There must be no forgetfulness, no indifference, no sloth, no sleep; all wakefulness, eagerness, and longing. Many things tend to hinder this, and to throw us off our guard. Let us beware, and hold fast. Let us not sleep as do others, but watch.

IV. *The connection between this posture and the gifts:* it is close, vital, and mutual.—The gifts cherish the waiting, and the waiting the gifts: the one helps the other. The more we wait, the more the gifts will grow; and the more they grow, the more will we wait. (1.) The gifts are all from Christ, out of his fulness; and the more we possess of the gifts, the more shall we desire to know the giver; the more copious and pleasant our draughts of the stream, the more shall we long for the fountainhead. (2.) The gifts are the gifts of the Spirit, and He is the Witness of Christ; the more that we are filled with Him, the more shall we wait, and look, and long for Him to whom He testifies, and whom his office is to glorify. Thus the two things are inseparably linked together. We cannot be growing Christians without waiting for Christ; and we cannot wait for Christ without growing.

(1.) *Press on.*—Stationary saintship is as poor as it is perilous. Advance, advance! Make this your motto. Be progressive Christians; belong to the advanced school of theology and holiness, in the true sense.

(2.) *Beware of stumbling and backsliding.*—The tendencies, both within and without, are all against us. Snares and stumblingblocks are in our path. Be on your guard. Look to your feet. Dread one retrogressive step. Watch against coldness and prayerlessness.

(3.) *Wait for the revelation of Christ.*—Be this your posture constantly; not theoretical, but practical. Let nothing come between you and a crucified Christ; a risen Christ; a glorified Christ; a coming Christ. Look for, and hasten to, the coming of the day of God.

THE TEN VIRGINS.*

AMONG the Jews the marriage ceremony was always celebrated at nightfall, and the marriage supper was given in the house of the bridegroom, and not in that of the bride. he bridegroom, accompanied by a select number companions, his friends, goes to the house the bride, to conduct her thence to her new me. The bride, with a corresponding attendnce of companions, awaits his arrival; and en, the two bands united, the bridal procession oves on to the dwelling where the bridal feast prepared. The ten virgins spoken of in the rable are friends of the bride, and are waiting, ther at her house, or some suitable place by e way, for the announcement of the bridegroom's coming, that they may join the marriage ocession, go forward with it, and sit down at e provided feast. All the ten have lamps. is in every event was necessary, as it was only lamp-light or torch-light that the procession uld move on. But these lamps of the ten rgins were not, in all likelihood, their own, r carried by them only for the light they re to yield. As it was customary to provide dding garments, so was it to provide wedding mps,—such lamps of themselves marking out ose that bore them as invited guests. Each of e ten virgins of the parable has got such an vitation to appear on this occasion as an atndant on the bride, and has accepted it; and ch holds in her hand the symbol of her chacter and office. Very likely the lamps were l of one material and pattern. Very likely the n bearers of these were all dressed alike; and at, looking at them as they took up together eir appointed post, you might have seen but ttle if any difference in their outward appearnce or equipment. Yet there was a great, and, s it proved, a radical—a vital difference between hem. Five of them were wise, and five were olish. The wise showed their wisdom in this, hat they provided beforehand for a contingency hich, however unlikely, they foresaw might ssibly occur. The lamp furnished to them had uite enough of oil in it to last all the time that t was thought it would be needed. There was nore than enough oil in it to carry the bearers rom the one house to the other; and had all gone as it was at first arranged,—had the bridegroom come at the usual, the set time,—the marriage lamp, with the ordinary supply of oil that it contained, would have been sufficient. But to the five wise virgins the idea had occurred that it was at least within the bounds of possibility that a delay in the bridegroom's coming might take place. Some unforeseen accident might occur, some unthought-of hindrance be thrown before him on his way. To be prepared for such delay, in case it should occur, they took with them other separate vessels beside their lamps, containing a supply of oil in reserve, upon which they might draw in the event of what was in the lamp itself being all consumed. The foolish virgins showed their folly in this, that they were quite satisfied with the provision of oil made for them by their inviters, and never thought of supplementing it by any additional provision of their own. Perhaps the idea of a delay in the bridegroom's coming never occurred to them. It was a thing that but rarely happened. The idea of it would not naturally or spontaneously arise. It would do so only to those who gave themselves purposely and deliberately to think over beforehand all that might happen, in order to be provided for it. Even if the possibility of some delay had occurred or been suggested to these foolish virgins, they would have satisfied themselves with thinking that it never could be so long as to burn out all the oil which their lamps contained. They were quite sure that all would go right; that the bridegroom would come at the right time. They were all too eager about the meeting, and the march, and the spread-out banquet, to allow their minds to be troubled with calculating all the possible evils that might occur, and how they could be most effectually guarded against. But they were mistaken in their anticipations.

'The bridegroom tarried.' Taking the parable as a prophetical allegory, this is one of the many hints given by our Lord, even to the first disciples, that his second coming might possibly be deferred longer than they thought. He would not tell them how long; He would say nothing that should absolutely and wholly preclude the idea of his speedy advent, his coming at any time, to any generation of the living; but yet He would not have them so count upon his coming being at hand, as to make no preparation

* From 'The Passion Week.' By Rev. Dr. HANNA.

for his absence being prolonged, as to commit that species of folly chargeable upon the five foolish virgins.

And 'while the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept,'—the wise and the foolish alike. Perhaps there may be a prophetic glance towards that which shall be the condition of the world at the time of Christ's second coming,—to the general surprise with which that event shall burst upon a slumbering, unexpectant earth. Whatever secondary allusion of this kind it may carry with it, you will notice that this slumbering and sleeping of all is not only what might naturally have been expected under the circumstances, but what is necessary to lead the story on to the contemplated issue. The delay had been longer than any one could have imagined. The bridegroom should have been there soon after the darkness had fallen. At midnight, had the set and common time been kept, not only would the procession have been all over, but the feast nearly finished. It had been with all the virgins a busy day, getting all things ready for so great an occasion. Was it wonderful that, when, hour after hour, there was no signal of the approach, tired nature should claim her due, their excited spirits should fail and flag, their eyes get heavy, and that they should all slumber and sleep? Had there been no such sleeping, had all kept awake throughout, the foolish virgins, by the gradual consumption of the oil within their lamps,—perhaps by noticing also and reflecting on the provision in the separate vessels that their companions had made,—would have become timeously aware of the danger that was at hand, and might have provided against it. On the other hand, had it been the foolish only who slept, and, while they slept, had the wise been watching at their side, we could not well have excused them if, when the foolish awakened, they had charged their companions with great unkindness, in having suffered them to sleep on, when they must have seen the catastrophe that was impending. We are disposed, therefore, to regard this incident as thrown in, rather in order to conduct the story to its proper close, than as having any distinct and peculiar symbolic signification of its own.

At midnight the cry came: 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.' This cry rouses all the sleepers. All is haste and bustle now, as if there were an eagerness to make up for the previous delay. As they start up from their sleep, the ten virgins all see that their lamps, which they eagerly grasp, are just dying out. With the wise it is a quick and easy thing to clear and cleanse the wick, and to pour in a fresh supply out of their auxiliary vessels. A minute or two so spent, and their lamps are burning as brilliantly as at the first. Not with the foolish virgins. They look despairing at their fading lights. They have no fresh to feed their flame. The only resource, in th extremity, is to apply, in all the eagerness a impatience of despair, to their companion 'Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone ou But the wise had been economic, as they l been foreseeing. They had enough for thei selves, but no such superabundance that th could safely and prudently supply their neig bours: 'Not so; lest there be not enough f us and you: but go ye rather to them that se and buy for yourselves.' It was the only alte native left. But, alas! it failed; for while th were away beating up the oil-sellers, and tryi to make a speedy purchase, the bridegroom cam The five that were ready passed on with him the procession, went in with him to the marriag and the door was shut.

The ten virgins of the parable represent many of the professed disciples of our Lor Their common equipment, and their comm attitude,—all of them with marriage lamps their hands, standing waiting the bridegroom coming,—tell us of that prepared and waiti posture in which all who call themselves by t name of Christ are or ought to be found, as the who are looking for the coming and glorio appearing of the great God, and our Savio Jesus Christ.

It would, however, be unjust to this parab and it would involve us speedily in inextrica difficulties of interpretation, if we either to the ten virgins as representing the whole c lective body of the visible church, or took t difference of conduct here displayed, and t difference of destiny to which it led,—the fi separation of the five wise and five foolish,— typical of those two companies which are stand, the one on the right hand, and the ot on the left, of their great Judge. Christ's o ject here is much more limited. He is urgi throughout this part of his discourse the d of watchfulness with regard to his approach i advent; and in this parable it is one form kind of that watchfulness which He desires inculcate. He does this by showing, in an illu trative instance, what special benefit it may to him who practises it, and what painful co sequences the absence of it may entail. T kind of watchfulness here so strikingly press upon our regards, and emblematically exhibit in the conduct of five of the ten virgins, prudence,—that reflective forethought, whi busies itself in providing beforehand for eme gencies that may possibly arise; the same virtu transferred to spiritual things, which disti guishes the wise and the prudent of this wor

profitably spend many an hour in conjecturing what possible contingencies as to their earthly rs may arise, and in contriving and arranging each, if it do happen, should be met.

nong the children of the kingdom, the wise the prudent are they who, having been l to that marriage supper of the Lamb, and ıg received the gracious invitation to sit ı with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in ingdom of heaven, prize the invitation so y, and are so anxious that nothing should ud them of the eternal blessedness to which ints, that they give themselves with all ence to the consideration of all the possible that might come in the way of its finally g made good to them, and to the best methods uarding against them should they occur. look beyond the present; they anticipate before it comes; they strive to secure themes against surprise; to stand forearmed to each enemy. Opposed to them, and an-ng to the foolish virgins of this parable, hose thoughtless disciples who, satisfied with ıg got the invitation, and with being ranked ıg the number of the invited, foresee no ger, take no precaution, and make no pron against it. . . .

The bridegroom came; and they that were y went in with him to the marriage.' The re, the everlasting blessedness in store for true followers of Christ, is spoken of here, o frequently elsewhere, as a royal banquet east: 'Blessed are they which are called unto marriage supper of the Lamb.' Scene of ivalled glory, of exhaustless joy; rich and the food provided for the guests in the great queting-hall of immortality! Other viands ther feasts soon pall on the sated sense; but those viands upon which the spirits of the sed shall for evermore be nourished up into rowing likeness unto God, the appetite shall r grow quicker the more that is partaken, the relish be ever the more intense. The panionship at other festivals finally wearies; ner or later we begin to desire that it should e; but in the hallowed unions and fellows that shall be there, new sources of interest, springs of delight, shall be ever opening, coming to know the other better, and each h access of knowledge bringing fresh access ove, and confidence, and joy. Other feasts broken up; and sad and dreary is the hall re hundreds met in buoyant joy, when, the its all gone, the lights grow dim, and darkand loneliness take the place of the bright e and ringing laugh. But that marriage er of the Lamb shall know no breaking up; ables shall never be withdrawn; its comonship shall never end.

'They that were ready went in: and *the door was shut.*' What a surprise, what a disappointment, the five foolish virgins must have met with when they came and found that already the bridal party had entered, the bridal supper had commenced, and that the door was closed against their entrance! They had been invited to this marriage feast, and they had accepted this invitation, as special friends of the bride. The idea of their being excluded from the banquet had never entered into their minds—no, not even after their lamps had gone out. True, they had not taken the same precaution with their wiser companions; but who could have predicted so tedious a delay? True, they had not been able to join the procession at the first; but now they have got fresh oil, and their lamps are burning as brightly as at first. The door is closed against them—surely by inadvertence; it had not been perceived that they still were wanting to complete the company. They knock—the door opens not; they hear the bridegroom's own voice within—the very voice of their inviter. With an eagerness in which fear begins to mingle, they cry out, 'Lord, Lord, open to us.' The only answer they get is, 'Verily, I know you not,'—an answer which too plainly tells them that within that joyous dwelling they never shall set foot.

The warning here strikes home upon us all. We too have heard the invitation of our Saviour, and outwardly have accepted it. Our Christianity may be such as shall stand well enough the scrutiny of our neighbours, and as may open to us, without any right of challenge, admission to the table of communion. But how many are there, among such professors of Christianity, for whom a surprise as unexpected and as terrible is in reserve as met those foolish virgins! The man who never fears that it may be so with him at the last,—who can hear about the door of heaven being shut against those who, up to the last, expected to get in, and no trembling apprehension come upon his spirit that he himself may be among that number,—is the very man in whose person that terrible catastrophe is most likely to be realized. When we know that there is so great a possibility, nay, we may say, so great a probability of self-deception; when we believe that so many have practised that self-deception on themselves throughout life, and never have awakened from its illusions till they stood before that door of heaven, and found it closed against them for ever,—how diligent in self-scrutiny should each of us now be; how anxious that he possess not the name only, but the disposition, the character, the habits, the conduct of a true follower of Jesus Christ! Let us apply, then, to ourselves those most impressive

words of Christ: 'Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father that is in heaven. Many shall say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.'

But that door which Christ himself here tells us will be closed at last against so many, is it not now open unto all? Yes. It stands before us, invitingly near, most easy of access, with this blessed inscription written over it, in characters so large that he who runs may read: 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' How different in this respect from those other doors at which you see so many of our race stand knocking,—the doors that lead to wealth or fame, or ease and pleasure! These doors stand so far back, away from where the multitude are naturally standing, that many, in the rush, and throng, and pressure, never get near them, though they toil to do so all their lives. Close in upon and around each of them what crowds are gathered, knocking so eagerly, so impatiently —often with such impetuous violence! They open, however, to but a few of all this number. For one that finds entrance, there are hundreds that are kept without. Why is it that the great multitude will still keep rushing to these doors that remain shut against so many, while so few try that other door that remains closed against none? Is it that this gate to which our Saviour points us is so strait, the way that He would have us walk in is so narrow? True, the gate is strait; but strait, why, and to whom? Strait —indeed, impossible to pass through—to all who come to it environed with the thick wrapping of pride and worldliness, and the spirit of self-trust. But strip yourselves of these,—come naked and bare of them, come in all humility, with a broken and a contrite heart,—and you will not find it strait, but most easy of passage. True, the way is narrow—narrow for each individual traveller; but who that ever tried to tread it would wish it to be broader,—to be so wide as to suffer him unchecked to wander away from God, or lapse into any transgression of that law which is so holy, and just, and good? Narrow as it is to each, that way has breadth enough for all to walk in it, without any of that jostling, and striving, and sore competing toil which mark the broader way that so many take.

Enter ye in at that strait gate. Walk ever humbly, diligently, with careful footstep, with watchful wisdom on that narrow way, and then let the alarm rise when and how it may; let the cry strike the ear, 'Behold, He cometh!' No shut door shall be before you. For you, as for your great Forerunner,—for you, because you follow Him,—the everlasting doors shall be lifted up, and the glad welcome given: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

Theological and Practical.

CHEER FOR THE TROUBLED CHRISTIAN.

OFTEN in this world is the child of God sorrowful. There are many things which make it difficult to 'be careful for nothing.' Though the dark and angry waves of trouble have become calm by the spirit's contemplation of the blessed words of our Lord, 'Consider the lilies of the field;' though the soul has rejoiced in the sweetness of that term, 'your heavenly Father;' yet again have the bleak winds of adversity raised the waters, and the Christian cries out in anguish: 'All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.'

How sweet it is to such an one to think of the better land and its occupants! Many are there who have passed through this life; and they were not without trouble.

> 'Once they were mourning here below,
> And wet their couch with tears.'

To them it was not always summer time; the birds did not ceaselessly sing, the land was not always beautiful. The heavens often gathered blackness, heavy tempest-clouds rolled across the sky, wind howled, thunder roared, lightning flashed, and they trembled. But they have no storm now. They have passed through earth's darkness and anguish. Now they enjoy the blessedness of heaven.

Will not the troubled Christian join them? He will. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Earth's night will soon be past; heaven's morning will come. Troubled one! thou wilt then rejoice in the unclouded beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Down in the valley thou didst cast thy burden upon the Lord, and so the steep ascent was climbed. Now, on heaven's mountain-top, far above the storms of earth, thou dost rejoice indeed. In the thick darkness thou didst place thy hand in that of thy heavenly Father, and He hath led thee safely through every danger. The morning star of promise, which thy tear-dimmed eyes, gazing upward from earth, sometimes beheld, is lost in the full radiance of eternal day. Oh! thy poor cares, thy pitiful anxieties,

which made thee cry, 'My soul cleaveth to the dust,' they are gone for ever. There is no care in heaven.

Leap for joy! Rejoice! rejoice! thou art now on the plains of glory. Eternal blessedness is thine. Hasten, that thy voice may join in the song of the heavenly host. Swell the grand chorus: 'Salvation unto our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' 'What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' Join that company. Thou art 'ever with the Lord.' S. J.

THE HILL OF BLESSING.

'And He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people.'—Isa. xxv. 7.

How often, in connection with the prophecies of the glory of the coming age, we have one special mountain referred to,—'the mountain of his holiness' (Ps. xlviii. 1); 'the mountain of the Lord's house' (Isa. ii. 2); 'the mountain of Jehovah' (Micah iv. 2); 'Mount Zion' (Rev. xiv. 1); and many other places. To Mount Zion the prophet here refers; hence we read just before, 'Then the moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed, when the Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously.' Three times in this chapter is this term used; and it stands connected with the overthrow of all enemies (ver. 10), the provision of all blessings (ver. 6), and divine enlightenment of all nations (ver. 7). These blessings will be complete, universal, and permanent. If we look back on the ages past, what do we behold? Nations sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. Deceived by Satan, they think that the veil which is spread over them is an ornament, and that the covering which he provides is a defence, whereas it is in truth 'the death-covering.' When Israel shall be all saved, then their salvation will be life from the dead to the world. The nations which sit in darkness will see a great light, and their language will be, 'O house of Israel, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord.' Then, what discoveries will be made, what delight will be realized, what devotedness will be manifested! In connection with this destruction of the covering of ignorance and the veil of prejudice, this annulling of the death sentence, will be the casting out of him who 'blinds the minds of those who believe not.' Christ, who was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, will bind Satan, that he shall not deceive the nations any more during the millennium. For all this deliverance and blessing let us hope and pray.

But though we are as yet called to labour now in the midst of all this darkness and delusion, let us not be dismayed or discouraged. 'Greater is He who is in us than he who is in the world;' and, aided by Him who is our light and our salvation, we may so hold fast the word of life, and 'shine as lights in the world,' as to save some from darkness and death, and prepare them to stand around the Lamb with us on Mount Zion.

'O hasten, Lord, the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
Thy hand shall rend the veil away
Which blinds the nations now.

When earth no more beneath the fear
Of thy rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

When Judah thus no more shall roam
Beneath the heathen's claim,
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.'

THE HOME OF PERFECT REST.

'To you who are troubled rest with us.'—2 Thess. i. 7.

Jesus said to his disciples, and He still says to all his followers, 'Let not your heart be troubled;' and yet his servant here describes them as 'you who are troubled.' But this trouble is outside the ship, not within it. The trouble Jesus forbids is that which arises from guilt, and fear, and care; these weaken the soul and produce cowardice. They are like the rot in a tree, which eats away its strength, and prepares for its fall. But external troubles are permitted and overruled by Jesus; and these are like the winds and storms, which serve to ground and root the tree more securely. They are for discipline and instruction. Thus the Lord prepared the east wind which smote the gourd which for a time sheltered Jonah. It was the prophet's own fault if he did not get more good from the withered plant, than he had got when it was flourishing in leafy glory, and formed a bower over his head.

Paul said, '*We are* troubled on every side, yet not distressed.' No more was laid on him than strength was given him to bear. Look where he would on surrounding trouble, he could see no curse, and therefore felt no fear. Though he went down to the deeps, he rose again to the heights; and from the crested top of the wave of trouble he caught a glance of the haven of rest. Then he shouted to his brethren in tribulation, 'Rest with us is at hand.' The Lord, in whom we have rest now, is coming, and then we shall have rest with Him and with one another for ever. Each wave of trouble rolls us nearer to that rest, endears the thought of it, and meetens us for it.

Let us in all trouble rejoice in hope of this perfect and permanent rest. If we would do this, we must recollect the consolations provided for us in trouble in the promises of God; and, above all, that our God is the God of all comfort to his troubled ones, and loves to have them reposing in Him on their way to endless rest.

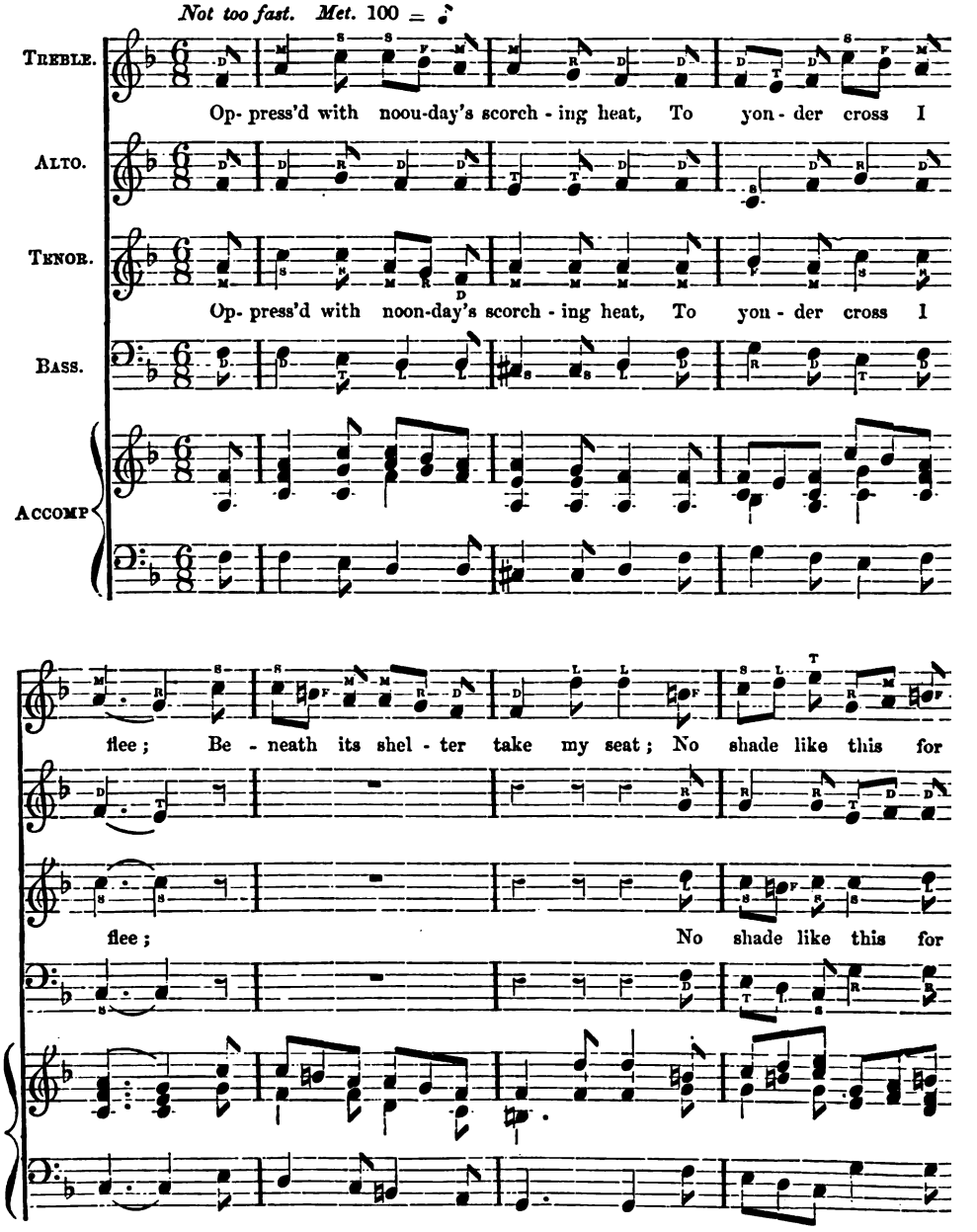
The Treasury Hymnal.

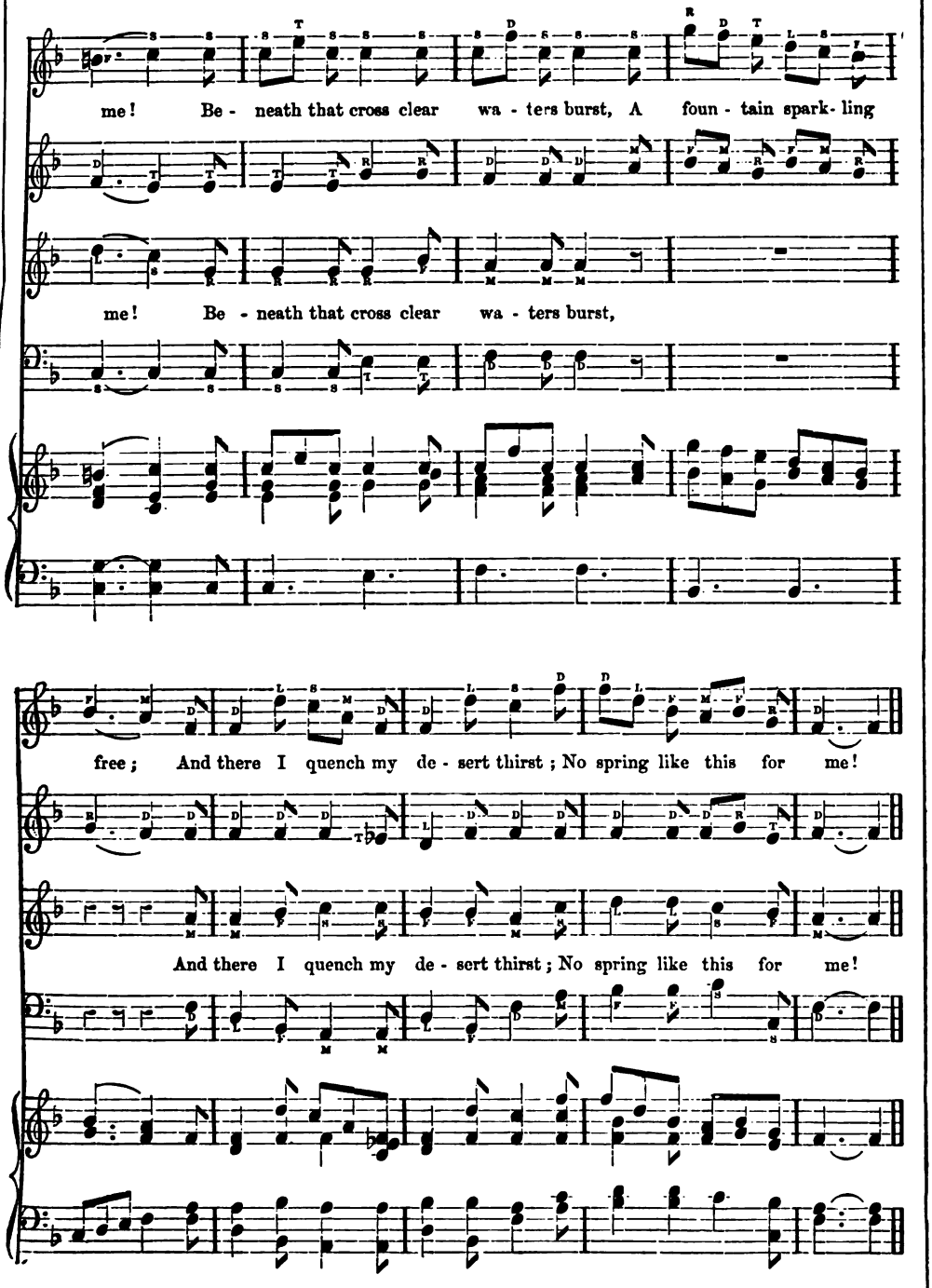
The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Method of musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singers.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. *Music from* M. HAYDN.

[The tune 'Salzburg,' in the Scottish Collection, is founded on this melody.]

Not too fast. Met. 100 = 𝅗𝅥

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP
Op- press'd with noou-day's scorch - ing heat, To yon - der cross I
Op- press'd with noon-day's scorch - ing heat, To yon - der cross I
flee; Be - neath its shel - ter take my seat; No shade like this for
flee; No shade like this for

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

me! Be - neath that cross clear wa - ters burst, A foun - tain spark- ling
me! Be - neath that cross clear wa - ters burst,
free; And there I quench my de - sert thirst; No spring like this for me!
And there I quench my de - sert thirst; No spring like this for me!

A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent;
No home like this for me!

For burden'd ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness;
No rest like this for me!

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

NO. XI.—MEMORY'S RECORDS.

WHAT a blessed faculty is memory! How delightfully we can exercise it sometimes in looking back upon the past, and, as we feel inclined, refresh or instruct our spirits with the recollected fellowships and experiences of former days!

'Tis said the soul can live in the past, the present, or the future, as it will. So, one evening lately, my tendencies were so decidedly retrospective, that I gave the reins to memory, and quickly it passed through many a scene of earlier years, living them o'er, but soon stopped short, and mustered up a train of images that long had lain in deep oblivion.

Anon I sat within the dear old church, where oft in early years I worshipped, just on the day that the first appearance of a stranger lady and gentleman, with their numerous family, made some sensation in our midst. I must, however, do them the justice to state, that this was not to be attributed to their fashionable attire—it was extremely modest.

Every one carries an atmosphere about with them, it is said, and, if it be true, theirs was denser or more easily discernible than others; they seemed quite immersed in the element of love, but without the least unseemly manifestation of it.

How devout, too, they all appeared, with a tenderness and unconsciousness in their expression, that was quite beautiful to look upon.

Next, I was walking home with a friend, and though not naturally curious, nor from principle inclined to say much about my neighbours, was yet receiving with considerable relish some information about the new-comers, all the more readily that it quite coincided with the favourable opinion I had formed of them.

One little female prayer-meeting was memory's next resting-place, on the evening that Mrs. A. first came among us; and on being asked to take part in the services, did so in a manner that deepened our former favourable impressions into reverence and love.

One thing that drew us young people so much to her was, if I may so express it, her motherliness. How broad her sympathies were! How genial her spirit!

She was, however, no latitudinarian. But, while maintaining her own principles most rigidly, she had an enlarged experience and richness of soul which gave a peculiar charm to her conversation.

Then memory, in a kind of freak, undid another fastening, and from a secret crevice brought up an image most markedly in contrast with the former, and placed them side by side. 'Twas that of one who, while all but intolerably conscientious about trifles, lacked sadly that enlarged sympathy—that breadth and depth, or rather elasticity of love, which can expand and rise to meet occasions, as well as touch with finest stroke the merest trifles.

Anon I found myself within their home. It was a happy one—a resting-place for mind and heart. Of them it could be said, and truly, that—

> 'With every morn their love grew tenderer;
> With every eve deeper and tenderer still.'

How well also did they succeed in making their children feel that *home* was the happiest, dearest place on earth! Surely that delicious home feeling is as choice a blessing as parents can bestow.

Here I could not help pausing to reflect how much the salvation of children depends on the character of their parents, and especially of the mother; what a power she possesses of impressing upon the minds of her children her own cherished principles!

That power, too, is ever necessarily exercised, either for good or evil, as the senses of children are ever busily, though unconsciously, taking in impressions from what passes around them. They are also found to be keen observers, and from the circumstances thus observed, to be constantly drawing their own conclusions. And it follows, of course, that in a home where religion is made prominent—pervasive as an atmosphere—God's presence and agency distinctly realized—impressions cannot fail of being made, and the superstructure of pure and noble character raised on right foundations.

My reflections over memory again bounded forward, to view afresh these home-scenes of hallowed joy she oft had witnessed, and often halted and lingered over them, as if in hope to catch some inkling of their spirit.

'Tis difficult sometimes to give form and body—paint in words the beauteous visions that rise before one's mind. But as one or two of them appeared in clearer outline than the others, I will try to sketch them, though but in a very imperfect manner.

'Twas with me a time of sadness. Dark clouds not only lowered around, but also threatened to overwhelm. There is a sorrow which mere words cannot reach. Well Mrs. A. knew that, and also when sympathy would be better manifested by silence than by speech.

One afternoon we sat in a little front parlour, a kind of *sanctum sanctorum*—I hope I will not be thought very irreverent—where only the privileged were permitted to enter; and just at a time when words of comfort, spoken directly to me, would have been worse than useless, Mrs. A., in her own cheery way, turned to her daughter, who sang beautifully, and said—

ome, E—, let us have "The Dove."'
d E—, her mother and sisters, taking dif-
t parts, sang—

'The dove spread o'er her weary wing
Above the waters dark;
She pluck'd an olive branch, to bring
The lone ones in the ark.

What peace and joy that token gave,
Though all around was dark!
It proved that God had power to save
The lone ones in the ark.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though all around be dark;
I have an hiding-place above,
In Jesus Christ, my ark.'

r had I heard anything so beautiful, I
ght; and while they sang, the weary heart
t its smart, and could only wonder at the
r possessed by a gracious spirit, of casting
on the troubled waters—or rather, of shed-
around one of life's rugged paths a charm
smoothed its roughest ills.

en memory took a backward turn, and
d another train of images, soon to converge
in Mrs. A.

stinctly, as at first, I saw the little upper
, where lived an humble Christian; and
the horror and distress with which she
ed me a posé of books, infidel books, which
brother had secreted, evidently for special
al. One of them was extremely virulent in
irit, written by a woman.

st of them I had read before—Volney,
ire, Paine, etc.: not from choice altogether;
s in visiting I often met with those who
only read but accepted those writings as
, I felt it necessary to inform myself. But
r was the perusal from shaking my faith, I
l only wonder how any one, in whose heart
had revealed his Son, could have a moment's
siness through such quibbling.

rhaps it was because I had not mind enough
e the force of their objections, but they all
ed to rebut from it lightly, as a ball of
-rubber. Now, however, in merely glanc-
ver the pages of this one I had not seen be-
it was different.

e advanced nothing new, and differed little
the other writers, except in the *animus* of
words; for, while she held up prayer to
ule as a mere myth, and also the poor be-
d creatures that could be content to believe
if they prayed and get something, perhaps
r different from what they asked, at *some*
, and in *some way*, that it was an answer to
r prayers, there was a living venom in her
ds that assailed one's spirit, and but for care,
ld have fastened upon it like a vampire.
instance, I could not help thinking, of *like*
ing to *like*. There must have been some
nt doubts existing in my mind on that very
t, or there would not have been such readi-
to entertain the doubts of others. I should
ely, however, say entertain, but rather that
s tormented with the vile ideas which she
anced about prayer soliciting entertainment.
protean also in character! How diffe-
rently they looked at different times! But when examined, proving the same unworthy ideas after all, spectre-like, haunting my spirit with their dark illusions. Ultimately, though adopting such Fabian policy, they had no success. How could they, when we may have with the Eternal One intercourse so close and conscious, that every doubt, however strong and subtile, dissolves into the veriest nothingness?

To me this little tilt with gloomy unbelief was extremely valuable, as by it I was led to meditate more on the subject, made more observant, and thus became acquainted with so many striking facts in the experience of others, as to the direct answering of prayer, as amounted, independently of my own experience, to demonstration.

Many of these facts I culled from the experience of Mr. and Mrs. A. But though memory would gladly open up her teeming treasures, I shall only bring one from the experience of each.

Again Mrs. A. and I are seated, not in the little front parlour, but a much more spacious room, having one of those delightful talks that can only be indulged in, when there is not the slightest shade of mutual distrust, and at the same time enjoying the sight of the children running about on the grass so beautifully fresh and green; and everything did look so soft and lovely in the declining sun, as he poured down floods of his subdued glory through the shady trees.

'Religion is icy without a heart,' it has been truly said; but in this home it had a heart. And the young people were growing up beautiful developments of humour and cheerfulness. With such springing, and romping, and jumping as we now witnessed, there could be no question as to their enjoying all the elasticities of life.

Something in particular having drawn my attention to Esther, the youngest girl, I asked if Esther was a common name in England.

'No,' she replied, 'there was a special reason for her being called by that name. I do not often speak of it, but I think I'd better tell it you.'

And then she began to relate how the Rev. Mr. B., an intimate friend, was in great distress. Its nature, however, she did not reveal, further than to say, that through a strange concurrence of circumstances, over which he had no control, he was brought into such straits, that unless God was pleased to interpose in a particular way, the cause of religion would suffer.

He called on Mrs. A. for the double purpose of taking counsel, and getting the aid of her prayers. In praying with him before he left, she obtained the assurance that he would be helped.

When she told him so, he doubted. But so sure was Mrs. A., that she thus addressed him—

'Mr. B., you will certainly be delivered, and *so* sure am I that I will neither eat nor drink until help come; you will therefore at once send me a token.'

Two days and two nights had passed away,

and the third day was drawing to a close. Mrs. A., faint and weak, was almost beginning to make the complaint of the prophet, 'O Lord, Thou hast deceived, and I was deceived,' when one of Mr. B.'s servants appeared with the token.

At the sight of it, Mrs. A. burst into tears, and for some time could say nothing but 'Glory be to God,' etc. 'And that is the reason,' she added, 'why the dear little girl I had soon after was named Esther.'

Here again I must pause, amid my retrospections, to state a fact. Mr. A., after many years' walking in the light of God's countenance, gave way to doubt on one point—God's love to, and care of him, as an individual. Singular enough, the effect was not what might have been expected. Instead of becoming indifferent, he became more earnest in the discharge of every duty, resolved that if he perished, it would not be for wilful rebellion against the will of God. But his was no longer the happy service of a child rejoicing in the light of its father's smile, but the hard service of bondage and fear, that left him walking in doubt and darkness.

In this state of mind he left Scotland, after a long sojourn there. When several years had passed away, circumstances led me to ——; and it was with no measured feelings of delight that I found myself once more with these dear old friends, and enjoying a delightful *tête-a-tête* in the spacious drawing-room of their beautiful English home. Every cloud had passed from Mr. A.'s mind; and fresh with the dews of divine grace, it was more clear and vigorous than ever. 'Twas, indeed, the clear shining after rain!

One evening, the conversation having turned somehow upon prayer, I asked if he had ever had any direct answers.

'Hundreds of them,' was the characteristic reply; and began at once relating some of them.

With one of those instances of prayer being directly answered, I was much interested; and having obtained leave to make any use of it I pleased, will here relate it—not circumstantially as he did, for I forget the names of the places, and many of the nautical phrases he used; but the substance was as follows:

After leaving Scotland, his distress increased so much, that he was quite unable to manage his business—that of shipbuilder; his friends, urging that a change would be beneficial, prevailed on him to take the command of one of his own vessels that was about to set out on a long voyage. He did so, and on the passage out they were one night in dangerous proximity to some sunken rocks or sand-banks, etc.; and though perfectly aware of it, an unaccountable drowsiness stole over him, and despite his extreme anxiety about their critical position, he could not possibly keep awake. The more he struggled against this feeling, it grew the more intense; and at length, completely overpowered, after he had given most careful instructions to Tom, the mate of the vessel, went to his cabin, and sank at once into a most profound sleep. While in this state, the man at the helm, through some slight misapprehension his orders, was steering the vessel right in the danger, without being conscious of it. few minutes more, and destruction would ha been inevitable. Just then Mr. A. was sudden awakened out of his deep sleep. The inte oppression was gone; he felt instead an ext ordinary influence impelling him on deck. obeyed the impulse, and was just in time to s the vessel. But though the immediate dan was over, their situation was still perilous in extreme. I do not remember the details, they were surrounded on all sides by dange from which there seemed no egress. At t juncture, a distinct impression was made the mind of Mr. A., of a passage between so sand-banks, through which they would esca He called his mate, and asked if ever he heard such a course being taken.

'Only once,' was the reply, 'and it was e tremely foolhardy, even in easy weather.'

Still the impression grew clearer and strong 'Run the vessel up in that direction.' Co vinced at length that this impression was supernatural origin, he obeyed, and in a sho time they were clear of all impending dangers.

'Ah!' he said, 'that was a great deliveran to me. Not only were we saved from shi wreck, but "my soul was escaped as a bird o of the snare of the fowler." Unbelief had lon held my soul in its icy fangs, but now its spe was completely broken. These remarkable de liverances were so suited to my spiritual statu as to convince me, beyond the possibility doubt, that God did indeed watch over m And, at the same time, He also revealed h love afresh to my heart. I rejoiced, yet the was something in the very joy that humbled m and the words would keep ever recurring to m —"Ah! wherefore didst thou ever doubt Blessed be his name, I have never doubted sinc

'That was on our voyage out,' he continue 'On the passage home I had another deliveranc We were within sight of ——; there was tremendous gale blowing.' And after descri ing all that had been done to prevent it, 'W were,' he said, 'perfectly helpless, and drivi before it right on the lee-shore. My mind w stayed on God. Thoughts like this were pas ing through it: "O Lord, Thou knowest that is not love of gain that has placed me in the circumstances. I am following thy own prov dential leadings. It is not a path of my ow choosing. I give myself up to Thee. If it do not please Thee to prosper my honest endeavou to provide for the family Thou hast given m Thy will be done. I give myself up to The What Thou willest is best. I cheerfully resig the life Thou hast given into thine own hands.

'While thus engaged, an indescribable pea stole into my heart, and I praised God, and sang. Yes; I sang and praised God with m whole heart amid that fearful scene. As I w doing so, the mate came up to me and said—

'"Why, Mr. A., you *are* a strange ma singing like that. Don't you see we are drivi on the rocks?"

'"Yes, I see it."

'"Then how *can* you sing, when in a few inutes we will be in eternity?"

'"Because, Tom, it will be from rocks to aven, from raging seas to eternal glory. But ve we left anything undone that could have evented this?"

'"No."

'"Is there *anything* more that we can do?"

'"You know very well, sir, that we can do more."

'"Then now is the time to prove God; let pray."

'So we knelt down on the deck, the men eeling also; and amid the howling of the wind d the roaring of the waters, I poured out my ul to God, and besought Him to manifest his ory, and prove to us a "refuge from the storm, hiding-place from the tempest," and if it was s will, to save us.

'As we were yet speaking, God heard. The ind, which was driving us on the rocks with such ury, veered completely round, and but a very ort time had elapsed when our ship was stand- g off the rocks, with her head out to sea. We ere saved.

'Ah, yes!' continued Mr. A., 'He is the same Jesus still that arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, "*Peace*, be still."'

That night, at worship, we sang Mr. A.'s favourite chant, and never before did it to me seem so full of meaning:—

They who descend to the sea in ships,
Who prosecute business in many waters:
These behold the works of Jehovah,
Even his wonders in the deep.
He speaketh, and raiseth the spirit of the tempest,
And He exalteth the waves thereof.
They climb into the heavens, they sink into the abyss,
Their soul is melted because of trouble;
They reel and stagger like a drunken man,
And all their wisdom is swallowed up.
Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble,
And out of their affliction He delivereth them.
He maketh a tempest a calm,
And the waves thereof are still;
Then they rejoice because of the stillness.
When He hath brought them to the haven of their wishes,
Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men.
And let them exalt Him in the assembly of the people,
And in the counsel of the elders let them extol Him.

THE PRAYER OF THE WEARY CHILD.

'Father, I am so tired. . . . It is time; let us rest.'—*Last words of Olivia A. P.*

'FATHER, I am tired!'
Was there no meaning there?
The lips that moved unconsciously—
The eyes upraised that did not see—
Was it mere motion—empty air?
Or was it prayer?

'Now let us rest!'
Was it an accident?
The unmeant sweep of angel wings
Across abandoned lyre strings,
While she, unheeding, upward went,
On heaven bent?

'Father, I am tired!'
Ah! there was meaning there!
The spirit, waiting, weary spake;
Waiting for cord by cord to break;
Wearied by waiting, still bound here.
It was a prayer.

'Now let us rest!'
Call these mere wanderings?
The first pearls, found by pearly gate,
And dropped to us who weary wait!
The first notes, as she upward wings,
An angel sings!

Through all the earth there sounds a dirge,
Beating, beating like the surge;
A melancholy, changeless rhyme
Against the shores of Time:

Tired, O God! O Father, tired we!
When shall we rest from toil? when find surcease?
When shall we cease to suffer? when find peace?
Tired, O God!

Tired, O God! Tired of seeking Thee
Through heathen myths, to find no FATHER there;
Through reason's maze, to find no place for prayer!
Tired, O God!

Tired, O God! Tired of leaving Thee:
Of finding but to wander from Thee; then
To toil, and weep, and toil to come again!
Tired, O God!

Tired, O God! O FATHER, tired we!
When shall we find Thee, never to remove?
When shall we see Thee, evermore to love?
Tired, O God! waiting to rest in Thee.

'Father, I am tired!'
Was there no meaning then?
'Twas human nature issuing there,
Through lips half-sealed, its last sad prayer,
One sigh of earth—and never then
To sigh again.

'Now let us rest!'
It was the voice of earth—
No, no—the voice of heaven—of each!
Words first—last; living—dying speech;
All hail to heaven!—farewell to earth!
A death—a birth. W. P. L.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 Cor. xvi. 13, 14.

Here are five closing words of warning and counsel to the saints of Corinth. If they, who were 'enriched in all utterance and in all knowledge,' and who 'came behind in no gift,' needed such words, how much more we!

I. *Watch ye.*—The servant takes up the master's words,—for these are specially Christ's words; and of the twenty-one times that they occur in the New Testament, twelve are in the Gospels. The Lord saw that his church would need such a word as her watchword and motto. Our tendency is to be off our guard, to fall asleep; therefore we are exhorted to watch. We are to watch against things both within and without. We are to watch constantly; one unwatchful hour may work unspeakable evil, to ourselves and to others. Were a pilot to fall asleep at the helm, or the keeper of the lighthouse, or the engine-man on one of our expresses, what would be the consequences? We are to watch—(1.) Against ourselves; our unbelief, our carnality, our indolence, our selfishness, our covetousness, our bad temper, our vanity, our worldliness. (2.) Against the world; its errors, its follies, its gaieties, its temptations, its open sins, its novels, its theatres, its ball-rooms, its parties of pleasure, its idle companionships. (3.) Against Satan; his sophistries, wiles, delusions, arguments, fiery darts. Against all these there must be vigorous, honest, brave, incessant, uncompromising watchfulness. No truce with the enemies of Christ; no friendship with the seed of the serpent; no alliance with this present evil world.

II. *Stand fast in the faith.*—The word here is simply 'stand,' maintain your position; and the stress is laid on 'the faith,' the things most surely believed. The exhortation takes for granted that we have believed; and it calls on us to adhere to the truths which we have thus received. It is not of the quantity or quality of our own faith that the apostle is speaking, but of the excellency, and fulness, and trueness, and sufficiency of the things believed. For it is out of these, and not out of our own acts of faith, that we extract all the peace, and strength, and holiness to which we are called by the gospel. This 'standing' is not founded on ignorance, but on knowledge. It is intelligent and reasonable. It is not obstinacy, nor crotchety adhesion to one's own notions. It is large-minded, large-hearted cleaving to what is revealed, and so ascertained to be true—divinely true. 'Stand fast' in these days, when so many are falling, or stumbling, or departing from the foundation. 'Stand fast,' but be sure that it is in 'the faith'—the old apostolic faith. The church's *creed* is not moveable, but fixed; for it is made up of the truth of the unchanging God, not of the opinions of man or the speculations of the age.

III. *Quit you like men.*—This literally means, 'Be men,' or 'Be manly;' very different from 'muscular' or materialized Christianity. Your creed is the creed of men, not of babes; so let your walk and bearing be,—your whole life, your conversation, your recreations, your literature, your tones and looks. No cant, no whining, no simpering, no effeminacy, no sentimentalism. Let all about you be erect and manly. Be manly, yet calm; be manly, yet gentle; be manly, yet polite and courteous. A true Christian should be the manliest of men. Such was Paul, such was John, such was Peter. Such was Knox, and Calvin, and Luther. Men walking in the footsteps of these should be, in the best sense of the word, 'masculine.' No duplicity, no shuffling, no insincerity. Well wrote the poet: 'There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.' God's design in conversion, and the Holy Spirit's work in indwelling, is to make us thoroughly what God, when creating us, meant us to be,—men, true men, in dignity, in integrity, in nobleness of bearing, whether of soul or body. I remember the remark of one regarding a young man newly converted: he said 'his conversion had improved his very gait, and given him a free and noble bearing, which he had not before.' So let it be with us. Popish saints are all pictured as hanging the head to one side, looking demurely on the ground: so let us not be; but erect, looking upward with joyous, stedfast eye.

IV. *Be strong.*—The word denotes vigour and power, whether of soul or body. It is the word used of John: 'The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit' (Luke i. 80). It is the word used of Jesus: 'The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit' (Luke ii. 40). We are to be strong in every way and in every sense: strong in mind, strong in will, strong in purpose, strong in faith. Not feeble, cowardly, compromising, yielding, vacillating, changeable, timid, and afraid to face danger, or difficulty, or toil, or loss, or shame. A true saint is no coward no mere soldier on parade, but ever ready for the field; not turning back in the day of battle. Christian strength is a real thing. Christian vigour is one of those things by which we glorify God Christian bravery is that in which we are true followers of primitive saints, of martyrs, reformers covenanters, and confessors. While men deride us as professors of the 'soft theology,' let us show to all what true strength is,—enduring hardness, and fearing no foe.

V. *Let all your things be done with charity.*—Solomon's exhortation is: 'Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it *with thy might*;' Paul's is, 'with charity.' Both must be remembered. The *love* and the *might* must go together. Let love pervade everything, even your strongest words and most energetic deeds. The one need not exclude the other; nay, they mutually help: the love makes the might the mightier, and the might makes the love more loving. Love one another. Love as brethren. Love all men. Let us go forth each day in love to work the works and speak the words of God. Let all men see that we love, and that the love of God reigneth within. Watch, stand fast, be men, be strong; yet, above all, be loving. This is the best of gifts, the more excellent way. We have been loved, let us love. Let us put away all hatred, strife, variance, malice, envy, wrath, unbrotherliness. Let us be kindly affectioned one to another. Let love make us brave, true, fearless, liberal, noble; yet not soft, timid, effeminate, childish, either in word or deed.

WITHOUT THE GATE.*

SONG OF SOLOMON V. 2–VI. 3.

THE place assigned to her whose varying experiences are the subjects of this Song, was not the city. *There*, man had collocated *his* strength, and stamped the impress of his name; *that*, therefore, was not the place igned for her, whose distinctive blessing was panionship with her rejected Lord. Like n, she was called 'to go without the gate, ring his reproach.' She was to find the place her rest and her occupation far away from n's city; in the vineyards or at the sheepds, or in some 'garden enclosed,' where nts of heavenly fragrance could be trained by r for the Lord.

In the previous chapter, we find her in one of r highest positions of honour and blessing. We e her encompassed by plants of pleasant fraance that had sprung up under the culture of r hand—herself rejoicing in the presence of her rd, and acknowledged by Him as one that was inistering to his joy. She had asked Him to me into his garden, and He had come and sted of its honeycomb, and spices, and pleasant uits. He had commended her, and they had joiced together.

But now, how changed the scene! She had aken the sheepfold, and the vineyard, and the rden; she was no longer a sojourner 'without e gate;' she had wandered into the city, and und her way into one of its palaces; she had compassed herself with its delicacies (for she eaks of her fingers dropping with sweet-smelling myrrh), and there she had lain down to rest. er pilgrim-garb was laid aside. She was no nger the despised shepherdess, or the keeper of e vineyards, but rather a princess, treading licately kings' courts. She no longer said, once she had done, 'Tell me, O Thou whom r soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou akest thy flock to rest at noon; for why should e as one that turneth aside by the flocks of companions?' Her companionship with her rd had ceased, and she sought not to renew it. still remained unsheltered—'his head filled h dew, and his locks with the drops of the ht;' whilst she was resting, or seeking to rest, he midst of luxuries and refinements which d never have been hers, unless she had abaned the true place of her service, and had ed to be a sojourner 'without the gate.'

'I sleep, but my heart waketh.' Such was her apology—such the plea by which she would fain have hidden from herself, as well as excused to others, the truth of her condition. But why this difference between her outward circumstances and her inward feelings? Was it needful? Was it right? And could such discrepancy continue? Would the heart long remain wakeful, if the eye and the ear ceased to watch, and the hand to act? And even if the heart could so watch, what use would there be in such vigilance, if no outward development followed? Who would credit her tale respecting her heart's wakefulness, if all surrounding circumstances contradicted her saying, and proved that her activity had wholly given place to slumber? Yet, false as is the plea, it is one by which believers have not unfrequently deceived themselves; until their slumber has become so deep as to preclude the possibility of arousing them even to a sense of the delusion.

She, however, whose history we are here considering, was not to be allowed to sink into such depth of slumber. Her course was to be arrested. She was speedily to be summoned from her resting-place, and brought back to the side of her Lord; for her heart had not yet so lapsed as to be altogether deaf to his voice, or indifferent to its call. Accordingly, when He drew nigh and knocked at the closed door—the door which herself had closed against Him; as soon as she heard his call, as the call of one who was seeking for himself shelter from the cold and darkness and dew of night, she instantly recognised his well-known voice. 'It is the voice,' said she, 'of my Beloved that knocketh.' Yet she was slow, and even reluctant, to unlock the closed door. 'I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?' Such were the words with which, at first, she responded to his call. Was it that she was really unwilling to reassume, for a brief moment, the garment she had put off? Did she really fear that her feet, which she had washed, would be defiled by crossing, for a moment, the chamber of her luxury? Or, did her heart tell her that if her Lord entered that chamber, He would refuse to share with her the shelter she had chosen, and would surely summon her from it; and that thus, drawn from her resting-place, she too would have to say that her 'head also was filled with dew, and her locks with the drops of the night?' Conscience is quick, under certain circumstances, in anticipating results, though its

*rom Mr. B. W. Newton's 'Occasional Papers.'
—3.

anticipations are not unfrequently wrong; because though discerning, perhaps, the path of duty and its difficulties, it fails with equal clearness to apprehend the grace and loving-kindness which sustains in that path, and removes or overcomes its difficulties.

Doubtless she anticipated that she would be called away from her rest; and hence her reluctance. Yet her folly was not permitted to turn aside the persistency of his grace. He had before knocked; He now sought to *open* the closed door. Her heart was touched; and she arose to unlock it—her 'hands dropping with myrrh, and her fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.' Here was the evidence of the luxuriousness of her rest. It was a condition very unlike that of the shepherdess whom the sun had looked upon and blackened, or that of the outcast in the vineyards, despised and spurned by her own mother's children. She opened the door, however; but it was too late. He was gone. 'I opened to my Beloved; but my Beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone; my soul failed when He spake: I sought Him, but I could not find Him; I called Him, but He gave me no answer.' Indeed, He had never designed to enter that chamber, nor to rest where she rested. He had only come there to arouse her. If she desired to find Him, she must thread her way back through the streets of that city into which she never ought to have wandered. She must again go without the gate, and seek Him *there*.

And she *did* seek Him; for her heart was really true to her Lord. She returned not to her forbidden rest; but forsaking that goodly chamber, she went forth even at that midnight hour into the dark city, helpless and alone. No voice of love greeted her, no kindly hand sustained, no friendly voice directed her. She was to be chastened, and to know many sorrows, ere she again found herself by the side of Him from whom she had wandered. 'The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.' Such is her own narrative of her sorrows. The watchmen of man's city, and the keepers of its walls, can have no sympathy with any one who is unattracted by that city's glories, and refuses to labour for its interests—having an ear deaf to its melodies, an eye closed to its beauties. 'Who is blind, but my servant? or deaf, as my messenger that I sent? who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant? Seeing many things, but thou observest not; opening the ears, but he heareth not.' Such was the character of the one faithful and true Witness; and such, in measure, is the character of all who remember his example, and follow his steps; they know that from the days of Cain and Nimrod to the present hour, unregenerate n under Satan has been lord of the earth, and stamped upon it the impress of his evil ha They know, too, that in this there will be change, except indeed for advance in rebelli until the Lord shall be revealed in the brig ness of his destroying glory. 'Human progre therefore, is to them only another name for advance of unregeneracy to its doom. 'An christ,' 'Babylon,' 'Armageddon,' 'the wi press of the wrath of God,' 'the lake t burneth with fire and brimstone,'—such are names that indicate to the eye of faith the and the goal of all present human progress. ' more, therefore, the city of man strengthe itself, the more it illumines itself with brightn the more the instructed heart trembles; fo knows what 'will be in the end thereof.' W place, then, more fearful than that held by th who are the watchmen of man's city — strengtheners of its greatness—the defenders its walls?

If that place had been held only by the Ni rods, and Cæsars, and Caiaphases of earth, a their servants; if the world's religiousness h always worn its Pagan or its Jewish garb, s had never assumed the profession of the name Jesus; if none of Christ's servants had b seduced into the belief that the city of man being gradually transformed into the city God, the danger would not be what it at pres is. But nominal Christianity has undertak to sanctify the world's energies. It has enc raged those who give themselves, body and s to the advancement and glorification of m city, and has told them that in so doing t glorify God. It has put the name of Ch upon Christ's enemies; and has striven identify before the thoughts of men, the of God and the city of man. And it wonderfully succeeded. Few recognise that relation held by the Lord Jesus and his vants the apostles towards Caiaphas and Cæ and all that morally characterized Jerusalem Rome, is still the relation in which truth its servants stand toward every system, secu or religious, that is formed by the hand controlled by the will of unregenerate m Doubtless the acknowledgment of this narro greatly the path of Christ's servants; but is the way narrow that leadeth unto life? Is exhortation to 'go without the camp, bearing reproach,' limited to any especial time or pla Is it not a commandment addressed to all v own the sanctifying blood of Jesus? 'Jesus, t He might sanctify the people by his own blo suffered without the gate. Let us go fo

herefore unto Him without the camp, bearing is reproach. For here have we no continuing ity, but we seek one to come.' Can any words nore plainly mark the everlasting difference etween the city of God and the city of man? nd as the hour of Antichrist draws nigh, this ifference becomes, not indeed more real, but nore marked, every day.

We cannot wonder that they whose view is ounded by the horizon of earth should greatly lory in man's present progress. The leaders of he world's energies have not laboured in vain. he city of man grows and waxes stronger and tronger every day; and even professed servants f Christ consent to guard it, and to become the atchmen of its walls. We can well conceive ow, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, they walk about pon its battlements, and look forth upon its reatness, and say, 'Is not this the city which ur hands have formed, and which our skill and isdom preserve?' Religiously and secularly ey glory in it; and woe to the pilgrim stranger at comes across their path, and tells them that r Lord whom she worships, is not only dis-nt from, but AGAINST *them* and *it*. We might pect that their wrath would wax hot against r—that they would smite and wound her; for hat more hateful in their sight than such oughts and ways and testimonies as hers? it why did she draw nigh them? Did she deed expect to find in them sympathy, or to tain from them direction? Did she imagine at *they* could tell her where to find her Lord; that *they* would be willing to seek Him with r? She may, perhaps, have thought so; for ien the people of God with perplexed heart d uneasy conscience find themselves treading wrong path, surrounded too by the results of eir disobedience, it is not often that they view e circumstances around them with calm sobriety mind. Impulse and excitement for the most rt rule their steps; and they earn by their rn foolishness, chastisement and sorrow. So as it with her. If, commissioned by her Lord, d coming as from his side, she had met these atchmen and keepers of the city, she might ve confronted them and triumphed. At any te, she would have been sustained by his rength. But it was far otherwise now. She peared before them not only as an alien (that e must ever have been), but as an alien, weak, rrowful, deserted, and needing, perhaps claim-g, help. Were *they* to be the helpers of that hich they abominated? They helped her not, it they smote her.

In human life, however, they who have power d energy to *act upon* others, are far fewer than ose who *are acted on*. Men for the most part e the ready subjects of others' influence. Multitudes dwell in man's city who are neither its 'watchmen,' nor 'the keepers of its walls,' but its 'daughters.' Trained under its influences, and unresistingly imbibing from their earliest years its principles, they readily receive from the institutions of society around them an abiding impress. Society prepares the mould, and their characters, like plastic clay, are formed therein. Having little ability, and less desire, to test the principles and practices that prevail around them, they find it far more easy to favour what others favour, than to incur the labour and painfulness of examination. Prosperity, success, numerical increase, popular approbation, and the like, are their tests; and anything that answers thereunto is readily accepted by them as good and true. 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.' The universal verdict of society is, in their judgment, a sufficient warrant for truth. How can that be wrong which the whole world judges to be right? They know that it is more easy to float with the current than to struggle against it; more pleasant to consort with that which is honoured and dignified, than with that which is outcast and despised. To look too searchingly into anything is in their estimate the part of folly rather than of wisdom. They know that as the foot moves most pleasantly when it lightly skims over the ground's surface, so does the heart know least of sorrow when it thinks and feels *superficially*. Carelessly, therefore, they bow down before anything that educationally they have learned to reverence. When not swayed by habit, they are guided by expediency. Where the multitude leads, they follow. Such is the character of the 'daughters of Jerusalem.' They are the children of the city of man. It is their parent and their home. They love it—cleave to it—rejoice in it. Nothing is more abhorrent to their hearts than the thought of going without the gate, bearing reproach. If not sensitive to the appeals of truth, they are very sensitive to ignominy, and dread the scorn of men even more than they covet their approbation. Truth, or such portions of it as admit of being established in a place of dignity and honour, they are not unwilling to accept; but *the reproach* of truth they fear. Is not this the condition of myriads in Christendom now? Floating carelessly on the surface of the stream, they are the sport of every casual influence, and are thus being prepared as a ready prey for that coming hour of delusion, before whose potency none but those who have really the spirit of Christ will stand. In proportion as the bonds which have hitherto bound human society together are dissolved, and as men become more 'like unto fishes of the sea that have no ruler over them,' so will they become a more ready prey to the influence of those

who will shape the world's moral course at its closing hour, and be swept into that mighty drag-net which will enclose unto perdition.

Yet, even among the daughters of 'man's city,' grace can, and does, find a remnant. Not unfrequently before had this pilgrim stranger, whom the sun had looked on and blackened, who could speak of the roes and hinds of the field, or of vineyards, or sheepfolds, or of lilies, but knew not the manners of the city, being a stranger to its palaces and its priestly courts —not unfrequently before had this wanderer found herself in the presence of the daughters of Jerusalem. Yet never before had she stood before them as now, in reproach and dishonour, smitten and wounded, and that by the guardians of their city—at a time, too, when she could no longer say that she was with her Lord, or closely following his footsteps. On the contrary, she had to confess that she had wandered from and lost Him; and she even appealed in the excitement of her harassed heart to *them*, as if *they* could tell her where to find Him whom her soul loved,—a vain and foolish appeal; for how could *they* direct her who knew nothing of her Lord or of his ways? Yet such often is the manner of the servants of Christ, when they have wandered from the practical place into which He seeks to separate his people. Impulsiveness and excitement give birth to great activities; but there is a want of reflectiveness—a want of sobriety of mind. There is an absence of the calm guidance of truth; and if this condition of soul continues, if Christ do not quickly bring back to the place where He feeds his separated flock with his own pure truth, the results are unspeakably sorrowful. What more disastrous than unguided or misguided energy! It is as when soldiers, abandoning their banners and their lawful leaders, rush wildly into the battle-field; or as when a torrent, having no channels prepared for its course, spreads desolation where its waters, rightly guided, would have brought fertility and fruitfulness.

It was, however, otherwise with her whose history we are here considering. Her wandering was not to be prolonged. Her Lord had come and effectually roused her from her evil slumber, and her heart was incapable of rest until she again found herself practically by his side. If she had been content with anything short of this, she would probably have linked herself in some way to the daughters of Jerusalem, and abjectly submitted to their control, and made the keepers of their walls her masters. When the people of Christ are content to remain in practical distance from their Lord, this commonly becomes their condition—a condition of degradation and debasement. With her, however, it was far otherwise. A secret hand was quickly guiding her back to her place of holy rest, and she was truly willing to follow as it led. Soon, therefore, she ceased from seeking counsel of the daughters of the city, and became to *them* a testifier and a guide. The praises of Him whom her heart loved were in her lips, and that not feignedly. There was fervour in her recital of his excellences—vigour in her description. It was the utterance of the heart; and although her position was not yet rectified, yet it was *being* rectified. She was not settling down into a place of practical distance from her Lord. Every thought, every expression, indicated that her soul was bent on recovering the place which she had lost. Her testimony, therefore, was blessed. It took effect upon the souls of those that heard. And they said at last, 'Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy Beloved turned aside? that we may seek Him with thee.'

These words are indeed notable. If the daughters of Jerusalem had merely said, We will join thee, or help thee in seeking thy Beloved, it might have been nothing more than the expression of a transient feeling which sudden emotion may produce on unstable, fickle hearts. But in that case they would not have used the words, 'O thou fairest among women.' These were indeed strange words to be found in the lips of those who, when they had once before looked on this stranger, had despised her because she had known toil and travail in the vineyard, or at the folds where she had laboured for her Lord, where the sun had scorched her and the storm beaten on her. But now, although she was not only still blackened and worn, but smitten also and wounded, and her heart restless and unhappy, she nevertheless was suddenly addressed, by those who had hitherto contemned her, as the 'fairest among women.' Her blackness had now become comeliness in their sight; her bruises were honourable; her sufferings blessed. The eye of faith was given them. Their estimate of her was changed. They viewed her as she was viewed by Him who had now become their Lord as well as hers; for none but those who have communion of heart with Him can see honour and beauty in those whom man looks on 'as the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things.' Wherever the heart's estimate is so altered as to judge *that* to be honour and beauty which before it accounted ignominy and vileness, there must have been a change wrought by the Spirit of the living God. And now grace had accomplished its object. She had been aroused, chastened, taught, and made in sorrow to learn the appointed lesson; yet even in the midst of that sorrow had been so favoured, so blessed, that when she returned to her Lord, she

urned to Him with increase. Others had en won to discern his excellences, and to seek e place in which He loved to dwell. That place e now descried; that place she again found. ly beloved,' she said, 'is gone down into his rden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the rdens, and to gather lilies.' These spices and ese lilies were not found in the city. They ere *without* the gate. There she had before joiced in the presence and favour of Him hom her soul loved, and there she rejoiced in im again,—with increased apprehension of the ntrast between the rest of the city, and the rs of the garden,—with increased consciousness her need of the mercy and grace of his faithful hand. Once more we find her able to say, 'My beloved is mine, and I am his. He feedeth among the lilies.'

May we learn the lesson. May we fear even to rest in man's city; much more may we dread to be numbered among its 'watchmen.' Let us go without the gate, acting *on* man's city, if we can, so as to gather out of it; but showing ourselves to be not *of* it. If the servants of Christ give themselves over to the world, to subserve its purposes and forward its designs, they will find themselves at last like Samson in the hand of the Philistines—his eyes put out—his Nazarite separation lost—his distinctive strength departed, whilst that which yet remained to him was forced into the service of the stranger—the service of the enemies of the God of Israel.

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA,

AUTHOR OF 'HELEN DUNDAS; OR, THE PASTOR'S WIFE;' 'SHADOWS OF SUNSHINE, AND OTHER TALES,' ETC. ETC.

No. I.

'THE GOD OF PATIENCE AND CONSOLATION.'

IN the broad outlines of a great trial, there have always been others who have suffered in a similar way. Do we mourn the loss of a husband or a wife, a father, a mother, a sister, a friend?—so do others. Have we suddenly en cast down from the heights of affluence to e depths of poverty?—so have others. Are we ending our life in weariness and suffering,— ing year after year on the bed of languishing id pain?—so are others also. But if in all great ials there is a measure of similarity, are there ot also details of suffering, minute touches of rrow, which are peculiar to each alone, and hich for each, as it were, individualizes the ial? And how much the loneliness these deils make us feel, from their being generally so nsuspected by others, adds to the intensity of r grief.

With the outer features of a great sorrow many ill sympathize; for the world is not, by any eans, so unfeeling or so unkind as some suppse. But when you have tried to tell some of e little things that made the sorrow peculiarly our own, have you never been thrown back to yourself, as it were, by the friend to whom ou were speaking interrupting you with words f comfort, which fell powerless on your aching eart, because you felt your friend did not know here the blow was most keenly felt, and therere the words, which were intended to soothe, id not touch the wound? They took it for ranted that they knew all, because they knew hat lay near enough to the surface to be easily etected; and because they had not patience to sten to your tale, they utterly failed to comfort.

In thinking over this not long ago, I was greatly struck by the beauty and the comfort of the words, where God is called 'the God of *patience* and *consolation*' (Rom. xv. 5). Do we take all the comfort that we might, or rather that we ought, from the thought of God's patience? I never realized the exceeding preciousness of the attribute, as I did when that verse was brought to my remembrance the other day. What matter if others do not know the details of our sorrow,—if they have not time to listen to the weary heart unburdening itself? There is One beside us who will listen; He draws so near that He can hear the faintest whisper. He is so well 'acquainted with grief,' that He can rightly interpret every sigh, and tear, and groan. He does not speak; He only draws nearer still, and looks at you with such deep, such tender compassion, that you cannot resist telling Him everything, till every drop of your cup of sorrow is poured out before Him.

When that has been done,—in broken whispers, it may be, or in voiceless words,—you know, do you not, the blessed rest of having 'the God of patience' for your Friend? The having so fully told your sorrow to One who can so well understand it, has already lightened it; and now that you have nothing more to say, and while still gazing up, with the eye of faith, into that wondrous face of love, He reveals himself to you under another aspect—even as 'the God of *consolation*.'

With what exquisite tenderness He binds up the broken heart! With what marvellous skill He applies the promises! All images fail to give an idea of what the Lord Jesus is as 'the God of consolation.' 'As one whom his mother comforteth, *so* will I comfort you' (Isa. xlix. 15).

Wonderful words! yet a mother *may* forget, but the God of consolation *never*. A mother has other duties to perform; she must sometimes leave even a sick child; but 'the God of consolation' can be always with you,—can watch over you with an interest as undivided as if you alone required his care. He will 'water you every moment' (Isa. xxvii. 3). Through the long night-watches, when others have lain down to rest, He will be with you; for He 'neither slumbers nor sleeps' (Ps. cxxi. 4). 'Fear thou not' (Isa. xli. 10) is his encouraging command; and what a blessed reason He gives for the injunction! He does not say, 'Fear not, for you are strong;' or, 'Fear not, for sorrow shall not touch you.' Better far, He says, 'Fear not, for *I am with thee*.' And no matter how high the waves of sorrow may roll, or how hot the furnace of affliction may burn, when 'the God of consolation' is with us, no evil *can* happen to us; for what would be evil without Him, by a wondrous alchemy becomes changed into good with Him. Well and cheerily, then, may we echo the Psalmist's words: 'I will fear no evil, *for* Thou art with me' (Ps. xxiii. 4).

But when we have thus learned something of what the Lord Jesus can be as 'the God of patience and consolation,' does He not lead us on a step higher? I think He does; and that we may learn it from Luke x. 34, where we find Him, under the figure of the good Samaritan, pouring oil and wine into the wounds of the man who had fallen amongst thieves. You observe it was oil first,—oil, to soothe, to comfort, to refresh; and then, when that had done its work, wine,—wine, the very emblem of joy and gladness: 'Wine that maketh glad the heart of man' (Ps. civ. 15). Do you feel faint and exhausted from the heavy pressure of your sorrow? then the wine which the Lord will give shall alike cheer and invigorate, for 'the joy of the Lord is your strength' (Neh. viii. 10).

Have you not experienced the truth of this? Have you not felt the tender consideration, the wonderful wisdom, of the way in which the Lord has dealt with you in sorrow?—*not* giving joy first, and then consolation, and then patience. Oh, no; for 'He knoweth our frame' (Ps. ciii. 14), and is 'acquainted with grief' (Isa. liii. 3); but He gives patience first, and then consolation, and then joy.

But it may be that, to some one who reads these pages, He may have seen it needful, for some wise and loving purpose, which shall be revealed hereafter, to send a sorrow so deep and so lasting, that, though ever making himself known to you as 'the God of patience and consolation,' He rarely holds the cup of joy to your lips. Shall that draught, then, never be yours? Oh, yes, it shall. It shall be yours when all need for patience and consolation has for ever passed away. When the last tear shall have been wiped away by the hand once pierced for you, then you shall drink of the new wine that Jesus has promised, when you sit down with Him in the kingdom of the Father (Matt. xxvi. 29). Then you shall have the *fulness* of joy, only to be found in the immediate presence of Him, at 'whose right hand there are pleasures for e more' (Ps. xvi. 11).

'DOING HIS PLEASURE.'

So once again you are laid upon a bed of s ness,—quite shut out, and that for an indef time, from the active work you so dearly l I well know how keenly you are feeling the and how, as the loved ones around you set on their several ways day after day, you lon join them; and because you cannot do so, feel useless, and, as a necessary consequ depressed; for your heart's desire is to 'l forth much fruit, to the glory of the Fa (John xv. 8).

Perhaps, if we look somewhat more de into the subject, we shall find that, alth shut out from what is called active work your sick-bed, you are not therefore by means necessarily precluded from 'brin forth much fruit.' I am sure you will agree me that all work is not service; but only work which God has prepared for you, and g you to do—that, and that only, is service; it is when doing that, and that only, that are 'doing his pleasure.' And surely all agree that the object of all work is, or ou to be, the doing God's pleasure, whatever pleasure may be. In your own household, instance, you have chosen a particular perso be cook, because you believed her to be especi qualified for that business. You have ch another to be housemaid, for the same rea another to be your own maid; and so on. W each of these keeps to her own business, all on well; but if the housemaid thought she c do more for you as cook, and meddled in a l ness she was unfitted for, I think you would thank her for interfering in your plans, how hard she might have worked. Would you tell her that you were the best judge of w each of your servants should do; that mere work did not constitute service, but only particular work you had appointed for her; that only by doing that, whether it was g or small, could she 'do your pleasure;' or other words, either serve or please you? is it not just so in God's household—the chu He 'divideth to every man severally as He (1 Cor. xii. 11), and 'giveth not account of of his matters' (Job xxxiii. 13). To one He give the service of being a missionary; to other He may give the power that tells on masses, as He did to Wesley and Whitfiel olden days; to another, such faith in plea the promises, that, wherever they go, he seems to rain down a blessing. To some path on which they are to walk for life s plainly indicated almost at their first step hea ward; while to others—and they form, I bel an immense majority—guidance is only day by day, just as they say, 'Lord, what Thou have me to do?' And if, in simple, c like faith, we asked this question, mornin morning, of our heavenly Father, I believe not only would our hearts be filled with a p and joy, and rest, to which they would o wise be strangers; but also, that if we wer

ıy long watching for the answer, and were ven grace to do that, and only that, which ıd would have us do, we should accomplish an ıount of service, and bring forth an amount fruit, that we could neither accomplish nor ar in any other possible way.

Do not for a moment suppose that, if you were ong and well, you could glorify God far more an you can now that his hand has laid this kness upon you. Think how precious his own ry must be to Him; how continually it is ren as a reason for his mighty acts! (See Isa. i. 8, xliii. 7, xlviii. 11.) How often is his me or his glory used as the very strongest and st unanswerable plea in urging a request! we hear Daniel pleading: 'O Lord, hear; O rd, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer t, *for thine own sake*, O my God: for thy city d thy people are called by thy name' (Dan. 19; see also Josh. vii. 8, 9). You may well, n, trust God to take care of his own glory, d believe that, having infinite wisdom and inite power, as well as infinite love, He has ced you in the very position, and surrounded u with the very circumstances, where you can it promote his glory.

There is most perfect rest in the full realizing this blessed truth. And a change of work is idleness. True, you cannot go out and work; t cannot God *bring* work to you even in your t-room? If from your heart you are enabled give up your own will,—to cease saying, 'I at to do this or that,' and simply to say, 'Lord, at wilt *Thou* have me to do?'—you will marvel the answers that will come; and is not work ably precious that comes so direct from God, all such work must do?

But supposing you are too ill, or too suffering, be able to do anything for others, except pray them,—or, it may be, not even to do that,— are not necessarily idle. The tiny child is idle as she sits on her mother's knee, learning little verse or hymn, or listening eagerly to e sweet story of old.' And *you* are not idle ou sink down, wearily it may be, but trust- y, on the everlasting arms, and, yielding up r own will for active service, just look up at r Saviour. Ah! is it not *thus* that you are row like Him—*thus* that you are to be trans- ued into his image? (2 Cor. iii. 18.) Can other work so rejoice the heart of God, as of one of his people growing more and more Jesus? Does any other work bring Him glory as this? Can we believe that any t is so precious to Him as that which is so batically called the fruit of the Spirit, and ch is 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentle- , goodness, faith, meekness, temperance?' l. v. 22, 23.) And there is not one ingredient, e may use the expression, in this fruit that not be borne in sickness and in sorrow.

o you say, There is no joy for me? Not ly joy, it may be; but, as the stars shine htest when the light of day has faded, *so*, in hour of deepest sorrow, may not the Chris- say, 'Yet'—notwithstanding all that has ened, all that may happen—'*yet* I will re- in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation?' (Hab. iii. 18.) There is no sorrow so great, or so deep, in which God cannot mingle cause for rejoicing. We are not wont, it is true, to sing in the night; but God can, and, if we ask Him, He *will*, 'put a new song into our mouth, even praise unto our God' (Ps. xl. 3). And He himself says, 'Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me' (Ps. l. 23). But besides joy, think what opportunities of bearing fruit God has placed within your reach, in the exercise of love, peace, gentleness, etc. etc. Oh! seek to bear much of such fruit, that, when you hear the Beloved praying that the north wind and the south may blow upon his garden, that the spices thereof may flow out, you may be able to answer in the words of the Bride, 'Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits' (Song iv. 16).

But perhaps the greatest comfort a child of God can have, when set apart from active work by sickness, or by other circumstances, is the contemplation of our blessed Saviour's own life on earth. He was only thirty-three years old when He died on the cross; and for thirty years out of the thirty-three, He was what many, in these busy days, would probably call idle. Though his power was as great, and his love as tender as afterwards, yet, during those thirty years, He did not perform one single miracle. He must surely have met many a widow as sorrowful as her of Nain; yet He never laid his hand on the bier, and bade the dead arise. He must have known many a home left desolate, like that at Bethany; but He never put forth his power, and restored the loved one to his home again. Nay, more, souls were perishing around Him, and He did not proclaim himself to be the Saviour of sinners. He could not have loved Jerusalem less dearly then than when He wept over its coming ruin; and yet, for thirty years, He gave no invitation to its inhabitants to repent. How are we to account for this? How, but by the fact that He came from heaven, not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent Him (John vi. 38); and to do that will, whatever it might be, was his 'meat and drink' (John iv. 34).

Think for a moment what those long years of waiting must have been to Jesus,—conscious of his power, yet so patiently waiting till his hour was come to manifest it! And then, when the hour came, how unremittingly He did work! The very interruptions, as we would call them, which occurred in his day's work, were not counted as interruptions by Him, but as indications of the Father's will, and therefore as the very best thing He could do at that particular moment.

Dear sufferer, will not the remembrance of those thirty years of our blessed Saviour's life, in which He waited to begin his work, cheer and encourage you, while you too are kept waiting? Think of Him, and follow in his steps. Look at that wonderful promise in Isa. xl. 31: 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.' Turn back to

the 20th verse, and you will find that the very same words are applied to God himself (not, of course, as a promise, but as a fact): 'The Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary.' Oh, if you do but wait patiently upon God, with what renewed strength will you return to active work when your hour has come, and you hear the joyful summons, 'Go work in my vineyard to-day!' (Matt. xxi. 28.)

But perhaps it may never be the Father's will to call you to active service here. If so, do not fold your hands in despair. Say with Jesus in the garden: 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;' but when you do, fail not to add, as He did, that wonderful 'nevertheless:' 'Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done' (Luke xxii. 42). And whatever the answer to that prayer may be, remember that you can never be placed in any position, or in any circumstances, where you may not serve God by 'doing his pleasure.' Oh! see to it that you are bearing in abundance the fruit of the Spirit,—the fruit that God loves best,—the fruit that thrives and flourishes as well in the night of adversity as in the day of prosperity.

Remember also that this life is only, as it were, our school-time,—the time in which the Great Teacher is training us for the life to come. He trains each child differently; but with all, everything He does has reference to eternity. By this prolonged suffering He may be training you in the only way He *could* train you for your work in heaven. There is no idleness there: 'They rest not day and night' (Rev. iv. 8). And again, 'His servants shall serve Him,'—serve Him without let or hindrance from sickness or from sorrow,—serve Him by doing his pleasure, and his pleasure only, without flaw or imperfection. Yes; *there* they 'shall serve Him *day* and *night* in his temple' (Rev. vii. 15).

PHILIP AND HIS BIBLE.

You wonder why it is that, when you ask God for a strictly spiritual blessing,—for something that you are quite sure He would wish you to have,—for something, in fact, that He has promised to give to those that ask for it,—that He so often delays a long time before He actually gives it.

May it not be, that though the blessing you ask for is in itself good, yet that for you, and in your particular circumstances, something better still may be gained by the delay? God may wait to give you what is good, till, by something being added to it, it becomes better, or the best. Perhaps the following parable will explain my meaning more clearly.

'Mother,' said little Philip one morning, 'this day month you promised to give me half-a-crown to buy a Bible. I know you never forget anything,' he added, as if half ashamed of what he had said; 'but you told me that I might remind you of it in a month, and it is a month this very day.'

'I thought of it this morning as I was dressing, dear,' replied Mrs. Somerville; 'I hoped you would remember it. Do you know why I kept you waiting a whole month, and desired you to remind me of my promise at the end of it?'

'No, mother,' said Philip, 'I do not know; but I am quite sure you had a good reason for it, and that you were not afraid you would forget.'

His mother smiled as she said, 'No, I was not afraid I should forget; and I am very glad you trusted my love enough to be sure I had a good reason for making you wait. A month is a long time for a little boy like you to wait for anything; and I wanted to find out if you were really anxious for the Bible, or that it was only a passing fancy. I knew that, if you really wished for it, you would think of it so often that you would not fail to remember it when the day came round.'

'I am sure I thought of it nearly a hundred times a day,' said Philip energetically. 'I used even to dream about it sometimes; and when I used to get tired of waiting, and wonder why you did not give it to me at once, I used just to think how wise you were, and how much you loved me, and then it did not seem hard. And now I am very glad I had such a long wait, for I am sure I shall enjoy my Bible twice as much as I would have done if you had given it to me at once.'

'I am sure you will,' replied his mother; 'and besides, if I had given it to you the very first moment that you asked for it, you would have missed the lessons of trust and patience that I hope you have learned; and, my boy, you do not know how I rejoice with my whole heart to see you learn such lessons. God grant you may never forget them! Now,' she continued, taking half-a-crown out of her purse, 'here is the half-crown that I promised. I will shut it up in my hand, and try if you can get it out.'

A shade of disappointment passed over Philip's face, but it faded away in a moment; for no matter what Mrs. Somerville did, Philip was always sure that it was right; so, kneeling down beside her, he made a violent effort to open her hand.

'Gently, gently, darling,' said his mother; 'you will never open it that way. Go quietly about it, and you will have a much better chance of success.'

Again he tried, and again he failed. Somewhat disheartened, he glanced up at his mother's face. She was looking so lovingly and encouragingly at him, that he felt she *wished* him to succeed. This gave him fresh courage. Though so much stronger than he was, he knew she would not use that strength against him, but would only use it to teach him a lesson of perseverance, as she had already taught him one of trust and patience.

Once more he looked up at the loving face, and then tried again to open her hand. Very gently he went to work, trying to squeeze one of his little fingers between hers. She saw that the lesson had been learned. One by one her fingers relaxed, her hand opened, and in joyful triumph Philip held up the half-crown.

Was the mother less happy than the child?

THE BALL-ROOM.

LET us inquire now if it is consistent for Christians to teach their children that which is so inconsistent for themselves. The precepts of the gospel are here also to be our guide. They are binding, not only in some relations, but in every relation you sustain. And not in a part merely, but in all these relations you are connected with the church of Christ. As a *Christian parent* you are bound to Christ. In this very relation you are in covenant with Christian brethren. And not only is the church deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of your children, but the dearest interests of other Christian families will be vitally affected by the manner in which you train your own. It is clear, then,

1. That what has the 'appearance of evil' in yourself, will have the same appearance when allowed to your children. Although the indulgence be not your own, the approval of it is. If there is evil in the one case, there is in the other. For approval of sin, is sin. So it appears to Christian brethren. So it appears to their children. So it appears to other parents, who profess to be bound by no such holy precepts as you acknowledge. Some of them fear to follow with their children where you lead yours. They cannot believe that dancing is any part of 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' Oh think, Christian parent. Pause, and pray long and earnestly, and you will never consent that a child of yours shall be seen in a ball-room. 'Their children dance,' is a characteristic, not of Christian families, but of those asking, 'What is the Almighty, that we should serve Him?'

2. Brethren are grieved when you teach your children that which grieves them when done by yourself. It may affect them even more deeply. Their families may be influenced more by the example of your children than by your own. What can inflict a deeper wound upon a Christian father's heart, than your allowance of sinful amusements to your family? His children point to it in their importunity. They tell him that you are a church-member. He must yield, or, by refusing, be compelled to seem severe and bigoted. He must be silent, or reply that your example is unworthy a Christian parent. This is the torturing dilemma into which you bring other parents. Some have yielded, and fallen into sin. Others have stood firm, while their children have broken away from parental control to follow yours, and been ruined.

Oh, could all the sorrows of a single mother's heart be whispered in your ear,—or could you follow a single youth, led thus into temptation, entering this outer edge of the whirlpool, to be borne in narrower and swifter circles, until he plunges down the boiling centre, and disappears for ever,—you would understand why a parent's heart so pleads with you now.

3. That which prevents the light of a Christian life from *so* shining in you as to glorify God, will do the same when taught to your children. Your example is to be not only that of a Christian, but that of a *Christian parent*. Training your household in the fear of God, should be one of the brightest rays of that light which is to 'shine before men.' In nothing does the grace of God more distinctly appear. In nothing can it be more easily obscured. Through you it is to shine for the guidance of other parents and households. But is dancing any part of the 'nurture and admonition' the grace of God teacheth? Does not the most thoughtless trifler with things divine know the ball-room to be a place pre-eminently 'without God'? Do not its scenes glare out upon the world as destitute of anything Christian as the most godless could wish?

But, when all this is admitted, one plea remains. It is said that, when more privately done, the evils of dancing are avoided. Were this true, can it be so done? However privately begun, can it be kept so? Are not its outward tendencies sure? The flame may be concealed when first kindled, but it will burst forth unless speedily extinguished. Set up a theatre in your own dwelling, and will not your children, true to the vitiated taste you have nourished, seek more public gratification? Indulge them in the social glass at home, and will they not seek it elsewhere? So the social dancing-party is the private entrance to all the dissipation of the ball-room. How often, by this deceptive process, do parents draw forth a passion they cannot control, and which, 'when it is finished, bringeth forth death.' When will they learn, that the *end* over which they mourn is but the natural consequence of the *beginning* they approved. It is like giving your children poison, and then weeping in bitterness over them as they are seen sick and dying.

How many are pained that their children are so thoughtless of God! But why should they not be thoughtless? What are the influences thrown around the youthful heart, just when there is most hope of its being drawn to Christ, and yet most danger of its being hopelessly hardened? How are all the thoughts engrossed in preparation for the gay assembly! What feverish excitement while in it! When it is passed, how is the heart sealed against serious reflection! By a succession of these scenes, though separated by long intervals, the choicest years of youth are wasted. The soul is ruined; for how often their probation and dances end together! By parental but cruel indulgence, the process was commenced. The entrance was flowery, the end shrouded in eternal darkness. A parent who does this, seems like the heathen mother—pleasing her infant with flowers, that she may drop it a smiling, and therefore a more acceptable sacrifice, into the arms of the monster opening a fiery furnace within to consume it.

Christian parent, you know not what you do when you draw out the latent passion of your child for this amusement. It may soon spurn all control or persuasion. That of the gambler is not more insatiate.

'I was once called,' says an aged pastor, 'to visit a young lady who was said to be *in despair*.

She had at some time previous been serious, and had, it was hoped, resolutely set her face Zionward. In an evil hour some of her former associates called on her to accompany them to a ball. She refused to go. The occasion, the company, the parade and gaiety, were all utterly dissonant from her present feelings. With characteristic levity and thoughtlessness, they employed persuasion and ridicule; and finally so far prevailed, that, with a desperate effort to shake off her convictions and regain her former security, she exclaimed, "Well, I will go, if I am damned for it!" God took her at her word. The blessed Spirit immediately withdrew his influences; and instead of the anxious sigh, and longing desire to be freed from the body of sin and death, succeeded, by turns, the calmness and the horrors of despair.

'The wretched victim knew that the Spirit had taken his final leave: no compunctions for sin, no tears of penitence, no inquiries after God, no eager seeking of the "place where Christians love to meet," now occupied the tedious hours. Instead of the bloom and freshness of health, there came the paleness and haggardness of decay. The wan and sunken cheek, the ghastly, glaring eye, the emaciated limb—the sure precursors of approaching dissolution—were there. The caresses of friends, the suggestions of affection, were all unheeded. The consolations of piety—the last resource of the miserable—were to her but the bitterness of death. In this state of mind, I was called to visit her. When I entered the room, and beheld her pale and emaciated, and reflected that the ravages of her form *without* but faintly shadowed forth the wreck and desolation *within*, I was almost overpowered. Never had I conceived so vivid an idea of the woe and misery of those who have "quenched the Spirit."

'I proposed prayer. The word threw her into an agony. She utterly refused. No entreaties of friends, no arguments drawn from the love of God, or from the fulness and freeness of atoning blood, could prevail to shake her resolution. I left her without being able to find a single avenue to her heart, or to dart one ray of comfort into the dark bosom, which, to all human view, was soon to be enveloped in the blackness of darkness for ever. Never shall I forget the dreadful expression of that ghastly countenance—the tones of that despairing voice. The impression is as vivid as though it had been but yesterday. Oh that all the young, gay, thoughtless ones, who stifle the convictions of conscience, and repress the rising sigh, and *dance* along the brink of utter reprobation and despair, would read, and lay to heart the warning!' Oh that every parent would ponder the awful results of cherishing a passion in the youthful bosom, which may be used by Satan and wicked associates so fearfully to ruin the soul!

An eminent divine, of great experience in the work of God's grace, was accustomed to regard *the use of ardent spirits, and dancing*, as two of the influences most hostile to the soul. With great solemnity he used to allude to the case of a young man, a leader in the ball-room. To shield himself from the influence of a revival, at the time in progress, he sought to mul dancing-assemblies, and to draw others into t But he could not escape God's *judgments*, could his *mercies*. He was suddenly laid up bed of sickness. Death seemed near. In a distress, he begged for the mercy he had b despised. When thus borne down, hopeles recovery, he seemed penitent, became excee joyful, and earnestly and solemnly warned associates; and it was thought by pious fri a most remarkable case of death-bed convers

But unexpectedly he recovered. With ret ing health, his religion so rapidly disappea that the first thing he did was to persuade associates to make arrangements for another Godless as they were, they were shocked at proposal. But his persuasion overcame t scruples. The evening came, and in the n of the glare and revelry of its scenes he fell tc floor, as if touched by the finger of an offer God; was borne a raving maniac to his h which he had scarcely reached, when death se up his history for the final judgment. The sion for dancing held firm yet concealed po sion of his soul, even when death stood by, friends supposed he had forsaken all. It been cherished in early youth, had grown his growth, and strengthened with his stren Oh with what agony would parental hearts l answered our inquiry, bleeding at that hour a ruined child! Reader, may God in infi mercy spare you from such experience; but *He*, if you allow your children in that w produced it?

Had that youth died when joyful in a hope, his passion would have been develope eternity, beyond our sight. But God spared that it might be done here—a solemn warnin parents who cruelly allow a passion to be cheri in their children, which first deceives, and throws its chains of darkness around the sou ever.

Now, professed disciples of Jesus, our ap is to you. The religion you profess has, fo distinctive feature, a tender regard for the of others. As such, you are to exhibit it tc world by abstaining from the 'appearanc evil,' by giving 'no offence' to Christian breth and by the light of a holy example, *so* shi that God may be glorified. This you can n do by mingling with the world in an amuser which you must confess has the 'appearanc evil,' which your brethren assure you, with t most deeply grieves them, and which so certa is *not* done 'to the glory of God.' It cannc among things indifferent. If not a positive d the neglect of which would be sin, then indulgence must be guilty, deeply and dr fully so.

Beloved brethren, 'be not deceived.' Re the considerations which have been suggeste your closet. Pray that God will direct you. dancing be a duty, implore his grace to aid in its faithful performance. Do you hesit Why? Is conscience in conflict with your sires? Are there misgivings in your heart? pause, reflect! Will you deliberately do tha which you *cannot* ask God to bless you? 1

t until the temptation comes. But now, alone th God, before you turn your eye from this peal, *decide*. Let it be now fixed, changeless a decision which will give present peace, and ich shall come up in joyful remembrance at a ing hour.

Christian parent, let the heart of a parent ad with you. All the reasons for abandoning sinful indulgence yourself, are equally clear showing that you cannot allow it to your ldren and be blameless. There is a higher and ier than natural affection. What more dear us than the souls of our children? What ponsibility like this? The soul of your beloved id seems laid upon your own. With what red, guardian care, should it be protected m every poisonous influence! The young know t the danger of slight beginnings. We do. id shall we cruelly leave them to wind around mselves the soft and silken web, which may rden into bonds of iron upon the soul?

But you hope it will not end thus with *your* ldren. So have others hoped, who are now wed down beneath parental sorrows. Will 1, then, lead your children into temptation, in presumptuous hope that God will save them m it? Oh plant not thus your dying pillow h thorns! Will you, as you are dying, regret t your children have been no more faithfully ined to the dance or ball-room? Or, as you e the eyes of a beloved child in death, will l have bitter reflection in the remembrance t he has been guarded from all these ruinous uences? Oh say, will not all your *sorrows* e a different source, and your sweetest con- tion come from this? Oh then be wise—wise *yourself*, and wise for your *children*. Let your hority and affection as a parent encircle them. ein is a saving influence God has entrusted to r hands. Be faithful to your children now. y will hereafter rise up and call you blessed it; and your decision to-day may be among r most precious remembrances, when Christ l present them, with you, 'faultless before presence of his glory, with exceeding joy.'

AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.

mother of a family was married to an infidel, made jest of religion in the presence of his children; yet she succeeded in bringing n all up in the fear of the Lord. I asked her day how she preserved them from the influ- of a father whose sentiments were so opposed ier own. This was her answer: 'Because he authority of a *father* I do not oppose the ority of a *mother*, but that of *God*. From r earliest years, my children have always the Bible upon my table. This holy book constituted the whole of their religious in- tion. I was silent, that I might allow it to k. Did they propose a question, did they mit a fault, did they perform a good action, ened the Bible; and the Bible answered, oved, or encouraged them. The constant ing of the Scriptures has wrought the prodigy h surprises you.'—*Rev. Adolph Monod.*

A SONG FOR THE SABBATH.*

THEE will we sing, Almighty God;
This hallowed day a song doth claim.
Our souls aspire to thine abode,—
To Thee, whence life and being came.
Accept our praise, and bid it rise,
As mounts the evening sacrifice.

Thou art Jehovah—Thou alone;
Thy glory shines beyond compare.
Bright seraphim around thy throne,
Thy kingdom and thy power declare,
And 'Holy, holy, holy,' cry,
'Is God's eternal majesty!'

Ah! who can in thy presence stand?
What mortal man, by sin defiled?
Yet here we come at thy command,
For Thou art merciful and mild.
Our sins efface, our souls refine,
That we may laud thy name divine.

Thine are the heavens, with all their hosts;
Sun, moon, and stars thy name repeat:
The earth is thine, with all its coasts;
The mountains quake beneath thy feet.
The thunder is thine awful voice;
Thou smilest, and our fields rejoice.

To Thee the nations are but dust,
Like drops that from the bucket fall;
The might of kings is empty trust,
Thy frown lays low those cedars tall.
Greatness and might belong to Thee;
Let every creature bend the knee.

Eternity's thy dwelling-place.
What mortal eye such depths can scan?
Thy presence fills the realms of space;
The same ere heaven and earth began.
Our daily walk, our inmost thought,
Is marked by Thee, and ne'er forgot.

Great God, confounded we adore
Thy fathomless eternity,
And feel our nothingness still more,
When sounding thine immensity.
Thine eye so pure, what soul can flee?
We tremble, trust, and bow the knee.

Holy and just are all thy ways!
Thy works unbounded wisdom show;
Thy goodness shines, surpassing praise;
Thy mercy paints the radiant bow;
And truth eternal dwells with Thee.
Let every creature bend the knee.

Thou glorious King of Israel's seed,
Whose promises for ever stand,
From Egypt's iron bondage freed,
And planted in this goodly land;
Thy ransomed people, saved and blessed,
Thy love and faithfulness attest.

* From 'Ruth, an Historical Poem, by W. MACKENZIE,' etc. A volume replete with Scripture truth, and lighted up with not a few passages indicating the descriptive power of the writer.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ROM. I. 14.

PAUL has many names for himself; none of them lofty, all of them lowly; the highest simply 'an apostle.' Sometimes it is Paul 'the servant of Jesus Christ;' sometimes Paul 'the aged;' sometimes Paul 'the prisoner;' sometimes it is 'less than the least of all saints;' sometimes 'the chief of sinners.' Here it is another—'a debtor.' It is, then, of Paul the debtor that we are to speak. It is *himself* that takes the name; he proclaims his debts; no man lays them to his charge; God does not accuse him. It is some profound, irrepressible feeling that leads him to cry out, 'I am debtor.'

I. *To whom is he a debtor?*—Not to self; not to the flesh; not to the law. He owes nothing to these. We might say he is a debtor to God, to Christ, to the cross. But these are not now in his mind. It is to Greek and Jew, wise and unwise; men of all nations; the whole fallen world,—that he feels himself a debtor. He seems to stand on some high eminence, and, looking round on all kingdoms, and nations, and tongues, with all their uncounted millions, he says, 'To all these I am debtor,' and I must pay the debt. They have done nothing for him, indeed; they have persecuted, stoned, condemned, reviled him; yet that does not alter his position or cancel his debt. Do to him what they like,—hate him, imprison him, scourge him, bind him,—he is their debtor still. His debt to them is founded on something which all this ill-usage, this malice, cannot alter. He loves them still; pities them; pleads with them; beseeches them to be reconciled to God; confesses himself to be their debtor in spite of all. We speak of the world being a debtor to Paul,—so, in one sense, it was; but, in another, Paul is a debtor to the world. Yes, a Christian is debtor to the world; not to his family only, or his nation, but to the whole world. Let this thought dwell in us, and work in us; expanding and enlarging us; elevating our vision; throwing back our horizon; delivering us from all narrow-heartedness on the one hand, and all false liberality on the other. We speak of the world being debtors to the church; let us never forget that, according to Paul's way of thinking, and to the mind of the Holy Spirit, the church is debtor to the world. Though taken out of the world, she is not to forget or despise it; but to love it, plead for it, work for it.

II. *When and how he became a debtor.*—Even as a Jew he was a debtor, for he possessed something which the world did not; and the moment I come into possession of something which my neighbour or my fellow-man has not, I become debtor to that fellow-man. This is God's way of reckoning, though it is not man's; for God's thoughts are not our thoughts; and it is love only that can teach us to feel and reason thus. Yet it is true reasoning; it is divine logic. It was when Paul became possessed of the unsearchable riches of Christ, that he felt himself a debtor to the world. He had found a treasure, and he could not conceal it; he must speak out; he must tell abroad what he felt. He was surrounded by needy fellow-men, in a poor empty world: should he keep the treasure to himself? No. As the lepers of Samaria felt themselves debtors to the starving city, so did Paul to a famishing world. But there is much more than this,—a higher 'when' and 'how.' Who had done all this for him, and made him to differ? It was God—Christ Jesus. It is to God, then, that, in the first place, he feels himself an infinite debtor, in the fullest sense. To God himself he cannot pay this debt *directly;* but he can *indirectly*, by pouring out the God-given treasure upon others. His debt *directly* is to God; but then indirectly it is to the world. Thus the Christian man feels his debt,—his obligation to the world, because of his obligation to God. But then, a man must *know* that he has the treasure himself, before he can be quickened into a feeling of his responsibility to others. The love of Christ must constrain us; a sense of what we owe to Him must impel and stimulate us. Do you know yourself to be the possessor of this infinite treasure, and, under the expanding pressure of this, are you roused to feel your infinite debt to all?

III. *How he pays the debt.*—By carrying to them that gospel which he had received. That gospel, or the gift which that gospel reveals, has enriched himself infinitely: he takes these riches to others; and so he endeavours to pay his debt to God by enriching the world. He goes to Corinth,—doing what? Paying there part of his infinite debt. He goes to Athens, to Thessalonica, to Rome,—doing what? Paying in each place part of the infinite debt which he owes to God for his love, his pardon, and the hope of the glory. He is a rich man, and can afford to give!

We pay our debt—

(1.) *By making known the gospel to others.*—Speak out the glad tidings wherever you go. You are debtors; thus pay the debt.

(2.) *By prayer for others.*—We can reach millions by prayer, otherwise inaccessible to us. Pray for others; not your own circle only, but the world. Go round the world. Embrace all nations in your intercessions.

(3.) *By our givings.*—In giving, let us remember what we are doing—paying our debt to God. Show your sense of his love, his gifts, by your generosity.

(4.) *By our consistent life.*—This, at least, is expected of us. Do not misrepresent the gospel.

Yes, you are debtors to all. Show that you feel this. Be constrained by a loving sense of your infinite obligations and responsibilities to Him that loved you. Pity the poor world around you. Cherish love to every soul you meet with, even in passing hastily along. Try to do something for the worst. Say in reference to such an one, 'I am that man's debtor; and I am so because Christ loved *me*, and gave himself for *me!*'

THE GOOD NEWS CONCERNING THE ONE SACRIFICE.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is blood whose shedding has provided a propitiation for sin; and whosoever will consent to take this as his propitiation, becomes partaker of the blessings which it contains. t was the high priest's laying of his hand upon he goat that established the connection between t and the people, so that Israel's sins passed over o the substitute; and so it is our believing that onnects us with the Divine Substitute, and rings to us all the benefits of the divine blood-hedding.

It is our unbelief that intercepts the communication; it is faith that establishes it. Faith may seem a slight thing to some; and they may wonder how salvation can flow from believing. Hence they try to magnify it, to adorn it, to add to it, in order that it may appear some great thing, something worthy of having salvation as its reward. In so doing, they are actually transforming faith into a work, and introducing salvation by works, under the name of faith. They show that they understand neither the nature nor the office of faith. It saves, simply by handing us over to the Saviour. It saves, not on account of the good works which flow from it, not on account of the love which it kindles, not on account of the repentance which it produces, but solely because it connects us with the Saving One. Its saving efficacy does not lie in its connection with righteousness and holiness, but entirely in its connection with the Righteous and Holy One.

Thus it is that unbelief ruins, because it cuts off all communication with the source of life; and thus faith blesses, because it establishes that communication.

See these electric wires that are shooting their mysterious threads throughout our land, communicating between city and city, between man and man, however distant; dead, yet instinct with life; silent, yet vocal with hidden sound; carrying, as with a lightning burst, the tidings of good or evil from shore to shore. Separate their terminating points by one hair's breadth from the index, or interpose some non-conducting substance,—in a moment intercourse is broken. No tidings come and go. The stoppage is as entire as if you had cut every wire in pieces, and cast these pieces to the winds. But refasten the severed points, or link them to the index with some conducting material, and instantaneously the intercourse is renewed. Joy and sorrow flow again along the line. Men's thoughts, men's feelings, men's deeds, rumours of war or assurances of peace, news of victory or defeat, the sound of falling thrones, the shouts of frantic nations,—all hurrying on after each other to convey to ten thousand throbbing hearts the evil or the good which they contain!

That non-conductor is *unbelief*. It interposes between the soul and all heavenly blessing, all divine intercourse. It may seem a thing too slight to effect so great a result; yet it does so inevitably. It shuts off the communication with the source of all glad tidings. It isolates the man, and forbids the approach of blessing.

That conductor is *faith*. In itself it is nothing, but in its connection everything. It restores in a moment the broken communication; and this, not from any virtue in itself, but simply as the conducting link between the soul and the fountain of all blessing above.

The blood of the cross is that which has 'made peace;' and to share this peace God freely calls us. This blood of the cross is that by which we are justified; and to this justification we are invited. This blood of the cross is that by which we are brought nigh to God; and to this blessed nearness we are invited. This blood of the cross is that by which we have redemption, even the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace; and this redemption, this forgiveness, is freely set before us. It is by this blood that we have liberty of entrance into the holiest; and God's voice to each sinner is, 'Enter in.' It is by this blood that we are cleansed and washed; and this fountain is free, free as any of earth's flowing streams, free as the mighty ocean itself, in which all may wash and be clean.

These are good news concerning the blood,—news which should make every sinner feel that it is just what he stands in need of. Nothing less than this; yet nothing more.

And these good news of the blood are no less good news of Him whose blood is shed. For it

is by this blood-shedding that He is the Saviour. Without this He could not have been a Redeemer; but, with it, He is altogether such a Redeemer as suits the sinner's case. In Him there is salvation, —salvation without a price,—salvation for the most totally and thoroughly lost that this fallen earth contains. Go and receive it.

Do you ask, How am I to find salvation, and how am I to go to that God, on the blood of whose Son I have trampled so long? I answer, Go to Him in your proper and present character —that of a sinner. Go with no lie upon your lips, professing to be what you are not, or to feel what you do not. Tell Him honestly what you are, and what you feel, and what you do not feel. 'Take with you words;' but let them be honest words, not the words of hypocrisy and deceit. Tell Him that your sin is piercing you; or tell Him that you have no sense of sin, no repentance, no relish for divine things, no right knowledge of your own worthlessness and guilt. Present yourself before Him just as you are, and not as you wish to be, or think you ought to be, or suppose He desires you to be. Recount your necessities; make mention of the multitude of his mercies; point to the work of the blessed Son; remind Him how entirely righteous it would be for Him to receive and bless you. Appear before Him, taking for granted just that you are what you are, a sinner; and that Christ is what He is, a Saviour; deal honestly with God, and be assured that it is most thoroughly impossible that you can miss your errand. 'Seek the Lord while He may be found;' and you will see that He is found of you. 'Call upon Him while He is near;' and you will find how near He is.

But tarry not, for the day is fast closing, and the thick gloom of evening is at hand. The last 'woes' are preparing, and the gates of the kingdom shall ere long be shut. The acceptable year of the Lord is running out, and the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. Trifle not with your brief remaining span or inch of hasty time.

This earth shall soon shake beneath the footsteps of its coming Judge. Its hills and rocks must soon echo with the sound of the final trumpet. And therefore it concerns men, without delay, to be securing the shelter ere the storm be up. When once the wrath of the Lamb is kindled, who shall escape, save those who are sprinkled with his blood? It is an eternal doom that is preparing for the ungodly, and the time that remaineth is short in which the sinner may escape. He has no moments to fling away; for that which he flings away may be his last.

Fool! when wilt thou be wise? Thou art wise for time, and not for eternity. Dost thou not see these thunder-clouds? Dost thou not hear the wild tumult of earth, the cry of nations, the shock of falling empires, the crumbling sound throughout the earth that speaks of universal dissolution and ruin? What are these things? The work of chance? A passing earthquake? The burst of frenzy for an hour? No. They are signs of gathering wrath. It is God coming down to smite the guilty earth,—that earth upon whose surface your feet are treading.

Are you ready for his arrival? Are all matters of variance between you and Him adjusted? And has your reconciliation been sealed by the blood of the Lamb?

If not, how shall you meet his eye? How shall you abide his awful scrutiny? That scrutiny will comprise much. Nay, it will omit nothing; its minuteness and exactness will overwhelm you. But the most solemn part of it will be that touching the blood of the Son of God, and the good news respecting it which have been so long proclaimed to you. These good news have found no entrance, and the messenger who brought them has been denied all access day by day. Instead of prizing this blood, and making use of it for your cleansing, you have slighted it; and in slighting it, you have slighted Him whose blood it is—Him through whose death there is life for you. And shall not the Lord visit you for such deliberate rejection of his grace? shall not his soul be avenged for such neglect of his 'great salvation?'

EARLY PROTESTANTISM.

I.—DOLCINO—DANTE.

ITALIAN unity, so long regarded by modern diplomacy as a dream impossible of realization, was for ages the aspiration of Italian patriots; and it was almost invariably associated by them with a reform of the church, and the abolition of the Pope's temporal power. Centuries before the light of the Reformation dawned upon Europe, the ideas which a Passaglia and a Reali have promulgated in our own day were struggled for and suffered for by priests and monks, boldly maintained by scholar and by poet, and valiantly fought for by the Italian people. Civil liberty and the purification of the church were the great objects of Arnold of Brescia in the middle of the twelfth century, and of Jerome Savonarola at the close of the fifteenth. Both of these reformers strove for the emancipation of their countrymen from a twofold slavery—the bondage of civil and religious tyranny. The efforts of each were in one sense local, but their influence was widely

felt; and ever and anon these opinions found expression,—not unmingled, it is true, with gross and dangerous delusions, but always more or less effective as a protest against the pride, the rapacity, and the uncleanness of the Papal hierarchy.

It would seem to have been a natural consequence of the means by which the temporal power of the Papacy was supported and extended, that almost all the revolutions which threatened it were preceded by formidable revolutionary movements within the spiritual pale of the church. The Roman Republic which arose from the teachings of Arnold of Brescia was heralded, so to speak, by the revived monastic spirit on the one hand, and the bold scepticism of Abélard on the other. The more brilliant attempt made by Rienzi, in the fourteenth century, to revive the independence of Rome, to re-establish her ancient republican institutions, and place her at the head of a united Italy, was also preceded by violent tumults within the church, determined resistance to its authority, and loud denunciations of its misused temporal power. Those years, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, which saw the persecution of the Templars, and the extinction of their chivalric order by the rapacious Philip the Fair, and the voluptuous Pope Clement V., saw also the rise of a powerful sect of religious enthusiasts, whose fanaticism took the form, not only of discontent with the avarice of the prelates, but of doctrines hostile to the entire hierarchical system. These formidable sectaries, connected with the mendicant orders, and best known, perhaps, by the name of Spiritual Franciscans, held opinions of more than a merely negative character. The wealth and luxury of the priesthood were their utter abomination. They promulgated the doctrine that absolute poverty was essential to holiness; and in the wild regions of Northern Italy, to which many of them retired, they saw visions and dreamed dreams of a new effusion of the Holy Spirit. Prophets and prophetesses rose among them, to delude the superstitious with alleged revelations; and one of the latter went so far as to declare herself the Holy Ghost incarnate. Distinguished among these fanatics were Sagarelli of Parma, and his follower Fra Dolcino of Novara,—the one the preacher of doctrines even more extreme than those of the poverty-loving Spiritualists and Fraticelli, and the other the promulgator of a new gospel, which taught the utter subversion of the sacerdotal system, and the approach of a golden age under the auspices of the seven angels of the churches. Dolcino and his disciples seem, moreover, to have entertained, or at least professed to entertain, hopes of the revolution they anticipated being brought about by the instrumentality of an earthly monarch. Frederick of Arragon, king of Sicily, was to be the head of a new empire, in which the Papacy had no place; for the church, deprived of the Pope, was to be reduced to its primitive poverty, and convert the world by the agency of humble believers.

Dolcino and his spiritual sister, Margarita, a rich and beautiful Tyrolese maiden, first organized a peculiar community in the Val Sesia in Piedmont. Here they were joined by multitudes from other parts of Italy, who professed a desire to live at peace with all the world, and to wait for the golden age. But bulls had already been issued against them; and the Inquisition forthwith proceeded to the work of suppressing a community holding doctrines subversive of the church. An ill-devised attack made upon them by the podesta of Varallo, served only to give courage to Dolcino and his followers, the number of whom increased with amazing rapidity. The Guelphic nobles, headed by the bishop of Vercelli, resolved to combine for the complete extermination of the heretics; but even these formidable antagonists were baffled. Thrice the bishop was defeated; his diocese was laid waste; and Dolcino, issuing from a strong position he had taken up among the mountains, sacked the surrounding towns, rifled the churches, and carried off many prisoners. But in their wild, inhospitable retreat, the resolute enthusiasts were soon reduced to fearful straits. Famine compelled them to feed upon the dry grass of the mountains, and even, it is said, upon the dead bodies of their companions. Yet they continued their hopeless resistance with desperate determination, until, worn out with suffering, they nearly all perished in a last effort to beat back their assailants. Dolcino and the beautiful Margarita were put to death with horrible barbarity; both remaining calm and undaunted while the flesh was torn from their bodies with red-hot pincers, and the flames of the burning pile kept down to increase their tortures. Margarita indignantly repelled all the attempts made to induce her to recant; and, by her extraordinary fortitude, drew forth the admiration even of her executioners.

While the doctrines of Dolcino and the Spiritualists spread rapidly throughout Italy, and even extended into France, Germany, Poland, and other parts of Europe, greater minds than those from which they emanated were deeply deploring the miseries of their country, and ardently longing for the peace which national unity and a reformation of the church alone could bring. 'The world-worn Dante,' driven from his native Florence by the intrigues of Pope Boniface VIII., the violence of Charles of Valois, and the tumultuous strife of the Bianchi and Neri, had lost all faith in the Papacy. The only hope which cheered his lonely wanderings, was that of an Italian monarchy centred in Rome, founded on the will of the people; and, while extending its sway over Italy, leaving all her cities free, and in the enjoyment of their municipal institutions. The ancient Roman Republic was, in the great poet's eyes, the noblest, purest, and strongest of earthly governments; and if he desired to see the establishment of a monarchy, it was one animated by the spirit of republicanism, deriving its power from God and the people. With temporal affairs the Pope, he believed, ought to have no concern; the functions of the head of the church he held to be strictly spiritual.

More than a century and a half before the

birth of Luther, the forlorn and weary exile proclaimed, in his immortal poem, the doctrine of justification by faith; denounced the sale of indulgences originated by the cupidity of Pope Boniface; and scathed, with the lightnings of sublime and terrible scorn, the fabric of the Papacy. The *Divina Commedia* abounds with such powerful condemnations of Romish corruptions, that some of its great author's commentators have concluded that its chief object was the overthrow of the Papal power. Dante felt and saw that over the political and religious life of his country the Church of Rome exercised either a degrading and polluting or a deadening influence. He clung to many of its dogmas, and was a firm believer in the spiritual supremacy of Peter, and those whom he deemed the apostle's worthy successors; but in the *Paradiso* he makes Peter himself declare the place of his representative to be vacant:

'He who on earth my place,
My place usurps,—my place, which in the eyes
Of God's own Son is vacant, hath long space
Rendered my burial-ground a sink abhorred
Of blood and filth, which to the inveterate foe
Who fell from heaven, doth high delight afford.'

It is from the apostle's lips, too, that we have this denunciation of Papal intolerance and falsehood:

'Ne'er was it meant that Christians should be placed
By our successors, part on the right hand,
The other part upon the left, disgraced;
Or that the keys entrusted to my care
Should be a sign for warriors to unfold,
And as a standard against Christians borne;
Or that my image on a shield should show,
Attached to lying privileges sold.
Rapacious wolves, in shepherds' clothing dressed,
Are hence beheld through all the pastures fair:
O arm of God, why art thou still at rest?'

In the most dreadful circles of the Inferno, the visionary poet placed popes, cardinals, and priests; and the forms of those who had worn the tiara are fixed in the horror of its outer darkness. Dante, in short, believed that Rome was indeed Antichrist—the Babylon of the Apocalypse:

'For she, who sits on many waters, hath
Been seen with kings her person to defile.

. . . . . .

Ah, Constantine! what evils caused to flow,
Not thy conversation, but those fair domains
Thou on the first rich Father did'st bestow!'

Nor was it only against the avarice and lic tiousness of the priesthood that the poet hu his shafts; he anticipated the awakening c later generation to the truths of the gospel, the exposure of those cunningly devised fal by which so many souls had been beguiled.

Much misconception of the purpose and sp of the *Divina Commedia* has arisen, from being regarded either as merely an allegory the poet's experiences, or as founded, in so fa least as its outline is concerned, on the Rom ideas of punishment, penance, and rewa Looked at only from one or other of these poi of view, much of its severe beauty, much of symmetry is lost; and many of its most powe truths become little else than invectives or m murings, expressive of a sense of personal wro But Dante had far other and nobler obj before him. His great poem was designed shadow forth, in its first part, 'the Inferno, the miseries of sin; in its second, 'the Pur torio,'—the struggles by which those who re desire to reach the region of sacred truth a do so; and in its third, 'Paradiso,'—the supe glory of divine light, the ineffable beauty divine love. That the work abounds with p tical allusions, and, as we have said, proc upon a belief in several of the doctrines of church, does not detract from its value as a timony against the Papacy. Dante aspired a the unity of Italy under one powerful mona able to deprive the Pope of temporal autho and by this means to free the church, and to its reformation.

Great as the influence of Dante's poetry h have been in directing the thoughts of his c trymen—or the more learned among then least—to the errors and crimes of the Pap it was, perhaps, equally powerful in prepa the way for the translation of the Script into the language which it did so much to f elevate, and adorn. The poet had himself clared that the light of sacred truth, which been so long obscured by the foul vapours ar from the church's corruption, was alone ca of guiding men through the worse than hea darkness of his time; and, ere long, that broke in upon the minds of many of his cou men, enabling them to flee for refuge t hope set before them, and cheering them to the great fight of faith.

WILLIAM FAREL,

THE SWISS REFORMER.

CHAPTER I.

IN the dark days which preceded the Reformation of the sixteenth century, French Switzerland was pre-eminent for ignorance and superstition; and it is a remarkable fact, that while German Switzerland sent forth many eminent men to further the Reformation in other countries as well as in their own, French Switzerland is, with one exception (Peter Viret, of Orbe), indebted to foreigners for its emancipation from papal bondage.

William Farel, a native of Dauphiné, was the principal reformer of French Switzerland. He was born in 1489, in the little village of Farel, or Fareau, near Gap, the chief town of the High Alps. His home was one of a group of houses, lying at the foot of the Mont de l'Aiguille near the Col de Glaize. Being the manor-house of the village, it stood somewhat apart from the rest, surrounded by orchards and vineyards. This hamlet is still an object of interest to the passing traveller.

Farel had three brothers—Daniel, Walter, and Claude, and, at least, one sister. Their parents were wealthy, and firmly attached to the Church of Rome, believing implicitly whatever she presented to them as truth. As might be expected, their children imbibed their spirit of blind devotion; and as they grew up, their zeal attracted the attention of their neighbours. William, in particular, whose earnest, ardent character, and vivid imagination, led him to throw his whole soul into whatever enlisted his sympathies, was, even in childhood, regarded with something of reverence, as, with unaffected piety, he knelt before the image of the Virgin and implored her blessing. 'I am horror-struck,' he said, at a later period, 'when I think of the hours, the prayers, the divine honours, which I have offered myself, and caused others to offer, to the cross, and such-like vanities.'

When only seven or eight years old, his parents took him on pilgrimage to La Sainte Croix, a place in high esteem on the top of a hill, about four leagues from Gap. As they drew near the place, his father, anxious to impress his mind with the solemnity of the occasion, said to William: 'The cross you will soon see, is made of the wood of the very cross on which Jesus was crucified.' Having reached the holy spot, the pilgrims prostrated themselves before the cross, and a copper basin in which, as the priest told them, 'our Saviour washed his disciples' feet.' As William gazed in wonder at these relics, the priest, pointing to a little crucifix attached to the cross, said, 'When the devils send us hail and thunder, this crucifix moves so violently, that one would think it wanted to get loose from the cross and put the devils to flight, and all the while it keeps throwing out sparks of fire against the storm. Were it not for this, the whole country would be swept bare.' The pilgrims listened with devout attention, and the priest continued: 'Nobody knows or sees anything of these wonders but myself and this man here,'—a strange-looking man, who at that moment appeared, and readily assented to all the priest said. 'It would have frightened you to look at him,' said Farel, when relating the anecdote; the people called him 'the priest-wizard.'

Farel, among the mountains of Dauphiné, like Zwingle in the Tockenburg, felt the power of Alpine scenery to raise the thoughts upwards, and fill them with desires which life, as he saw it around him, could not satisfy. An ardent thirst for knowledge took possession of his mind, and he asked his father's permission to study. At this time another young man, also a native of Dauphiné (Du Terrail, generally known by the name of Bayard), was astonishing his countrymen by his valour in battle on the other side of the Alps. 'Such sons,' it was said, 'are like arrows in the hand of a mighty man: blessed is the man who has his quiver full of them.' Farel's father, longing to see his son following the steps of Bayard, refused to allow him to study; but William was not disheartened, and with steady perseverance pressed his demand until it was granted.

Louis XII., a prince in many respects in advance of the bigoted spirit of his age, now reigned in France, to which empire Dauphiné had recently been added. Justly styled the 'father of his country,' it was the wish of Louis that his nobility should cultivate an acquaintance with literature and science, instead of directing their attention almost exclusively to field sports. This royal desire afforded great encouragement to young Farel, and he began to study with all the energy of his character, and with so much success, that his brothers were induced to follow his example. But difficulties met, though they did not discourage him. Dauphiné did not provide one good teacher in any department of learning; so, with his father's permission, William left home for Paris, where he arrived at the close of 1510, and immediately entered the Sorbonne.*

Among the remarkable men in Paris at that time, was one to whose influence Farel owed much; a man of humble birth, whose appearance was not calculated to prejudice in his favour, and whose education had been but indifferent, yet one whose society was eagerly sought by all who could appreciate genuine piety, deep learning, and true greatness of mind. This man was Lefèvre, of whom Beza says, 'That good old man was the first who courageously began the revival of the pure religion of Jesus Christ.' Born in

* The University of Paris, founded by Charlemagne, believed to be the first ever established in Europe.

1455, Lefèvre was advanced in years at this time. In early life he had travelled much, even into Asia and Africa, in pursuit of knowledge; and in 1493, being then doctor of theology, he became professor in the University of Paris, and, in the estimation of Erasmus, was superior to all the doctors around him. Though sincerely attached to the Romish Church, he saw the need of reform, and laboured to promote it. His first step was to revive the study of languages and the classics, hoping thus to raise the moral character of the Sorbonne. But he soon found that, in the work of reformation, philosophy and literature are weak instruments; and laying aside the scholastic theology of the day, which served only to confirm its disciples in error, he brought forth the long-neglected 'dusty Bible.' While Lefèvre recommended the Scriptures to others, he diligently studied them himself; and his sermons, earnest and fervent, were listened to with marked attention, while his affability towards his pupils won their hearts. 'He loves me exceedingly,' said one of them to his friend; 'he is all frankness and kindness; he sings, he plays, he disputes, and then laughs with me.' The ordinances of the church occupied much of his time. Indeed, in these and in private devotion, many hours each day were passed.

Such a character was well suited to attract Farel, and soon the tutor and pupil were united in the close bond of sympathy, Each understood the other as few around them did; and while Farel remarked with admiration, that he, whose fame for learning was unrivalled, bowed with childlike simplicity before the image of the Virgin—remaining prostrate long after others had risen, Lefèvre was no less delighted to observe the readiness with which Farel left his books to spend hours in adoration of the Virgin, and in adorning with flowers the images of the saints, which both regarded with superstitious reverence.

The attachment of Lefèvre and his pupil to the popish system was firm and sincere. They believed that the Pope was ordained by God as the visible head of the church, and was, in fact, a God upon earth, possessed of universal monarchy. Hence they regarded obedience to his commands as essential to salvation. Indeed, however great and impious the demands of the Pope might be, the devotion of Farel exceeded them. 'Satan,' he afterwards said, 'had lodged the Pope and Popery, and all that is of himself, so deeply in my heart, that even in the Pope's own heart they could have sunk no deeper.' Great, then, was his surprise to learn, upon reaching Paris, that at a recent meeting of the French clergy at Tours, it was decided that the king had a right to go to war with the Pope. 'How I shudder at myself,' Farel afterwards said, in allusion to this period, 'when I think on it all, and how great and wonderful a work of God it is that a man should ever be delivered from such an abyss!'

All the time which Farel could spare from the observances of religion he devoted to study; but while he seemed to be in search of truth, he sunk deeper and deeper into error. 'The light which was in him was darkness;' no peace entered his heart, nor did his outward life att holiness for which he toiled.

Finding no satisfaction from th Aristotle, and the other books r by the university, he turned to the saints, and found them equally unp 'broken cisterns.' When almost in remembered that the church ackno Old and New Testaments to be the ' and at once determined to read the had scarcely begun, when, he tells started up in haste, that he might possession, and wrought in me as l His heart became the battle-field upo word of God and the authority of carried on a desperate conflict. H taught from infancy that the churc err, he feared to interpret any passa ture otherwise than according to h 'Oh,' he often exclaimed in his perpl not understand these things. I r different construction on those pa that which they seem to bear. I m the interpretation of the church, c the Pope.'

While in this perplexity, a doctor bonne rebuked him for reading the 'before he had taken his degree i blind submission Farel closed the 'turning away his ears from the tr indeed 'turned unto fables.' Onc legends of the saints so filled his i that he almost daily inflicted upon austerities enforced by the Carthus But the hour of greatest darkness p dawn of day: the true light was n shine into Farel's soul.

Shortly before this, while Lefèvr piling the lives of the saints and was horrified by the impiety of addressed to them. Closing the book the Scriptures, and, as he read, th the saints lost their value before the cross of Christ. They appeared to hi stone, fit only to kindle the fire c 'We will now,' said he to his pu what is certain, and abandon what i we will cleave to Christ alone, and to of the apostles, which points out salvation. There is only one religi one foundation and object, one Christ, who alone is to be wors honoured.'

Full of these thoughts, Lefèvre im to Farel, saying, with solemn earne dear William, God will change the world, and you will be a witness of mysterious words at first only bew mind of Farel; nevertheless, they m pression, and were 'found after man

St. Paul's epistles now especial Lefèvre's attention, and in 1512 he commentary upon parts of them, i thus expressed his hopes: 'God will great mercy revive the expiring sp hearts of men, so that faith and love worship may return again.' Lefèvre he gradually emerged from error, cor

ng about this change for which he longed, l chiefly by his influence over Farel, whom ough unconsciously) he helped to prepare for great work for which God designed him, ugh, at first, Farel wavered between the ancient h and the present views of his tutor, and sed through great mental suffering before he s fully persuaded in his own mind.' Allud- to these conflicts, he says: 'When the cor- tions of the Romish Church are unveiled to soul which has been drawn aside by them, sense of their enormity is so overwhelming, t only the clear exhibition of the welcome trine of salvation by Christ can preserve a n from either despair or losing his reason.'

The study of ecclesiastical history helped much remove erroneous impressions from Farel's d. In the ancient liturgies of the church, found that prayers were always addressed, to the saints, but to God, while in the con- ions of the early Christians he could discover mention whatever of purgatory, the mass, or worship of images. These omissions greatly plexed him, especially the latter. As the idea worshipping God, without the intercession of Virgin, was abhorrent to his soul, he felt need of a mediator, a days-man to stand be- en his guilty soul and a holy God, and knew that the 'one Mediator between God and the man Christ Jesus,' supplied that want.

While in this unsettled state, tossed to and by every wind of doctrine, 'justification by ' was distinctly proclaimed in the Sorbonne. is God alone,' said Lefèvre (for he was the cher), 'who, by his grace, justifies unto al life. There is a righteousness which is works, and there is a righteousness of grace: one, a thing of man's invention, the other God: the one, earthly and passing away; other, divine and everlasting: the one, the ow and semblance; the other, the light and truth: the one, discovering sin and bringing fear of death; the other, revealing grace the attainment of life. Oh,' he exclaimed, unspeakable greatness of that exchange: sinless One is condemned, and he who is ty goes free! The blessing bears the curse, the curse is brought into blessing; the Life and the dead live; the Glory is whelmed arkness, and he who knew nothing but con- n of face is clothed with glory.' At these ls many thought the preacher 'beside him- that much learning had made him mad;' to Farel they were as life from the dead. h joy he heard that salvation by grace is ly bestowed upon all who believe; and from moment he accepted it. 'Lefèvre,' he said, tricated me from the delusive thought of an deservings, and taught me that all is of e, which I believed as soon as spoken.'

'rom the doctrine of justification by faith, èvre went on to declare that they who are d, are saved by the electing grace of God, by their own will. 'When we are converted,' he, 'it is not our conversion which makes us elect of God, but it is the grace, will, and tion of God, which work our conversion.' ring laid the foundation deep in these doc- trines of the electing grace of God and justifi- cation by faith, Lefèvre pressed upon his hearers the necessity of holiness of life, saying, 'If thou art a member of Christ, thou art a member of his body. Oh, if man would but enter into the understanding of this privilege, how pure, how holy, would be his life!'

To become better instructed in the Scriptures, Farel now devoted himself to the study of Greek and Hebrew, and his labour was not in vain. 'Now,' he says, 'prophecy is opened to me, and the epistles carry wonderful light into my soul. A voice before unknown—the voice of Christ my Shepherd and Teacher—speaks to me with power.' Though he continued to attend public worship, the ordinances yielded him no enjoy- ment; 'the expulsive power of a new affection cast them into the shade.' And, when standing before a once venerated image, he would exclaim, as he thought of Him who was 'the brightness of his Father's glory, the express image of his person, "*Thou* alone art God. *Thou* alone art pure. *Thou* alone art to be worshipped."' Henceforth Farel called no man master, not even Lefèvre; though, while life lasted, he revered and loved him; and now especially, as he watched him suffering persecution for the truth's sake from the doctors of the Sorbonne.

CHAPTER II.

FAREL'S progress in study was rapid; and having taken the degree of Master of Arts, he was, at Lefèvre's request, appointed Regent of the College, founded by Cardinal Lemoine,—an office which had always been held by distin- guished men. His high character won the esteem of many in high places, who entrusted him with money for the support of the poor—a trust he faithfully discharged while he remained in office. But he soon left Paris, being summoned by Briçonnet to preach in the city of Meaux.

Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, one of the most distinguished lords of the court of Francis I., favoured the Reformed doctrines. He had entered the church at an early age, and became bishop, first at Lodeve, afterwards at Meaux.

During the reign of Louis XII. he was twice sent on an embassy to Rome, and had now just returned from his second visit, undazzled by the splendour of the Vatican, to labour with increased diligence in his diocese. He delighted to welcome to his abbey men like-minded with himself; among whom Lefèvre and Farel were special favourites. 'I am all dark,' he used to say, 'waiting for the grace of the divine favour from which my sins have banished me.' God 'giveth grace to the humble;' and soon Briçonnet found joy and peace in believing. As he read the Scriptures, he found them 'sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.' 'And yet,' said he, 'that heavenly manna never cloys: the more we take of it, the more we long for it.' It grieved him to the heart to see 'this gift of God, so worthy of acceptation,' neglected by the court and the nation in general.

'Francis loved learning; and thinking,' as Erasmus says, 'that he should adorn his court

more by inviting scholars to it than by trophies, pyramids, or buildings,' he even welcomed many who were suspected of favouring the doctrines of Luther. Among these were Cop, the court physician; Petit, the king's confessor, and others who, with Briçonnet, enjoyed the king's confidence. He called them his 'children,' and listened to their discussions with unfeigned interest. Francis founded two professorships of Hebrew and Greek at Paris, and thus helped forward the progress of Scripture knowledge. For this act Beza places the portrait of Francis I. among those of the Reformers, regarding that place due to one who, though a persecutor, contributed to promote the Reformation by 'banishing barbarism from the world.'

Margaret of Valois, Duchess of Alençon, the king's sister, is one of the most interesting characters of that period. Possessing a remarkable love for learning, and great talents, she had been regarded by the learned men in Paris as their patroness even in the reign of her cousin Louis XII., at whose court she had been educated. When her brother Francis ascended the throne, she, with her mother, Louisa of Savoy, remained at court, being a great favourite with her brother, who called her his 'darling.' As Margaret accompanied the court through France, she had abundant opportunity to observe the manners and customs of the priests and monks. 'On these occasions,' says the historian Brantôme, 'I often used to hear her recount stories to my grandmother, who accompanied her as *dame d'honneur*, and had charge of her writing-desk.' The observations the princess then made, helped in a great degree to open her eyes to the corruptions of the Church of Rome; and she abhorred the profanity of her mother's court, while she loved to pass hours in her own room in study and meditation. Though the centre of observation, the object of admiration and love to all who came within her reach, Margaret experienced the inability of anything earthly to satisfy the desires of her soul. She felt a want within; she knew not what caused it, still less how it could be supplied; but the gospel had already found its way into the court of Francis—'waters had broken out in the wilderness, and streams in the desert.' Margaret drank of these waters, and they were to her 'as a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' She read with intense pleasure the tracts lent to her by some ladies of her court, who had adopted the reformed doctrines; and in the latter part of 1521 we find her reading the Scriptures with Lefèvre, Farel, and Roussel. Thus she was helped on step by step; but the immediate means of her conversion was the Bishop of Meaux. She could not bear to enjoy her newly-found happiness alone, and longing to see her brother a partaker of her joy, induced him to come to her private meetings for Scripture reading, at which Michael D'Arande, who had been sent to her by Briçonnet, presided. Even Louisa of Savoy appeared at that time well disposed towards the evangelical doctrines, and during the whole of 1522 Margaret's hopes of the conversion of her brother gathered strength, and she wrote to tell Briçonnet that he and the queen-mother inclined towards the Reformation; but the world had too strong a hold upon their hearts—the seed, falling among thorns, brought forth no fruit.

From Margaret's writings she seems to have had a deep sense of indwelling sin, which at first hid Christ from her view, but before long she could say—

'Thou, O my God, hast in thy grace come down
To me, a worm of earth, who strength had none.'

During the reign of Louis XII. an Italian custom with persons of rank—that of selecting for themselves suitable emblems and devices—had been introduced into France. Margaret chose as her emblem the sunflower; 'because,' says Brantôme, 'her heart was devoted to God, and this flower most resembles the sun in form, and turning, follows him in his course.' To this emblem she added the motto, in Latin, 'I seek not the things of this world;' 'because,' continued Brantôme, 'she directed all her actions, thoughts, will, and affections towards that great sun, which is God.' Rumours concerning Margaret's change in religion now reached the king; but he pretended not to credit them. Every one loved her, for she was kind and gentle, condescending and charitable to all, and no one liked to believe news which, if true, might subject her to reproach.

Margaret herself trembled at the thought of displeasing her brother, and never openly confessed Christ, though her life spoke of one who had been washed in Christ's blood, and who loved Him, because He had first loved her. Her influence at court gained admission for the evangelical doctrines, and many were attracted to them by the loveliness of her character.

Thus, in 1518, as we have seen. the gospel had many converts in France—in Paris: Lefèvre, Briçonnet, Farel, the Duchess of Alençon; who joyfully expected the time when it should spread through the length and breadth of the land. But their hopes were soon crushed. Louisa of Savoy, the king's mother, who naturally hated God's holy word, which condemned her life, violently opposed its introduction into the kingdom; while her favourite, Anthony Duplat, the chancellor, added his influence to hers to urge Francis to persecute those who professed the gospel.

It was during this period of persecution (1521) that Farel, as already mentioned, was invited to Meaux by the bishop. The two Roussels accompanied him, and together they in public and private instructed the people of Meaux out of the Scriptures. The youth of the city particularly engaged their attention; and among those whom they then trained for future usefulness was Jean, Compte de la Croix, a nobleman of Paris. They also laboured with much success among the common people, and many souls were given them for their hire.

The Franciscans speedily took alarm at these proceedings, and wrote to Paris, saying that their city was infested with heresy, of which the bishop was the promoter. Called to Paris to answer this charge, Briçonnet, with a heavy heart, left his diocese. The Sunday before his departure he ascended the pulpit in the cathedral, and, as if foreseeing coming evil, solemnly warned his

hearers against false teachers, who would deprive them of the word of God, adding, 'Even though I, your bishop, your teacher, and your guide, were to change my language and my doctrine, beware you of changing with me.' Briçonnet with difficulty escaped condemnation; but he could not defend his friends, and, being naturally weak, and not prepared to renounce all for Christ, he deprived the preachers of liberty to proclaim that gospel which he knew to be 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes.' This unfortunate step was taken April 12, 1523, and made way for others not less so.

Having so far succeeded with Briçonnet, the Romish party openly attacked Lefèvre and his writings. 'Has he not said,' they asked, 'that the word of God is sufficient of itself to lead to eternal life? and is not this enough to condemn him?' Lefèvre, however, was acquitted. The spirit of persecution continuing unabated, Farel left Meaux for Paris, where he attacked the errors of Popery, and was, in consequence, obliged to leave that city too. He then went to Dauphiné, his native country, and was the means of leading his three brothers, and many others, to the knowledge of Christ.

While at Meaux, Lefèvre published (October 1524) his French translation of the four Gospels. On the 6th November following, the remainder of the New Testament appeared, and on the 12th the entire in one volume. In the following year, he brought out a French version of the Psalms. Many received the Scriptures in their own tongue with joy, as that of which they had long felt the need. Peasants read the precious volume in the fields—artisans in the workshop.

The departure of Farel from Meaux drew the Lord's people closer to each other. Among those who thus encouraged each other in the faith was a wool-comber, John Leclerc, who, with his mother and his brother, Peter, had embraced the truth, while his father continued a stern Romanist. Though often subjected to harsh treatment by his persecutors, John, as a good soldier of the cross, continued to visit his brethren, exhorting the weak and comforting the desponding; and, not content with these private efforts, he wrote a proclamation, in which he declared Rome to be Antichrist, and posted it on the cathedral doors. Crowds gathered to read it, marvelling at the writer's boldness; and while the rage of the priests was unbounded, the friends of the gospel dreaded lest the imprudent zeal of the wool-comber should hinder its progress.

The Franciscans loudly insisted that Leclerc should be publicly whipped through the city, branded on the forehead, and then cast into prison, all which shame and suffering he bore, as one who had counted the cost before he enlisted himself under Christ's banner. His mother stood by, encouraging him by her words and gestures, to endure to the end rather than deny his Lord; but at last a piercing shriek was heard, and she left the dreadful place exclaiming, 'Glory be to Jesus and his witnesses!' Awe-struck, the crowd let her pass through to her home. 'Not one of her enemies,' says the historian, 'dared to put forth his hand against her.' Shortly after, Leclerc was set at liberty, and went to Metz, in Lorraine, at the close of 1523, 'where he followed,' says Beza, 'the example of St. Paul, who, while labouring at Corinth as a tentmaker, preached the gospel to all within his reach.' Several conversions were the fruit of his labours, and from that humble beginning arose a church which afterwards was highly honoured of God.

Unfortunately, Leclerc's prudence did not equal his zeal. Believing the images of the Virgin and saints to be idols, and their worshippers idolaters, he considered himself bound to assert the honour of God, who has said, 'Thou shalt have none other god but me.' Determined to act with vigour, he watched his opportunity, and had not long to wait. A high festival was approaching, when multitudes from the surrounding country would repair to a chapel a short distance from the city, to pay the honour to senseless images due to God alone, and to ask from them the pardon of their sins. The evening previous to this festival, Leclerc entered the chapel, and sitting down before one of the images, became wrapt in thought. 'They have eyes, and see not; ears have they, and yet they hear not,' thought he, as he gazed upon the lifeless blocks before him. Suddenly it seemed to him as if God were saying, 'Thou shalt not bow down to their gods; *but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and quite break down their images;*' and believing that a divine impulse guided him, he started up, broke the images, and cast the fragments on the altar. No one witnessed the act, and Leclerc, in safety, reached Metz before dawn of day.

Early that morning the bells began to ring, and from all parts of the city and neighbourhood crowds gathered, until a long procession, headed by priests and monks, began to march to the chapel. As it moved along, prayers were chanted and hymns sung in honour of the saints about to be worshipped. But suddenly all was hushed. As the foremost reached the chapel, a thrill of horror ran through them, and, like an electric shock, communicated itself to those behind; their 'Dagon' was fallen to the ground, and one long shout, 'Death, death, to the sacrilegious wretch,' was heard on all sides.

It was soon known that Leclerc was the daring offender, and when brought before his judges he confessed the act, and exhorted the people to worship God alone. He was sentenced to be burnt alive, which terrible death, aggravated by unheard-of cruelties, he bore with a calm composure, which struck his enemies with silent awe, and wrung the hearts of his friends. In the midst of the most excruciating torments he cried aloud, 'Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. O Israel, trust in the Lord; He is their help and their shield.' Thus perished, in 1524, the first martyr of the Reformation in France. Many followed in his train; but the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. Lutheranism, before long, spread throughout the district of Metz.

(*To be continued.*)

Readings for the Young.

ZIP'S VOW.

'TAKE me out, fader, under the big pine-trees; I'se so hot, so tired!'

The big, brawny man bent down and took up tenderly the little thin figure, so helpless but so patient. He bore her out from the small, close shed they called their home, to the grand church of God, whose doors were never closed to them. He laid her at the foot of one of its noblest pillars, a stately pine, where had been gathered a bed of soft grey moss, which formed an easy couch for the sufferer. The fever which was consuming her life forces burned even through her swarthy skin; the lips were parched, and the eyes quivered with an intense fire. The father gazed at her, as the clear light of day showed more distinctly to him the ravages the disease had made.

'Fader, dear fader!'

'What does my Clar want?'

'To say someting, fader; but my lips are so dry.'

He hastened into the hut, and soon returned with a luscious orange, the juice of which he squeezed into her hot mouth, and then wiped the parched lips with the cool, fresh pulp.

'Now, what has my little picaninny to say to her old fader?'

He sat down, and drew her head upon his stalwart breast, and with his great hands tenderly caressed it, and played with the close rings of black hair.

'Fader, you know little Clar is not goin' to stay wid you; she's goin' to be "an angel."' She half sprang up, and sang, with a soft, clear voice, which rang through the woods:

'I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.'

The tears rained down the cheeks of the father, as he listened, in awe-struck wonder, to the song of the dying child. He feared her spirit would leave her body singing, her voice seemed to have such power and fulness,—more like a woman's than the child she was. But she seemed to gain strength with every word, and was less exhausted at the close than when she began. When she paused, she looked up in her father's face and said:

'Miss Clarice told me that, fader, when moder and I lived up at the house. She was so good: all my hymns, and eberyting that comforts me, she teached me. Them was happy times, fader; Miss Clarice was so good!'

'Good as any slaveholder can be, Clar.'

'She's brung up to it, fader, and didn't know better then; but she won't do it no more. And now, fader, I want to say someting; and you mustn't be angry with your little Clar, 'cause she is "goin' to be an angel." Last time I went to meetin', fader, the minister read about one of the parables Massa Jesus gave to the poor people off there where He lived. It was jus' as if Massa Jesus saw men standin' idle, doin' noting, fader, jus' like you, and He say, "Why stand you here idle all the day?" And dey say, "Because no man has hired us." And I couldn't help cryin', fader; 'cause, if Massa Jesus should ask you why you don't work, you couldn't give Him any reason, 'cause Miss Clarice wanted to hire you.'

'This old chile worked for her all his life for noting, and nobody ought to spect him to work no more, Clar.'

'How are you goin' to live, fader? What's you goin' to eat? Do you spect oder people to work for you?'

'De gubernment mus' do dat, Clar.'

'Why for, fader?'

''Cause I'se been a slave allays.'

'They've gin you freedom, fader, and dat's better dan all de rice and corn in de world.'

'What do I owe 'em, Clar, and whar did you git all dese tings?'

'I hear Massa May talk about 'em up to meetin', and 'pears he knows jus' what we ought to do. He says, gubernment make us free, but gubernment can't make us real men, to stand straight in the world, and be like white folks, if we bracks don't work for it. And, fader, one more ting Massa May read from the good book: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were drowned in the depths of the sea;" and he said that meant anybody who tried to lead any one to do wrong when they wanted to do right, was just as wicked as they could be; and I thought—I'se couldn't help it, fader—how I heard you talkin' to old Mose, and tellin' him he oughtn't to work for Miss Clarice,—he was a fool to do anyting more, he'd worked nuff in his life; and you mocked him for goin' to larn, and preachin'. Oh, fader,' she burst out with a great sob, 'I couldn't go 'cross Jordan widout tellin' you dese tings.'

The man's strong frame shook with emotion.

'I neber seed it so afore. But, Clar, I can't let you go; I'se got nobody now. *He* took your moder; and now, if He takes you, I can't lib. If He let's you lib, I'll be so 'dustrious and larn, and be as 'spectable as a white man.'

'Don't ask me to stay here. I'se almost done gone. I can see moder and all the shining ones.' The voice was very low, and there was a pause; then the little figure bounded up as agilely as if in health. 'Promise, fader; moder hears you; promise to do your duty as a *free* brack man, and not to be idle, and to larn, and to pray to God, and He will bress you.'

Kneeling, but with an upward look, as if following an irresistible impulse, Zip said, with an awed tone: 'I promise to God, and Nan, and our Clar, to try and do right; but oh, please, God, leave me my chile!'

It was too late. Her arms were thrown about his neck with a clasp of love; but in a moment their grasp was relaxed, and the freed spirit was borne upward.

THE SORROWING HEART MADE GLAD.

It was a lovely evening in summer. The sun, which had shone so powerfully during the day, was sinking quietly to rest, and a soft refreshing breeze murmured through the leafy foliage of Beechen Grove, as though inviting the weary mind to lay aside the day's duties, and enjoy the evening calm.

In the spacious pleasure-grounds belonging to B—— Seminary might be seen groups of merry, laughing girls. One or two were walking up and down the wide gravel paths; whilst others were occupying the various class-rooms, with nothing better to do than to talk of the new pupil, who had joined their circle a few days before.

But apart from all these sat a pale young girl. Her head was bent over her book, as though in deep thought; and when, attracted by a merry peal of laughter, she raised it for a moment, it needed not a very close observer to notice the look of sadness which overspread her intelligent countenance. The deep mourning dress that she wore seemed to tell all the sad tale; and yet not all: surely not even the loss of the dearest friend could cause that look of deep-seated despondency; for the hope of meeting again would have exerted a sweet, soothing influence, which it was but too evident she did not possess.

Alas! no. Annie Lee was sorrowing as those who are without hope. Her parents, to whom she had clung with all the affectionate fondness of an only child, had been taken from her by fever,—leaving her alone in the world, without an earthly protector, without a heavenly guide. She could not look forward to meeting them again in the better land, for her hopes and wishes were all bounded by this present world. She had no share in the Saviour's love—that love which alone was able to prove all-sufficient strength for the time of trial; and now, in the deep anguish of her heart, earth seemed to offer no object, heaven no charm. Of what use was all her wearisome study? No eye would beam more brightly, no heart be made more glad, at her success. There might be kind words and smiles for others, but there were none for her. She was *alone* in the world; and the bitter tears would come as she thus thought.

Many of her companions passed and repassed the window where she was sitting, but no one noticed the motherless girl; and it was a relief when they all left the room, and she was able to indulge her grief unrestrained.

Not long, however, did she enjoy her solitude. The door opened again, and footsteps approached her; but so violently was she sobbing, that she did not even raise her eyes to see who was the intruder. There was a moment's silence, then a hand was laid softly on her shoulder; and on looking up, she encountered such a glance of sympathy, as she had not seen for many a long month.

It was Annie Lee's first introduction to the new pupil. 'You are in sorrow, Miss Lee. As a stranger, I suppose I cannot be permitted to share it; yet it may even be a stranger's privilege to point to One who knows every grief, every sorrow of our hearts.' And, as she spoke, she drew the weeping girl towards her with all the fondness of a sister.

Encouraged by her gentle tone, Annie spoke, without reserve, of the cause of her grief. She told her that both her beloved parents had been taken from her, in one short week, by the hand of death; and that, ever since, her heart had ached sadly and wearily for some one to love her—some one whom she could love. 'Life seems nothing without them!' she exclaimed passionately. 'I do not care for anything, now *they* are gone; and I am sure no one cares for me.'

Again the same sympathizing tones greeted her ear. 'Do not talk thus, dear Miss Lee. I love you already; and many more would love you, but perhaps they think you do not care for their affection. And, after all, it is not their love that can make you happy, or satisfy your soul's immortal cravings; it is the love of Jesus that you want. Till you possess that, your search for happiness will be all in vain. God, in his mercy, has taken away those who were dearest to your heart. Perhaps He saw that they were filling the place which He had reserved for himself; and so, by a gentle stroke of his chastening rod, would bid you set your affections on those things which are above. But though they are gone, and no other friends seem left, you need not tread the path of life alone. He will go with you; He will direct your wandering footsteps, if you will only take Him for your guide. In Him your restless, weary heart will find the rest it has so long been seeking; and living to his glory, the noblest, truest end of your existence will be answered.'

The bell rang for evening prayer, and then they separated for the night,—the one to pray for a blessing on the words which she had spoken, that they might be the means of leading the wandering one to Christ; the other, in the silence of her chamber, to indulge such thoughts as before had seemed to savour of melancholy and sadness.

The right chord had been touched, and, in its vibrations, there seemed to come o'er her soul a peaceful calm, hitherto unknown. At last she was understood; she was loved; a new life seemed to dawn upon her; and even her deep sorrow was tinged with gladness. Day after day, at that calm sunset, how would she sit and listen to the sweet tale of pardoning love, till she was enabled to rest all her hopes of happiness on a crucified Redeemer, and in simple trust to say, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee!' No longer did she sorrow as those who are without hope. The oil of joy had been given in exchange for mourning; whilst in faith she could look forward to meeting again those whom she loved, in that land where there is no sin, no sorrow, and where partings are unknown. Till then, she felt that there was a work for her to do on earth; and, with a simple-minded consecration of herself to the service of her Lord and Master, she determined that henceforward she would live for Him,—her one aim to lead other sorrowing ones to the same Saviour.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 Sam. xvii. 25.

Here are two men, and in these men two nations, two religions; two bodies or companies,—the seed of the woman, and the seed of the serpent. Israel and Philistia are now brought face to face. There must be war, not peace; not even an alliance, not even a truce. The world's table is not spread for the church, nor the church's table for the world. The 'earth' may sometimes help the woman, and swallow up the floods which would overwhelm her; but friendship with the earth is not to be cultivated or sought after. The friendship of the world is enmity with God.

Here are two men,—the one the personification of power, the other of weakness; the one of self-reliance, the other of confidence in God. We see man, nothing but man, in the one; God, nothing but God, in the other. In the Philistine we see man fighting against God, in David man fighting for God. What the world admires and prizes is to be found in the one, what it despises in the other.

One thing marks them both: they are full of courage and of confidence; both equally sure of success, though the one boasts, and the other boasts not. The sources and grounds of their confidence are very different; but their confidence itself seems in both very much alike.

The *object* of each is, in one respect, different; in another, the same. They meet for battle,—each bent on the overthrow of the other. But Israel has not provoked nor challenged the conflict; nor is Israel desirous of seizing Philistia. She has Jerusalem: why should she seek Gaza? But Philistia would fain have Israel and her land in her power, and makes continual inroads for this end. She is not content with Gaza and Ashkelon; she must have Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

But it is not the Gentile giant that I ask you specially to notice, but the Jewish boy, the stripling of Bethlehem. In him we have—

I. *The rejection of human weapons.*—He was fully aware (1) of the greatness of the issue depending on this combat; (2) of the strength of the adversary; (3) of his own weakness; (4) of the great things to which he had pledged himself. Yet he declines to avail himself of any of those things, which would have helped to make up his deficiency, and made him, as man would say, adequate for the struggle. He takes only that which is expressive of feebleness,—which would make him incur the imputation of being a fool, like the apostle in after years. He had to become 'weak,' as well as a 'fool,' that he might be both wise and strong. His taking *unlikely* and *unsuitable* human weapons was more expressive of his faith than if he had taken none; for, through such, God got the opportunity of showing his power,—his power, not as directly coming down from heaven, but as coming through the feeble instrumentality of a shepherd, and a shepherd's sling. It was God identifying himself with David, and using the sling as his own two-edged sword. Thus the true beginning of all strength is weakness; the starting-point for success is the abnegation of self-power and human appliances. How often is it true, of individuals, and of churches, and of societies, that they are too strong for God to work by or with; too well equipped, or too well organized; too rich, or too numerous, or too great, for God to get glory from! He must have his work done by hands, regarding which there will be no mistake as to who is the doer of the whole work, and the author of all the success. David did not reject these weapons because they were *sinful*. He often used the sword, and the spear, and the shield, in fighting the battles of the Lord. He had builded a house for an armoury, wherein there hung a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men. But, in certain cases, that which is lawful is not expedient. Lawful instruments sometimes become, if not unlawful, at least inexpedient and useless, when they give God no room to make bare his arm. We are, generally speaking, far too solicitous about our strength, and forget that it is always by this weakness that God works. We are too solicitous about intellect, learning, numbers, money, as if we could have no hope of success without these. No one is too weak to work the work of God; many are too strong. We are slow to believe this, slow to act on it. Yet it is one of the great truths on which God has set his seal during the ages past.

II. *The adoption of divine weapons.*—David leaves the human weapons to the Philistine; he prefers the divine. The sight of human weapons in his adversary had not made him afraid to do battle with him, nor made him say, Oh that I had a sword like his! And as he drew nearer, and saw his whole strength and array, his confidence does not sink; it rises. He sees in the giant an enemy of the living God, and his weapons as, therefore, directed against *Him*. That sword, that spear, that shield, are used against Jehovah, God of Israel. David is not dismayed, but goes forward triumphantly, assured of being more than conqueror. He has a weapon,—only one,—forged on no human anvil, brought out of no human armoury. It is called 'the name of the Lord.' With this he can face not only Goliath and the Philistian armies, but Satan and the hosts of hell. This 'name' is our weapon still. It is sword, and shield, and spear. Armed with it, we can do any work, fight any battle, engage any foe. Only let us be sure that we are on God's side, and our enemy against Him, we can go forward with confidence. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' is one side of the maxim. 'If we be for God, who can be against us?' is the other. In using this name as a weapon, or as a plea, I come as if God and I were one; as if God, and not I, were on the battle-field. We stand in God's stead, and He in ours. We fight in God's stead, and He in ours. It is not so much we that work as He. Using his name, is simply confiding in his revealed character and sure word, and in nothing of ourselves,—making use of no arm of flesh, no power of man's arm or man's intellect, but Jehovah's alone, the Lord God of Israel. Have faith in God! Not in man, nor in the flesh, nor in genius, nor in science, nor in numbers, nor in rank, nor in influential names, nor in great schemes, but in the living God—David's God and ours.

INCARNATE LOVE DELIGHTING IN A SINNER'S LOVE.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, IPSWICH.

'She loved much.'—LUKE VII. 47.

HAT the name of this person was, where she lived, and what her after history was, we know not; but *this* we know, that 'she loved much.' Nor have we on record a single ttered by her. No confessions indicating enitence—no hymns of wondering rap- praise are preserved and handed down terity. *She* says nothing; but the Lord for her, and says that 'she loved much.' rief, how wonderful, how blessed the his- 'this woman who was a sinner!' She ts before us for a little while; her whole does not take five minutes to read; and at an impress has she left on all time— beneficial influence has she put forth on thousands! When Elisha had restored d child to life, and called in the waiting, ; mother to receive her son, it is beauti- lded, 'that she came in, fell at his feet, wed herself to the ground, took up her nd went out.' With what a burden in is, and what a blessing in her heart, did ther go out! So this woman, who was a —bereft, as she had been, of character, of hope, of all human sympathy,—having pardon and blessing in Jesus, took up her ad of peace, a burden which should ever nburden all other burdens,' be as wings soul, and strength to her heart,—she took t Christ's bidding, and went out. It is e was hissed at as she went out, by the l murmurers at the feast; but she heeds ot, for the Lord says *of* her, 'She loved ' and He also says *to* her, 'Go in peace.'

this woman that was a sinner, this without a name, without a home, with- haracter, without a single word to say on n behalf, without any recorded after- ,—this sinning, silent, weeping, minister- loring woman, LOVED MUCH. Ah! how who think themselves righteous, who have among men, who possess a home full of joy, and by whom words have been that are recorded and praised—how f earth's favoured ones lack such a love forth the Saviour's approval!

came to Jesus at his call, and was wel- comed. She was owned by Him, delighted in by Him; she is, and ever will be, used by Him for his own glory and the good of others. This path to safety, happiness, honour, and useful- ness is still open. Jesus still stands and cries, 'Come, ye weary, and find rest; come, ye thirsty, and drink the living water; come to me, loose your burdens, and find rest; come to me, quench the thirst of sin, and be made a fountain of bless- ing!' Few give heed to Him. Concerning most He has to say, 'Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.' Over many He uttered this lament when on earth; but not over *all.* There were glorious exceptions, and *this* is one.

There is some reason to conclude that this beautiful incident related by Luke, occurred immediately after the Lord's discourse, re- corded in Matt. xi. There the Lord speaks of himself as 'the Son of man, who came eating and drinking;' that is, He spake of himself as a social person, as indeed He ever manifested himself to be. On that occasion He also uttered the ever memorable words: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' As usual, there were scribes and Phari- sees, publicans and sinners, among his auditors. A Pharisee invited Him to his house to meat, and Jesus went. 'A woman in the city, who was a sinner,' came also to that feast, quite unbidden, and very unwelcome, as regards the Pharisee and his friends. It may be that she had heard the '*woe*' of Jesus against the impeni- tent, and *trembled;* and the 'Come unto me' of Jesus to the weary, and had *trusted;* and, behold, she is soon at his feet weeping. Blessed station for the worst of sinners; thither the vilest may still go!

In contemplating the path of Jesus, and trac- ing his history, we see Him having to do with many slow-of-heart followers, and some of the very worst of sinners. Who could be slower of heart and weaker of purpose than some of those who were constantly with Him, such as Thomas, Philip, and Peter? Who could be in a worse condition physically, than the raving maniac, whom a legion of devils once inhabited? Who nearer to hell than the dying thief? Who more

vile and repulsive than this town-sinner? Yet we behold all these, and many more like them, brought to his feet, and into his kingdom, and bound around his brow for a diadem of glory.

But Jesus says, 'Seest thou *this woman*?' Let us look at her. She has gained her much-desired station. She is at his feet. Let who will frown, she is *there*. *She touches* the Lord. He must know it; yet she is not frowned on or repulsed. Oh! read the simple narrative again and again; there is melody and mercy in every syllable. The description of the woman, and the loving testimony of Jesus to her, are full of tenderness. Behold the wondrous processes of grace, and hearken to the words of incarnate love! What an unveiling of the human heart! What a discovery of the Saviour's heart, and through Him of the very heart of God! But we must again turn to the words so oft repeated: 'SHE LOVED MUCH.'

These are words full of deep meaning. In one sense they are common enough, and in another and higher sense very uncommon. Fulfilled in one way they are most evil, and in another way most blessed. It is indeed no uncommon thing for persons to love, and even to *love much;* too much a great deal. Over how many *graves* in every cemetery might these three words be placed as a *true* epitaph?—He, or she, *loved much!* Yes; but what, and who? Over the grave of the drunkard, the fornicator, the covetous, the selfish, these words might be truly written; and how terrible they look!. Fearful facts are embodied in the words, 'lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God;' 'lovers of their own selves.' We may advance some steps further, and think of the love of wives, husbands, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, friends, philanthropists; all good in their places, all well as far as they go, but all ruinous, if not surmounted by, and subordinated to a higher, nobler love. For if any man (however amiable in the relationships of life, however charitable and kind towards the poor—1 Cor. xiii. 1-3)—'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha.'

'Seest thou this woman,' immortal soul? Pass her not by in scorn. Jesus bids you come and learn the great lesson, not from *her* merely, but from HIM, sitting alongside of her. You must learn of Him, if ever you learn to love. But come and take your station with her; there is plenty of room and a hearty welcome. You require healing, and here is the great Physician; you need salvation, and here is an infinite Saviour; you want instructing, and a school is before you. Be a docile scholar at the feet of the great Teacher. It may be profitable to propose a few questions, and to endeavour to answer them.

I. *Who was the loved one?*—The Lord d not mention himself; He does not say, 'S loved *me* much.' He might have said so, a have added to this great fact, that she now lov her own soul, who before was its worst enem that she now loved holiness, who so lately live and moved, and had her being in sin; th she now loved God, to whom she had so lon said, 'Depart!' that she now loved her fellow creatures, even those whom she had laboured t lead down to the chambers of death (Prov. v.) All this, and much beside, came through lovin *Him*. Until Christ is loved, nothing else sublim or spiritual is really loved. Till then the soc grovels in the mire; but, loving Jesus, it soar into the heavens in communion, and spread itself over the earth in compassion. And *He* worthy to be loved; He is altogether lovely; H is infinitely loving; and He is 'THE BELOVED He is the Beloved of God, of angels, and a saints; they all testify of his excellency, ar invite us to love Him. 'There must be som thing somewhere I cannot love too much,' sa one. 'Behold,' says God, 'my beloved Son, whom I am well pleased.' He is not mere something, but everything — the 'ALL.' N *words*, *things*, *systems*, *doctrines*, *precepts* merel have we to love; but a PERSON—One wh sustains all saving offices; fills up all tend relations; is set forth by all beautiful resem blances. Oh, love Him! He has done ever thing to win your love; He calls for it, H prizes it, He will return it, He will account his heart's treasure, part of his fulness, a element of gladness in which He will dwe Love Him *much*. You cannot think how mu He hath loved you. This woman loved muc Jesus loved *more*. Do you think that when th saved soul went in peace, she went out of t room thinking on *her own* '*much love?*' No, n Christ could trust her for that. She (no doub realized his love so deeply, and thought of it highly, that she did not reflect with complacen on her own love at all. Besides, the Lord h told her that it was not her 'much love,' b her simple faith, that had saved her. The Lord testimony concerning her, that she had muc forgiven, even *before* she came to his feet wit her tears and precious ointment, must be car fully kept in mind. Somewhere or someho she had heard about Him—believed on Hin God had put away her sin, and she had realiz it was so. Now she comes to Christ's feet express her gratitude, and there she received t gracious recognition of Christ, and a furth realization of the joys of pardon, as she hea from his own lips, 'Thy sins are forgiven the thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.' It m be that at first her faith was not much, but litt

but this we know, that whether weak or strong, it led her to Christ, it saved her from sin, and it received salvation. We must believe the words of Jesus, trust his salvation, meditate on his love and loveliness, if we would love much, do much, and then think very little about it all. Oh! how true is it, as regards the deepest love to the Saviour,—

'Fainter than the pale star's ray,
Before the noontide blaze of day;
And lighter than the viewless sand,
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,
Is all the love that angels know,
Or in redeemed hearts can glow,
Compared, O Saviour, with thine—
Eternal, fathomless, divine!'

II. Let us next ask, *Who was the loving one?*—'*She* loved much.' She was, as we have seen, a sinner, and a notorious one; she was a hearer, and an attentive one; she was a believer, and a simple one. She just took the Lord Jesus at his word. Faith had 'come by hearing.' Christ said 'Come,' and she went. She believed that He meant what He said, and acted on it. Christ spake of burdens and rest. She was weighed down with an intolerable burden; she wanted rest. Her going to Christ was the proof that she believed Him, and believed or trusted in Him. And her faith worked love. The worst of sinners may become the greatest of saints. Yea, not only may, but actually *have*. Paul *was* 'the chief of sinners;' but where do we find a more holy, happy, honoured believer? Of all preachers, Peter was the most successful (Acts ii., xiv.). Yet how forward, how fickle and foolish had he been! The most triumphant words of burning devotion came from his lips, whose burdened bleeding soul had cried, 'Have mercy upon me, O God!' 'Heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee!' Let not those who have a deep sense of personal unworthiness think that it is true humility for them to take a lower position as regards joy, peace, hope, and nearness than others; if you get this thought in your minds, you will not love much. This suggests a third question.

III. *Why did she love much?*—Because 'she had much forgiven.' The Lord puts the question, concerning the two debtors, 'Which of them will love him most?' And when Simon answered, 'I suppose that he to whom he forgave most,' the Lord said, 'Thou hast rightly judged;' and adds, 'Seest thou this woman? she hath much forgiven, and therefore she loveth much.' She had sins, and they were *many;* but mercy was above them. God multiplied pardons (Isa. lv. 8). And then she 'loved much.' God's '*much more*' is beyond the sinner's *many*. Oh, do not reverse the order, and magnify your sin above his mercy! Our sins are 'more in number than the hairs of our heads;' but God's mercies are 'more than the sands of the sea;' and who can count all those particles that girdle round the million leagues of ocean? This fact should awaken confidence towards God, and produce complacence in Him. 'I have blotted out,' He says, 'as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; *return unto me*, for I have redeemed thee.' *Oh, there is a mighty power in a realized pardon, to produce love to Him who pardons and pronounces the pardon;* to Him who procured it, and for whose sake it is granted; and also love to Him who reveals the Saviour, and by Him brings the soul to God, thus establishing the sweetest friendship where there was the darkest enmity. Thus there is true love, and deep undying gratitude to a triune God of love.

If then we would love much, we must study pardoning love. The loving heart of God—the bleeding heart of Christ—the yearning heart of the Spirit of grace, when believingly thought upon, will draw out our love. 'Be ye *therefore* imitators of God, as dear children, and walk in love.' What does the '*therefore*' refer to? Where does this lever rest which alone can move the soul in the way of love? It rests on the Rock of forgiveness. 'God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you, *therefore* walk in love.' 'The joy of the Lord is our strength;' we joy in God through Jesus Christ when we receive the atonement; and there is a mighty motive-power in the joy of being forgiven.

'I can assure you,' says M'Cheyne, 'from all that ever I have felt of it, the pleasures of being forgiven are as superior to the pleasures of an unforgiven man, as heaven is higher than hell. The peace of being forgiven reminds me of the calm blue sky, which no earthly clamours can disturb. It lightens all labour, sweetens every morsel of bread, and makes a sick-bed soft and downy. Yea, it takes away the scowl of death.'

A little girl of five years old once said to her mother, 'Do you know when I feel the happiest?' Her mother answered, 'I suppose when you are good.' 'No,' said she, 'but when I feel very sorry for having been naughty, and God has forgiven me.'

How sweet is it to be forgiven! Yes, it is sweet, and it is *strength* also. The soul grateful for pardoning mercy will boldly confess the Saviour, and be truly consecrated to Him.

IV. *What came of this love?*—'She loved much.' What *resulted* from it? What came *from her*, and what came *to her?* She loved much, and she did much, she gave much. She gave her best. 'She brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at *his* feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the

hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.' She gave *herself*, her *tears*, her *property*, her *service*, and that in the face of all opposition. She gave all directly and spontaneously to Him whom she loved. As we before saw the *power* of pardon to produce love, so now we see *the power of love to produce consecration.* Those who love will be devoted and diligent, and that in proportion to their love. They will also be humble and penitent when presenting their best to the Lord. Those surely do not love much who *give* grudgingly, and who *do* little. 'O Lord,' says good Bishop Hall, 'in vain shall we profess to love Thee if we do nothing *for* Thee.' 'He,' says Jesus, 'that hath my commandments, and *keepeth* them, he it is that loveth me.' Not mere feeling, but doing the will of God, is the criterion of love. 'Not the child that is often hanging round the mother's neck gives the strongest proof of affection, but the child that obeys the mother's commands.' We cannot now minister to Jesus personally; but we may serve Him in his gospel, and do good to his members. In this sense we may still reach down to his *feet*, and He will say, 'Whatsoever ye did unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.' Let us thus study the deep humility, lowly penitence, and grateful service of this woman, all flowing from ardent affection, and seek grace to go and do likewise.

Then we too shall have the commendation of the Lord. Notice *what came to her*, as the result of these manifestations of much love. For a time she seemed not to be noticed. She *was* observed; but nothing was *said* to her. Indeed, there seems to have been a silence pervading the company, during what was counted her intrusive act. Simon 'thought within himself.' The Lord Jesus heard every tick of his proud heart. The woman, too, had her thoughts and feelings; and the Lord had his as He observed both parties, but had delightful fellowship only with one, and that the despised one. At length He broke the silence. Oh! how wise, how wondrously merciful, are his words! He had '*somewhat to say*,' and He delivered the beautiful and well-known parable of 'the two debtors.' Ah! there was a heart just below Him, and very near and dear to Him, that made the application as fast as the words came from his loving lips. '*I am that* five hundred pence debtor.' The Lord went on, '*Nothing to pay; all forgiven; frankly, frankly!*' Oh, how did her faith feed on that word '*frankly!*' Surely, thought she, this is enough. Mercy itself can go no further than this. Pardoned sinner, it can and it will go much further; you as yet know not the tenderness and extent of mercy, and how gloriously it will triumph. Open thy heart wide, weeping one; prepare for great wonders! Behold, He turns to thee! Har— He takes up thy case, describes thy charact— recites thy every act, contrasts it with the c— duct of the proud Pharisee, whose glance th— wast so afraid to meet; He acknowledges — tears, thine ointment, thy kisses—yes, thy kis— the holy Jesus says, thou hadst 'not ceased t kiss my feet;' and then He mentions thy s— He says, they are *many*. Weeping sinner, you know that well, but He knows it *better;* and next (now open thine ear wide, open thy heart too) He says, THEY ARE ALL FORGIVEN. *No* penance to perform, no price to pay, no time to wait,—ALL forgiven *now;* at once and for ever forgiven! The guilty load is gone, the heavy curse is annihilated. Thou art free; great sinner, '*go in peace.*' Ah! *how* it was all to be done thou didst not know then, nor how much it would *cost* Him who spake that delightful wor— '*forgiven*,' and bade thee 'go in peace,' to pro— cure this pardon. But we know somewhat o— this, and so didst thou afterwards, and now w— join together to sing—

> 'We see the blood of Jesus shed,
> Whence all our *pardons* rise;
> The sinner views the atonement made,
> And loves the sacrifice.'

Thus we learn that there comes to this muc— loving one from the Lord words of *consolation commendation*, and *counsel*. 'Her sins are for— given.' 'She loved much.' 'Go in peace.'

V. One closing question: *Does Christ spe— thus of us?*—He said so of one; it must ha— been true. If it is true of us, Christ will say s— but He will not say so if it is not true. Do — love Christ *at all?* What say our thoughts; — they dwell on Him? What say our wishes; — they desire Him? What say our affection— do they delight in Him? What says our cour— do we diligently aim to serve Him? If y— love sin,—if you are the slave of any lust,—y— do not love Him. If your chief aim is to get t— world, you do not love Him. If you are pray— less, selfish, envious, proud, passionate, you not love Him. But though you may be all th— and may have lived for years without any lo— to Christ, all can be pardoned, and you beg— to love; and all *shall* be pardoned, if you go this woman did, taking Christ at his word, a— depending simply on his atoning blood. 'G— is in Christ reconciling,' and you may know — —may have your enmity slain, and begin a li— of love; and this will be heaven begun. Th— very worst and most depraved of sinners ma— thus be saved. The very outcasts of earth ma— here find a full forgiveness, a complete salvation— and prove the feet of Jesus to be the very gat— of heaven. And while we would despair of none,

spair. Here is the birthplace of a ope for the most desponding soul; ie grave of sin, even the fathomless eeming mercy. 'Thou wilt cast all to the depths of the sea,' even the ho are willing to be saved in God's

, poor miserable soul, toiling and seeking rest and finding none, then ind the true secret of happiness. ake thee, and heal thee, and let thee ll say, '*Go in peace*,' and He will till life shall end; and thou shalt in the palace of glory, even in his use for ever. Oh, you who know by experience, you who have much *ve much!*' See how all who are at ministering are observed by Him. what you are, and what you do. hts, feelings, and actions are regis- rill be revealed. The day is coming re will burn up every religion but of love. Will ours stand the test? The day is coming when nothing but what has been done in love, and from love, will obtain the plaudits of the righteous Judge. Are we likely to hear Him say, 'Well done?' Will there be cups of cold water, and boxes of ointment, kisses of affection, and tears of sympathy, *set down to our account*, for the Lord to acknowledge in that day? What are we doing for the Lord and for his people? What sacrifices are we making? what services are we rendering?

In that day, even as now, the life and death, the person and work of Jesus, will be the only foundation of hope and the only reason for the bestowment of salvation; but the evidences of faith must then be forthcoming, and the degree of the Lord's approbation, and the measure of the reward, will be in proportion to our 'abounding in the work of the Lord,' and our own self-abasement for the glory of the Lord. Love much, if you would be happy here and honoured hereafter; and if you would love much, live on Jesus, abide in Jesus, be rooted and grounded in Jesus; so shall your life and lip say, 'We love Him, because He first loved us.'

THE BLIND POSTMAN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

INDNESS is undoubtedly one of the greatest of earthly calamities; for by the loss of sight a man is at once deprived of all the enjoyment which is directly derived from viewing the the physical creation. He can no ire the beauties of the rosy-fingered e gorgeous splendours of a summer

the verdant freshness of the early luxuriant flowers of summer, and the l foliage of autumn, are all as nothing, s which live only in the memory and

, in its more serious and practical comes a far more arduous struggle attle has to be fought in darkness. gh those who suffer from this dire mmonly excite much commiseration, ttle true sympathy, it is to be feared of the efforts made on their behalf vate and complicate the sufferings ntended to alleviate. Notwithstand- we propose showing in the following y, that even without sight much real may be had in life, and that by nd well-directed industry, comfort idence may be achieved.

Roberts, the subject of our story, was aker, and resided in a small village, r three miles from the market town He had married early in life a thrifty, ; and as years rolled smoothly on, their happy home was made still more joyful by the presence of prattling little ones. But many a bright day ends in a dark and stormy night, and such it seemed would be the case with William Roberts' day of life.

It was a lovely evening in August, the sky was clear, the sun shone brightly, and the trees were still green and fresh; while the ripened grain, some waiting for the reaper's sickle, and some standing in shocks ready to be garnered, told of coming joy and plenty. As Roberts walked from the town towards his cottage, at the conclusion of his day's work, he was much struck with the prospect around him, and feelings of gratitude to the great Father of all arose within him, when he thought of the many providential mercies he enjoyed. When within about half a mile of the village, and as he was crossing a small bridge, his attention was attracted to a child, about six or seven years of age, who was playing on the bank of the stream below. He stood watching the child for some minutes, when, to his horror, the little one, in attempting to pick a water-lily at some distance from the bank, lost his balance and fell into the stream. Roberts, who was an active man and a good swimmer, immediately ran down the bank, and throwing off his hat and coat quickly, plunged into the stream. But the current was rapid, and several minutes elapsed before he was able to overtake the floating child; but at length he did so, and soon bore it safely to land. But in climbing up the bank, which was rather precipitous, and covered with small bushes and underwood, his foot slipped, and as he fell forward with his senseless load, a small twig pierced his left eye, and produced such excruciating

agony, that for some minutes he lost all consciousness. Some labourers, who happened to be passing near the spot, ran to the assistance of the man and child, and soon succeeded in restoring animation to the latter; but what to do with Roberts they scarcely knew. At length, however, one of them was despatched to the town to procure medical assistance, while the others assisted him to walk, or rather carried him to his home. Mrs. Roberts, who had prepared her husband's tea, and was every minute expecting his return, was of course thrown into a state of great excitement and alarm when she saw him borne towards the cottage in the arms of the labourers. But she did what she could to restrain her feelings, and tried as well as she was able to alleviate her husband's racking pains. After what appeared a terribly long time, though it was in reality little more than half an hour, the doctor arrived. But he could do very little; for the twig had pierced the ball of the eye, and he at once saw that there was little or no hope of saving the sight. He, however, did what he could to allay the sufferings of the agonized patient, and, after some time, left him for the night. That was indeed a terribly long and dark night for poor Roberts. The inflammation in his eye was so strong that his head seemed literally on fire, and he could do nothing but groan and turn from side to side in his bed.

After some days the violence of the pain somewhat abated, and he was enabled to leave his bed; but in less than a week a relapse took place, and the inflammation becoming more violent than ever, spread to the other eye, and when he again left his bed he had lost all perception of light.

And then followed weeks and months of forced inactivity during the day-time, and of consequent restlessness during the night, when there seemed to be nothing to do but to get up in the morning and long for bed-time, and then to go to bed and long for morning. Occasionally some friend or neighbour would drop in; and then, if their conversation happened to be lively, Roberts forgot his troubles, at least for the time; but when they had gone, the old feeling of depression and despondency soon returned. Sometimes the clergyman would pay him a visit, and read some words of consolation from the good old Book, and then talk, not always very judiciously or reasonably, about resignation; and Roberts, as a Christian, tried to be resigned. But the struggle was a hard one; and if he did not murmur, he certainly desponded. With regard to a man's being resigned under affliction, it should be borne in mind that there is a great difference between one who is simply deprived of sight, and another whose whole frame is utterly prostrated. In the latter case, resignation is natural and proper, and therefore comparatively easy; but in the former case, while the other faculties of the body remain unimpaired, resignation to a life of indolent dependence, if not a sin, is certainly a grave error. At other times, Farmer Wilson, a hearty, jovial old fellow, who had never had a day's illness, or serious disappointment in his life, and who consequently knew very little about how people feel when they are ill, or have had all their hopes blig at one stroke, would call in, and tell Rober keep up his spirits and not give way too m Mrs. Collins, the landlady of the village occasionally looked in, and by way of chee the sufferer, would recount all the horrible cidents, painful illnesses, or sudden deaths had ever seen or heard of during her life. it never occurred to any one to suggest rational amusement or employment by whi subsistence could be gained, or the time c be made to pass more pleasantly.

Roberts had been a prudent, saving man, had joined a club, besides saving sufficient mc to purchase the cottage he lived in, and to l a few pounds still in the savings bank. But time during which he could receive allow from the club had nearly expired: his sav were not great, and when they were gone v was he to do? What was he to do? question he asked himself a thousand tim day, but could find no answer to it. He sh from the thought of receiving parish relief; what was he to do? The poor man whose c he had saved from drowning was only a labourer, and had a wife and seven young dren to support; so that it was out of his p to render any material assistance to the deli of his child. But of an evening he would s times come in and do a little work in the ga and would generally bring a few eggs ir pocket, as a 'little bit of a relish' for Rol breakfast. The other neighbours, too, were thoughtful, and would assist in various ways; but still the old question returned, was to be done for a living?

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THE POSSIBILITY OF DOING SOMETH

When matters had gone on as we have re for some months, it happened that Dr. S an eminent oculist from London, was stayi a visit with Mr. Jones, the surgeon who attended Roberts from the commencement c troubles. Mr. Jones told his friend of Rol case, and the two gentlemen drove out on to see him. After carefully examining Rol eyes, Dr. S—— gave it as his opinion that e thing which offered any chance of success already been tried, and that there was no hope of recovering the sight.

'And what shall I do?' exclaimed Rober a state of despair. 'My wife and children starve, for I can't work, and we shall all ha go to the parish.'

'Have you tried any kind of work?' inq Dr. S——. 'There are a good many things some blind people manage to do. Some les make mats, others baskets, and others brus

'But I am sure I couldn't do anything o sort. I can hardly find my way about the h

After a good deal of conversation, the tho ful physician, on ascertaining that Robert formerly been a cabinetmaker, observing one of the bolts of the door was out of ord want of a few screws, suggested that wh and Mr. Jones made another call a little fa

berts should endeavour to put in the
and re-adjust the bolt. The poor man
incredulously, and shook his head mourn-
ut the doctor urged the matter playfully,
length left to make his visit. Roberts
for a good while, and then said to his
suppose I must try.'
sure, William, you had better not. You
it; and you will only cut your fingers.'
or cutting my fingers, Mary, that doesn't
much; and I know that Dr. S—— will
me to try. Go to my tool-box and find
mlet, a screw-driver, and two or three
rews, and I'll just make a try.'
id make a try, and succeeded too, though
, poor soul, was trembling all the time,
pected to see him lose every finger-tip he
His success made him suddenly remember
piece of one of the boards in the floor had
ay; and he now conceived the *bold* de-
attempting to repair it, by way of
proving 'what could be done!'—which
w said in a somewhat more cheerful tone.
fe was now sent for a chisel, and she
t him the bluntest one she could find,
embling for his poor fingers. He soon
red that the chisel would not do its work,
his wife with great reluctance had to find
sharper one. With this he speedily cleared
what remained of the old board; and
ing to have some new board which just
d the old one, he set about cutting off the
he required. But here his trouble began;
en he had cut it off, he found he had not
a straight line, and that the board was
two inches too short at one end. This
tely dispirited him, and he thought it was
trying any more; and his wife felt half
though she was too kind and considerate
so.

at this juncture the two medical men
ed, and warmly congratulated Roberts
his success so far. A consultation of all
was then held, as to the best means of
g a straight line whilst sawing. After a
leal of talk, it was decided that Roberts
mark off the required length by a notch
h side of the board; and then, by laying
r piece of board across, he managed to
tolerably straight. The nailing was a
ratively easy part; and when the job was
all agreed that it was a complete success.
id now,' said Dr. S——, shaking Roberts
y by the hand, 'go on and try what you
in this way. It is a rougher and easier
f the same sort of work that you have
accustomed to, and I think you will be
manage it very well. If I can discover
ere are any tools invented which will be
to you, I will write to my friend Mr. Jones,
will let you know.'
e exploits of Roberts' were soon noised
h the village; and before the day was out,
children, most of the women, and a good
f the men, had been in to see the work.
eed that it was capitally done; but some
wisely sceptical, and thought that Roberts
't have done it all himself. But while
others only wondered and were stupidly astonished, Roberts thought seriously of the matter, and almost began to hope that he could do something.

Next morning, long before his usual getting-up time, Roberts, who had scarcely slept all night for thinking of what he might perhaps be able to do, was up, and groping all round the kitchen and parlour, to see if anything was out of order. He was astonished that he could find his way about so well; he actually knew the dresser from the table, and could find out all the doors and windows in such a manner as he had never been able to do since the terrible darkness had fallen upon him. He discovered that one or two brackets wanted fixing, that the window fastening was a little out of order, and that one of the legs of the table was rather shaky. This, he thought, would give him another day's work; and not wishing to make a noise to disturb his wife, he sat down to enjoy the labour in prospect. Suddenly it occurred to him that he would try to light the fire, just as he used to do every morning before he went to work; and after spending a good deal of time in finding wood, coals, and matches, and after many unsuccessful attempts to light the paper, as the matches would go out before he could find the part of the stove where he had put it, he at length succeeded, to his great satisfaction. When his wife came down stairs, she was greatly astonished to find a good fire and the kettle singing, and wondered how in the world it had all come about. When Roberts told her, she thought that he was really getting too venturesome. She was sure that if he did so again he would burn his fingers, or set fire to the house.

This new achievement excited no less wonder than the former ones had done; and during the day, several of the women slipped in to ask Mrs. Roberts 'whether her good man *had* lit the fire that morning; for Mrs. Saunders or Mrs. Thomson had told her so, but she didn't think it could be true.' Meanwhile, Roberts was busying himself in doing the little repairs that he found were wanting; and things went on very well, until he came to put a screw or two in the window fastenings, when the screw-driver ill-naturedly slipped off the head of the screw, and went through the next pane of glass.

'My dear William,' exclaimed his wife, running to him in a state of great excitement, 'I know you will hurt yourself. I wish you wouldn't try, for I am sure it is no good.'

'I am afraid so too, Mary,' said her husband; and he sat down despondingly. Still he had to a great extent succeeded; so, after dinner, when his wife had gone out to take home a dress she had been making for Farmer Wilson's wife, he thought he would have another try at the window; and when he had got in all the screws, he managed with an old pocket-knife to cut away the putty, and remove the fragments of broken glass, ready for a new pane to be put in. And when Will Harris, who was a good hand at putting in windows, came in the evening, he declared 'that he couldn't have cleared away the old glass and putty better himself.'

By degrees Roberts went on in his carpentering work, until he had mended or re-made all the doors, shelves, etc., about the house that wanted anything done to them, and some that didn't particularly want any repairs, in order to get his hand accustomed to the work.

About this time, the rector's eldest daughter, a blooming clever girl of about eighteen, came home from school, and thinking that Roberts must be very dull, she used to come in and read to him for an hour or so, two or three times a week. Sometimes she would bring down a volume of Longfellow's or Tennyson's poems, and sometimes Lord Macaulay's History, or Essays, and very often Roberts would enliven the reading, by giving his fair young visitor the benefit of what he had formerly read on the same or any similar subject; for he was an intelligent, thoughtful man, and had, when he could see, been a constant reader; so that these visits became every time more interesting and instructive, both to reader and hearer.

As a consequence of this increased mental and manual occupation, Roberts' health and spirits rapidly improved; but still the old difficulty, as to what was to be done for a living, seemed as far from a satisfactory solution as ever. Their little stock of savings was becoming smaller and smaller every week; and although Mary worked very hard at the dressmaking,—a great deal too hard, indeed, for her cheeks grew paler, and she began to look old and careworn, as William gathered from the remarks of the neighbours who came in to see her,—she could earn but little.

Some friends suggested that he should apply to one of the pension funds for the blind, in London; and although he did not much like the idea of receiving alms in any shape, he submitted, as there seemed to be no alternative at the present. But the replies he received from the first three or four that he tried, were in effect, that his was just such a case as the charity was intended to relieve; but that he would not be eligible for a pension until he was sixty years of age. From one society he found that he could receive a pension when forty years of age; but as he was only about thirty, this seemed to be as useless as the other; for how was he to live during the intervening ten years, even supposing he was successful in gaining the pension when he had become old enough? After a good many fruitless inquiries, he discovered that a large sum of money had been left by the late Charles Day, Esq., and that any one above twenty-one was eligible to receive the pensions distributed by the trustees. But on making an application, he found that, while only 270 could receive pensions, there were already more than 2500 applicants, whose cases had been approved of, but who could not receive assistance from want of funds.

Although these attempts were quite unsuccessful, as far as gaining a pension was concerned, they were not without good results; for, in answer to one of Roberts' applications, he received a report containing some account of teaching the blind to read by means of embossed books. The thing seemed to him very difficult, if not incredible: still he felt interested, and very anxious to make an attempt to learn; and he and Mary would often talk the matter over with Miss Thornton, the rector's daughter, all wondering how ever it could be done. A month or two after, to Roberts' great joy, a blind gentleman came on a visit to the Manor House, and on hearing of Roberts' case he immediately offered to teach him to read. At first the letters seemed very difficult to feel; but in the course of two or three lessons they became easier, and in less than a fortnight Roberts was able to read, very slowly to be sure, two or three verses in the Bible. At this new accomplishment, the wonder of the villagers knew no bounds; and they all declared that Roberts was getting as clever as the parson, and indeed more so, for he always wanted candles on a winter's afternoon, when it got very dark in the church; and it was confidently asserted that Roberts had been overheard reading to himself without any candle or even firelight. Indeed, it seemed probable that if Roberts had lived in the good old time, when witches and their husbands were believed in, he would have been in some danger of being roughly treated for improper connection with the master of black arts. But, after a while, the wonderment passed off; and one or two of the children began to think that they could almost make out some of the large dots themselves.

Roberts soon gained great facility in reading. But then came the difficulty of getting books; for he found, to his dismay, that the New Testament, printed in the system of reading which he had learnt, would cost fifty shillings, and the whole Bible about ten pounds; while in another system the whole Bible would cost more than twenty pounds. The gentleman who had taught him to read, on leaving the village, made him a present of the Gospel according to Matthew; and Roberts afterwards found that the British and Foreign Bible Society had very generously resolved to supply blind persons in needy circumstances with portions of the Bible, in some cases free, and others at cost price; and on making application through the rector, he obtained another of the Gospels, and a volume containing two or three of St. Paul's epistles; so that his wants, only to a limited extent, it is true, were for the present supplied.

(To be continued.)

THE SPANISH BRIGAND:

AN INCIDENT IN THE PRISON LIFE OF MATAMOROS.

Y health (wrote Matamoros) began rapidly to decline from the commencement of the third year of my captivity. I became so weak that I was unable even to walk room. I thought, as well as my friends, ime of my departure was at hand; and in the near prospect of being with my

ector of the prison was so struck by ive weakness, that he offered me, in nor's name, the services of any one of prisoners whom I might select, to act rant. I gladly accepted the proposal. said the jailor, 'whom do you choose?' me the greatest criminal you have,' I

vas then in the prison a young man of nty-eight years of age, who lay under ht of many accusations, for two of was condemned to thirty-eight years bour. He had been a brigand chief. of savage energy and intrepid courage, veral times effectually beaten back the f justice sent to seize him. Such he , and such he still was in the prison. e feared him. Often had the jailors, his companions in captivity, suffered effects of his brutal strength. his was the man they gave me for a No doubt the governor was glad to separated from the other prisoners. he was, I received him with joy, and d with deep compassion towards him, history was related to me by the

with pleasure on his side that he entered ervice, for in many ways his position orated. He enjoyed more liberty than , and also the privilege of receiving in the visits of his old father. Formerly nly see him at a certain distance, and e of the jailor.

y little, the respect which this unfor- an had for me was changed into the affection. Several times he said to my 'Ah! madam, if I could set your son , by shutting up all the jailors in the I would do it in a moment;' and I am he would have made the attempt, if dissuaded him.

I better understood his character and n, I came to the conclusion that, not- ling his criminal and depraved life, his s still capable of certain noble and feelings.

y he said to me: 'If I had not had panions, I never would have robbed; d on by cowards, who dared not act ntered on this wicked path, and soon ecame habitual to me. At the same added, with an expression of content- ave never robbed the poor, and neither my gun nor my poignard have ever shed blood. I was a brigand, certainly, but a brigand who can boast of having been so with honour.' Poor ignorant man!

To me he communicated certain episodes of his history, which, had they come to the knowledge of the authorities, would undoubtedly have brought him to capital punishment. Thus by degrees I got thoroughly acquainted with the previous life of this man, and with the workings of his mind.

One day, seeing me about to begin my customary morning services, he prepared to leave the room. I asked him to remain; he came and sat down beside me. I opened the Bible at the third chapter of St. John. Whilst I read, his face shone with a joy which went on increasing every moment. When I came to the 16th, 17th, and 18th verses, which I read slowly and emphatically, he became very much moved. Such a moment was not to be lost; so I read also the eighth chapter of Romans. We knelt down; and it was given me to pray with fervour and confidence for this man, for whom I already felt a warm affection. On rising from our knees, my companion was shedding tears abundantly.

I do not think I ever spent a happier moment in my life, than that in which I saw this soul enter on the path of eternal life. I left him under this blessed impression. Later I asked him, 'What did you think of what we read this morning? of what God himself says to us?'

'Ah! Don Manuel,' he replied, 'if I had been able to read, I would have known all these things, and I would not have been a criminal. It is very beautiful; I will *never* forget it. Oh, if I only knew how to read, I would not be so miserable!'

'Well,' I asked, 'how would you like me to teach you to read? would you like to begin?'

'Yes, yes!' he said, with an expression of the most lively joy, and with the energy which characterized him. 'Oh yes; you are truly a father to me. Oh, teach me, and God will reward you!'

'Well,' I replied, 'the reality of your desire will be proved by your application.'

I gave him money to purchase a first spelling-book, and the same day he had the book in his pocket. We began immediately; and from that moment he seized every opportunity for learning, often applying for assistance to those among the prisoners who were able to read. Thus he spent the greater part of the day.

His progress was very rapid; and in about six weeks he could read tolerably. He continued to join me in reading the word of God every morning; and he experienced great joy in being permitted to be present at several religious meetings which took place in my cell during my imprisonment.

From day to day his peace became more complete. He troubled himself no more with

planning means of escape, for now he was entirely submissive to the will of God.

Our intercourse became more and more brotherly and Christian. I felt happy in the society of this man. His love extended also to all the other prisoners. He spoke to me with interest of them all. He knew their wants; and his greatest joy was to be able to render them some little service.

Often I saw him reading portions of the New Testament to his companions. He distributed also all the tracts which I possessed; and I am sure that his conduct, in which prudence and firmness were equally blended, must have had a beneficial effect on those around him.

I was most rigorously forbidden to speak to any of the other prisoners; but he was very happy when he could act as the messenger between them and me, carrying them some little comfort or tract, which he gave saying, 'This is what Don Manuel sends you in the name of the Lord.'

Thus every day he made progress in the path which leads to eternal life; and the increasing peace which he enjoyed shone brightly on his face.

One day Mr. Green, an English gentleman who has long taken a deep interest in the evangelization of Spain, came to visit me. He is one of the best friends Spanish prisoners ever had; and he came to my cell to offer me the comfort of his brotherly love. During the day he spent with me, he had a good opportunity of observing the behaviour of my servant, whose life and circumstances I had related to him. Much interested by what I told him, Mr. Green asked him, 'How do you like the prospect of spending thirty-five years in hard labour in the galleys?' 'Ah! sir,' my poor friend answered, 'what are thirty-five years to a man who was condemned to an eternity of woe? Before I became acquainted with Don Manuel, I only thought of how I could escape from prison; and to attain my object, I would even have shed blood. I lived in despair. But all this is changed now. I know that Jesus Christ has come to save sinners; that by his merits my sins are forgiven; that my past life can no longer condemn me, since Jesus is my Advocate. Therefore I go to the galleys peacefully and happily, for I feel assured of the salvation which Jesus has purchased for me; and I shall rejoice when He calls me to leave this world.'

It is impossible for me to express the joy and the emotion of my dear friend Mr. Green on hearing my companion thus speak. From that time he took a deep interest in him, and recommended him to God in his prayers.

The time at last came for my companion to leave the prison and go to the galleys. He shed abundant tears on leaving me, and said, 'I regret very much to be separated from you; but let us comfort ourselves in thinking of Jesus. He *never* leaves us; and the love of God towards us is unchangeable. We will meet again in his presence.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'let us be faithful unto death, and He will give us the crown of life.'

This is the friend which the Lord gave me in my captivity,—one of the many consolations which He has granted me. The remembrance of this man, who was, when he entered my prison, only a vile criminal, is now dear and precious to me. Oh, how touching is this manifestation of the great love of God towards sinners! Of every soul, where sin still reigns, He can make a temple of the Holy Ghost; and the criminal, even the most degraded, can thus be transformed into the image of our God and Saviour.

CHRISTIANITY AND NATURAL SCIENCE.*

Religion, wounded too often in the house of its friends, nauseates, it would sometimes seem, the men of broadest sympathies and of delicate tastes! We acknowledge the stumbling-block, but still throw back the responsibility on the objector, too often himself a worse transgressor. If Christianity shares this reproach,—and we do not deny it,—it shares it rather through the nature it seeks to purify; while, with the mystery and the weakness which attach to man's moral condition here, it provides alone the remedy. But are there what can be fairly regarded as remedial results—a process of recovery—issues of practical value, and a reasonable confidence for the future? I had intended going at some length into this, a most interesting part of the inquiry. I know no argument more assuring to faith than the fruit of Christian truth in the regeneration of fallen man; and if the argument fails to impress the world, it is because the nature of the triumph is above its perception. There is too great a tendency in our day to accommodate the proof to the genius of sceptical inquiry; and instead of man being brought into direct contact with the power of grace, as revealed in the gospel of Christ, we are fascinated with some pleasing description of the general effects of Christian truth on society around us! We reject this evidence as a fatal compromise. It is a result of Christian truth, but not *the* result which stamps its divinity. It touches a remote point,—if the expression is allowable, it is a diluted manifestation which will not offend certain sensibilities, or reprove the world's Christian profession. The gospel of Christ is thus brought to the whole, who have no need of a physician. We do not accept the evidence; but in those fallen specimens of humanity restored, in those sin-sick souls recovered, we claim the legitimate, the true evidence of the gospel of Christ: 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;' and as it fulfils this end, it confirms the truth of his mission, and meets the wants of humanity.

* From Mr. Guthrie's useful, pointed, and well-timed Lecture, 'Christianity and Natural Science.'

Miscellaneous.

ble.—The following is a calculation of r of books, verses, letters, etc., contained and New Testaments. They are worth d preserving:—

ITAMENT.—Number of books, 39; chapverses, 33,214; words, 592,439; letters,

dle book is Proverbs.
dle chapter is Job xxix.
idle verse would be 2 Chronicles xx. 17, re a verse more, and verse 18 if there se less.
d *and* occurs 35,543 times.
d JEHOVAH occurs 6855 times.
test verse is 1 Chronicles i. 25.
verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra con- e letters of the alphabet.
chapter of 2 Kings and the 37th chapter re alike.
STAMENT.—Number of books, 27; chapverses, 7050; words, 181,258; letters,

dle book is 2 Thessalonians.
dle chapter is Romans xiii., if there were less, and xiv. if there were a chapter

dle and least verse is John xi. 35.
NEW TESTAMENTS.—Number of books, rs, 1189; verses, 40,264; words, 773,697; 56,680.
idle chapter, and least in the Bible, is Psalm.
dle verse is Psalm cxviii. 8.

iverse.—I believe you will find in all at that has been at the head and foun- hem all, and that no nation that did not e this wonderful universe with an awe- id reverential feeling that there was a own, omnipotent, and all-wise and all- eing, superintending all men in it, and s in it,—no nation ever came to very did any man either, who forgot that. lid forget that, he forgot the most im- rt of his mission in this world.—*Carlyle.*

an Worthy.—There is the remarkable of worthy Mr. Bolton, a choice minister irch of England, in whose life this is hat being eminently profane, a horrid d much accustomed to mock at holiness, who most shined therein, and particu- xcellent man of God, Mr. Perkins, then Cambridge, whom he much under- his plainness in preaching the truths of vas near the length of Popery. But on gracious appearance to him, he was put her thoughts, with a very remarkable on him, though with that terror, that, himself, the Lord seemed to run upon giant, throwing him to the ground; and terrifying discovery of sin, caused him uish, and oft rise in the night on that hich continued for divers months. Yea, lts in the pangs of the new birth were it might have been said, *Ut nec color, nec sanguis superesset* (that neither comnsation, nor blood remained to him); blessed sunshine brake up, and shining *ning's Fulfilling of Scripture.*

Broad Church Cant.—'Idolatry to a book,' 'Enslavement to a book,'—these have become cant terms, which it is high time men of 'large and liberal ideas' should discard and toss to the kennels. The people are sick of them. They are used as decoys from the true question respecting the true method of studying the Bible, and the value of its contents. 'Reason *enslaved* to the Bible hand and foot,' if its contents are true! Is one 'enslaved' to Euclid's *Elements* because they are true? We thought obedience to truth was *perfect freedom*, not slavery. Is one an idolater of Newton's *Principia*, because he appeals to it as an *authority* on that subject, of which he knows little himself—one track of which he never saw? We are accustomed to call such men sensible, reasonable. Reason is just as much 'enslaved' to any book that is true, as it is to the Bible, granting that to be true,—most 'enslaved' of all to the multiplication-table! Away with such cant! We are told we must be 'scientific' in our investigations. So be it. Here is the Bible, a book—just as much a book as Plato's *Republic*. What are you going to do with it? Science investigates facts, books as well as others. The Gospels contain sketches of the life and teachings of Christ. *His* teachings are *Christianity*; nothing else is. If you are not *sure*, for all historical purposes, of what He taught, then it is simple nonsense to talk about Christianity. We may talk about religion—about what the Gospels *say* is religion; but we have no more right to speak of Christianity—that is, of what Christ taught—than we have to call any other system of religion or philosophy after a man, all reports of whose doings and sayings are unreliable. Christianity means the teachings of Christ, as much as Aristotelianism, or Platonism, or Hegelianism, means the teaching of these philosophers; and to say that you have a right to 'wholly set aside' the sayings of Christ, and call your *guess* of what He said, Christianity, is just as honest as to say that you will set aside what Plato has said, and call your ideas Platonism. We have nothing to say against this system now. Let us understand what 'the scientific' method is, to which we are commended.

God's Ways of Working.—That excellent man Junius, whose life we have in some measure set down by himself, with many notable remarks of providences, and who therein shows the Lord's engaging him at first; how being very loose, and carried away with evil company, yea, tempted to atheism, he was one day moved to go and read the Scripture, and, at the first opening, was trysted with that of the first of John; which, whilst he read, as he says, did suddenly astonish him, and leave a marvellous conviction on his soul of the divinity of the subject, the majesty and authority of the writings, that all day he knew not where and what he was, but thus turns himself with these words to the Lord: 'Thou wast mindful of me, O my God, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies.' Yea, he gives this account, that he then had a sight of the Scripture, which made him see it did exceed all human eloquence; and this was followed with such power, that his body trembled, and his mind became astonished at such a surprising and marvellous light, and from that day he began to be serious in the way of the Lord.—*Fleming's Fulfilling of Scripture.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NAHUM I. 6, 7.

THROUGHOUT this chapter, and especially in these verses, let us note these two things: 1*st*, Jehovah's anger; 2*d*, Jehovah's goodness. They stand out very strongly in this 'burden.'

I. *Jehovah's anger.*—(1.) It is *real.* There is such a thing as anger in God. Many are the expressions used concerning it, both in this chapter and elsewhere,—jealousy, vengeance, fury, wrath; all to indicate its existence, and to show us that the human theories of divine universal benevolence are not true,—being got up for a purpose, and that purpose to persuade the sinner's own conscience that he need not be alarmed because of his guilt; and that no one need dread the infliction of punishment, except, perhaps, a few of the most wicked of our race. But God's words are not exaggerations, nor words of course. There is a terrible truth contained in these oft-repeated words of Scripture, 'His anger was kindled.' Loving and gracious as Jehovah is, his anger is real. When Jesus comes the second time, He comes to 'take vengeance.'

(2.) *It is righteous.*—It is not the rage of selfishness, or passion, or affront. It is judicial anger,—the anger of the righteous Judge. It is anger against sin, against the sinner; anger because of insulted law and dishonoured righteousness,—nothing in it unjust, or cruel, or arbitrary. Then the condemned soul will be compelled hereafter to say, 'It was all right and just; it shall be right and just to all eternity.'

(3.) *It is terrible.*—Though calm, it is unutterably awful; nay, overwhelming. No power and no numbers shall be able to stand before it. It shall sweep everything before it like a whirlwind. The expulsion from paradise, the deluge, the ruin of Sodom, are specimens of its terribleness. The lost soul shall be utterly overwhelmed.

(4.) *It is inexorable.*—Nothing shall turn it aside or soften it when once it is kindled. 'The vengeance of eternal fire,' the 'everlasting burnings,' 'the worm that dieth not,'—these are awful words! No bribery, no argument, no influence shall prevail, nor pity to the poor soul. God will forget to be gracious; repentance shall be hid from his eyes.

Oh, anger of Jehovah, how real, how righteous, how terrible, how inexorable! Yet, let me say one thing. Should you be one of the eternally lost, and should you, in the course of your weary and tormented eternity, say to yourself, 'Oh that God were not so just!' then think what a wish that would be for yourself. Your security against unjust and over-severe punishments is that very justice against which you petition. Bad as your case may be at the hands of a *just* God, it would be unspeakably worse at the hands of an *unjust* God. The anger of a righteous God is, no doubt, terrible; but the unbridled fury of an unrighteous God is something too horrible even to think upon!

II. *Jehovah's goodness.*—He *is* good, and He *doeth* good. He is kind to the unthankful and the unworthy. God is love. God loves the sinner.

(1.) *His goodness is sincere.*—He does not utter words of course, nor pretend to feelings which are not in Him. His words mean just what they say; his deeds mean just what they indicate; the works of his hands have a most substantial and authentic expression of goodness. God is not a man that He should lie, either in his words of goodness or of anger.

(2.) *It is powerful.*—It is almighty goodness. He is able to deliver those whom He loves. Their interests are safe in his hands. 'He is slow to anger, and great in power.' Who can withstand his love? 'It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth?'

(3.) *It is watchful.*—His eye is on us at all times, specially in the day of trouble. His is watchful goodness. His is the unsleeping eye and the untiring hand. He is not weary of blessing. He delights in opportunities for pouring out his love, and our extremities are his opportunities.

(4.) *It is unchanging.*—Like himself, his goodness is without variableness; not ebbing and flowing, but always flowing. His heart is the heart of the unchangeable One. Not like the tides, or the seasons; but like the sky above us, ever one calm arch of gentle, loving azure, embracing this earth of ours.

Such is the God with whom we have to do. He is righteous, and cannot allow sin to go uncondemned and unpunished. Yet is He good and gracious, not willing to destroy or to take vengeance; a God before whom the sinner may tremble; a God in whom the chief of sinners may find forgiveness. I remind you of two passages, which will form the practical improvement of all I have said.

1. '*The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?*'—It is not yet come, but it is coming. Judgment lingereth not, damnation slumbereth not. It will be a day of terror for the sinner, when the pent-up wrath of God shall pour itself out, not in seven vials, or seventy times seven, but in an eternity of vials without number.

2. '*He is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.*'—Such is his goodness now. He is rich in mercy. His patience is beyond all conception or measure. And in his long-suffering there is salvation—salvation to the uttermost. He pities, yearns, pleads, beseeches, spares; prolongs the day of grace; presents pardon, salvation, life, to the ungodliest, *freely*,—yes, freely to the last! Let this long-suffering goodness draw us, melt us, awaken confidence, and win us to love.

MY SON, MY SON!

BY THE EDITOR.

2 Sam. xviii. 33.

ONCE, walking through one of the narrow streets of Cairo, we heard the voice of wailing and loud lamentation coming from one of the tall houses on our left. The sounds strong and passionate; to us quite unin-ble, partly from their rapidity, and partly their unknown Arabic. We asked a mis-y who was with us what they were and they meant. The words, he said, were just walladi, walladi,' repeated, or rather voci-d, violently and rapidly. Their meaning 'Alas! my son, my son!' The house was f mourning. One of the family had died forenoon; and the wailers were uttering lamentations over the newly dead. We at once reminded of David's tears, and and words. Our thoughts went back to ene at Mahanaim in the land of Gilead. emembered the well-known description: king was much moved, and went up to hamber over the gate, and wept; and, as nt, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my ny son Absalom! would God I had died ee, O Absalom, my son, my son! . . . . ing covered his face, and the king cried a loud voice, O my son Absalom! O Ab-, my son, my son!'

may learn something from David's tears; ey are the tears of him who said, 'I am with my groaning; all the night make I d to swim; I water my couch with my

And they are tears like his who said, hat my head were waters, and mine eyes ntain of tears!' They are tears like his aid, 'I tell them, even weeping, that they ie enemies of the cross of Christ.' Nay, re tears like the tears of Him who wept Jerusalem in the day of her impenitence om.

id wept as a man,—a parent,—who had child, and that child a favourite one. m was slain! The son on whom, in spite worthiness, he had lavished so much love, erished. He should see him no more. he but weep?

id wept as a man of God; as one who

was fully alive to Absalom's guilt, and who had the fullest conviction of Absalom's certain doom. His best-beloved son had perished in his rebellion; his sin had found him out; his wickedness had overtaken him; he died as he had lived, a rebel against his king, a hater of his father, an enemy to his God. What hope was there for him? David had elsewhere spoken of the wicked going quick to hell; and was not this now realized in his own son? Absalom had gone to his own place; and David knew too well what that place was; for he had said, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.' What a thought to a father regarding a favourite child! Cut off in his headlong wickedness and proud rebellion, what hope was there for him, or what comfortable thought respecting his undying soul? From the battle-field of his rebellion; from the oak in the wood of Ephraim, he had gone down to hell; and David knew it, saw it, realized it all! How could he but weep? A soul had been lost; and it was the soul of a beloved son! What anguish, what unutterable bitterness in the thought! His Absalom was now gone from him for ever; he should see his face no more, either in this life or in that which is to come. Truly he sorrowed as one who had no hope.

Thus Jeremiah wept for Israel in the day of their wickedness and desolation. 'His soul wept in secret places' for them. Thus Paul wept over the enemies of the cross of Christ; he told them 'weeping' that their end was destruction.

Thus it was that the Son of God wept over Jerusalem. He saw its wickedness, its impenitence, its overthrow, its eternal sorrow. He understood, far beyond what David could do, or Jeremiah, or Paul, what is the doom of a lost soul. He had spoken of his Father's joy over the saved, and of his own like joy in the recovery of the lost. He realized the errand on which He had come to earth. He knew the value of a soul. He could measure its infinite capacity for joy or grief. He knew what the wrath of God was against sin. He knew the certainty and horror of the sinner's doom. He knew that that doom was irreversible. He looked into the eternal future, and saw the everlasting sadness.

He comprehended all that vast reality wrapt up in the words SAVED and LOST. He knew both the light of heaven and the darkness of hell. And with all this before Him, how could He but weep over lost Jerusalem? 'When He beheld the city, He wept over it, saying, If thou' (or, 'Oh that thou') 'hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace!' And again, we read his words: 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!'

This sorrow was honest and true; these tears were sincere—infinitely sincere. Whether we can comprehend the mystery or not, here is the wondrous fact,—divine grief over lost souls, and divine grief giving vent to itself in human tears. Here was the true David, the Son of God, not only yearning, but weeping over his offspring, his rebellious Absalom,—over those who sought his throne and his life; who not only said, 'We will not have this man to reign over us,' but, 'This is the heir; come, let us kill him.' As no amount of evil in Absalom could quench David's love, or forbid his grief; so no amount of sin and unloveableness can destroy the love of Christ, or turn his grief into indifference, or alienate his tender, gracious heart. The very things which make the sinner unmeet for his *complacent* love, are the things which make him the object of his *compassionate* love. It was not because Absalom was a 'pleasant child' that David loved him, and mourned over his untimely death; so it is not because the sinner is pleasant, and obedient, and loveable, that the Son of David yearns, in pitying love, over the sinner He is his property, as was the sheep the shepherd's; therefore He cares for him. He is his offspring, as was the prodigal the father's; therefore He loves him, and longs after his return. The link between Christ and Jerusalem was something indescribably strong and tender; even such is the link between Him and every sinner upon earth. 'How shall I give thee up?' is still his utterance of bitter grief. 'I do earnestly remember him still,' is to the last the expression of wistful longing after the wanderer, as he goes further and further off. And as he drops into hell, and disappears from this earthly scene within the fiery gate, back from which none return, may we not hear the great David's voice giving utterance to his latest yearning, in the words once uttered so piercingly and pathetically in the tower above the gate of Mahanaim, 'O Absalom, my son, my son?'

It is not for us to attempt to penetrate divine mysteries, or to ascribe to God the feelings, and tears, and sorrows of men. Nothing, we know, can in the very least mar the light of heaven, or interfere with the perfection of the divine blessedness; but if there be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; if the good Shepherd calls together his happy angels to rejoice with Him over the lost sheep found; can we suppose that there is nothing on the other side, corresponding to the tears of Jesus over Jerusalem, when the long-suffering of God is exhausted, and the sinner, having resisted all love and all entreaty, is abandoned by the God that made him, and perishes, like Absalom, in the midst of his rebellion and ungodliness? Does the infinitely compassionate Jehovah, who has no pleasure in the death of a sinner, contemplate with cold indifference the loss of a soul, and the consignment of the lost one to endless and irretrievable woe?

We need not speculate on so profound a theme, nor attempt to be wise above what is written; but we cannot read of the grief of David over Absalom, without asking what must in such a case, be in the heart of Him, after the model of whose fatherly heart an earthly parent's heart is moulded; and still less can we read of the tears of Jesus over Jerusalem without feeling that we are at the very gate of an infinite mystery; that a little of the curtain has been drawn aside for a moment, to show us what is the heart of Him who made us towards the most worthless and unloveable of all his offspring. Let us listen, and wonder, and adore. Let us learn also to comprehend something more than we have ever done of the mercy of the Lord our God.

AN INDIAN BISHOP;

OR, SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF DANIEL WILSON.

HE estimate formed by two great men of one another, is generally free from those paltry jealousies which mark inferior minds. Of this we have an instance in the Daniel Wilson's memory, paid by Duff: 'When he arrived here a f a century ago, he was in the very his powers of active usefulness; and ew men have toiled more, or to more pose. Naturally endowed with great f mind and body,—energies in his case anctified, and consecrated exclusively omotion of God's glory,—he kept all m in a constant state of friction and hile of Duff we find Wilson writing: leed a marked man in his generation— halmers. But he has worn himself out of forty-eight.'

enting our readers with a few sketches ong and eventful life of Bishop Wilson, se to view him under four different -I. His Business Clerkship. II. His nd College Life. III. His Pastorate d. IV. His Episcopate in India.

Business Clerkship.—Born in London y 1778, he was in infancy remarkably though, as he passed into boyhood, much stronger, having 'a firm step, spirits, and a handsome intellectual ce.' Even when at school the boy e father of the man, as he used fre- 'get upon a chair, select a text, and mons to his school-fellows.' Sent to nder charge of Rev. Mr. Eyre, he was eciated by his master, who said of him, no milk-and-water in that boy; he nething either very bad or very good.' s master's care he remained till he was rteen, when he was apprenticed to his uncle, 'an extensive silk manufacturer hant.' Here his work was not 'labo- 'constant.' Fourteen hours a day in nd thirteen in winter, formed the term pation. Even then, however, he pro- s studies diligently—taking two hours, iring to rest at night, to extend his e of Latin and French; while note- hat period show how he also practised omposition on religious and moral sub-

this time, he himself tells us, he was r to the power of vital godliness: 'I icise a sermon, and talk and dispute ticular notions; but I loved my sins, not bear to part with them. I never so far as to deny any one doctrine of l. I acknowledged them to be true; ant of that necessary attendant, self- l, I could hear whole sermons, but not longed to me!'

led to serious thought on the importance of *prayer*, by the passing remark of a young man in the same warehouse, he was soon plunged into a state of deep solicitude about his soul's welfare. A severe mental conflict ensued. He unburdened himself fully to his former master, Mr. Eyre; while, in answer to a query from his mother, 'How is it between God and your soul?' he entered frankly into the particulars of the spiritual crisis through which he was now passing; concluding his letter with the following remark—a sufficient index to the change of sentiment he had undergone:

'It is not the pleasures of this life, nor the possession of its vain riches or honours, which I seek after. No; but it is the happiness of my immortal soul, which must exist for ever and ever. Oh, may the word ETERNITY never enter my ears without impressing my heart!'

It was when in this state of mind that he was introduced to John Newton—so eminently fitted to guide an anxious inquirer to the true source of peace, and to direct him to right views of divine truth and religious experience. Deeply did the Lord wound and exercise the soul of the young clerk; but through all this training he was made to pass with a view to his fitness for future work. Amid the depths through which he had to go, the Divine Physician himself at times drew near,—giving him such glimpses of himself, as tended to revive his drooping and doubting heart. Such expressions as these are cheering, when viewed in connection with the gloom which had overwhelmed his soul:

'All I can do is to look unto Jesus as my only helper, and cry unto Him for mercy; and but for that blessed word UTTERMOST, my case would be hopeless.'

The Lord, who had taken a saving dealing with the soul of Daniel Wilson, at length brought him to repose in quietness and assurance at the foot of the cross; but, at the same time, gave him earnest longings after an enlarged opportunity of spreading the knowledge of Jesus to heathen lands. Speaking of his emotions as he encompassed the Lord's table, he says: 'I have even wished, if it were the Lord's will, to go as a missionary to heathen lands,'—a desire which was accomplished thirty-five years after it had been excited within his bosom. The first uprisings of this desire he had checked, as the offspring of pride; but again and again it returned, till the question of its real origin was forced on his inquiring mind. Satisfied at length that it was from the Lord, he made it known to his friend Mr. Eyre. On a similar communication being made to his father, he at once opposed it; but the young aspirant to the work of the ministry was not to be repressed. And in writing to his mother a full statement of his reasons for desiring a change, he concludes by saying: 'I feel sure it is of the Lord; and I humbly believe

that He, in his good time, will work, and then none can let it. When He is pleased to "lay to his hand," mountains will sink into plains, rough places become smooth, crooked things be made straight, and an open door set before me.'

A delay of a twelvemonth had been urged by some of his friends; but the restless spirit of the future metropolitan grew weary of such a postponement. He resolved to take the opinion of the celebrated Rowland Hill, of Surrey Chapel. On stating his views fully to him, he expressed a deep interest in his case; but, on the question being put to Mr Hill, 'Do you think it my duty to wait till I am out of my time, before I give myself up to the work?' the aged minister, somewhat to the youth's astonishment, replied: 'Yes, certainly; your time is not your own. By a mutual agreement, you have bound yourself for a certain number of years, and that obligation is superior to any other. I hope that, during this time, you will manifest, by your walk and conversation, that the grace of God is in your heart, and that may be instrumental in altering your father's mind more than anything else. Humility is a sweet and guardian grace. If I saw you pert and proud, and wanting to go "without the Lord," I would not give a farthing for you or your preaching either. But if you are humble and child-like, afraid of taking a single step unless the Lord point out the way, then you will be owned and blessed.'

'A word spoken in due season, how good is it!' From the visit to Mr. Hill the young apprentice anticipated a very different result, as he fancied that a man of his burning zeal would have counselled an immediate entrance on the work of preparation for the ministry. But the counsel he received from him was the very message which his case required, and resulted in his now calmly acquiescing in the advice given by other friends,—discharging with fresh alacrity the duties of his secular calling, watching for opportunities of doing good which presented themselves in his present sphere, and waiting patiently till God might himself open before him the wished-for door.

Sooner than he anticipated that door was opened. His father's scruples were overcome before the expiry of the dreaded twelvemonth. He is emancipated from the shackles of attendance at the warehouse; and we have now to introduce our readers to

II. *His Student and College Life.*—Mr. Pratt, curate to Richard Cecil, was his first tutor, with a view to his at length entering Oxford; and when, in later days, he was reviewing his early life, and mentioning the names of several, from intercourse with whom he derived much benefit, he says, 'To no one was I more attached than to him who was spared to me and to the church the longest—the Rev. Josiah Pratt, my honoured brother.' Diligence in study marked him from the outset; while he endeavoured to guard against the snares incident to 'constant application to human learning.' Writing to his mother, he says, 'I had rather be as illiterate as a ploughboy, with a warm impression of Christ's dying love upon my heart, and a single aim to enthrone Him in the souls of my fellow-sinners, than cold-hearted worldling, with all the learning i the universe. Never shun to tell all that is i your heart, as soon as you perceive, or think tha you perceive, that I am going back into th world—that I am losing my spirituality, or fall ing into a bigoted, narrow spirit.'

Resolved to come behind in no gift, he dil gently applied himself to every branch of pre scribed study; and after six months' preparation under Mr. Pratt's superintendence, he entere the university. Here he met many young me of a kindred spirit,—being fortunate enough t enjoy the instructions of the Rev. Isaac Crouch the pious and accomplished Vice-Principal an Tutor of St Edmund's Hall, 'who retired, as hi health declined, after nearly thirty years' servic with the universal benedictions of the youn and the respect of the aged resting on him.' C Wilson's appearance at Oxford, a fellow-studer wrote:

'It was obvious that he was no common pe son; and though he entered under great disa vantages as to classical learning, his determin and extraordinary diligence, aided by robu health, afforded a sufficient pledge of futu eminence and success.'

While attending the university, he carried a most extensive correspondence; many of letters having been preserved by those to wh they were addressed,—relations, 'school-fello college friends, fellow-tutors, brother-ministe —which of itself 'proves that there must alw have been some powerful influence attaching his character, and some shadowing out of fut distinction.' His conscience was sensitively aw during his college career. We find him mak mention of the inward distress he experien from having one day failed to speak faithfu to a fellow-collegian who, he feared, was ceiving himself, and for not 'having introdu spiritual discourse in a party where he sat above an hour at tea.' The calmness of his mi at this period may be seen from a remark to mother: 'It is our mercy, as well as our privile that, in our journey to the heavenly Canaan, have but one thing to trouble ourselves abo as to spiritual things, viz. to live near to Go and one as to outward things, viz. to keep the path of duty. Whilst we are going humbly, leaving the direction in the hands God, nothing can be eventually unsuccessfu and should the most adverse circumstances for a time permitted to crowd around us, wh we live near to God, neither our peace nor o safety can be disturbed.' That he had an e larged mind, and could look at all things throu the medium of the gospel, is manifested in t following sentences, to one to whom he h afterwards the happiness of being united in t closest of all earthly relationships:

'Are we not encouraged to see in the beaut of nature representations of the mysteries grace? We cannot help remembering who said to be the *Sun* of righteousness; what is i tended by the *dew* which descends upon Isra and by the *river* whose streams make glad t city of God. We may call to mind, likewi

those *plants* which are planted in the house of the Lord, and flourish in the courts of our God; that *tree*, under whose shadow we sit with great delight; and those *fruits* of the Spirit, which are joy and peace.'

So thoroughly satisfied was he of the necessity of a stated plan of study during the vacation, that, having judiciously laid out all the hours of each day, he resolutely adhered to the arrangement, in spite of all interruptions. 'Surely,' says his biographer, 'the secret of his success in after life is involved in this resolute purpose, resolutely carried out.'

But at length his college course is ended, his degree is taken, and he is prepared to enter on his ministerial work; which brings us to notice

III. *His Pastorate in England.*—The first scene of his labours as a minister was as curate to the Rev. Richard Cecil, at Chobham and Bisley, in Surrey. No ordinary privilege was Wilson's to serve under such a rector, from whose personal intercourse and public ministrations so many practical lessons could be learned by a young man. Most ready was he to profit by the hints of his spiritual father. 'I clearly perceive,' he writes, after a suggestion to avoid excessive loudness of voice and vehemence of action in the pulpit, 'that my preaching is very bad. It is all *vi et armis*. I make clamour and shouting and noise my helpers,—as if sound without sense ever did any good. I must spare no pains to correct these faults, now I know them.'

From this curacy he was removed to that of Worton, in Oxfordshire,—discharging, in conjunction with his labours there, the duties of a tutorship in Oxford. At Worton he entered a field of labour which had been grievously neglected by a sporting predecessor; and the effect of his ministry was to awaken the enmity of some, while, by God's blessing, it guided others to the cross of Christ.

'Pray, do not let Mr. Wilson preach here again,' said a lady to her minister, in an adjoining parish; 'he alarms me so.' This case was a type of several others, who preferred to be let alone in their carnal security. But there were others of a different stamp. Let one or two instances, given by his biographer, suffice. 'I thank God,' said a labouring man, 'that I have been able to come the whole distance of seven miles to Worton church for eight years, without missing more than two Sundays.' 'But surely the long walk must sadly weary you?' 'Nay,' he replied, 'the walk appears short and easy, when I have listened to those simple truths of the gospel which nourish my soul.'

Again: 'An old woman, named Betty Frewin, remembered the text of his second sermon, "Fear not, little flock." Attention, she said, was soon aroused. One told another, and at last they crowded from all parts. There was a great outpouring of the Spirit. Many of the congregation were in tears. Many of the people used to assemble, in fine weather, between services for singing and prayer. Gigs and carts were put into the court-yard at Lower Worton, and horses into the stables.'

Even fifty years after he had laboured here, his memory was fragrant; for, when tidings of his death in India reached our shores, the parishioners of Worton showed their affection for him by erecting 'a marble tablet over the entrance of the church, as a memorial that he once was curate there; while a piece of plate purchased with the small free-will offerings of the poor, and presented to the communion-table of the Lord, tells, in its graven lines, of a love and gratitude which half a century could not efface.'

From the Oxfordshire villages, his sphere of labour was next transferred to London. He became pastor of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, which had for many years been the scene of Mr. Cecil's ministry. Here great crowds attended his ministrations. He stood as God's minister to do God's work. He was an earnest man, when earnest men were comparatively rare; he fully preached the gospel, when preachers of the gospel were comparatively few. Mr. Simeon used to say that the congregation were at his feet. All felt his power. The preaching of Christ crucified, and the salvation of the souls of men, were his great objects,—never forgotten, never out of sight. He was anxious and willing to gather hints, which might prove useful to him, from every quarter. He was one day visited by a humble French pastor, who narrated the blessings with which God had visited his flock. On his mentioning a sermon which he had preached, which the Lord had been pleased to own, Mr. Wilson immediately produced his note-book, jotting down the text and general outline, 'avowedly for future use, in the hope that a similarly good effect might be again produced.' In his appeals he was plain and pointed. One day, when pleading the cause of some missionary society, he closed by saying, 'Some will, I fear, notwithstanding what I have urged, pass the plate, and give nothing, thinking *nobody sees*. I tell you, I tell such an one, GOD SEES.'

When about forty-five years of age, while yet labouring in St. John's, his strength gave way, and many wearisome days and nights were measured out to him. Change was again and again tried. A continental tour was undertaken, but without the favourable results anticipated. All hope of recovery he himself abandoned, and for upwards of two years life seemed to be trembling in the balance. The Lord, however, had much more work to accomplish through his servant, and his health was gradually restored. On his recovery, he was appointed to the parochial charge of Islington, embracing 30,000 souls. Though still feeble in body, he entered on his new work in the strength of the Lord. He anticipated that this would be 'his last scene of duty,' and gave himself to his work with all the zeal and ardour which had characterized him during his previous career. Very soon the effects of his ministry were visible. 'There is no such thing as getting a comfortable game at cards now,' was the remark of many. One old gentleman was so full of anger at the change, that he could scarcely speak on the subject. He threatened to leave the parish altogether. But whilst he lingered, the angel of the Lord laid hold upon his hand, and all was changed. 'No,' he replied

to an application about his pew, 'I shall not leave, I shall remain. I find now that religion is heart work.' His time was fully occupied in the preaching of the gospel, the visitation of his parishioners, the building of new churches, the establishment of local Sabbath schools, the issuing of pastoral addresses, and the formation of societies for the temporal relief of the poor; not to speak of his active labours in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and other public schemes of Christian usefulness. In the midst of all these busy engagements, he was visited with a heavy stroke of domestic affliction, in the somewhat sudden death of his wife. God's ways are wonderful—often far past our finding out. 'But,' says his biographer, 'this affliction looks like the loosening of a tie, which might have held him in England, and prevented twenty-five years' service to the church in India.' His own feelings are thus expressed: 'My sorrows flow deeply, and must flow so long as I remain behind. But I hope I do not murmur. I hope I desire to say, "Not my will, but thine be done." I hope I am grateful for four-and-twenty years of peace, and union, and comfort. I bless God for the delightful testimony to her Saviour which she bore in life and death.'

The numerous and varied occupations in which he was so fully engaged as vicar of Islington, were not allowed to eat out his spiritual life. He was jealous over his own vineyard, while carefully tending that of others. Such entries in his journal as the following prove this:

'I have myself to guard against (1) pride, (2) the lusts of the flesh, (3) vain and worldly reading. Give me, O God, the needful grace.' . . . . 'In the coming year, may I pray more fervently, study the Bible more diligently, watch over my heart, and repose more entirely on the operations of grace. God help me! God prepare me for death and eternity!' . . . . 'I am cast down, desolate, and afflicted, by reason of my sins.' 'Break my hard heart, O God! Soften it by thy grace. Open it by thy Spirit. If my heart is but right with God, all other things are nothing.' . . . . '*March 9th.*—I never would pass this day without thanksgiving to God. It was on this day that I first listened to the heavenly voice. The day, then, to me is precious. I call on the name of the Lord; I magnify Him. To Him be the glory!' . . . . 'My Saviour, how odious must I appear before Thee! Pardon me. Cover me with thy perfect righteousness. Surround me with thy merits, thy obedience, thy death. Let thy Spirit, O Saviour, fill me, purify me, console me, strengthen me.' It was such a man who, in 1832, received the appointment to the bishopric of India. And this brings us to the closing chapter of our sketch.

IV. *His Episcopate in India.*—He left home with this as his motto,—as given forth by him in a familiar exposition at family worship: 'I go to India under somewhat similar circumstances with the apostle, in that I know not the things that shall befall me there. But his God will be my God, and his Father my Father; and therefore none of these things move me.' During his voyage in the *James Sibbald*, he studied hard, and was very helpful in conducting service on board daily and on Sabbaths. Yet he longed for his landing on the shores of India; and was frequently propounding such questions as these to the captain: 'How fast are we going? Is the wind in our favour? What do you say now about the day of our arrival?' On 5th November 1832 he landed at Calcutta; and at his installation into his new office, he begged the prayers of all who were assembled, assuring them of his wish to be regarded as a brother to the elder clergy, and a father to the younger. Such was the spirit in which he entered on a work which he was privileged to carry on for a quarter of a century; having during that time once returned, for eighteen months, for change of air, to Britain, and retiring from service in the church only when, at the advanced age of eighty, the Lord removed him from the church militant to the church triumphant. During his abode in India, he made frequent visitations of his vast diocese. The record of his voyages and journeys on these occasions is intensely interesting. But our limits forbid our entering on details.

On one occasion he was in imminent danger, while sailing to Madras. The steamer began to leak seriously; the tops of her high paddle-boxes were often buried in the sea; sails were blown away, spars split; and at length the boiler burst and let sixty tons of water, in a moment, into the hold. The fires were now extinguished; the engine deck was a foot deep in water; the vessel became nearly unmanageable; and all hands were ordered to the pumps. 'I can do no more,' said the captain; 'tell the bishop he had better go to prayers.' . . .

Dr. Wilson joined with the passengers in fervent supplication; and, retiring to his cabin, penned a few reflections, which showed how thoroughly his soul was resting on the Lord. . . . . 'This is the moment to glorify Jesus, faith in his power and love; to lie in his hands as clay in the hands of the potter; to be assured that all is well; to look with more scrutiny into the heart, and to put away every sin.' . . . 'I is on thy mercy only I rely. I renounce every other refuge, to fly to thy death and passion. Save me, as the chief of sinners!' The Lord interposed for the deliverance of that ship's crew. Ere long the wind abated, and the sun shone forth; the water in the vessel was got under, and the boiler repaired; the fires were lit; and once more the vessel's head was pointed in the right course. During a voyage on another visitation he also made a narrow escape, having been precipitated down an open hatchway, as he walked after the captain on the lower deck. 'Had he fallen on his head, the shock must have been fatal. But he fell on his feet, and merely bruised his thigh.' He might indeed, as a missionary, say of himself, as Paul did, 'I have been in perils in the sea.'

As he lived, so he died in harness,—busy to the last in his Master's work; giving, in the closing weeks, the sweetest evidence that, like good Simeon of old, 'he was waiting for the consolation of Israel.'

When he died, not only did devout men car-

he grave, but they made great lamenta-
· him; while giving due prominence to
ices he had rendered to the cause of
ı general, and that of missions in par-
The testimony of an eminent missionary
he evangelization of the world at large,
ndia in particular, was ever uppermost
ıeart, as a subject of prayer and ex-
ı. Under this head, his most notable
ıent was the authoritative repudiation
tion of the caste system from the native
of Southern India. Having fairly mas-
tered the subject, and satisfied himself of its utterly antichristian character, he proposed no half measures,—no merely modifying, limitary regulations. No; his firm and resolute decree was, that the system must be extirpated, root and branch, from the membership of the native churches, or the members of the native churches must be ejected from their bosom, until they heartily abjured and flung out the evil thing from among them. The future sons and daughters of India's expurgated churches will rise up to bless the memory of BISHOP WILSON.'

THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH.

N reading the third chapter of the second Epistle of Peter, we naturally arrive at the conclusion that the Spirit is here leading us to look for the coming and kingdom of our
nd this, as it appears to me, is the uni-
ching of the New Testament. The words
lessed Lord, in his great prophecy (Matt.
re just to this effect: 'Watch, therefore,
now not in what hour your Lord doth
ınd again, 'Be ye also ready, for in such
as ye think not, the Son of man *cometh*.'
ıen He would comfort his disciples on
ş about to leave them (John xiv.), what
say? 'I go to prepare a place for you;
ill *come again*, and receive you unto my-
. And on the occasion of his ascension,
ıe poor bereaved disciples were gazing
ım towards heaven, how do the angels
and assure them? 'This same Jesus
ı taken up from you into heaven, shall
in like manner as ye have seen Him
heaven.' Again, the Apostle Paul, in
to the Philippians (iii. 20), says to them,
ınversation is in heaven, from whence
look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus
and in describing the hope of the Thes-
converts, it is as *waiting* for his Son
aven. · In the Epistle to the Hebrews,
, in the close of the ninth chapter:
was once offered to bear the sins of
and unto them that *look for* Him shall
ear the second time, without sin, unto
ı;' and at the close of the tenth chapter,
ı would comfort those under persecution,
to them, 'Yet a little while, and He that
ne *will come*, and will not tarry.' While
legroom tarried, they all slumbered and
ıut yet a little while, and He will no
arry. The *coming* of the Lord was the
gement to them under their trial. And
mes v.: 'Be patient therefore, brethren,
ıe coming of the Lord: stablish your
for the coming of the Lord draweth
And John, in his epistle, directs us to
ıe hope: 'The world knoweth us not;
t we know that, when He shall *appear*,
be like Him, for we shall see Him as He
ohn iii. 12).

here we have the testimony of our Lord, his angels; also the testimony of Paul, Peter, James, and John,—and to what do they all testify? Why, to his appearing as the hope of the church. We are directed to *watch*, to be *ready* for his coming, to *wait* for Him, to *look* for Him; but what is the meaning of this language, if something is *necessarily* put between us and his coming? Why should I be watching, waiting, looking for Him, if I know that a thousand years of spiritual blessedness are *necessarily* interposed between me and his coming, or that the great enemy of the latter day must *necessarily* first appear? One would suppose that it is for these events I should be looking, and not for his coming.

'What, then?' one may say; 'is nothing to happen previously?' I reply, that I know not what may happen: a thousand things may come to pass. We may all die before the coming of the Lord: I confess I do not think that we shall. The great enemy of the latter day may be revealed, Israel may be restored, and there may be many and great changes in the world—in the face of Christendom. As to this, I neither assert nor deny. I do not see my way in the details of unfulfilled prophecy. I have been long reading the prophetic word; but I am unable to commit myself to any system, and I believe that those who do will find, by the event, that God's system and theirs may differ not a little. I would not willingly close my eyes to the teaching of any Scripture. I cannot close them to the great fact that the coming of the Lord is the burden of prophecy, the mighty event held out to our expectation; and while we are looking for his appearing, we are prepared for whatever may come. If I am thrown off this, I am cast off my true waiting position.

Some may call the consideration of this subject mere speculation; but I know not the doctrine that is more sanctifying in its influence, or more directly practical, as taught in the New Testament: 'Every one that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure' (1 John iii. 3). I could easily adduce manifold passages connected with the Lord's coming, did my time allow of it, to show its holy and practical tendency; indeed, it would be difficult to adduce a Scripture on the subject that is not practical in its bearing. What sin can get dominion over me while my soul is waiting for Him? The world is just where it should be—

under my feet; and I have the victory over Satan through Him who loved me, and in love to whom I am waiting his appearing, to take me to be for ever with himself.

We have somewhat of an illustration as to how it should be with his people, in the eighth chapter of Luke's Gospel. The Lord had been in the country of the Gadarenes, dealing with the devil there: 'For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil;' but the people there loved their swine—the unclean thing—better than they loved the Lord, and so He left them, and crossed over again into Galilee; and in the 40th verse we read: 'When Jesus was returned, the people received Him gladly, for they were all waiting for Him.' Now, observe, they were waiting and watching; and, moreover, they were wishing for Him. The virgins (Matt. xxv.) were waiting and wishing, but not watching, and so they slumbered and slept. Alas! how often is this the case while He tarrieth! Those believers assembled in the house of Mary (Acts xii.) were wishing much for Peter, but they were not waiting or watching; and so, when Rhoda told them that he was come, they would not believe her. They had been praying for him; but they would not believe that their prayers were answered—anything but that—'it is his angel.' Oh, the unbelief of believers!

So here, I think, we have the true position of believers,—*waiting*, *watching*, *wishing*, for the return of their Lord from heaven—for Him who loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood, that they might be for ever with Him, and like Him, in the mansions of the Father's house. Who would not say, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus?' And there is power in this, as we realize it. Anything may be held as a mere opinion, without one being anything the better of it. But when the hope becomes a reality, it is positive power to the soul; it cheers, it comforts, it strengthens to endure. I can have neither strength nor comfort in looking for him 'whose coming is after the working of Satan;' but in looking for Jesus, my loins are girt, and I am prepared for anything. How little do our trials and difficulties appear in the light of his coming! Oh, there is great support in the hope!

And let me affectionately press upon you the necessity of being ready to meet Him. Suddenly He will come, according to his promise, as the lightning flash, and there will be no time to get ready then. There will be no time then to repent of anything that may be on your conscience—no time to put away from you the evil you feel, or to settle the matter that may trouble you; and if you indulge such thoughts, I fear that, when He cometh, you will be found among the foolish virgins. How soon that coming may be, no one can say; but I believe that it draweth nigh.

While lately in Ireland, having had some leisure, my attention was directed to the chronology of the Bible; and let me say that it is not a subject so clothed with difficulty as some represent it. For the most part it is easy enough, and the numbers give us a distinct and satisfactory conclusion. There are some and considerable difficulties, through which one may not readily see his way; but not to expect difficulties, would be to expect a continued miracle. I may say in passing, that I believe we shall find, in patient waiting on the word, and prayer, difficulties greatly to disappear.

While in Ireland, I met with the writings of one of our latest and one of our ablest chronologists—Fynes Clinton. He seems to have been a scholar of extensive reading, and, what is better, a pious man. I was much pleased, in one of his letters, to find the sentiment expressed, that in all his studies his object should be to please God. In investigating ancient chronology, he had to take up the chronology of the Bible; and in his study of the subject, unlike many of the moderns, specially they of Germany,—in whose track many of our own are following,—he took our Bible for his standard, so far as its numbers carry us, not forsaking it for any other source. And I know not why the numbers of our Bible are not to be accredited equally with any other statements it contains, subject, of course, to the same revision. But what was the conclusion at which he arrived? Why, that this world would complete its six thousandth year somewhere about 1867.

But, it may be said, what has this to do with our present subject? Well, some of you know that there is an interpretation of the creation days in the first chapter of Genesis, held by many of the ancients as well as moderns, that each day was typical of a millennium, or a thousand years,—based, probably, on that word of Peter which I read to you, 'One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.' Now, if this interpretation be true, we are very near to the seventh-thousand year, or the millennium of Rev. xx. And it is remarkable, as helping out this view of the subject, that the 'rest' which is spoken of in Heb. iv., as remaining for the people of God, is in the original a Sabbatism, or the keeping of a Sabbath. Now, observe, I do not ask you to ground your faith on this. I could not do so myself, on the interpretation of any man, or set of men; I must have God's own word for my faith to rest on. I believe, as one says, that there is nothing between infallibility and infidelity. Infallibility I thoroughly believe in; but I look not for it in the opinions of fallible men, but in the infallible word of the living God. Yet I do not think that it is a sign of wisdom to reject the judgment of wise and holy men of God, instructed in the word. It may considerably help me in forming my judgment on a subject, while still it must be in subjection to God's word; but I doubt if any one will make light of such help, but the one against whose opinion it tells.

This chronological argument throws its weight into the scale on the side of readiness and preparedness to meet the Lord. It is also observable how the difficulties in chronology, which altogether prevent us from any exact dating of the time, while we may generally apprehend its nearness, seem overruled of God to give effect

wn word, 'That day and that hour no man' (Matt. xxiv. 36).
r argument, which also has its weight, on which also I could not build my being of man's interpretation,—is the of prophetic students as to the times id. Many, both ancient and modern, rting from different points, and differing n detail, approach very near to each to the consummation; and somewhere th decade of this century, through half we have now nearly found our way, is d they arrive at—I think, mostly from 868. So it is; and let it be taken for worth, and nothing more. It is not rd; but it may awaken our minds, and o review our opinions, and help us in ation of our judgments in the interpre- the word.
gns of the times also are remarkable. ettled everything seems,—the nations ntinent apparently ready for an explo- ars carried on with a magnitude and ifference to human life unknown before, power taxed to the utmost in the in- f engines of destruction,—the advance- revolutionary principles, and treading te the institutions of God and man,— progress of infidelity,—the march of utter forgetfulness of God, rashly in- into things beyond human ken,—and ing themselves ministers of Christ, and as such, unblushingly denying some ding truths of revelation, and the very of Christianity; while, on the other ival work has proceeded in a way that y we have not witnessed. Doubtless been much of excitement in it, and at will come to nought, as probably is n all revivals; but few, I believe, who thing of it, will doubt that there has been much also of blessed reality, by various instrumentalities,—the Lord, it may be, gathering in his people before the great day.

It is said, too, that among Jews and Mohammedans, and some heathen nations, there are expectations connected with this decade of years in which we live.

For more than twenty years I have held that the 'sixties' will not run out without some mighty event occurring, altogether out of the common order. What that event will be, I am unable to say. It *may be* the appearing of the Lord, or it *may be* the manifestation of the great enemy of the latter day, or it *may be* the awakening and restoration of God's ancient people. God grant that it be the appearing of his Son from heaven,—the Bridegroom coming for his bride! I believe that He has a greater longing for that day than we have. He loves his bride, and is waiting for the day when she shall 'have made herself ready,' when He shall come to take her to himself, to the mansions of his Father's house, to be for ever with Him in his own never-ending glory. But He is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish; and this grace and long-suffering of the Lord is turned by his enemies as an argument against his truth. It gives its point to the infidel's scoff, 'Where is the promise of his coming?' But, beloved, we know whom we have believed; and let us 'be diligent, that we be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless;' and if you feel that there is but a speck on your soul, come and wash away that speck 'in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness;' and if you feel that anything is bringing defilement on you, cast it away, at whatever cost, that you may be ready, and have nothing to do when He appears, but to go forth with joy to meet Him, and so to be for ever with the Lord. God grant that it may be so!—*Rev. C. Hargrove.*

NOVEL-READING.

THERE is a vast amount of fictitious literature or novels issued from the press in the form of newspapers, pamphlets, and bound volumes. This is extensively circulated and must consequently be exerting a mighty for good or evil. Such writings I firmly be evil, and only evil. There are powerments that may be urged against this literature, some of which I shall offer, hat they may increase in some minds a onviction of the evil of novel-reading.
reading leads to crime. Facts go to t this is one great cause of crime at the lay. A few years since the chaplain of urn State Prison remonstrated against g the inmates with novels, as it was ed, on investigation, that the cause which e ruin of a large number of them was ading. The heroes of many, if not most whose characters are portrayed, are , and the scenes brought to view are of a corresponding nature. It is impossible to familiarize the mind with such characters, and to revel in such scenes, without becoming contaminated, and better prepared to pursue a course of wickedness and crime. Take, for example, Bulwer's novels. His earliest work, called *Falkland*, is the history of an adulterer, the most noble and kind of his race, by force of circumstances. *Paul Clifford*, the hero of another of his novels, is the commander of a band of robbers. He is conducted safely through his career of villany, and escapes the hand of justice! In *Devereux*, an amiable gentleman murders his brother's wife, and afterwards becomes an interesting philanthropist in Italy! *The Disowned*, professing the noblest creed, boasting the purest philanthropy, becomes the murderer of his benefactor! 'Bulwer's novels,' says an able critic, 'show us the virtues caricatured, vices seductively garnished, generous qualities disgraced by paltry motives, petty objects magnified, vulgarities glossed by passion, and manners tinged

with affectation. Whatever is veritable, honest, and truly noble, finds little place in this fictitious world.'

Courvoisier, the murderer of Lord William Russell, confessed, and wished the sheriff to make it known to the world, that the *idea* of his work of blood was first suggested to him by reading and seeing the performance of Jack Sheppard. This book was lent to him by one of the servants of the Duke of Bedford, and he lamented that he had ever seen it. Oxford, who sought the Queen's life, made substantially the same statement respecting the influence on his mind of the *Bravo of Venice*.

Fictitious reading is one very formidable obstacle in the way of pure religion. The Christian religion addresses itself both to the mind and the heart, and whatever affects these unfavourably must obstruct its progress. Novels do not call into exercise the memory and reasoning or reflective powers of the mind, but tend to arouse and gratify a morbid craving for excitement, which is always unfavourable to vigorous mental exertion. In consequence of this, a great deal of the power of the Christian pulpit is lost. Novel-readers in our congregations have their minds unfitted to see and appreciate the force of arguments when presented.

Some of the first writers in our language have given their most unqualified testimony on this point. Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote novels, in a letter to a brother on the education of his son, says, 'Above all things, let him never touch a romance or a novel.' Says Coleridge: 'It cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort; the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought, by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel-reading. Like early morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off in quick and profitless succession: each, indeed, for the moment of its stay, prevents the pains of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but altogether they leave the mistress of the house—the soul, I mean—flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of her more rational guests.' John Foster, in speaking mainly of the effects of novels on the mind, uses the following forcible language: 'Viewing the vast rout of novels as they are, I do think they do incalculable mischief. I wish we could collect them together and make one vast fire of them; I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend like that of Sodom and Gomorrah. The judgment would be as just.'

But who can describe the blighting influence of novels on the heart? They are addressed mainly to the depraved heart, adapted to excite and foster the bad passions. They do not contain sensible views of God, or of eternal things; but vice is gilded and made to seem respectable; while virtue and the fear of God are caricatured, or represented as of little worth. Novel-readers, when under conviction of sin, are apt to fly to the corrupt and exciting novel to stifle and drown serious feelings, as men often resort to the intoxicating cup for the same purpose. It is often the case, that Christians bring darkness into their minds in consequence of indulging in this practice. Professing Christians who do this, soon acquire a distaste for the Bible, and books of a religious and devotional character. They soon lose a relish for the exercises of the closet and sanctuary. The pious Robert Hall informs us in one of his sermons, that after he had entered the ministry, while engaged in reading one of Miss Edgeworth's novels, entitled *Moral Tales*, it produced such an impression on his religious feelings, that he could scarcely go through with the usual devotional exercises of the sanctuary. I venture to assert that no one can enjoy religion and attend properly to his Christian duties, and be in the habit of reading novels; in other words, no one can be a devoted Christian and a habitual novel-reader.

Says a writer: 'The case I am to state came under my own observation. In college he was for three years my room-mate. His powers of mind were of a high order. He was one of the best writers of the largest class which ever entered that university. He was afterward settled as pastor over a flourishing congregation in the largest city in our land. In this work he was remarkably successful. After a time he became editor of an important religious periodical which he sustained with great acceptance and most happy results. At length, after years of useful labour, suspicion was excited as to his moral character. Upon investigation, disclosures were made which proved him to be a ruined man. He had taken of the intoxicating cup, and was guilty of other acts which shut him out for ever from the ministry. A political paper in New York city stated the fact of his fall, and imputed it to his evangelical sentiments. He saw this imputation, and replied to it in a most touching manner. He admitted the fact of his ruin in tones of deep anguish. He then confessed the true cause. It was the reading of novels. There he began his downward career. There were fixed cherished his unhallowed impressions. There he was led to drink the intoxicating cup. I knew his habits in college. He was then excessively fond of reading the works of Byron, Scott, and others of similar character. These he read at first, he said, to improve his style of writing. He soon acquired a love for such reading, and was at length entirely overcome by it. He is now, poor man, in his grave and gone to his final account. But for now he might have been a faithful and useful minister of Christ, a blessing to the church, a comfort to his family and a large circle of respected friends.

I will give another striking case, as related by a western minister, a few years since: 'I was recently called to visit a sick woman who had been made poor by her folly. She told me she was raised and partly educated by a lady in Eastern Virginia. When young, she was led to read a few novels. These gave her a taste for that kind of reading; and she soon became so fond of it that she would sit up all night to read fiction. She continued in this course for years, and even after marriage she found it necessary

appiness. Thus the hours which ought
been spent in taking care of her children
rintending household affairs, were worse
sted in sympathies thrown away on
y persons and suffering; making the
olly unfit for sharing in the common
nd cares of life. As she lay on her
couch, surrounded by all the marks of
her body emaciated by protracted ill-
he raised her long arm and said: "See,
a wretch I have made myself by novel-
I have ruined my health, and I have
y mind, by indulging in that miserable
have no peace. Satan is continually
me to believe that there is no God, no
no hell, and that I had better put an end
fe. Then Satan holds up some of the
for my examples, who first murdered
ls, and then their bodies." As I stood
edside, I wished that all the young ladies
nd, who spend so much precious time in
over those *Gems of Literature*, and
tears at imaginary sorrow, could have
d this, the natural end of their own
f folly.'

novel-reading is so great an evil, the duty of all the friends of good morals and true religion is evident respecting it. The ministers of the gospel should speak out frequently and forcibly against it. Parents should not allow their children to read such works, any more than they would allow them to associate with persons of vile character. Booksellers should not keep such productions for sale. If it is wrong to use a thing, it is wrong to sell it; on this principle we condemn rumsellers. Publishers should not issue such; they are to a great extent accountable for the evil done by them. I cannot see how any book publisher can have a clear conscience, and have confidence enough to make any pretensions to piety, while sending out books that are poisoning the morals of society, and ruining multitudes of immortal souls, for time and eternity. The greatest care and judgment should be exercised in *selecting books for Sabbath-school libraries*. I fear that many such libraries need a large sifting.

I believe that it is time for the community to become more fully aroused to the enormity and magnitude of this evil. I trust that the time is not far distant when it shall receive the degree of attention it deserves.

KEEP BY THE CROSS.

avelling in Switzerland during the sum-
1857, and determined to ascend Mount
ountain not far from St. Gervais.

made the ascent, unaccompanied by a
t was with some difficulty I found the
ck. Having at length, however, reached
of the mountain, I inquired of a peasant
hould find the way to the summit. He
d, in French, to this effect: 'You can-
take the way, *but be sure you keep by*
s!' A large wooden cross had been
as a guide-post about half-way to the
and the path led immediately past it.
ds of the Swiss peasant struck me very
, as the true direction to those who are
to find their way from this present evil
the heights of the heavenly Zion.

r, are you anxious to be saved? Are
ing your way to heaven with your face
ard? Do you long for peace with God
ll forgiveness of all sin—a good hope for
—a crown of glory—an inheritance in-
ible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away!
ten to these words, 'Be sure you keep by
s!'

mber this is the only way of pardon of
hrist crucified is our only way of pardon;
Scriptures say, that 'we have redemption
1 his blood, the forgiveness of our sins, according to the riches of his grace;' and again, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' 'Be sure you keep by the cross,' and there is no fear of sin rising up to condemn you, either here or at the judgment-seat!

Remember, again, this is the only way of holiness. Christ is made of God unto us 'sanctification,' and a sight of the cross of Calvary will be the death of sin. Calvary is the only spot in the world where sin cannot live. When Captain Hedley Vicars found it true to him that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,' he immediately exclaimed, 'The past is blotted out; what I have to do is to go forward; I cannot live in those sins for which my Saviour shed his precious blood.' Thus the design of his death on Calvary is accomplished; for Jesus Christ gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. It is not by resolutions, or from fear of punishment, that you will ever become holy or do good works; but the moment you get your eye on the cross of Christ you will 'loathe sin and leave it.'

Remember, also, it is the only way to happiness, usefulness, and glory. Reader, do you wish to have your sins pardoned, your heart purified, your life ennobled and rendered happy and useful, and at last to gain the crown of glory?—'Be sure you keep by the cross!'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'There was no breath in them.'—Ezek. xxxvii. 8.

This scene has two aspects (it contains an event and a truth): the prophetical, which specially points to Israel's restoration in the latter day; the spiritual, pointing to the case of individual souls, or churches, or congregations.

There are four *stages* presented to us: (1) The bone-heaps in the valley, 'very dry;' (2) The gathering and reconstruction of these bones; (3) The clothing with flesh, sinews, and skin; (4) The infusion of breath, or life. It is through the *last* of these that the living man is constituted; and without it there is but the picture or statue of a man.

The 'breath' is manifestly the 'life,' communicated by the Spirit of life. This life may have different stages; but wherever it is, there is a true and complete man. The disciples had life before our Lord breathed on them, but then they obtained more. They had life before Pentecost, but then they obtained more. It was life that God communicated when He created man; it is life (of a higher kind) that the Spirit of God communicates to the soul at conversion. The last Adam, as the possessor of the Holy Ghost, is thus a quickening Spirit.

Thus a man may be very like a Christian, and yet not be one. A church or congregation may be very like a Christian one, with a fair appearance, organization, all in excellent bustling order, numerous, liberal, united, earnest after a sort; and yet lack one thing, which neutralizes and paralyzes all the rest—the breath of life.

1. *Our creed may be sound, and yet we may not be Christians.*—Balaam's creed seems to have been sound; also that of Judas and Demas. It may be the creed of apostles and reformers, the creed of the Synod of Dort, or the Assembly of Westminster; yet all may be spiritually wrong. It will form part of the bones, or the sinews, or the flesh; but that is all. Nay, its soundness may be the occasion of serious self-deception: we may mistake orthodoxy for life; the correctness of our confession of faith for the 'breath.' An inanimate, unproductive creed, what will it do for you in the day of the Lord? What will it do for you now? Does it give you real peace, real liberty, real fellowship with God?

2. *Our religion may be externally complete, and yet we may not be Christians.*—By religion I mean all that pertains to the worship and service of God, private or public; our praises, our prayers, our sanctuary service, our family worship. What are all these without the inward breath? What is routine without life? Mechanical religion may do for the gods of Greece and Rome, but not for the living and true God. Mechanical religion may do for those who fancy that religious performances are work done or money paid in order to ward off divine anger, and persuade God to keep them out of hell; but not for those who know that they are the channels of fellowship with God. Your sanctuary attendance may be regular and reverent; but what if there be no *breath* in it? Your prayers and praises may be punctual and unexceptionable; but what if there be no breath in them? Will God accept them? Will they satisfy you? Will they make you happy? Will they not be irksome and intolerable? And the more you multiply them, the more intolerable?

3. *Our good works may be numerous and praiseworthy, yet we may not be Christians.*—It is not the work that makes the Christian, but the Christian that makes the work. This is a day of good works, of benevolent schemes, of societies, great and small, of organizations for the relief of the poor and the reformation of the wicked. They who conduct them may be earnest and self-denying men. But is the *breath* there? They often wonder why so much should be done, with so little fruit. But is there not a cause? Is there breath—life—in all this? Can statues, or machines, or steam-engines, do the work of the living God? No; it is *life* that does real work; it is *life* that is successful; it is *life* that God honours, and by which He works. Let us see that, in doing Christian work, we ourselves are Christians, else we shall be but Noah's carpenters after all. We may do many good works, and yet not be Christians. 'Many shall come in that day, saying, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?' But the answer is, 'I never knew you.'

4. *Our life may be exemplary, and yet we may not be Christians.*—There may be bones, and sinews, and flesh, and yet no breath, no life. There are many who mistake a fair external deportment for Christian life. A man may be so like a Christian, that another could not suppose that there was anything wrong; and yet there might be no breath.

A life with 'no breath' must be—

(1.) *A very imperfect life.*—Many features awanting,—even outward ones, much more inward.

(2.) *A very unhappy life.*—There is the secret feeling that all is wrong. Everything is irksome for want of life.

(3.) *A very unsuccessful life.*—It is not mere bustle, or earnestness, or zeal, that does the true work for God. If there be no *breath*, what are these? All will be labour in vain.

There is *breath* for you, O sinner, in Him who has the Spirit—who is our breath. You will not be able to say, I perished, or, I was unhappy, or useless, because God would not give me this breath. The ascended Christ has the Spirit for you.

MOUNT SION; OR, THE PLACE OF THE SAVED.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

REV. XIV. 1-5.

THIS is the other side; this is Emmanuel's land; it is the place of the blessed. Jesus is here at home; and, as He looks around, He exclaims, in the gladness of his heart, ught not Christ to have suffered these things, l to enter into his glory?' On earth He was ıer a lonely wanderer, or had only a few pised followers; but now He is encompassed all the good, and worthy, and righteous, and e among the children of men. On earth went about ministering to many, while few istered to Him; but now He is in the midst he throne, and all the hosts of heaven wor- and adore Him. On earth He was a man sorrows—the world's chief mourner: He n sighed, and groaned, and wept; but now is made glad with everlasting joy; He drinks the pleasures at God's right hand; and, : of all, the friends He loves are sharing his ght. It is a pleasant, sunny place; there ıo winter there,—no dark, dreary days, no risome nights. It is a continual festival of , happy joy. 'We are come,' says the Apostle l, 'to Mount Sion, and to the city of the ng God, the heavenly Jerusalem.' This is honour and privilege of all believers. Justi- with Christ, and quickened together with a, they have at all times the *entrèe* into the ıg's presence. Let us avail ourselves of this l freedom, and, on the wings of faith, go up l mingle with the joyous, jubilant multitude. ile our hearts are ravished and uplifted by the ssed scene, let us consider who these singers , where they are, and what they are doing.

Who they are. We have them fully and iously described here, and yet all that is said them is very blessed. They are redeemed m among men—redeemed from all iniquity; ey are first-fruits unto God and the Lamb; ere is no guile in their mouth; there is no ot, or wrinkle, or any such thing about them; ey follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; s Father's name is on their forehead; and they e many. Such they now are; but they were t always so. Once they were men of like ssions with us. They were foolish, deceived. They served divers lusts and pleasures. Some of God's worst enemies are there; some of Satan's greatest helpers. They lay in their blood, festering and rotting in their corruptions. Even after they were changed, much of the old man remained. They were brands plucked out of the fire, and their appearance bewrayed their origin. They were black, and smoky, and smelt of the burning, and they were ever ready to blaze up again. They were lepers—healed, indeed; but the taint of the disease was still in them, and was ever ready to break forth afresh. They were lost sheep brought back from their wanderings, but ever prone to go astray again. Satan often thought he would get them yet. Friends often wondered if they would ever reach heaven. And they themselves sometimes cried, 'I shall one day perish!' Many a time they thought they were solitary in the world, and said, like Elijah, 'The good man is perished out of the earth, and I only am left to serve God.' What a world-large volume their stories would make, if they were all put together! There are the Abels, and Enochs, and Noahs, and Abrahams, and Joshuas, and Josiahs, and Hannahs, and Marys, and Elisabeths. There also is Jacob; but he no longer limps, he no longer lies; he is really Jeshurun. There is David; but his eye no more wanders, his heart is no more unclean. Manasseh is there; but his hands are not now bedabbled in the blood of the saints. The woman that was a sinner is there; but she is now a King's daughter and a King's bride, all fair both without and within. Zaccheus is there; but he is now upright and full of love. There are those there who once were like the devil for wickedness; but they are now bright and glorious as the morning star. What a transformation is here! Earth's greatest changes are nothing to this. The black, dead coal, dug out of the pit, enkindled, sending forth light and heat, and diffusing comfort all around; the rough diamond, cut and polished, and glittering, in its manifold beauty, amid the galaxy of some royal diadem; the rude, unsightly *nugget*, purified and fashioned into a vessel of honour, and now shining in all the splendour of burnished gold,—what are any

of these, or all of these, compared with the 'poor taken out of the dust, and the beggar lifted from the dunghill, that they may be set among princes, and made to inherit the throne of glory?' Take courage, ye who are labouring to upraise the outcast, degraded wreck and debris of society. Your hearts are large and liberal; you stretch out your hands to the poor and needy; and God gives you the high honour of repairing the breach, and building again the waste places. It often seems hard, hopeless, thankless work. When you have succeeded in laboriously rolling the stone a good way up the hill, sometimes it suddenly, waywardly, inexplicably breaks loose, and a single hour undoes the work of months or years. But look at those bright stars in the third firmament of heaven. Some of them were once among the lowest, vilest, most despicable on earth; and now they are there, and there for ever.

Where they are. They are on Mount Sion; they are with the Lamb; they are in heaven; they are before the throne. But they were not always here; they were once in the fearful pit and the miry clay. Some of them were in the deepest, darkest parts of the pit; some of them had sunk very far in the miry clay. They were once far off, aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenants of promise. Many of them dwelt in lands of heathen darkness, amid the habitations of horrid cruelty. You look up at the white fleecy clouds, which float lightly in the heavens on a summer day, and seem as if they were the down of the birds of paradise hovering over our lower sphere. They seem all too pure and ethereal ever to have belonged to earth. But if you ask them, 'Whence come ye?' they will answer, 'From stagnant pool, and briny marsh, and festering heap; but we have been purified and spiritualized.' And so, 'Who are these in white robes, and whence come they?' and the answer is, 'From every country, every clime, every rank and condition of life,—the Hottentot, the Esquimaux, the subtle Bengalee, the simple Karen, the haughty Burman, the Arab ranger of the desert, and the still more degraded Arab of the streets; but they have been washed, and justified, and sanctified, and now they are before the throne, and are for ever with the Lord.' Take courage, ye whose hearts are in unison with his, who 'so loved the world, that He gave his only-begotten Son.' Take courage, ye whose hearts mourn when you think of the little-heeded command, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' The progress seems slow—very slow. Many a place that once was flushed with the water of life, and green and fragrant with the fruitage of righteousness, is now parched and desolate; many a candlestick that once shone bright, is now extinguished and removed. You cry, 'Arise, O Lord, plead thine own cause.' 'Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, and ride forth prosperously.' You are right; this is what the world needs. We, to whom He has deputed the work, have not his love for the souls of men; we have not his zeal for the glory of God; we have not his practical, ceaseless self-denial,—his single, constant, unwavering purpose. We are slothful, selfish, unenterprising in the things of God; and so the world perishes, and our Gentile church is covered with blood-guiltiness. But take courage, ye who love souls, and seek to gather them. 'They shall come; they all shall come.' This was what cheered the Master amid all his trials and disappointments. On the cross He would not taste man's spiced draught; but He drank joyfully the Father's cup of promise: 'All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Thee.'

What they are doing. They are singing and harping with all their might. They are singing in unison, and they are singing universally. No hands without a harp, no lips without a song; and no harp is unstrung, no lips are silent here. Could you approach the gate, you would hear sweetest music. They are feasting, they are rejoicing. The work is done, the fight is over, their wanderings are ended, they are all at home. Not one is lost, not one is wanting. There never was joy like this. As they look back, and think what they were; look down, and think what, but for grace, they must have been; look around, and see where they are; look forward, and think what they shall for ever be,—it is joy, joy, joy! Each kindles and stirs up the other. 'Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, when we meet to part no more!' A poor ragged boy used to sing so sweetly and blithely after his conversion, that the neighbours said he made the place like a lower heaven, so full of joy. It is natural to God's redeemed to sing. 'Praise waits for God in Sion.' 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness!' Every deliverance on earth has led to singing. We have Moses' song, and Deborah's song, and David's song, and Jehoshaphat's song. The angels sing at Bethlehem, and Mary and Elisabeth stir one another up to holy spiritual psalmody. If thus it is on earth, where many things depress, and burden, and unhinge, what must be the continual flow of joyous praise, when there is nothing to hinder, and everything to quicken and encourage!

But think of their *song*. It is a new song; it is new in many respects. It is new to those who sing it. Once they did not, could not sing it.

Their tongue was not an instrument to glorify God; it was used to praise themselves, or to murmur and complain against the Lord and his ways. It was God who taught them to sing. He took them from the miry clay, and set them on the rock, and put a new song in their mouth; and they have been singing ever since, and so they will for ever and ever. It is a song unknown to all but them. There are many on earth who have never learned it. There are myriads gone down to silence, who will never, never learn it. It is new in heaven. Angels cannot sing it. They will never need the blessings which form its theme and up-spring; while those of them who are lost, are lost for ever. It is new in its subject. There were songs in heaven before. There have been songs since the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. But these have been songs of creation, songs of providence: 'Worthy art Thou, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.' But now, in the midst of these older songs, breaks in the louder, sweeter new song: 'Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and people, and tongue, and nation, and hast made us to our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth.'

In a great orchestra on earth, there are multitudes of different sounds and voices, all blended into one; and yet an exercised, experienced ear, can separate and analyze, can untwist and untwine the mingled chords, and discern and enjoy each in its peculiar beauty and expression. As the light is white, and yet composed of many different-coloured rays; so the new song is one, and yet it is made up of many different strains. I have noticed our little bird, when the moulting season is passing away, beginning to try its vocal powers. At first it chirps softly, trills very shortly, as if distrustful of itself, and anxious to know what it can do. But, after a while, in a kind of confident, joyous self-abandonment, it breaks forth in full volume and sweetness. Just so heaven's choristers are moulting here. They are putting off the old man, and putting on the new; they are lying among the pots; but soon they will appear as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. Meanwhile they are trying their little songs: 'I will bless the Lord at all times.' 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?' 'He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters.' 'He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places.' Their songs are new even here. The words are old; they have been in use in the family for untold generations; but they are living words; they are ever young. And besides, there are constantly occurring new deliverances, new benefits, new Ebenezers; so that they are ever sung with a new joy, and love, and thankfulness. Sometimes they get upon their high places, and see the enemy under their feet, and sing by anticipation: 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'

This is a solemn testing subject. Are you praising God on earth? Is your heart made new, and your spirit so glad that you cannot help crying, 'I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being?' You cannot praise by proxy, any more than you can pray by proxy. Your heart must praise, if your lips cannot. And if the heart praise, though the lips can only make a joyful noise, it will be accepted by Him, who seeks only what a man hath, and not what he hath not. Take heed of being like her whose last words were: 'I never praised the Lord on earth, and now I shall never praise Him in heaven.'

OUR AUNT.

We called her aunt, though she was none of ours,
And might have given her even a mother's name,
Who seemed, like summer-air, or light, or flowers,
Still to belong to all where'er she came.

Dwelling with us, we deemed her more than kin,
For kindness made her so; and when she sighed
Her last farewell, we felt as she had been
Only called home, and that ourselves had died.

So much of life she took from us, that all,
When she departed, felt the bitter blight,
As when we take a picture from the wall,
Where it long was, and see but dust and white.

But in this blank we'll hang an ocean wreath,
Made by fond hands of many-coloured moss,
And write her name, and when she died, beneath,
Think of her gain, and speak no more of loss.

T. W. P.

THE BLIND POSTMAN.

CHAPTER III.

FURTHER SUCCESSES, AND NEW HOPES.

THIS inability to go about in the village alone had long been a source of great trouble and annoyance to Roberts; for his wife was always busy, and their eldest boy, who was the only one old enough to act as a guide, was at school all day; so that he was often compelled to sit still in the house, or mope about round the garden when he wanted to take a walk, or to make a call on a neighbour. He remembered reading, when he could see, of a blind man who travelled, unattended, through nearly the whole of Europe and several parts of Asia. He had also read of another blind man who sometimes acted as a guide and sometimes as a postilion, and who afterwards became a road-surveyor and contractor. The gentleman who had taught him to read had likewise told him that in London many blind persons went about alone even through some of the busiest thoroughfares; and that several in London, Edinburgh, and other large cities, gained a livelihood by selling newspapers and periodicals in the streets, and by leaving them at the houses of their regular customers. These things seemed too wonderful to be true; yet he had no sufficient reason to doubt them, and often, as he got stiff and tired from sitting, because he could not go out, he turned them over and over again in his mind. 'If other people found their way about London, where the people must be as thick as bees, surely he could find his way about that quiet little village;' and so he resolved to try.

He began by taking short walks up and down the road in front of his cottage, and was delighted to find that, after a few rather unsteady attempts, he could guide himself tolerably well with a stick; and was surprised at the precision with which he could tell in what part of the road he was, by means of particular rises or falls, or by a post or large tree. At one particular turn in the road he always knew exactly in what direction to go, on account of a large projecting stone which he generally managed to strike with his stick; while, in another direction, he had no difficulty in finding out the exact spot at which a narrow lane turned off from the main road, by the noise of a small stream which flowed over a few pebbles close by. Gradually he extended his rambles until he could find his way to any house in the village, or within half a mile of it, in any direction. Several times during the winter, when the weather was so bad that he thought Miss Thornton would not venture to come down to his cottage, he went up to the Rectory, and they had their reading there instead.

One day, in the spring time, he thought that he would try to find his way into the town. He had already several times been about a mile along the road, but never the whole of the distance into the town. On this day, it happened t he wanted a fresh stock of nails and screws; he had now begun to do a few odd jobs of rou carpentering, such as mending pig-styes, boarding sheds for some of his neighbours; he resolved to set out without saying anythi to his wife as to where he was going, for knew that if he did so she would be very anxio as she always was when he attempted anythi fresh. He reached the town in safety, and h no difficulty in finding out the ironmonge shop; and he afterwards ventured a little farth to the grocer's, for some tea, of which he kn his wife was in want. As he returned home, was pleased to find that he could recognise ma of the old landmarks—trees, gates, bye-roa stiles, etc., which had been so familiar to him days of yore. He began to feel quite like hi self again, and really thought that, after all, should be able to do something.

As he crossed the fatal bridge, he was sens of a strange tumult of feelings within him; was soon enabled to overcome the strong ten tation he felt to indulge in rebellious murmurin and to thank God that he had been the mean saving the poor child's life. As to his own c dition, he took comfort from the thought that G who appoints some work for each of his creatu would not allow him to lead a life of useless

When he laid the packet of tea on the ta before his wife, she was greatly astonished, couldn't think how he had obtained it; when he told her that he had been to the to for it by himself, she declared that if she known it, she could never have sat still in house, she should have been so afraid of meeting with some accident. 'I knew that, dear,' said he, laughing, 'so I wouldn't tell y

Soon after this occurrence, and when Rob had made several successful journeys into town, as well as several longer ones into country in different directions, it happened t the old postman, who had for many years brou letters to the village in which Roberts lived, to two or three others which lay at short tances from it, fell sick, and as he was getting quite infirm, he resolved to apply for pension to which he was entitled. As soo Roberts heard of this, he made an applicatio the local postmaster for the vacant situat thinking that by a little care and arrangem he could very well manage to deliver the lett The postmaster at first hesitated a good deal he did not think it possible for a blind ma do the work. Roberts pleaded earnestly, fee certain of his ability to do what was requir and, as his application was supported by recommendation of several gentlemen in neighbourhood, the postmaster agreed that should at any rate do the work for the pres until the place was disposed of by his superio

Accordingly, on the next morning after t decision, Roberts rose betimes and made his w into the town, where he received his bundle

and papers; and, after arranging them ıelp of one of the postmaster's children in ler in which he would have to deliver ıe set out with a light heart on his first

He got through his work very well on ole; and although he lost some time in out a few of the houses, he made up for valking fast in the easy straightforward ıf the road, so that the people got their rather sooner than they used to do when mer postman, who had long been too old ; work, delivered them. And all agreed ng very well satisfied, and in wondering ; deal at what a blind man could do. Of Roberts did not always get along smoothly. orning, in getting over a stile, he made a e as he jumped down on the other side, ıe leg slipped into a ditch where the water ıed to be knee deep. He, however, picked f up as well as he could, and after wiping ; worst of the mud and water from his ıd trousers, went on his way without much discouraged. Another time, as he ›ing up to Squire Higgins' house, which ittle out of the main road, one of the boys ırelessly left a barrow right across the th; and Roberts, who was going at a smart pace, fell head foremost over it, ing letters, stick, and hat in all directions. quire himself happened to see the accident; fter assisting Roberts to rearrange his and to make a fresh start, he went in of the boy who had been the cause of the ef, and gave him such a sound thrashing is riding whip, that he wasn't likely to be of the same carelessness again.

en Roberts had been delivering the letters three weeks, and he was hoping that he soon be confirmed in his place, a some- serious mishap occurred, which he feared prove fatal to all his hopes. He had re- from his round, and was taking his ast very contentedly,—for he used only to cup of coffee and a small roll in the town doing his work, and used always to return o have what he called his 'regular break- -when Mr. Lucas, a retired solicitor, and a testy old gentleman, came to his cottage 'eat rage, complaining that a foreign letter at importance, which he was sure must een for him at the post-office, had not lelivered. Roberts was rather confused ew minutes; for he remembered that the ıster's child had told him that there were three foreign letters that morning, and to think that he might possibly have left them at the wrong house, or might even ›st it. He, however, soon recovered his ure, and recollected perfectly well that given the letter into the hands of Mr. ıe butler. But Mr. Lucas did not seem d, and muttered something about people no right to undertake work that they 't do properly, and that he always knew would be. Roberts repeated that he was sure he had given the letter into the hands of the butler; and Mr. Lucas said he was sure that Hill would never have mislaid anything so valuable as he knew that letter to be. As there seemed to be no other way of clearing up the mystery, Roberts offered to accompany Mr. Lucas back to the house in order to make inquiries of the butler himself. Mrs. Roberts was, as usual, a good deal excited, and began to think that this occurrence would certainly prevent her husband from getting the place, as it was generally understood that Mr. Lucas had a good deal of influence with the post-office authorities, and he had not as yet promised to support Roberts' application.

As they went back to the house, Mr. Lucas was much surprised at the ease with which Roberts could walk alone; he kept asking him every now and then where they were, and was so surprised at the exactness of his answers that he began to get in a better temper, and became quite chatty. He told Roberts that he reminded him of a solicitor whom he had known in London, who was quite blind, but was a very clever fellow, and managed to carry on his business just as well after he had lost his sight as he did before. 'Indeed,' said Mr. Lucas, 'I think he got on rather better; for he used to pay such great attention in order to make up for his infirmity, that he managed to get a great many very difficult and good paying cases.'

When they arrived at the house the butler had gone out; so Mr. Lucas began to look through all the rooms he had been into that morning, in the library, dining-room, breakfast parlour, and drawing-room, but could find the letter nowhere. This again ruffled his temper, and Roberts began to think that the letter must certainly be lost, and that on that account Mr. Lucas would oppose him in trying for the place. But the butler soon returned, and stated positively that he had received the letter from Roberts; and that he was quite sure he had taken it to his master in the breakfast parlour. Mr. Lucas, however, was confident that he had never seen the letter, and began to get in a rage with the butler. Renewed search was made for the missing letter, but all in vain, until the butler happened to say that he remembered quite well laying it on the copy of the *Law Times* that was lying beside his master on the breakfast table. This made Mr. Lucas feel in his pocket, where he found the *Law Times*, and, to his great surprise, the letter rolled up inside it; and he then remembered that as soon as the butler had left the room, and before he had noticed the letter that had been laid beside him, he had rolled up the paper and put it in his pocket, intending to read it as he took his morning's stroll through the park. He now apologized very handsomely to Roberts, and made him a present of a sovereign for his trouble, assuring him at the same time that he would do all in his power to obtain him the appointment.

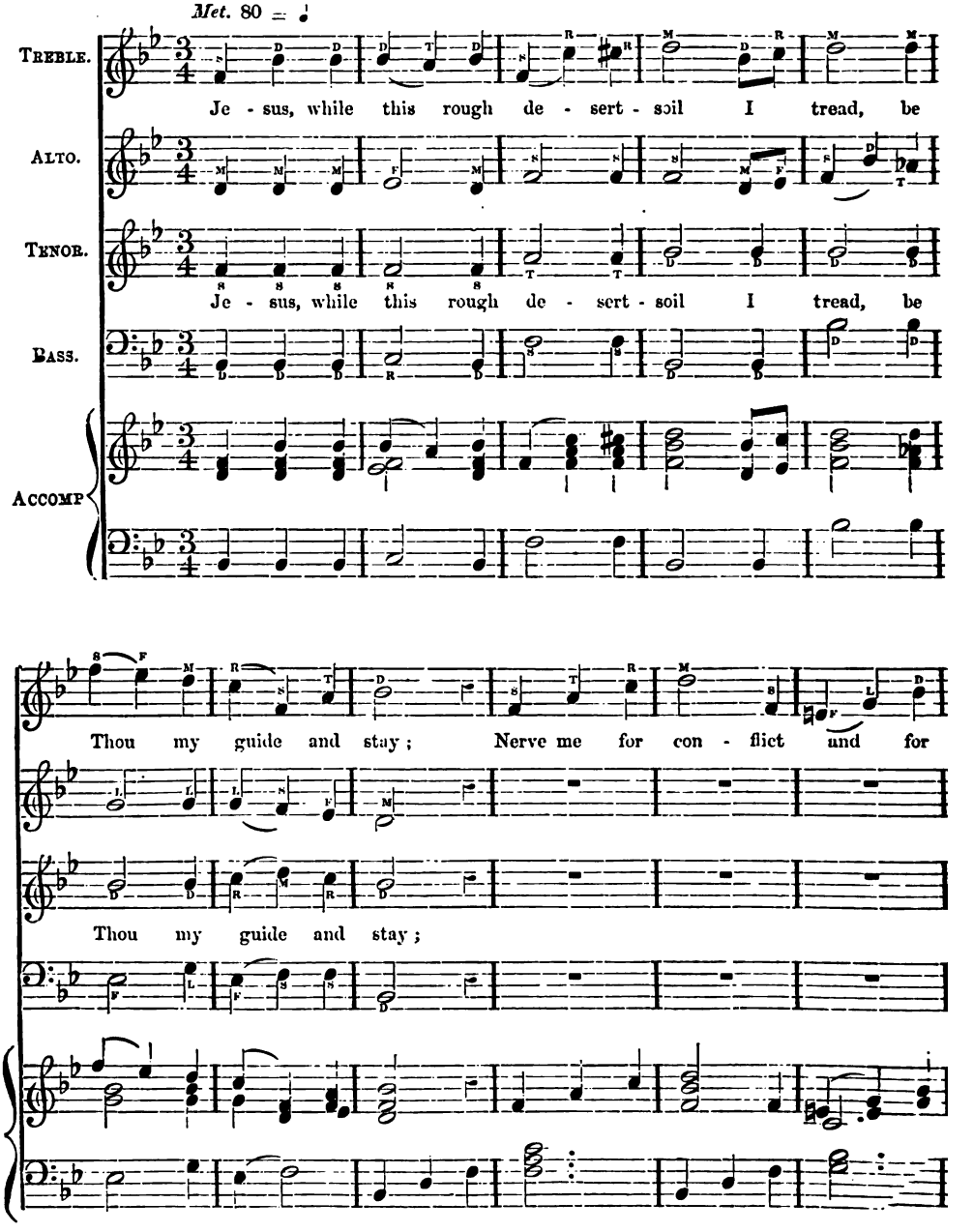
(*To be continued.*)

The Treasury Hymnal.

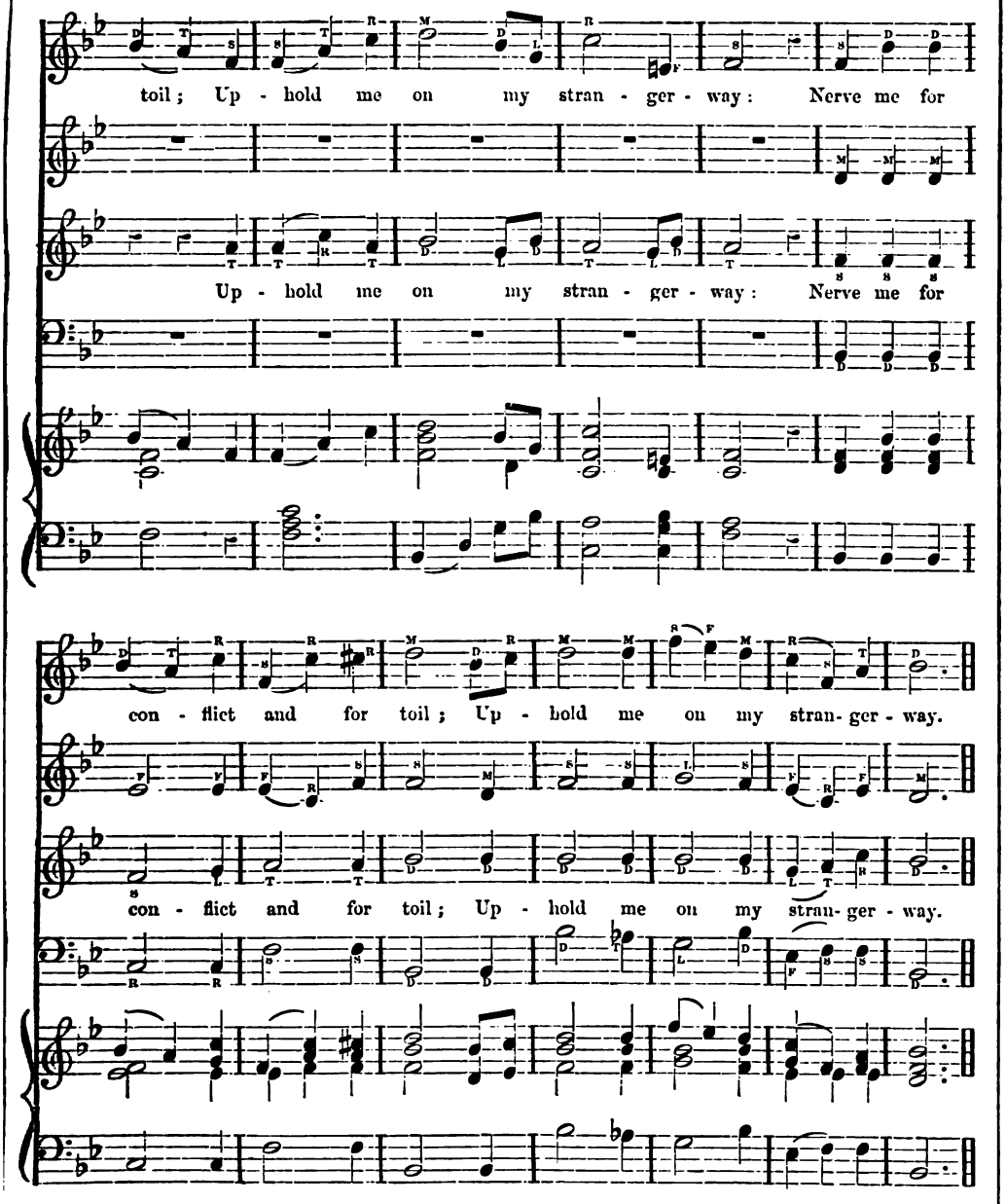
The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Method of musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singers.

STRENGTH BY THE WAY.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. *Music from* WEBER.

Met. 80 = ♩

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP.
Je - sus, while this rough de - sert - soil I tread, be
Je - sus, while this rough de - sert - soil I tread, be
Thou my guide and stay; Nerve me for con - flict and for
Thou my guide and stay;

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened*


toil; Up - hold me on my stran - ger - way: Nerve me for
Up - hold me on my stran - ger - way: Nerve me for
con - flict and for toil; Up - hold me on my stran- ger - way.
con - flict and for toil; Up - hold me on my stran- ger - way.

Jesus, in heaviness and fear,
'**Mid** cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray,
For earth's last night is drawing near;
O cheer me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, in solitude and grief,
When sun and stars withhold their ray,
Make haste, make haste to my relief;
O light me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, in weakness of this flesh,
When Satan grasps me for his prey;
O give me victory afresh;
And speed me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, my righteousness and strength,
My more than life, my more than day;
Bring, bring deliverance at length;
O come and end my stranger-way.

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA,

AUTHOR OF 'HELEN DUNDAS, OR THE PASTOR'S WIFE;' 'SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE, AND OTHER TALES,' ETC. ETC.

No. II.

SEED-SOWING.

'BLESSED are they that sow beside all waters' (Isa. xxxii. 20). Blessed indeed, you say with a sigh; but that is a blessing that can never be mine. Oh, how gladly would I go forth to sow! but He who appointeth the bounds of our habitations (Acts xvii. 26), hath appointed mine within the narrow bounds of my sick-room, from whence I am never able to go forth to sow.

And if so, it surely can only be because that, in his almighty wisdom, God sees that for the present, at all events, you can better glorify Him in your sick-room, than you could do were you able to 'sow beside all waters.' And although debarred from this, would it not be possible for you to stay at home, and still to be a seed-sower? And if the first verse I have quoted does not suit your circumstances, here is another, and one quite as precious, which you may certainly make your own: 'They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy' (Ps. cxxvi. 5).

Have you never seen a pot of earth brought to the bed-side of a sick child in the gladsome springtide, when he could not go forth with his merry band of brothers and sisters, to sow his mignonette seed in the garden? It was a great sorrow to him, not only, or even chiefly, because it would have been so pleasant to join the happy party, but because his mother was so fond of mignonette; it was her favourite flower, and the first that blossomed was always made into a bouquet for her. But this year he would not have any to give her, though he loved her as much as the others did; and as he thought of this, the tears fell fast, and he was so absorbed in his sorrow, that he did not see his mother coming in with a pot of earth in one hand, and a paper of seed in the other, till she laid both beside him, and said, 'Now, my child, you can sow seed too.'

Oh! how lovingly he thanked her!—how eagerly, though with weak and trembling hands, he planted the seed in that pot of earth, which was then placed on a table beside him! How anxiously the little fellow watched for the first tiny leaves to make their appearance! How often he was tempted to push away the earth to see if the seeds were really growing, and in fact was only dissuaded from doing so, by his mother's telling him that even if they were growing, they would certainly die if too soon exposed to the light and air.

Many a long day he had to wait. At last, one morning he thought he saw a green leaf just above the earth; he could hardly believe it for very joy, but it was true; and now, day after day, others came up, till you could hardly see the earth, so luxuriantly was it covered with its mantle of green. More anxiously than ever did the sick child watch now; the buds and blossoms would be so much more beautiful than were the pretty green leaves. He was continually wanting to do something to 'hurry the blossoms,' as he used to say. But again his mother's wisdom saved him from injuring his plant; for she told him that if he interfered too much it would certainly die, and that all it wanted was plenty of air, and light, and water.

Gradually the buds formed, and then the blossoms; and when the whole room was filled with the sweet perfume, the patient watcher gathered a bouquet for his mother, and sang in the gladness of his heart.

Nor did his joy end then. No; for after the blossoms came the seeds; and the seeds fell down into the earth, and after lying there through the long winter months, when the warm spring came again, they sprang up, and in their turn bore leaves and buds and blossoms, and cheered many a one besides the sick boy who planted the original seed, whence all the others sprang.

And what that mother did for her sick child, will not your God do for you? Will He not bring even to your sick-room some heart prepared by the power of the Holy Spirit for the reception of the seed? Oh! sow it then; sow it in weakness, it may be, but in faith; and water it with tears—with earnest, trustful prayer—prayer that will take no denial, but yet that can wait God's own time for the answer. Only take care that you do not sow tares; not the wisdom of this world; not 'a beautiful idea;' but 'good seed'—the seed of 'the word of God' (Luke viii. 11), or, as it is called elsewhere, 'precious seed' (Ps. cxxvi. 6).

There is one very dear to you—one for whose soul you long with an intensity no words could describe; but you know not how to win it. He may be one who possibly would not bear many words. Never mind—pray and watch. Pray that the Lord may open his heart as He did that of Lydia of old (Acts xvi. 14), and then watch for the opportunity. Watch, and do not let it pass; watch, for you may never have another; watch, for God may be saying that '*now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation' (2 Cor. vi. 2); watch, and sow the precious seed in his heart. That done, water it with your tears, and cry unto the Lord of the harvest that it may take root, and by and by spring up and bear fruit.

But do not be in too great a hurry. Re-

ember that in the parable of the sower, the
ed that sprang up 'immediately,' soon withered
ıd died (Mark iv. 5, 6). The seed cast into
ıe earth lives and grows before it appears above
ıe soil. Do not forget that the husbandman
ho waiteth 'for the precious fruit of the earth
ıth long patience for it, until it receive the
ırly and the latter rain' (James v. 7). Will
ɔu not follow his example, staying your anxious
ıart on the words of Him who 'cannot lie'
Titus i. 2), and who has said, 'They that sow
tears *shall* reap in joy,' or, as it is in the
argin, 'shall reap in singing?'

I once heard of a little boy who spent most of
s early life with an aged and invalid aunt,
ho loved him dearly. All her own children
ere much older than he was; so he was less like
nephew to her than the child of her old age.
ıt it did not satisfy her that he should be *her*
ild; she longed that he should be also a child
God. Day by day she talked to him of Jesus,
ıd sowed in his young heart the 'precious seed
the word.' We may be very sure that it was
ten watered with her tears, as, day after day,
e looked, and longed, and prayed that it might
ring up, and there still was no sign of the fair
een leaves,—no sign even, so far as she could
e, that the seed had taken root. And so it
as when she died. But the boy grew up, and
ent to India; and there, far away from all the
ıtward means of grace, where there was not
y godly pastor or Christian friend to sow the
ed in his heart, there, and then, the seed sown
many years before by his aunt, sprang up and
re fruit unto life eternal.

But, do you say, though his aunt sowed the
ed, yet she did not reap in joy?

No, not yet; but sooner shall heaven and
rth pass away, than one promise of our God
main unfulfilled. Ere long the Lord Jesus
all say to his church, 'The time of the sing-
g is come' (Song ii. 12); and then that faith-
l aunt, together with all others who have sown
tears, 'shall *doubtless* (without fail) come again
ith rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them'
's. cxxvi. 6).

Sow then the good seed, wherever and when-
er you have the opportunity. Sow it with
ars of earnestness; and be not perplexed or
oubled although it may be long before it
rings up. Your reward is certain; for it is
ritten, 'In due season' (or, as the Germans
anslate it, 'in *God's* season'), 'ye *shall* reap, if
e faint not' (Gal. vi. 9). And on that blessed
arvest day, the joyful reapers, remembering
hat though a Paul may plant, and an Apollos
ater, yet that it is God who giveth the increase
1 Cor. iii. 6), shall sing aloud, as the wheat is
athered into his barn (Matt. xiii. 30): 'Not
nto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto *thy*
ame give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy
ruth's sake' (Ps. cxv. 1).

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

How sadly, and how strangely often with some Christians, doubts and fears as to their state before God return! You yourself, for instance, are so often troubled with them, that most of your time you have only a kind of faint, vague hope that your sins are forgiven, and a desire, rather than an assurance, that you have a right to call Jesus your Saviour.

Surely this is not the way in which that God who '*delighteth* in mercy' (Micah vii. 18) wishes or intends his children to pass through life. Is it not this very thing that brings religion into disrepute, and causes its enemies to say, 'The most gloomy and melancholy people in the world are Christians; we do not wish to be gloomy and melancholy, therefore we will not be religious?' It grieves you to hear this, and you say, 'I am very sorry; but I cannot help it. I do continually try to pray; but God does not seem to hear me.' But why, instead of *trying* to pray, do you not pray? 'I suppose I have not faith,' you answer. Do you mean by this that you ask God to remove your doubts and fears, and yet at the same time do not expect that He will answer you? If this be so, He *could* not answer you, because He has said, 'Without faith it is impossible to please God; *for* he that cometh (that is, cometh in prayer to ask for anything) to God, must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him' (Heb. xi. 6). And I think you will acknowledge that although you do believe that 'God is,' yet that you do not believe in your heart that 'He is a rewarder of them (yourself included) that diligently seek Him.' And, if I am not much mistaken, this weight of unbelief prevents, and most naturally prevents, your 'diligently' seeking that your doubts and fears may be removed, for I do not think that any one could seek diligently for anything, unless they were encouraged by a good hope of success.

Diligence implies a great deal. We get a good idea of its meaning from the early verses of the second chapter of Proverbs, where those who are seeking for wisdom are told that if they seek her as silver, and search for her as for hid treasure, that *then* they shall understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. Such is, indeed, diligent seeking; and I cannot believe that any one ever sought *thus*, 'that it might be with them as in months past' (Job xxix. 2), without soon being able to add, 'Verily God *hath* heard me, He *hath* attended to the voice of my prayer' (Ps. lxvi. 19).

Suppose you leave off your so-called prayers, seeing that they are really not prayers at all, and turning to the only infallible guide (the word of God), seek for wisdom there. And, oh! may God the Holy Spirit, whose especial office it is to comfort his troubled people, and lead them into all truth (John xvi. 13), give us light to see the cause of your doubts and fears, and how they may be removed.

We have already found that 'without faith it is impossible to please God' (Heb. xi. 6). And in the first verse of the same chapter we shall find what faith is: 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;' and surely this definition is not difficult to understand. 'How did you enjoy your holiday?' says a father to his little boy. 'It was just delight-

ful,' answered the child. 'I think it was as good as two; for almost all the day before yesterday I was thinking about it, and how delightful the croquet would be, and our dinner in the wood, and then all the games in the evening! Then yesterday I had the holiday itself, and all the fun; so that I really hardly know which day was the happiest. I am so glad,' he added, 'that you always tell me about the treats you are going to give me; for then I can enjoy them twice over.' Now, did not that little boy know something of faith being 'the substance of things hoped for?' When it is said to be 'the evidence of things not seen,' it means exactly what we do when we believe that there is such a place as China or New Zealand; we have confidence in the truth of such and such a person who tells us, either in person, or by a letter, or book, that they have been there, and that the houses are built in such a manner, and that the inhabitants have such a custom, etc. etc. Much that relates to the salvation of our souls must be believed on the word of another, if believed at all. But, oh! thank God, we are not asked to believe it on the word of fallible man, but on the word of Him who 'cannot lie' (Tit. i. 2), even of Him who is emphatically the 'faithful and true Witness' (Rev. iii. 14).

Now, having found out what faith is, we must find out how it is to be obtained. 'By prayer, of course,' you say. Ah! this is the mistake that is so often made. True, when you have faith—faith that even tremblingly believes that God is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, you must, indeed, pray that that faith may be increased and strengthened. But until you have some degree of faith, prayer is useless, or rather it is impossible—real prayer, of course, I mean. For it is quite easy to say prayers, but this is not praying; for, as we saw just now, 'he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him;' and as you do not, now that you are encompassed with doubts and fears, realize the truth of the second clause of the verse, it is quite evident that you cannot pray in faith, and therefore evident that such efforts to pray are not the way to get faith.

How, then, is it to be obtained? Let us find what God himself says about it, and then we shall not fail to find the truth. Let us turn to Romans x. 13, where we find this wonderful promise, 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' But what a long list of difficulties appear to be put in the way of receiving the promise! First, 'How shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed?' Here is the very same difficulty that met us in the eleventh of Hebrews. Then comes another, 'How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?' Then another, 'How shall they hear without a preacher?' and yet again, 'How shall they preach except they be sent?' How, indeed? How shall they who have not been sent by God himself—by the call of the Holy Spirit—'preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things?' How can any teach others that which they have not first learned themselves? 'So then,' adds the apo 'faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by word of God.'

Yes, the climax is the *word of God*. And must remember that, highly as our God hon and blesses the preaching of the gospel no is not, as it was in the days of the apostle, almost exclusive way in which men could le the glad tidings of salvation. At that time t were not any printed books, and written c were so rare and so expensive, that thousand the days of St. Paul had never read a word the gospels, while to others the possession of e one single book was counted to be a trea worth more than its weight in gold. Now, h ever, an entire Bible may be obtained for a pence; so that even if we are debarred by c ward circumstances from the privilege of hea the word of God preached, we can read it ourselves; and therefore the way in which f may be obtained is open to you as well, nay, better, than it was to the Romans to whom Paul wrote, 'Faith cometh by hearing, hearing *by the word of God*.'

You have that word in your hand, and not only believe that 'God *is*,' but also He is a 'God of truth' (Deut. xxxii. 4). then, the promise we have before alluded to r be true, seeing that He made it, 'Whoso shall call upon the name of the Lord shal saved.' Do not these words exactly meet difficulty? I believe you to be a child of notwithstanding your doubts, which, I am s have arisen from your not having, through s cient use of the word of God, 'had your se exercised to discern both good and evil' (v. 14), and therefore you have thought that t doubts may have been God's voice of warn speaking through your conscience to tell you you are not his child; whereas I think that have been Satan's voice speaking to your h to keep you from that blessed heritage of and peace in believing' (Rom. xv. 13), whi is God's desire that every one of his chil should possess. But even if I am mistaken, if all your past experience of the joy of belie that the Lord Jesus loved you, and gave hi for you (Gal. ii. 20), was a delusion, even would not exclude you from the promise. T is not one human being, whoever and what he may have been, standing outside the rea that 'whosoever,' who is willing to call God. You are willing, nay longing, to call Him for salvation; but, oh! you are not ha willing to ask for it as He is to give it. 'loved you with an everlasting love' (Jer. 3). He chose you before the foundation of world (Eph. i. 4); and having 'loved you the beginning, He will love you unto the (John xiii. 1). Hide these precious words down in your heart, and then turn to vi. 37: 'Him that cometh unto me I will i wise cast out.' Look at Isaiah i. 18: 'Th your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as whi snow; though they be red like crimson, shall be as wool;' and now at 1 John i. 8: ' blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us all sin.' Once I begin this blessed subject I l

how to stop; but I will only add one promise re: 'God so loved the world that He gave his y-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth on n should not perish, but have everlasting life' hn iii. 16).

Tou *do* believe now. You do believe that God t his Son to die for you, and that that Son l. It is written, 'Greater love hath no man n this, that a man lay down his life for his nds' (John xv. 13). Yes, it is true that ater love hath no *man;* but, oh! well it is us, greater love *hath* God; 'for while we were sinners (that is, *enemies*), Christ died for us' m. v. 8).

low, have you not reached the second point aith, if I may so call it? Even amidst your t gloomy doubts you believed that God ted, and you now believe that 'He is a reder of them that diligently seek Him.' But it! does the word 'diligently' frighten you, appear to bring you back to your own works in? A little child cannot find her mother, she wants her greatly; off she sets to seek her, upstairs and down-stairs, in every room looks for her, crying out all the time, 'Oh! ther, mother, where are you? I do want you ery much!' 'Just wait a little, Miss Mary,' s the nurse; 'you will tire yourself if you about so much. Sit down, and wait a little, you will be sure to find the mistress soon.' h, but nurse, I have not seen her for so long, I cannot be happy without her, and if I find I shall not mind being tired!' Away she ran he arbour in the garden, and there she found mother sitting reading; with one bound she ng on her knee, and throwing her arms id her neck, exclaimed, 'Oh! mother, I am ppy.'

id not that little child seek her mother diligently? 'I think she sought her lovingly,' you say; 'but that is not my idea of the word "diligently;" I always thought it meant being desperately busy.'

Let us find out what Archbishop Trench says about it in his valuable little book on *The Study of Words*. In page 201 we read as follows: 'What a lesson the word "diligent" contains! How profitable it is for every one to be reminded, as we are reminded when we make ourselves aware of its derivation from the word "*diligo*," "to love," that the only secret of true industry in our work is *love of that work*.' Was not love the secret of that little child's diligence in seeking for her mother? St. Paul says that it was 'the love of Christ which constrained him,' or, as it might be rendered, 'bore him down as a torrent, carrying all before it' (2 Cor. v. 14). And shall not that same love constrain you, sweeping away, as with a torrent, every doubt and every fear, to say of the blessed Saviour, 'who loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*' (Gal. ii. 20); and again, with the disciple of old, 'My Lord and my God?' (John xx. 28.)

I shall only quote one more invitation, the last in the whole Bible: 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely' (Rev. xxii. 17).

You have obeyed the invitation of the Spirit and the bride, and have yourself come to Jesus. But surely you will not, you cannot come alone; but rather, having first come yourself and drunk of the water of life, you will delight in obeying the command contained in the conclusion of the verse, and saying to those around you, '*Come*, let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

CHAFED and worn with worldly care,
Sweetly, Lord, my heart prepare;
Bid this inward tempest cease;
Jesus, come, and whisper peace!
Hush the whirlwind of my will,
With thyself my spirit fill;
End in calm this busy week,
Let the Sabbath gently break!

Sever, Lord, these earthly ties;
Fain my soul to Thee would rise.
Disentangle me from time,
Lift me to a purer clime.
Let me cast away my load,
Let me now draw nigh to God.
Gently, loving Jesus, speak;
End in calm this busy week.

Draw the curtain of repose
While my weary eyelids close;
Steal my spirit while I rest,
Give me dreamings pure and blest!
Raise me with a cheerful heart;
Holy Ghost, thyself impart;
Then the Sabbath-day will be
Heaven brought down to earth and me.

—*Anon.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ACTS II. 36–38.

THIS is part of the *first* sermon preached under the Christian dispensation. It was preached by Peter, who, some seven weeks before, had thrice denied the Lord; not by John, the beloved disciple. It was preached in Jerusalem, not far from the spot where the Lord was crucified. It was preached to those who had slain Him. It was preached immediately after a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit, and by one full of the Spirit. It is strangely calm and unimpassioned; no exaggerated description, no strong language, no sensation. It is a simple narrative about Jesus. He who spoke it manifestly trusted to some power beyond his own to give effect to it; to something in the simple facts themselves to work the end desired. He spoke as a witness and a reprover, not as an orator or a logician. Yet, as for its simplicity, so for its effects, it is one of the most marvellous sermons ever preached. A child could understand it; yet three thousand men were overwhelmed by it. It is a true specimen of preaching or speaking in the Holy Ghost. Such should our preaching be. This would keep us 'abreast of the age;' this would meet the infidel, and confound him; this would be better than eloquence, or science, or the enticing words of man's wisdom. This would do the work of God. It would not merely improve, or elevate, or refine; it would SAVE. And then all these other things would follow. The 'breath of society' would be truly 'sweetened.' The ruggednesses of earth would be smoothed. Such is God's plan for the 'elevation of the masses.' Such is the way in which He preserves the world from corruption,—by creating this divine *salt* in it, through the almighty energy of the Holy Ghost. God *elevates* by *saving*. He *refines* by *regenerating*. Let us ever keep his plan in mind; nor be led away into devices of our own, as if in despair, or as if the gospel had failed.

The three verses which we have read bring before us—(1) The crucified One; (2) The crucifiers; (3) The connection between the latter and the former both for evil and good.

I. *The crucified One.*—Let us note concerning this—

(1.) *Who He was.*—'That same Jesus;' yes, Jesus of Nazareth; He who was born at Bethlehem; who went about doing and speaking only good.

(2.) *What was done to Him.*—He was betrayed, tried, condemned, crucified, slain. All hatred was displayed to Him; all shame poured upon Him; the vilest and most terrible of deaths was inflicted on Him.

(3.) *By whom was this done?*—By 'his own;' by 'Israel,' the house of Israel—the Jews of Jerusalem. Not by Romans or Gentiles, but Jews,—by them who ought to have been foremost to welcome Him.

(4.) *What God has made Him.*—'Both Lord and Christ.' The stone which the builders rejected has been made the head of the corner. 'Both Lord and Christ!' All that the prophets predicted concerning the Seed of the woman; all that Israel was expecting; all that could be con of power, and dignity, and authority, and excellency, in these two names, a God to this same Jesus. Whatever ma of Him, God's thoughts of Him are of kind. Whatever Israel may do to Hi hatred and contempt, God treats Him worthy of all honour in earth and hea

II. *The crucifiers.*—They were, as w 'the house of Israel;' but this is not which I ask your attention here. They of an awful crime. They had deliber to crucify—

(1.) *An innocent man.*—One who ha thing amiss; One against whom no substantiated; One whom their own have acquitted of having done anythin death.

(2.) *A good man.*—A bad man may b of certain charges, quite innocent; b was more. He was righteous, and H He had said and done nothing but wh all his life. His had been a life of pu love.

(3.) *A prophet.*—One of their own confessed Him as a teacher sent fron his whole life proclaimed Him a pro in word and deed than any of their an

(4.) *The Lord of glory.*—The Son of truest sense of the expression; Son of t equal with God; truly divine.

(5.) *Their own Messiah.*—The very (their prophets predicted; whom the fathers had been expecting; their Kin

They were thus not merely murde ordinary ones,—criminals, in the highe est sense; their hands red with innoc the blood of their own Messiah—the bl

III. *The connection between the Cruc crucifiers for evil and for good.*

(1.) *For evil.*—For condemnation. that they felt so awfully when the stated the simple facts. (1) They wer their hearts; (2) They cried out, Wh do? A full sense of their awful crimin through them. They were murderers murderers the world ever saw; the m Him who is Lord and Christ. Then, demnation, infinite condemnation, was t had, perhaps, not been those who act Him to the tree; but they had concu deed. They were guilty of his blood, not seek to deny it. So is every sinner in this infinite murder. This is God's ch us: 'Ye slew my Son.'

(2.) *For good.*—This connection for be disannulled, and a new one forme portunity was to be given for disav deed; and that disavowal was not onl nect them with all the evil they had i was to connect them with all the good siah came to bring. They would then by God as if they had welcomed Hi first. Not only would they receive r sins, but also the gift of the Holy Ghos in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou sha Believe in Him, and thou shalt receive and, with Him, all present and eternal

THE WILDERNESS AND THE REST.*

SONG OF SOLOMON VI. 10–13.

THE great object of this Song is, as I have before observed, to mark the place (or rather that which *should* be the place) of the church, in the midst of the earth's present dark-, whilst her Lord is absent, and herself a rim. The proud city of man, and the rdians thereof, had no knowledge of her o ventured without the gate, trusting to the dance of a voice that they knew not. If they ught of her at all, they thought of her only despise. They understood neither her sorrows r her joys. Her comeliness—that is to say, r comeliness in the eyes of her heavenly Lord vas in their sight 'blackness.' What honour, the estimate of the keepers of man's city, uld attach to one whose blackened visage was rched by the sun and beaten by the storm; ose home and occupation was at the sheepfold, in the vineyards, or in the distant valley, re flowers and fruits of heavenly preciousness hat bloom or ripen, but where nothing was ad that was great, or elevated, or ennobling the estimate of those who desired rather to n as kings than to go without the camp ring the reproach of truth? Yet *that* was only place in which she, whose joys and ows are the subjects of this 'Song,' could l communion with her Lord. *There* she could ice in Him, and He in her; but if from that e she wandered, she found not peace, not piness, but chastisement and sorrow.

But although this 'Song' belongs to this pre- t night of suffering, and not to that future ar when truth shall prosper and be exalted, there are in it, interspersed here and there, ny allusions to that coming morning of bright- s, when 'the day shall break, and the shadows e away.' Of this the passage before us is an ample.

The words, 'Who is she that *looketh forth* as e morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, d terrible as an army with banners?' are rds incapable of being applied to the church ring the present period of its humiliation. e words, 'looketh forth,' imply manifesta- n; and to the church, in the present dispensa- n, no *such* manifestation pertains. Whatever the church, or any in it, may be in the eyes of Christ, or in the estimate of faith, the time for the declaration of their excellency and preciousness is not yet come. 'The world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not.' But the moment the day of the coming dispensation dawns, and converted Israel becomes God's witness in the earth, the scene changes. The day of truth's honour will have come, and Israel, as being truth's witness, will of necessity share its exaltation and triumph. 'For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory: and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God' (Isa. lxii. 1-3). Blessed words, which shall be fulfilled in their season. But they belong not to the present condition of the servants of truth. To them a far different path has been appointed. It was never intended that *they* should reign as kings. On the contrary, they were set forth by God as persons appointed to death,—who were to be, for Christ's sake, 'despised,' 'reviled,' 'persecuted,' 'defamed,' 'made as the filth of the world and the off-scouring of all things' (1 Cor. iv. 9, etc.). Such was the path trodden by the apostles. It was no self-chosen course. Their sufferings were not earned by haughtiness, or self-will, or fanatical peculiarities. They resulted from simple, straightforward, humble adherence to Christ and to his truth; and therefore their sufferings were blessed. But with the apostles, we may almost say that *such* sufferings ceased. St. Paul intimated that it would be so, when he said, 'I think that God hath set forth us the apostles *last*, as persons appointed to death.' St. Paul marked with sorrow the disposition that prevailed in those around him, to reign rather than to suffer; to be *within* rather than *without* the camp. Throughout the last eighteen hundred years, few have even desired the place which the pilgrim-stranger in this Song is described as holding. They have sought after the throne far more than 'the valley;' influence has been purchased by the sacrifice of truth;

* From Mr. B. W. Newton's 'Occasional Papers.' 3.—8.

and the practical power of Christianity has in proportion waned.

Yet, however Christ would have rejoiced in seeing his people treading patiently the path of holy separation, it is not, and cannot be, pleasing in his sight that falsehood and iniquity should prevail, or that his people should be despised, and his truth rejected. His wisdom and grace may cause Him for a season to acquiesce in this; but it is his purpose finally that righteousness and truth, and the servants thereof, should flourish in the earth, and triumph. Even then, if his church throughout this dispensation had kept her proper place of faithful separateness, He still would have looked forward to and welcomed the approach of that hour, when the place of suffering will be exchanged for one of honour, and when she who is appointed to be his new witness in the earth shall 'look forth in brightness, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'

But, seeing that the people of God have greatly failed in keeping their proper place of separateness, and have become weak in the day of conflict, we find in this an added reason why the coming day of Israel's return unto the Lord should be looked forward to as a relief against the oppressive sense of the earth's present fruitlessness. Fruitfulness, if found anywhere, would be found in 'the valley;' the place, that is, of retired humble separateness, where alone fruits ripen meet for the Lord—where alone 'the vines flourish and the pomegranates bud.' Such 'valleys' cannot be found everywhere; nor can we create them for ourselves when and where we please. Many, indeed, have sought to do this. We love to choose for ourselves the spots we cultivate, and to determine for ourselves the character and limits of our separation. But 'the valley' of true fruitfulness cannot thus be gained. It is a place unto which the wisdom, and truth, and Spirit of Christ can alone guide. In seeking it, the understanding and conscience must be exercised as well as the heart. There must be ability to discern truth, and grace to follow it when discerned, otherwise the true 'valley' of blessing, at the foot of the mountains of Bether (separation), will not be reached. It would be too much to say that it has been reached by *none;* for it is spoken of as a place not unknown to her whose history is set before us in this 'Song.' Yet her companions were few. She is evidently spoken of as one singularly isolated and alone. Few accompanied her to 'the valley;' few joined her in watching over the vines and pomegranates that were there; and the consequence was paucity of fruit. I do not, indeed, say that this paucity was caused solely by the fewness of those that shared her labours. There might also have been languor in her own discouraged hand; or the blighting noxious influences of earth might have been permitted to destroy. All these causes may have concurrently operated to produce the result plainly indicated in the words that follow: 'I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded. Or ever I was aware' (*i.e.* suddenly), 'my soul set me on the chariots of my willing people.' The Lord visited the valley. He does not, indeed, say that He found *no* fruit; but evidently He found not that which satisfied his desires, and therefore his heart turned to the future: 'Suddenly my soul set me on the chariots of my willing people.' His soul looked onward to the day of Israel's strength, when they shall be willing in the day of his power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning,—the first birth, that is, of the millennial day, when they 'shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit.'

And can *we* (feeble and limited as our apprehensions are), can even *we* contemplate the present condition of Christianity, and not feel a certain comfort and relief in turning from it to that future hour when truth shall no longer be successfully resisted by its enemies, or find its interests betrayed by the weakness and unfaithfulness of its friends? The history of Christendom throughout, from the day the apostles died on to the present hour, has been a sorrowful and evil history. The professing Gentile church has not continued in God's goodness, and therefore, like a diseased and cankered branch, it is to be cut off from the olive-tree of blessing. The reaction against the ritualistic abominations of Christendom that took place at the time of the Reformation, was an intervention of God's goodness, for which his true people praise Him, and will praise Him for ever and ever; yet Protestantism, even in the days of its early vigour, was content to spare not a few of the fetters which ritualism and superstition had forged, and was tempted to forge other bonds, which have fatally bound those who wear them to the thrones and potentates of earth, and not unfrequently made the true saints of God like so many Jehoshaphats following in the train of Ahab. There is, indeed, still some true Protestantism, and we thank God for it; but for the most part the Protestantism of the present hour is nominal merely. Some so-called Protestants, deceiving and deceived, are rushing back to the vile idolatries and superstitions of Rome; others are plunging into the black darkness of Neologian infidelity; whilst another part look calmly on with Gallio-like indifference, careless about everything save that which bears upon their interests

in earth,—being worshippers of 'human-progress,' and not unfrequently of mammon.

At various periods in the history of Protestantism, attempts have been made by many to emancipate themselves from restraints that have borne injuriously on their consciences; nor have such efforts been unprospered when the word of God has been really adhered to as the guide. Liberty is precious; but true holy liberty can only be gained by close subjection to the *revealed* will of God, as declared in Holy Scripture.

None but the servants of truth are really free. If not cleaving to the truth, we are sure to be in servitude to some form of delusive error that human selfishness, under Satan, has constructed for the advancement of its own ends; and thus man, not God, will be our master. The present is a moment of great activity among many Christians who have set themselves free, as they say, from the restraint of human systems, that they may serve the Lord with unfettered hand. But what is more dangerous than a hand that has struck off former fetters, but refuses to submit itself to the restraining guidance of truth? Nor is subjection to truth the work of a moment. It is not easy for such as we, with all our ignorance and all our prejudices, to read and interpret the word of God with calm sobriety of mind; nor is it easy, in such a day as this, to cleave to the faith once delivered to the saints. It is far easier to talk smooth things about love, 'large-heartedness,' and the like, and to join in the prevailing cry against creeds, and confessions, and 'old orthodox theology,' and all 'stereotyped' form of doctrine,—as if the Holy Spirit disowned precision, and clearness, and fixedness, and delighted in vagueness, mystification, and change. The apostle thought otherwise when he said, 'We use great plainness of speech;' and when he exhorted Timothy to remember 'the form of sound words,' and to keep, through the Holy Ghost, that precious deposit of truth which had been committed to him. Order, surely, and not confusion, should characterize the assemblies and arrangements of God's people; but this cannot be unless the word of God be rigorously applied as the test of all doctrine and all practice, and unless teachers qualified by God's own Spirit be recognised as the appointed means by which his people are to be fed with the food that is needful to their growth. If such teachers, sent of God, be not sought after and owned; if all the Lord's people are supposed to be occasionally, if not abidingly, 'prophets;' if circumstances connected with wealth, birth, or worldly standing, are deemed to give fitness for control, or presidency, or prominence in the church of God,—what then can be expected except confusion, error, and finally, heretical departure from the faith? In Cromwell's camp it was said that there were none to be taught, because all were teachers. 'It was said of Athens that you might walk through her streets, and more readily find gods than men; it might be said of the latter years of the Commonwealth that there were almost as many sects as worshippers.' This description is true; and we well know the terribleness of the reaction that followed. An hour of liberty after bondage is the very time when the closest guidance of God's truth is needed; and *that* cannot be received by his people collectively except through his word, unfolded by persons whom He has, by his Spirit, qualified. If the saints of God individually were instructed in Holy Scripture, and loved it, they would soon be able to discern who were, and who were not, fitted to be guides. They would be able to discern the ruin of the walls of truth, and might be perhaps privileged to aid in their restoration. But, in default of such knowledge, their condition must be as that of the blind or the deaf, whose wisdom, while they so continue, is to be quiet and sit still. Nehemiah welcomed the co-operation of all who were *able* to labour with him for the restoration of the walls of Jerusalem. But a necessary qualification in those who so laboured was, that they should be capable of distinguishing between 'rubbish' and 'stones;' or, at any rate, that they should be willing to submit to the guidance of those who were able to make the needed distinction. Of this we may be very sure, that truth alone can guide to the true 'valley' of separation, or give vigour and fruitfulness to that which is planted there.

(*To be continued.*)

WILLIAM FAREL,

THE SWISS REFORMER.

CHAPTER III.

DRIVEN out of France, Farel sought shelter in Switzerland. Escaping for his life, he travelled by night, taking the most unfrequented paths, lurking in woods, often afraid to ask a morsel of bread, or inquire his way at a cottage door or from the passing traveller, lest he should betray himself to some emissary of the Sorbonne. Referring to these wanderings at a later period, he said, 'It was God's will, by such helplessness, to teach me how helpless I am in greater things.' When he arrived at Bâle, in the beginning of 1524, Farel found his friend and countryman, Anemond de Coct, who had resided there for some time. A French church, composed chiefly of those who had fled from France to escape death, was already formed at Bâle. Among its members were Toussaint, and other refugees from Meaux and Metz, from whom the Swiss had heard of Farel's labours, and now gladly gave him the right hand of fellowship. He became the honoured guest of its pastor, Œcolampadius, while a merchant in the city supplied him with books and whatever else he needed.

The gentle Œcolampadius and impetuous Farel, like Luther and Melancthon, were soon united in the closest bonds of love. Just then Œcolampadius was suffering from deep depression of spirit. 'Alas!' he wrote to Zwingle, then at Zurich, 'it is in vain I preach; I see no hope of any effect being produced. Perhaps among the Turks I might succeed better; but,' he added, 'I ascribe the failure to myself alone.' The arrival of Farel was help in the hour of need. Like St. Paul, who was 'glad of the coming of Stephanas,' Œcolampadius was cheered by the courage the hearty zeal of Farel communicated, and his weary spirit revived. 'Dear Farel,' he exclaimed, 'I trust the Lord will make ours a friendship for eternity; and if we are parted below, our joy will only be the greater when we are gathered in the presence of Christ in the heavens.'

Erasmus was then at Bâle. All Europe paid him homage; but with the great philosopher Farel felt no sympathy. A controversy had just arisen between him and Lefèvre. Farel stood by his old tutor, and publicly declared that Erasmus was trying to overturn the gospel. Greatly exasperated against the independent young Frenchman, Erasmus denounced him as 'a seditious spirit; his heart full of vanity, and his tongue charged with malice.' All the French refugees came under similar condemnation. Accustomed to respect, and even flattery, from the great men around him, Erasmus could not pardon the cold indifference with which the reformed party treated him. 'What mean we,' he wrote to Melancthon, 'to reject pontiffs and bishops, only to submit to the insolence of more cruel tyrants and madmen? for such it is that France has given us.' 'They are even more insane than the Germans themselves,' he wrote to the Pope's secretary, when sending him his book on Free Will. 'They have ever on their lips these five words—Gospel, Word of God, Faith, Christ, Holy Spirit; and yet, I doubt not, they are led on by the spirit of Satan himself.'

The gospel had many friends at Bâle; but, on the other hand, the members of the university, encouraged by Rome, were intent upon subverting it by a public discussion. They failed. Œcolampadius and Stoer, pastor of Listal, refuted all their arguments. Encouraged by this success, Farel begged for a similar discussion, at which he might assert the sufficiency of the word of God. The university refused permission, but the council granted it; then the university forbade the attendance of priests and students, upon which the council gave them liberty to be present if they pleased.

Erasmus was present. Faith in Christ as the beginning and end of Christianity, and the word of Christ, and not that of the church, as that to which we must adhere, were the two leading points of doctrine maintained by Farel and Œcolampadius, who afterwards called upon their opponents to come forward and refute them. 'Not boldly,' says Œcolampadius, 'but from their skulking corners, the sophists denied what we had stated, and thus brought upon themselves the contempt of the people.' 'He is singly more than a match for all the Sorbonne,' exclaimed the Reformer's friends as they listened to the learning displayed by their champion.

Œcolampadius, though emphatically a son of peace, was full of admiration at the noble courage which characterized Farel. Writing of him to Luther, he said, 'Some there are who would moderate his zeal against the opposers of the truth; but I cannot help discerning in that same zeal a wonderful virtue which, if but well directed, is not less needed than gentleness itself.'

There is no doubt, however, that Farel's zeal often led him to use intemperate language, which his friends could not justify. Œcolampadius, too, though clothed with humility, was sometimes betrayed into hastiness and warmth of temper. To correct these evils the two friends entered into an agreement to cultivate a spirit of meekness and humility in their intercourse with each other, remembering that 'he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.'

In May 1524, Farel, with some friends from Lyons, visited Schaffhausen, Zurich, and Constance. At Zurich he met Zwingle and Myconius, whose brotherly love he never forgot. Scarcely had he returned to Bâle when he received an order to leave the city, as 'his removal was needful to prevent disturbance among the people.' The grief of his friends was great, particularly that of Œcolampadius. 'Such is our hospi-

' he exclaimed; 'we are a people like unto
.'
el left Bâle, accompanied by his friend the
, D'Esch. As they intended to travel by
urg as far as Wittemburg, they were pro-
by Œcolampadius with letters for Capito
uther, to whom Farel was introduced as
same William who has laboured so abun-
' in the work of God.' If Farel reached
mburg, his stay there must have been very
there is no mention of his having done so,
e soon hear of him at Strasburg, where he
l a close and lasting friendship with Bucer
apito.
en God removed Farel from Meaux, it was
lay him aside, but rather to prepare him
rther work. Before he visited Bâle he had
ıtered on the ministry of the word, think-
imself unworthy of so high and holy a
; but, strongly urged by Œcolampadius,
uples were overcome, and he waited to see
at part of the vineyard his Master would
m to labour as an ordained minister of the
. In obedience to a call which he felt to
m God, he now became pastor of Mont-
l. Œcolampadius ordained him, and gave
is advice: 'The more you find yourself in-
to vehemence, the more you must exercise
lf to maintain a gentle bearing: temper
ion heart with the softness of the dove.'
July he began his ministry at Montbeliard.
uke treated him kindly, and the people
listened to the Scriptures. With joy
wrote to tell the good news to his friends
e, and Œcolampadius congratulated him,
, 'I rejoice to hear that the cause of Christ
ces so much by your means. I pray that
o plants by your hand may also water and
t his vineyard, both from the mischief of
ttle foxes and the devastation of the *wild*
Be it your desire to become the parent of
spiritual children, who shall be not so much
ng as *good*, that is *truly* learned—*taught of*
It is easy to instil notions into the minds
hearers; but to change the heart is a divine
Above all things, therefore, it is neces-
o pray for the Holy Spirit, and, by im-
g one talent, gain another. But in order
s there will be need of gentleness, patience,
y, and, above all, faith. Prudence also
e requisite,—not carnal prudence, but that
wisdom *which descendeth from above*, and
teaches us, after the example of Christ, to
ourselves to all our hearers. But why
d I admonish you who have the Spirit of
or your monitor, and follow his guidance?
e need rather to bewail myself, who for so
time together *speak into the air*. Pray to
Lord that He suffer not his word to be
ed through my inertness or sinfulness. My
hold salute you.' Then after mentioning
of his employments, Œcolampadius adds,
y the Lord that I may not toil all the night
ake nothing. Farewell in Christ.'
position soon put Farel's faith to the test.
oct, the bearer of the above letter, found
beliard all in commotion; the nobles were
ly inquiring, 'What can this poor wretch
want among us? Would that he had never
come!'

Erasmus was the cause of all this tumult. He had written to inform his friends that a Frenchman, escaped out of France, was making a great noise at Montbeliard, that 'the faction was every day spreading, and had penetrated into Savoy, Lorraine, and France.' One Sunday, while Farel was preaching, he was suddenly interrupted by the guardian of the Franciscans, who called him a heretic and a liar, and denounced his doctrines as 'unchristian.' The duke took his part so far as to protect him against open violence.

Farel's zeal was rather increased by this opposition, and believing that the chief offenders were to be found among the clergy, he attacked them with great vehemence, and, forgetting the advice of Œcolampadius to endeavour 'first to banish Antichrist from the hearts of his hearers,' he began to preach against the Mass. When intelligence of these disturbances reached Œcolampadius, he inquired 'How it fared with Farel.' The friend to whom he spoke replied that 'his untiring zeal, faithfulness, and activity could not be too highly commended.' 'Ah!' said Œcolampadius; 'but how is it with his meekness?' And, alarmed lest Farel should be hurried by imprudent zeal into some act of indiscretion, he wrote to remind him that 'men may be led, but will not be driven.' 'We must,' he added, 'keep one object in view—to win souls for Christ, and consider how we ourselves should wish to be taught if we were still enveloped in darkness, bound in the fetters of Antichrist. Endeavour,' he continued, 'to exhibit the very image of Christ in your life,—I mean, now especially, by copying Him as Teacher. He was, indeed, severe towards the Pharisees—a race of men deaf to reproof; but He conveyed some things through the medium of lamentation over sinners, some in the way of warning, some in an attractive and even entertaining form; so that scarcely ever was his kindness more apparent than when He was surrounded by malignant and insidious enemies. A word to the wise is sufficient. I know that you would wish to be a skilful surgeon—not a butcher. Farewell in Christ.'

Just at this time the controversy about the Lord's Supper between Luther and Zwingle commenced. Deeply did the French Christians lament this falling out among brethren. Most of them, including Anemond, agreed with Zwingle's views, while some, and among them Francis Lambert, followed Luther. 'Would to God,' said Toussaint, 'that by my worthless blood I could purchase peace, concord, and union in Christ Jesus! Think of the confusion that will arise if these differences are employed to make the world believe that Strasburg has one creed, and Nuremburg another.' Strasburg laboured to make peace, and advised that 'Bucer or some other man of learning should be sent to confer with Luther;' adding, 'the longer we delay, the wider will our differences become.' But the breach was too wide to be healed at that time, and, disheartened, Anemond and his friends turned their thoughts in another direction.

Earnestly desiring that 'France should be so

supplied with gospel writings, that in cottages and palaces, in cloisters and presbyteries, and in the inner sanctuary of all hearts, a powerful witness might be borne for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,' they soon put their desires into practice; they undertook to establish a printing press at Bâle, and translated into French some of the German Reformers' tracts. One of the first published was *Luther's Exposition of the Lord's Prayer*. It soon became popular; but the word of God was the book most eagerly demanded, and widely circulated.

Although much blessing attended Farel's ministry at Montbeliard, the mass of the people continued to worship images; and often, as he witnessed their idolatrous processions, a struggle within, lest he should err by silence on the one hand, or by over zeal on the other, deeply agitated him. While thus harassed, he was one day walking along the banks of a river, when he met a procession headed by two priests, carrying the image of St. Anthony, in honour of whom they repeated prayers as they passed along. Farel's indignation being thoroughly roused, he rushed forwards, snatched the image from the priest who bore it, and threw it into the river, crying out: 'Ye miserable idolaters, cannot ye cease from your idolatries?' In a moment the priests and the people rushed in fury upon him; but fortunately the cry, 'The image is sinking,' diverted their attention, and Farel escaped while they hastened to the rescue of their idol.

Hitherto Farel had not published any book of his own. He now drew up 'A Summary of what a Christian ought to know, in order to trust God, and serve his Neighbour.' The book was much valued, and passed through several editions; some smaller works followed with similar success. His friend Anemond assisted him in all his undertakings—a friend he was soon to lose.

After attacking the priests, and throwing their image into the river, Farel was obliged to leave Montbeliard (1526), and take shelter at Bâle with Œcolampadius. Scarcely had he arrived there, when he heard of the dangerous illness of his friend Anemond. He at once started for Schaffhausen to see him, but was too late. Anemond was gone to God, to whose service he had devoted his life. 'I doubt not,' wrote Myconius to his sorrowing friend, 'that he will receive the reward of his faith, and of the sacrifices he has made for the advancement of the truth. Let us so live, that when our earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, we may arrive where, we trust, Anemond has entered before us.'

Soon after Anemond's death, Farel, feeling that he could no longer remain at Bâle, went to Strasburg, to his friends Bucer and Capito.

Various reasons, besides the tumult at the bridge, led to his leaving Montbeliard; among others, the removal of the duke and his court. But he always felt the deepest interest in that place, in which he first laboured as an ordained minister of the gospel.

CHAPTER IV.

FAREL is now at Strasburg, preaching to a small congregation of his countrymen, who, like himself, had been banished from France on account of their religion. To his great joy, he there met his old friend and tutor, Lefèvre, whom he had not seen for three years. Once more they took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God as friends. 'Do you recollect,' said Farel to Lefèvre, 'your once saying to me, when we were both as yet in darkness, "William, God will renew the world, and you will live to see it?" See here the beginning of what you foretold.' 'Yes,' answered the old man, 'God is renewing the world. Oh, my son, continue to preach boldly the holy gospel of Jesus Christ.'

While Farel and Lefèvre continued 'stedfast in the apostles' doctrine, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers,' it is painful to think of Briçonnet, so lately of their company, but who, terrified by the officers of the Inquisition, had shortly before this recanted.

The first step downwards was taken in 1523, when Briçonnet, on the 12th of April, as we have seen, deprived Farel and Lefèvre of liberty to preach the gospel at Meaux; yet he was justly considered a friend of the Reformation, and, as such, was obnoxious to the court, though he never contemplated a separation from the Church of Rome, but rather expected that Rome would reform herself. Many in those days, who felt the power of the truth put forth by the Reformers, shared in this hope,—a hope never realized.

The battle of Pavia left Francis a prisoner in the hands of the Emperor Charles V., and the Regent, the queen-mother, attributing that calamity to the progress of heresy in France and acknowledging her share in the transgression, in that she had read some reformed tracts, and Luther's translation of the New Testament, was anxious to show her zeal for the Pope; and, notwithstanding her daughter's tears, wrote to learn his wishes regarding the heretics. She also inquired of the Sorbonne, 'By what means the damnable doctrine of Luther could be extirpated?'

It was an humbling thought to the Pontiff, Clement VII., that he had failed to crush the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland, and with joy he hailed the prospect of taking vengeance on his enemy in France, and gave immediate orders for the establishment of the Inquisition, upon which the Regent issued letters-patent requiring obedience to his orders.

On May 20, 1525, the commissioners were named and approved by his Holiness. The question, who should be the first victim of its power, was then discussed. To strike terror into the heart of the Reformed party, it was necessary that the choice should fall upon a man of eminence; and the Count de Montbrun, Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux, the old friend of Louis XII., the guide and spiritual father of Margaret of Valois, received orders to stand his trial. There was abundant evidence to convict him. In 1523, though a witness of the sufferings of Leclerc, he continued with Lefèvre, openly to protest against popish superstitions. It also appeared that he had shielded the teachers of the 'new doctrines' from the fury of their enemies; and that upon one occasion, after a sermon at Meaux, preached

he superior of the Cordeliers against Lutheran rine, Briçonnet, from the same pulpit, denced the Cordeliers as 'impostors, false pots, and hypocrites.' Further still, it was ed that, in 1525, the bishop, attended by èvre, had gone through his diocese, and ordered mages, except the crucifix, to be burnt.

n October 3, 1525, Parliament met and ed an order for the arrest of all those who been informed against, and for the examina- of the bishop, 'touching the things whereof vas accused by the Sorbonne.'

When advocating evangelical doctrines, it as never to have occurred to Briçonnet that night be called to maintain them at the cost is life, and he was not now prepared to se between the scaffold and recantation. at was his terror; in vain he looked to the t for protection. In reply to his earnest eaty for mercy, the regent and the chancel- exhorted him to renounce heresy, and those advocated it.

a silent sorrow Margaret stood by, knowing but unable to help. Anticipating the comstorm, and persuaded that the Reformers ld look to her for shelter, she had written to eat them 'not to run into unnecessary danger.' eving her words to have been suggested by a rd for their safety, Toussaint wrote to Farel, ng, 'God gives her grace to say and to write what is necessary for poor souls.'

a his extremity, Briçonnet implored to be wed to appear in general assembly before iament, an indulgence to which his high rank tled him; but it was denied.

he priests and monks, rejoicing in their mph, and knowing that the recantation of bishop would serve the Papal cause far more a his death, constantly visited him, and urged y possible consideration to induce him to rn to the 'true church.' Among his tempters one Martial Mazurier, who, having himself tatized, longed to rejoice over a brother's

To deny Christ, Briçonnet was not re- ed. No, that proposal would have startled ; he was rather entreated to consider the l which his remaining at court would effect, the evil consequences likely to follow his rture from it to the progress of the Reforma- , which was going on by insensible steps, at court, in the city, and in the provinces. the name of religion, country, and friends ay, even the Reformation itself, consent,' exmed the priests, and left him to deliberate. he snare thus skilfully laid entrapped its im: to listen to the tempter was to yield to power. There was no safety for the bishop in the firm decision of Luther: 'Recant I not—here I stand—may God help me;' but firmness the bishop had not. The cross he called to take up that he might follow Christ too heavy for him. He forgot that 'Christ s the heavy end of every cross He lays upon people;'* and, forgetting this, he fell, and at was the fall.

When the examination was over, the judges declared Briçonnet vindicated from the charges laid against him. Penance was then appointed him; after which he publicly condemned the writings of Luther, retracted all he had said against the worship of images, and gave orders for processions, in which he personally bore a part. The trial over, the Sorbonne permitted the bishop to return to his diocese; but the remaining few years of his life were passed in obscurity, bitter repentance of the past, and vain attempts to clear himself. Notwithstanding this abject submission, this cowardly escape, the Romish party did not place much confidence in Briçonnet; and we cannot but hope that, under so much dross, there yet remained the fine gold of the sanctuary—faith in Christ, who saves to the uttermost; for 'the gifts and calling of God are without repentance.'

Lefèvre came next. His trial was short; Parliament sentenced his works, including his translation of the Scriptures, to be placed in the list of prohibited books; and expecting that this step would be followed by others of a similar character, Lefèvre left Meaux for Strasburg, exclaiming in bitterness of spirit, 'As the dust is shaken off from our feet, so are our persecutors cast off from the presence of the Lord.'

We now return to Farel, whom we left with Lefèvre at Strasburg. He remained in that city fifteen months, during which time he was much tried by dejection of spirit. Writing to Zwingle, he said: 'How deceived and destitute of piety are those who refuse to bear the cross of Christ! We know some, whom every one believed to possess the Spirit of God, who have ended in the flesh, and drawn many along with them into destruction.'

In the midst of these reflections, the Reformer encouraged himself by remembering, that 'he who is truly pious is never utterly cast down by his adversaries.' 'Our persecutors,' he wrote to Zwingle, 'teach us to supplicate with earnest aspirations our Father in heaven, whose wonderful goodness and grace are manifested to his children, in constraining them, by the cross, to pursue their course with circumspection, remembering how precious a treasure they bear in earthen vessels.' This letter greatly cheered Zwingle, who, like Farel, was endeavouring to maintain a holy Christian stedfastness, in the midst of harassing opposition.

In October 1526, Farel left Strasburg for Bâle. Upon arriving there, he found the plague raging violently, which, added to the hostility of the Senate, prevented his appearing much in public. In private he had many consultations with Œcolampadius, the venerated pastor of Bâle, respecting the best means by which to provide faithful pastors for the church.

Leaving Bâle, he proceeded to Neuchatel in the garb of a priest, that he might gain access to preach the gospel; however, he was at once recognised, and obliged to leave the town. He then visited Berne, where the Reformed doctrines had already gained access, through the faithful ministry of Berthold Haller. Aware of Farel's strong desire to advance the kingdom of Christ in those places in which the French language

* Rutherford.

was spoken, Haller advised him to go to Aigle, a small town in the valley of the same name, in the south of Switzerland. He consented; and, under the name of Ursinus, he reached Aigle in the winter of 1526. Willing to make himself of no reputation in order to win souls for Christ, he appeared as a humble schoolmaster, and while teaching his pupils, quietly introduced the gospel.

The people now entrusted to his care had long been neglected. The superior clergy, having the charge of two or more parishes, left their duties to be indifferently performed by their curates, which state of things made the Reformer's task one of great difficulty.

When free from his work as schoolmaster, his recreation was the study of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. At that time, too, he read Zwingle's first publication, addressed to Luther. 'What learning,' he cried, 'does Zwingle display in this work! How he scatters the darkness; with what holy ingenuity he gains over the wise; and what captivating meekness he unites with a forcible erudition! Oh that, by the grace of God, this work may win over Luther, so that the church of Christ, trembling from such violent storms, may at length find peace!'

The subject of this book was the controversy between Luther and Zwingle upon the Lord's Supper. Farel's views of the ordinance agreed with those of the Swiss Reformer.

Shortly after Farel's arrival at Aigle, Œcolampadius wrote, urging him to be firm and prudent, to arm himself with Christian knowledge and apostolic vigour; and for some time we find him chiefly engaged in communicating the truth, without making any open attack upon error. However, when the good effects of his teaching had become apparent, the Senate of Berne granted him permission to preach publicly at Aigle. This was great joy to Farel; and believing that the moment had arrived when he might declare himself and his mission, he exclaimed, 'I am William Farel, minister of the word of God.' He then attacked the doctrine of purgatory and the invocation of saints, and was heard to say, 'As for the Pope, he is nothing, or almost nothing, in these parts.'

The priests and magistrates, horror-struck at finding that they had been harbouring so obnoxious a character, endeavoured to silence him; but the Senate declared that no just ground of complaint had been brought against him, and commanded that he should be permitted to preach without molestation. Thus, in the spring of 1527, in the beautiful valley of Aigle, the reformation of French Switzerland took its rise. It soon encountered severe opposition. 'If that man,' said the ignorant curates, 'continues to preach, it is all over with us and our benefices.' 'The father of lies,' wrote Farel, 'counterworks us through his agents, and daily tempts us to be ashamed of the gospel, and to desert that Sovereign whose kingdom is not of this world; but Christ my King, Lord, and Redeemer, to whose service I have devoted myself, is far more powerful than Satan. Trusting in Him, I shall be prepared to tread my foe under foot, to assail his kingdom, and, rescuing from his tyranny those whom the Father is pleased to draw, brin them to Christ.'

The bailiff and governor of Aigle, instead c supporting Farel, as the minister elected by th Senate of Berne, took part with the priests, i which course they were encouraged by the ex pectation that the Emperor was 'about to de clare war against all innovators, in which hol enterprise he would be assisted by the Archdul Ferdinand.'

As Farel remained unmoved, the bailiff an governor were encouraged to go a step farther and prohibited his giving any kind of instruc tion to the people, either as minister or school master. Then Berne, in great indignation at this 'interdiction of the very learned Farel from the propagation of the divine word,' ordered all the officers of the state to allow him to 'preach publicly the doctrines of the Lord.'

Scarcely had this proclamation been published, when crowds assembled at Aigle, Bex, Olon, and in the Ormonts, and, led by the syndic, hastened to the churches, and tore down the edict, calling out, 'No submission to Berne! Down with Farel!' The presence of the Reformer's friends protected him from personal injury, and he left Aigle for a few days to preach in the neighbouring district.

He first went to Lausanne. High above the lovely Leman, Lausanne occupies a commanding position, and being then under the protection of the Dukes of Savoy, firm allies of the Pope she materially helped to keep the surrounding country in subjection to his Holiness. Every effort was made to shut out the light; but while long processions of pilgrims met at Lausanne to worship the image of the Virgin, and purchase indulgences at her annual fair, the iniquitous lives of the clergy who led those devotions helped to open the eyes of many to the real condition of the Church of Rome.

One of the bishop's chaplains, Natalis Galeotto, a man of high rank, who was more enlightened than any of his brethren, but, nevertheless, a slave to Romish superstition, denounced Farel's zeal against the worship of the Virgin as 'absolutely immoral.' Nevertheless, the Reformer indulged the hope of gaining him over to the gospel, and justly thought that his example would assert a powerful influence upon Lausanne and Lausanne upon the surrounding country. He therefore wrote to Natalis, and, after some introductory remarks, related his own history,—his former blindness and ignorance, and how he had been brought into the light and knowledge of the gospel. He then alluded to the interested worldly motives which induced many to enter the ministry, and unsparingly opposed the corruption of the clergy, solemnly adding: 'Surely we ought to lay to heart the dishonoured glory of God, and the ruined state of the church, its broken walls and profaned sanctuary. If we are not lost to all sense of our obligations—if we really believe that Christ died for us—if our hearts are at all affected by the shedding of his blood—if the Holy Spirit has taught us anything of the goodness of God—if the gifts which God has so richly bestowed upon us have attract

us to himself—if we have the hope of eternal life—if we must give an account to God of the talents committed to us—if we believe that if we neglect to warn the wicked, God will require their souls at our hands—we ought to lose no time in making known the praises of God among the people. Let us preach Christ as our great aim and pattern, both in speaking and acting.'

As Natalis made no reply to this letter, Farel, thinking his silence might proceed from want of courage to avow his convictions, wrote again, but to no purpose. To a third letter he received an insulting reply, in which Natalis reproved him for undervaluing fasting and the worshiping of saints, and openly asserted the doctrine of transubstantiation. Farel returned to Aigle.

The mendicant friars in the neighbourhood were his bitterest enemies. Fearing to attack him openly, they made every effort to injure his character, by circulating false reports concerning him among the people. Just at this time one of these friars visited the village of Noville, in the valley of the Rhone, and ascending the pulpit, exclaimed: 'It is the devil himself who preaches by the mouth of the minister, and all who listen to him will be damned.' Having sown the bad seed, the preacher left it to grow and bring forth fruit of itself, and proceeded to Aigle 'to beg a few barrels of the precious wine of Yonne for his convent.' He had, however, scarcely entered the village, when, raising his eyes from the ground, he saw Farel standing before him. There was no way of escape for the trembling monk, and Farel, with the 'voice of a lion' (as Beza describes it), asked, 'Why did you preach in such a manner at Noville?'

'I have heard,' replied the monk, 'that you are a heretic and a misleader of the people.'

'Can the devil preach the gospel?' asked Farel.

'Certainly not,' answered the friar.

'Then, why call me the devil?' demanded Farel. 'Prove what you said at Noville.'

But the monk, having no desire to enter upon controversy with one whose powers in argument were acknowledged, even by his opponents, made every effort to free himself from so uncomfortable a position, 'turning now this way, now that, like one with a troubled conscience,' but without success. A crowd soon gathered, and Farel, who desired, above all things, an opportunity to preach the gospel, said, pointing to the friar: 'You see this fine father; he has said from the pulpit that I speak nothing but lies; let him prove it.'

The monk now lost all self-command; threw his cap on the ground, and trampled it under his feet, exclaiming, 'What have I said? Who heard me? Where are the witnesses?'

Farel solemnly reminded him of the Omniscient Witness, and again called on him 'to prove his assertions.' The cries of the monk, 'bawling like one out of his wits,' brought crowds to the scene of action. The tumult increased, Farel could not make his voice heard, and one of the bystanders, pulling the friar by the sleeve, said, 'Listen to the minister as he is listening to you.'

'Thou art under excommunication, and durst thou lay hands upon me?' roared the monk.

Every moment the excitement increased; but at length a magistrate appeared, who, ordering the monk and Farel to follow him, lodged them both in the prison of the castle, 'one in one tower, and one in another.'

On Saturday they were brought before the court. Then Farel, turning to his judges, reminded them that they sat in God's stead, and had received power from Him in order to punish the wicked and protect the good. He then stated his complaint, and demanded that the monk should be required to prove what he had asserted respecting his character and preaching, and, in conclusion, entreated the judges to make a suitable provision for the religious instruction of the people.

As Farel ceased speaking, all eyes turned towards the monk. Had he nothing to say in his defence? Nothing; his courage was gone, and, falling upon his knees, he implored Farel's forgiveness, and confessed that the charges he had brought against him were false. 'I have found you a good man,' he said, 'and your doctrine good, and I am ready to recall my words.'

'My friend,' said Farel, 'do not ask forgiveness of me. Before I saw you I had forgiven you, as well as others who have spoken against me, and I have prayed to God both for them and for you. I am only a poor sinner, like other men, and trust not in any work or righteousness of my own, but in the death of Jesus.' He then requested that the monk might not be further punished.

Just at that moment a citizen of Berne entered the court, and the monk, thinking his doom sealed, wrung his hands in anguish, crying out, 'Pardon! pardon!' 'Ask pardon of Christ,' exclaimed Farel. 'And,' added the senator, 'come to-morrow and hear the minister's sermon. If he appears to you to preach the truth, you shall confess it openly before all; if not, you shall have liberty to declare your opinion.' To this the friar assented; 'but,' says the chronicler, 'he was no more seen at Aigle.'

As these mendicant friars frequently visited the nunnery of St. Clara, at Vevey, Farel wrote an account of this tumult, as a warning to the nuns, and accompanied it by a letter, in which he exhorted them to follow the holy evangelists and apostles, to regulate their lives by the example and precept of the Saviour, and to do all things conscientiously. It does not appear, however, that his advice was followed; and, when the Reformation extended to Vevey, the nunnery of St. Clara was removed to Savoy.

Through evil report and good report the gospel made progress, of which the increased opposition it encountered was an unmistakeable evidence. At St. Maurice, at the extremity of the valley of Aigle, Romish agents from the Valais and Savoy so excited the people, that they tore down the government proclamation from the church doors, and committed many other acts of violence. Farel had been absent from his post for a short time, but on February 16th he again appeared in his pulpit, when suddenly savage cries from without obliged him to cease speaking. Upon inquiry, it appeared

that crowds had assembled outside the church, for the express purpose of interrupting the sermon. The council of Berne being appealed to, to interfere and restore order, summoned a meeting of the district judges. Those of Bex and Aigle then declared (with somewhat of indecision) for reform; but, in the mountains above Olon, so great was the hostility of the peasants, that even the women attacked Farel with their 'fulling clubs.'

All these things seemed to be 'against' the pastor of Aigle; but, having expected opposition, when it came it did not discourage him; being forewarned, he was forearmed. The great desire of his heart was to promote Christian unity; to see that established, he was willing to lay down his life if needful. 'Let there not be,' said he, 'in Christ's body, either fingers, or hands, or feet, or eyes, or ears, or arms, existing separately, and working each for itself; but let there be only one heart that nothing can divide. Let not variety in secondary things divide into many separate members that vital principle which is one and simple. Alas! the pastures of the church are trodden under foot, and its waters are troubled. Let us set our minds to concord and peace. When the Lord shall have opened heaven, there will not be so many disputes about bread and water. A fervent charity!—that is the powerful battering-ram with which we shall beat down those proud walls, those material elements, with which men would confine us.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE SKELETON'S LAMENT.

At the sullen gate of Death,
Amid the accursèd crew,
A skeleton form sits chained and cold,
Of a ghastly pallid hue;
With folded arms and staring face,
And ever noiseless breath,
Unheeded, unheeding, the skeleton sits
'Mid the damps of the gates of Death.

Oh, ghastly form! what work was thine
(I pray thee make it known),
That poured the death-damp on thy brow,
And changed thy form to stone?
What fearful crime possessed thy soul?
What deed of black despair
Hath dragged thee down from heaven to hell,
And fixed thy portion there?

Then came there forth a voice—
A chill, sepulchral groan—
And the damp vaults round gave back the sound
With heavy and solemn tone:
'Not for a crime to God or man
Am I sitting here alone;
I suffer that talents have not been used,
And duties have not been done.

I saw the child of want
Pass down the stony street,
And I gave no heed, as I onward urged
My pleasure-seeking feet;
The widow's bitter sounding wail,
The hapless orphan's sigh
Like blessing gained. The door was closed
Where I hugged me in luxury.

I heard abroad the cry
Of fraud, and force, and wrong,
And how the poor lay crushed beneath
The heel of the proud and strong.
My ears were closed, and I would not hear;
My eyes, and I would not see;
What to me were the poor or slaves,
Or his haughty oppressor to me?

I saw the erring soul
Pass on the downward road,
And I spake no word, though I knew the end
Was Satan's dark abode.
The drunkard sipped the bowl; I knew
Its dregs were misery;
I stretched no hand, I felt no dread:
What was it all to me?

What was it all to me!
Ay, therefore I sit alone,
And thrilling whispers are in my ears,
And chill my heart of stone.
They chill, they sicken, but wake no throb
Nor tear of penitence;
And I know, by the ice in my heart of hearts,
I never shall pass from hence.' —*Anon.*

Miscellaneous.

ke up! Wake up!—Not a very courteous ons, perhaps, but a very timely one. It is me to awake; and the most of us *are* asleep, undly.

calls us to awake. He speaks in his word and clearly. He speaks by his Spirit—but with power. He speaks by his provi- solemn and fearful are the calls. Awake, iat sleepest!

church calls us to awake. She needs our We help her not at all when we are asleep. e needs us now. Her foes are many; her is great. She is beset without and within, ery man who loves her interests should be l doing.

world implores us to awake. The world is ng! There are hundreds of millions abroad, ire hundreds at our own door, perishing in and sin, for whose salvation we should be ned.

ke up to labour! There is much to be done. in flames would not require half the work demanded of us now for the world in danger nal fire. We ought to be at work—all hands l hearts.

ke up to give! God requires it. We must ourselves, and take up the cross; give our ty, give our children, give ourselves to the which the church and the world demand.

ke up to pray! He who can bless and save, inquired of to do this thing. The church anger; the country is in danger; the world anger. God alone can help. Let us wake l pray.

ie Catholicity.—He is not a sectarian, but catholic Christian, who hath submitted him- a child to the teaching of Christ Jesus, being gain of the Holy Spirit; and hath and doth the sincere milk of the word, that he may hereby into the full stature of a perfect man rist Jesus; and who, the more he attains, ore he desireth to attain; growing more con- of his own natural sinfulness and alienation he love of God; more meek and gentle be- he Lord and all men; more patient of the id infirmities of his brethren, and more set t sin itself, whether present in his own mem- r the members of the church.—*Irving.*

Covenanter's Deathbed.—He called out ie of the ministers in the room, 'You pas- s for glory, how near think ye I am to the erusalem?' Some answered, 'Not far, sir.' iswered, 'I'll wait and climb, until I be up st that innumerable company of angels, and irits of just men.' They removed his wife the room from him; but when he was just ng, she would come in again, who came run- o his bed-side; but he turned her away with nd, saying, 'No more converse with the re; I never, never will look back again!' so asleep in Christ. It need not be a surprisal ; for near a year before his death, he preached these words, 'Remember, Lord, how short ne is.' And when he was at home in his in Ayr, in prayer he would be so transported he joys of heaven, as if he would have flown and his young wife would often say to him, a terror to her to hear him so much upon ; but he said it was none to him: so he lived l, and died lamented.—*Veitch's Memoirs.*

The Isthmian Race-course.—The stadium occupies a dell between two spurs of a hill south of the Hierum. The *cheimarrous*, or winter-torrent, which had formed the dell, was diverted, or else carried underground, to the outlets just mentioned. It has now resumed its natural course, and broken through the semicircular end of the stadium. Not a vestige remains of the seats of white marble which Pausanius mentions as 'worth seeing.' Its area is filled with fragments of pottery, and over-grown with tufts of wild thyme, lentisk, and sage. The unbroken stillness of the desert now prevails from day to day, from year to year, in the spot which for so many ages, at each recurring festival, rang to the shouts of the eager crowd that thronged its marble steps. This stadium, however, has an especial claim upon our regard, more than the sentimental interest which attaches to all such sites. It was in the mind of St Paul when he wrote to the Corinthians: 'Know ye not that they which run in a stadium, run all, but one receiveth the prize?' and, continuing the allusion, he assumes their familiarity with the careful and laborious training of the athletes: 'Now he that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. They do it to obtain a corruptible crown,'—the crown of pine, taken doubtless from the sacred trees within the Hierum,—'but we an incorruptible. So run that ye may obtain.'—*Travels in Peloponnesus.*

A Nation's True Glory.—The wisest prince that ever sat upon a throne hath told us that 'righteousness exalts a nation' (Prov. xiv. 34). It is not valour in war, but righteousness; it is not policy in government, but righteousness; it is not wittiness of invention, but righteousness; it is not civility in behaviour, but righteousness; it is not antiquity of forms, but righteousness; it is not largeness of dominion, but righteousness; nor it is not greatness of command, but RIGHTEOUSNESS, that is the honour and the safety, that is the renown and security of a nation. That nation that exalts righteousness, that nation shall be certainly exalted *by* righteousness. It is not Ahithophel's policy; it is not Jeroboam's calves in Dan and Bethel; it is not Jehu's pompous zeal; it is not Goliath's sword; it is not rich mines of gold and silver, nor magazines, nor armies, nor counsels, nor fleets, nor forts; but justice and righteousness that exalts a nation, and that will make a mean people to become a great, a glorious, and a famous people in the world. The world is a ring, and righteousness is the diamond in that ring; the world is a body, and righteousness and justice is the soul of that body. Ah, England! England! so long as judgment runs down as waters in the midst of thee, and righteousness as a mighty stream, thou shalt not die, but live, and bear up bravely against all gainsayers and opposers.—*T. Brooks*, 1662.

A Special Providence.—A German journal recounts the following episode of one of the late battles: 'A young soldier, in the midst of the tumult of battle, thought he saw on the grass a four-leaved shamrock growing. As such a plant is rare, and is considered to bring good luck, he stooped to take it. At that very instant a cannon ball passed over his head, so near that he must have been killed if he had not been bending down. The man so miraculously saved has sent the plant to his betrothed at Königsberg.'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

PSALM LXVIII. 18.

THIS Psalm is *of* and *for* Messiah. It is He whose name is Jah,—the Lord God of Israel; He is addressed throughout this Psalm as God. It is this Psalm which the apostle quotes in Ephesians (iv. 8), and interprets of Christ and his ascension. It is Christ that David here addresses: 'Thou hast ascended on high.'

I. *The ascension.*—This is the last point of Messiah's earthly history, and sums up the whole. But according to the interpretation of Paul, it includes all that went before: 'What is it but that He also *descended?*' The *ascent* reminds us of a *descent.* He descended to Bethlehem, and then He descended to Joseph's tomb. After that all was ascension; and the expression of our text includes, or rather expresses, resurrection. He went down into the lower parts of the earth; He came up again; and then He went on high. This ascending was the completion of his work, the carrying out of his love, the Father's testimony of personal acceptance and delight, and his seal set to the absolute perfection of the work for which He descended. It was a *real* ascension, a *glorious* one, a very exalted one,—far above all principalities and powers,—to the Father's throne. 'We see Jesus crowned with glory and honour.' All heaven is his; and He has entered into possession of his heavenly inheritance. All power is given to Him in heaven and in earth. He filleth all things. The universe now is his. He reigns now above; He will come to reign below.

II. *The triumph.*—'Thou hast led captivity captive.' Whether this refers to his leading forth his redeemed out of their captivity, or leading into captivity those who held them bound, the triumph is the same, and the words point to the same event, the same enemies, the same battle, the same victory. It is Messiah's triumph over his enemies—the Father's and ours. The warfare is that predicted in Paradise between the Seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent. That warfare concerns us; it is *for* us. He who fights is the Captain of our salvation. The battle went on during the ages before He came; it came to a head on the cross; it is not yet finished; and the full consummation of the triumph is reserved for his second coming, when He binds Satan, and casts him into the bottomless pit. Then shall He complete his triumph, and show that He is more than conqueror. Meanwhile his victory upon the cross is ours. He has fought our battle, and won our victory. 'Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.' What enemy can prevail? No weakness of ours can dismay us. We glory in our infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us. Let us, then, fight the good fight. The foe is already routed by our Captain; it is only with his broken and scattered troops that we have to do.

III. *The recompense.*—'Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also.' Thus the Father rewards his faithful service. Not only does He receive the Spirit without measure for himse but the gifts of the Spirit for others. This is t apt recompense of his self-emptying. He *empti* himself, therefore hath the Father *filled* Him, filled Him with the Spirit,—filled Him with t Spirit's mighty and manifold gifts. Much of t Spirit was given before He came. We read of t Spirit filling holy men; but much was reserved f his glorification, that the connection between Hi and the gift of the Spirit might be manifeste When He was glorified, the pentecostal showe came down; the residue of the Spirit was give This fulness of the Spirit was—

(1.) *For men.*—Not for angels, but men; no for heaven, but for earth. It was as the ascended God-man that He received the Spirit, for those whose nature He took. 'I will pour out my Spirit upon all *flesh*;' not on the unfallen, but fallen sons of Adam.

(2.) *For the rebellious.*—For those who stand farthest off, full of enmity and resistance. Not for the good, but the evil. As of the Son of man, so of the Spirit we may say: 'He came to seek that which was lost; not to call the righteous, but sinners.'

Thus Christ has received the Spirit for sinners—as Egypt's corn was entrusted to Joseph for the hungry. Go to Him who has the seven spirits of God; deal with Him who freely dispenses this Spirit. Come to the waters. 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.'

IV. *The final result.*—'That the Lord God migh dwell among them.' God had been driven fro earth—from among men. His object is to return and all that He has done, in and through Chris is to secure that return. He does this—

(1.) *By incarnation.*—'The Word was ma flesh, and dwelt among us.' God thus tabernacl with men. Because of this He gets the na Immanuel.

(2.) *By the cross.*—It is the propitiation th makes it a righteous thing for God thus to dw It is the blood that brings it about. No blood, indwelling. For without the blood it would ha been unrighteous in God to have come near to or dwelt with us.

(3.) *By the Holy Ghost.*—It is this that is ferred to in our text. The Spirit, purchased by blood, comes down, and comes in.

He has been doing this in individual souls. Th are the habitation of the Spirit—temples of Holy Ghost. He is yet to do so more conspi ously, when Jesus comes the second time. Th shall this prophecy be fulfilled. The taberna of God shall be with men; God shall be with th —their God. Then all shall be holy here. T curse shall vanish away. Satan shall be bou Creation shall be delivered and purged. Th shall be no night, no crying, no sickness, no de There shall be the new heavens and the new ea wherein dwelleth righteousness. *With* men, *in*- men, God shall dwell. Earth shall the what heaven is now. For when He comes a and sits upon the throne, He says, 'Behold, I all things new.'

GLIMPSES OF THE FINISHED WORK.*

S we gaze at Him, and think of his wondrous future, we glance through the temple door at yonder distant hill, and there is recalled to our memory and presented to our ima- on another scene. It is that scene when me Saviour will one day leave it for ever, on the Mount of Olives, over against it, ig; his awe-struck disciples sitting around, by his tears and trembling at his words. here will be many visits to this temple; ere will come a *final* visit of no ordinary ter, and the circumstances of *that* visit are ecalled to mind. Let us ponder them, now his temple of Herod, in all its splendour, th, and grandeur, is standing, as it were, our very eyes, that we may learn and feel timately its final doom is *dependent upon ection* of that Saviour who now stands its walls.

dramatic force of that portion of the text relates to this subject is generally lost of, from confounding together two distinct es that bear upon the destruction of the e and Jerusalem. Most people imagine he words beginning, 'O Jerusalem, Jeru- ' etc., were uttered on the Mount of Olives, Jesus beheld the city, and wept over it. t was not so. Other words of a similar rt were uttered there, and on that occa- but the tender and solemn address, begin- with *those* words, was uttered within the of the temple itself. It was on the Wed- y in Passion Week that our Lord delivered n all those discourses that are found in St. ew, from chap. xxi. 23, to the end of chap.

And almost his *last* words in the temple hose eight fearful woes which He uttered t these scribes, and Pharisees, and lawyers. *first* words in the temple were, as we now ldressed to these men, so also, be it ob- l, were his *last*. His first words in the e were addressed not to the people, but to mple authorities; so also were his last; *hese* were words of solemn and wrathful denunciation, that seem to scathe and burn as fiercely and ruthlessly as the flames that Titus kindled—which flames fulfilled them. Having finished these woes, and the shadows of this Wednesday evening having begun to creep around,—just, perhaps, as the lamps were being lighted, as they are on the present evening,—the rejected One prepares to leave the temple for ever. Solemnly gathering up his robe, with a countenance both stern and very sad, He moves towards the outer court for his final exit from the place which He loved more ardently, perhaps, than any other spot on earth—his Father's house. Of all that bare rule here, none knew Him but that Father himself. Yet this single circumstance had greatly endeared that house to Him. Here He had communed with *Him*—how sweetly and how refreshingly! To go to the temple was to go *home—his* only home on earth; was to go to the house of his Father. But yet, what were the trials of that home to Him! His foes were they of his own household! As the husbandmen of his Father's *vineyard* cast Him out and slew Him, so is it with 'the rulers' of his Father's *house;* and now from his Father's house He departs—an exile! The one circumstance accounts for his sadness, the other for his sternness.

He arrives at length at its threshold; but, ere He crosses it, He utters these melting words—the *last* sounds of his voice with which the temple echoed: 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house,'—observe that significant word, *your* house! No longer 'my Father's house;' no longer my house;—'*your* house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth' (this 'for' implying most strongly that *He* was the Lord of the temple, and that the being *without Him* was that which rendered it *desolate*)—'For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth until ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord,'—that is, until the Jewish rulers and people shall welcome as their true Messiah me

om *The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,*— me of much thought and great beauty. London: and Co. 1866.
—9.

whom they now reject. And then, the next chapter goes on in the same breath (and there should be no break between the two): 'And Jesus'—suiting the action to the word—'went out, and *departed from the temple*.' And never did He set foot within it again; never again did his shadow lighten its doors.

And now, having thus left it 'desolate,'—the true Shekinah having vanished from it,—He proceeds along its outer buildings, and along under its massive walls. 'And his disciples came to Him for to show Him the buildings of the temple'—how massive and grand its outworks were. And Jesus, answering, said, 'Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.' They then descend the slope of Moriah, cross the brook Kedron, and, skirting the garden of Gethsemane, ascend the Mount of Olives. And now, at a certain point of the ascent, Jesus turns round, sits down, gazes fixedly at the temple and the city, and, after a few moments' solemn pause, opens out upon both that wonderful prophecy on the Mount, recorded in chaps. xxiv. and xxv. of St. Matthew, and in chap. xxi. of St. Luke, in the midst of which He prophetically pronounces the doom of both: foretelling the setting up of the abomination of desolation in the holy place; the compassing of Jerusalem with armies; the unparalleled woes and sufferings of its wretched inhabitants; the world-wide dispersion of the survivors of its awful siege; and its down-trodden condition, under the feet of the Gentiles, during a long succession of centuries, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled. Oh! to *our* eye, at any rate, who live in so late an age that we can see the accurate accomplishment of almost all these bold, minute, and circumstantial predictions, delivered when Jerusalem stood in its strength, and when its massive and splendid temple rested securely on foundation-stones whose size and magnificence were the pride of the Jewish nation and the wonder of the Gentile world,—to *our* eye, who have lived to see what we now see, where Omar's mosque stands, and Judah's exiles wail,—who have lived to see

> 'Israel's sons, like glowing brands,
> Tost wildly o'er a thousand lands,
> For twice a thousand year,'—

what does this Son of Mary appear? What think we of Christ? Whose Son is He? These Rabbis may say, 'Is not this the carpenter's son?' But *we* say, 'Is not this the Son of God?' Nay, with such demonstrations before our eyes as our meditations have accumulated, we cannot put it in the doubtful form of a question; we unhesitatingly put it in the confident language of positive and adoring affirmation: 'Rabbi, Thou *art* the Son of God; Thou *art* the King of Israel!' . . . .

From yonder summit of Olivet, after his crucifixion and resurrection, He shall ascend from above the forsaken temple of shadows into the true temple, of which it was the earthly type,—'a worldly sanctuary,'—to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The rejected High Priest will find another mercy-seat before which to minister; the rejected Prophet will find another pulpit from which to preach; the rejected King will find another throne on which to reign; and that will be at the right hand of God, beyond that veil of blue, in the very heaven of heavens, where He will become 'a minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man.' Rejected as the King of the Jews, He shall become the King of the world; nay, the Omniarch of the universe. Rejected as the Teacher of Israel, He shall thus become the Teacher of 'all nations.' Rejected as the High Priest of the holy of holies, He shall become the High Priest of the heaven of heavens! Oh, well for Him, then, and well for us, that when He came to his own, his own received Him not! Well for *Him;* for see how, after all, all things worked together for his good, and how the things that happened unto Him turned out rather to the furtherance of his gospel, to the advancement of his glory, and to the extension of his kingdom and dominion! Oh, it was good for Him, as well as for his people, that He was afflicted, for now He sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied! Had He not been rejected, He never would have been thus exalted; had He not sunk so low, He would never have been raised so high; had his name not been a byword and a reproach among men, He would never (we are speaking of Him, of course, as a man, and in relation to his mediatorial office) have had given to Him a name which is above every name at which every knee shall bow. It was to Jewish rejection—to Israel's blindness, malignity, and cruelty—that He owed (speaking after the manner of men) his episcopate of all souls, his priesthood of the world's cathedral, and his sceptre of the entire universe. . . .

Glance into that outer court, and what do you see? The builders are busily employed in carrying on and completing the restoration of Herod's temple. That court is the court of the Gentiles, but the temple itself is a Jewish temple, and these are Jewish workmen. Nevertheless, do you observe that, in adorning this magnificent temple of Herod, they have been rearing some many-coloured columns in the Corinthian order of architecture, and that these are built into, and added on to, the Hebrew structure? There was an architectural fitness in all this, seeing

the court *of the Gentiles;* and it is a ording to Josephus, that Herod's temple ally so adorned, and was thus unde- converted into a petrified prophecy of ual union of the Greek and the Jew,— should come who should be their link the chief corner-stone. That distant s a beautiful hint of what is yet to e spiritually, when this Child shall have he work on which He is now entering, ı He shall have converted his Jewish ınd sent them forth to preach his gospel entile world. Thus this Child, by his 'shall build the temple of the Lord,' as hesied of Him (Zech. vi. 12),—a new ual temple, made up of a blessed *com-* Jew and Gentile, but still *one* temple ord, enshrining the same Saviour, and by the same Spirit. And, spiritually, this really been done? Did not the postles 'add to the church daily,' from ıe Greeks, 'such as should be saved?' he Greeks wish to see Jesus, and, see- believe? Did not Roman centurions elieve? Did not such say to the con- w: 'We will go with you, for we per- t God is with you?' In the luxurious city from which the name is taken, were *Corinthian* pillars 'joined to the Lord,' ıe people of the God of Abraham, when eved in the preaching of Paul? And *rent colours* of these Grecian columns e here discern, remind us how that *many* ınd people of the Gentile world, differing h other in complexion, and character, uage, were thus built into, and united d's ancient and peculiar people. Bound by a common love, cemented together ımon faith, enjoying the communion of e Spirit, they were thus made one in ı whom there is neither Greek nor Jew, n, Scythian, bond or free, but Christ is in all.' Now, therefore, *we* 'who were r off, aliens from the commonwealth of trangers from the covenants of promise, ıo hope, and without God in the world, re no more strangers and foreigners, but *itizens* with the saints, and of the house- God; and are built upon the foundation postles and prophets, Jesus Christ him- ıg the chief corner-stone; *in whom* all ling, fitly framed together, groweth unto *temple* in the Lord: in whom ye also *are ogether* for an habitation of God through rit' (Eph. ii. 11-22). And thus the h, that forsook the old temple, is now idst of the composite Christian church; re the temple of God.' . . . .

erusalem, as we have seen, is to be soon destroyed; but is there to be no real, no lasting one in its place? There is. Just as this Child is to rear up a spiritual and eternal temple after this one is destroyed, so will He build '*a city* that hath foundations,' in the place of this one,— in the midst of which his new temple is to stand, and in which we are to have our citizenship. And, speaking of this, the apostle says, 'Our citizenship is *in heaven*,' where our King now reigns. You will find a description of this city in the two last chapters of the book of Revelation: 'And I, John, saw the holy city, *new Jerusalem*, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.' Yes, this is to be the *eternal* temple (not made with hands, not to be destroyed by hands),—a temple of 'living stones,'—a temple consisting of redeemed humanity, in which God will take up his habitation for ever. In this city there will be no visible and local temple, like this before our eyes; for John says of it, 'I saw no temple therein,'—none like that in the old Jerusalem. The only temple here is that living and spiritual one which we have already described, the stones of which are now being silently quarried and prepared by the Spirit of God in every land, and so 'made ready before they are brought thither' (1 Kings vi. 7); but which shall then be collected together in one place, and into the midst of whom, when the top-stone shall be brought forth with shoutings, and the number of the elect shall be accomplished, the divine Shekinah shall descend, and the glorious great voice shall be heard out of heaven: 'Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men!' This descent of the Shekinah shall be in *manifested* glory. He has once descended to this world of ours, as we see Him here: 'The Word was made flesh, and tabernacled among us;' but *then* his glory was shrouded and veiled. Only those beheld his glory whose spiritual eye could pierce the veil of his lowly humanity, and discern beneath it, by the help of *faith*, 'his glory—the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' But at his next coming down from above to tabernacle among us, it will not be in humiliation, but in all the splendour of manifested divinity: 'The Son of man shall come *in his glory*, and all the holy angels with Him, and then shall He sit on the throne *of his glory*,'—no longer above the mercy-seat, but upon the judgment-seat. Then 'every eye shall see Him' (not simply the eye of faith, but the eye of sight), 'and they also that pierced Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail

because of Him.' Nor only so; He shall come in his glory *to precisely the same place* where He came in his humiliation, that so He may be glorified on the very spot where He was rejected, —may triumph in the very scene of his sufferings,—be elevated to the throne, where He was raised to the cross,—and be welcomed with hosannas, where He was assailed with anathemas. Look now, for the last time, through that open door, and you see the very spot where this lowly Saviour shall come again in his glory. It is the same spot from which He ascended. 'This same Jesus' (said the angel on that occasion), 'whom ye have seen go into heaven, shall *so come in like manner* as ye have seen Him go into heaven.' Glance at yonder mount, and, as you do so, hearken to the words of the prophet: 'His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east . . . and the Lord my God shall come, and all his saints with thee, and He shall make the place of his feet glorious' (Zech. xiv. 4, 5). And did not He himself intimate that this should be the locality of his return, when He left the temple for the last time? 'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till' [*till*] 'ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.' Clearly implying that, when Jerusalem should turn *to Him*, He would return *to her;* that when Israel, that now rejected Him, should wish to welcome Him, He would come to her to receive her welcome; and, planting his returning feet once more upon the Mount of Olives, He would look down on yon city once again,—no longer to weep over her as before, but to rejoice over her with singing,—no longer stretching over her the finger of malediction, but, like her own high priest, extending over her penitent form his hands of absolution and benediction,—no longer saying, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!' but—'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that hast been in bitterness for me, and hast mourned for me as an only son; thou that now welcomest thy Saviour-King, come and rest under the wings of his forgiving, sheltering, and fostering love; come and dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty!'

And now, in taking farewell of this temple, in which, as it were, we have enjoyed so many holy musings, let us take a parting glance at these two groups, and solemnly ask ourselves, to which of the two do we belong? Jesus is in the midst: in which of the two companies around Him is our place found? To one of the two we must belong. We must be either, like Joseph and Mary, *with* Christ, or we must be, like this other company, *against* Him. There is no middle position for any man. We may be, like some of these rabbis and onlookers, respectable, moral, and outwardly religious; but if we believe not on Him,—if we have not sought and found Him, —if we are not united to Him by the bonds of faith and love,—if we do not, like these (at once his parents and his disciples), own Him as ours before opposers and scorners,—if we do not go into the world with Him,—then we are *against* Him. For what are his own words? 'He that is not with me, is against me.' How is it, then, with ourselves? Are we thus 'one with Christ, and Christ with us,' so that we are not ashamed to own Him, and to go through a despising world in his company? Oh! solemnly let us face the question; for, if not with Him in his humiliation, we shall never be with Him in his glory, nor shall we ever know that blessed rest under the eternal shadow of his wings. Do we fear that we are not so with Him? Are we apprehensive that we have not passed the invisible line that separates one of these companies from the other? Still, it is a blessed thought that there is nothing to prevent our doing so, if we will only do it *now*. He himself invites us to make the great change, and come over to Him, and He promises us a ready welcome when we do come. There is no need of any waiting for fitness or preparation, other than we have—which is our sinnership and need. We may be to-day as blind, as dark, and as wicked as any of these men; but if, convinced that Jesus is the Christ, we only pass over to Him, He 'will in no wise cast us out.' 'Come unto me,'—'tis all He asks —'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He asks not what your burden is, or how heavy. It may be a burden made up of the sins of many years; it may fold a thousand secret sins that you may well feel ashamed to bring to Him; it may be a very heavy burden, too heavy for *you* to bear, but it is not too heavy for *Him*. Like some of these men, you may have grown grey and wholly under its accumulating weight; but only bring it to Him, believing his word, that to keep it to yourself is to keep that which must crush you, and believing his free and gracious promise to bear it for you, and there is *forgiveness* for you, there is *rest* for you! Only bring it to Him,—all to Him, just as it is,—and there is for you, notwithstanding that burden, the love of his whole heart, the very love that He gave to those his parents: 'For whosoever shall do the will of God' (and to come to *Him* is to do it), 'the same is my mother, and sister, and brother.'

The Hidden Treasure;

OW IT WAS SOUGHT, AND WHERE IT WAS FOUND.

BY M. H.,

AUTHOR OF 'ROSA LINDESAY,' 'THE STORY OF A RED VELVET BIBLE,' ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

re are we happiest? In the crowded hall,
ere fortune smiles and flatterers bend the knee?
soon, how very soon, such pleasures pall!
w fast must falsehood's rainbow-colouring flee,
ison flowerets leave the sting of care!
e are not happy there!'

THREE years have passed away since Lucy Villiers became an inmate of her uncle's house; and now, so loved is she there, so regarded as a daughter, that even her absence week or two is deplored, and her return ly looked for. Mr. Osborne, of late some- of an invalid, maintains that no one reads newspapers to him half so well as Lucy; Osborne sighs over the temporary resump- of household duties, which had completely lved on Lucy; and Netty wearies far more any of them for the return of her 'kindred ,' as she terms her cousin.

nd Lucy, what of her? Loving and be- d; surrounded with luxury; blessed with lth; leading the gay life she had once longed ; one of the acknowledged belles of the last seasons; surely she has found the happiness craved. Is it so?

ook at her, as she stands in her ball-dress, ling over Netty's couch. How well the pink e, over rich white satin, suits her! How le, yet how becoming, the pale blush roses, led with their delicate green leaves, look st her dark, wavy hair; her only ornament klace of costly pearls! A very queen for ty Netty thinks her.

ucy,' she said, 'how beautiful you are to- ! I half grudge to let you away. Let me you go first to dinner at the Seymours, the ball at the Duchess of D——'s, making, mistake not, the eighth party this week; and is only Thursday! 'Pon my word, now I closer at you, I believe 'tis too much gaiety for you; for you seem wearied, tired of the uit of pleasure, dear. Surely, Lucy, you found the Sangreal?'

Netty? oh no.' But further conversation cut short by the entry of Mrs. Dudley, also ening dress. She held an open letter in her

Here, Netty,' she said, going up to her sister kissing her, 'a letter from Alf. I received his morning. It is from Hong-Kong. He on famously; but the last part of the letter quite a riddle to me, and he refers me to girls for its solution: "I heard from Harry not last mail. He is hard at work; busy, both studying and also walking the hospitals. He likes this sort of thing, he writes; and though he can't say he has found the Sangreal, he fancies he is on the way to do so, and at times can almost believe he has caught a sight of the spot where lies the Hidden Treasure; but as yet, when he tries to grasp it, it eludes him. As for me, having abandoned the idea of the Treasure being within myself (since I came to this outlandish part of the world, and have occasional fits of home-sickness, and so forth), I also have set out in the search, and in the accumulation of riches am determined to seek, sure of finding the true Sangreal. If all this reads Greek and Hebrew to you, Leila, ask Cousin Lucy or dear Netty for an explanation." Now, girls, can you enlighten me?'

Laughingly, Netty told the story. But Mrs. Dudley interrupted her, by reminding Lucy that the carriage was at the door. And so wishing the invalid good night, they set off. Only one idea is in Lucy's mind; Harry Wilmot had caught sight of the spot where lay the Hidden Treasure; and she was just awaking to the consciousness that her path, gay and brilliant as it had been, dazzling and attractive as she had found it, was yet only so in appearance, leading far away from true peace, happiness, or rest.

Half dreamily she moved through the dance that night. In the midst of the dancers she seemed to see Aunt Mary's peaceful face; louder than the music she heard the rustling of the trees at Amberley Park. In imagination she gazed out once more on the beautiful landscape of hill and lake, as she had seen it by the calm moonlight. Everywhere gentle soft grey eyes seemed to look reprovingly on her; and in her ears she heard the words, mingling with the flow of talk and laughter, 'Seek, and ye shall find.'

Wearied in body and spirit, she came home; but not till the summer sun was already up; and then not to sleep, only to throw herself on her bed, and confess that the Hidden Treasure was far, far away from her. The path of pleasure had failed; she had drunk at the fountain of this world's waters, and they had not quenched her thirst.

No, nor have they ever quenched the thirst of one immortal soul. They may drown convictions, may stifle remorse, but they can do no more; and even that power will one day be taken from them, and those who refuse to drink of other waters will perish.

Lucy now resolved to turn away from this gay, frivolous life. It no longer satisfied. She would cast off the world's yoke; give up this

pleasure-seeking life, these late hours and idle amusements, and enter on other pursuits—try another path. Then, perhaps, she would find the Sangreal,—'the Hidden Treasure.'

Ah! Lucy, you think you are thus turning away from the waters of this life, but it is only to 'hew out for yourself other cisterns, broken cisterns which can hold no water;' which, when you apply your parched lips to them, will suddenly dry up and leave you thirsting still. There is One who can quench—is longing to quench—your thirsty soul; One who even now says to you, and to all such as you, as He said to the Samaritan woman of old, 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.' 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'

CHAPTER V.

'I see a spirit by thy side,
Purple-winged and eagle-eyed,
Looking like a heavenly guide.
If he bid thee bow before
Crowned mind, and nothing more,
The great idol men adore,
Though his words seem true and wise,
Soul, I say to thee, arise,
He is a demon in disguise!'

'Lucy,' said Mr. Osborne one day, as he sat reading the *Times* at the breakfast table, 'here is a most favourable critique of your Cousin Stewart's new book on the Greek Poets. It speaks of it as a most masterly production, the work of a mind cast in no common mould; and says that the writer, though young in years, is one already well known in literary circles, and regarded as an authority on all classical subjects. He is a clever fellow, no doubt of that; we must ask him to dine some day, now he has settled in London. Have you met him at any of the *conversaziones* you have taken to go to, instead of the balls and *fêtes* of last season, Miss Bluestocking?'

Lucy smiled at her uncle's designation of her; but disclaimed having met Robert Stewart, although she had heard him spoken of several times, as one who was fast gaining reputation as a man of letters. But people regretted he was such a book-worm, so absorbed in study that he was becoming quite unsociable. And, as Lucy spoke, her thoughts went back to the last time she had seen her cousin at Amberley Park. Four years had passed since then, and she wondered if, in the study of the writings of the most cultivated minds in ancient and modern days, he had found, as he expected, the true Sangreal. She thought, perhaps he had; for certainly, in cultivating one's mind, and reading noble thoughts, there was pleasure to be found; if not the Hidden Treasure, at least something far nearer it than that yielded by the frivolous pursuits of the world. She knew that by experience; for, since she had given up her gay life, she had been seeking the Hidden Treasure in mental improvement, heedless about her Cou Leila's sneers, and her uncle's jokes about *blue* propensities. But although she had fou a certain degree of happiness in these m rational pursuits, the Hidden Treasure, as fa she was concerned, remained hidden still.

And what of Robert Stewart? Is he find in his books all the happiness he expected?

College days are over now, the real work his life has begun. No poor scribbler is h writing anxiously to obtain some small niche i the temple of Literature, on the obtaining c which his very existence depends. Stewart ha no such need; he is the possessor of an inde pendent fortune; the only child of wealthy parents; but they who know him well declare, that no mere writer for bread toils half so hard as he. Books are at once his pleasure and his companions. In constant communion with th minds of the 'mighty of old' he seeks his happi ness, and the idol he worships is literary fame Let him once gain that, let him once stand o the highest pinnacle of its lofty pedestal, and h end will be accomplished—he will have foun the Sangreal.

Hint to him now that he is mistaken, even should he gain all he desires, should obtain a world-wide name, should Fame trump forth his praise, and England be proud claim him as her own,—and he will not belie it. True happiness will still be far from hir yea, further from him, with all his learnin than from many an unlettered peasant, w knows, what as yet he knows not, 'the Bil true.' Learning is much to be desired. Kno ledge concerning all things cannot be too ze ously sought after. Scientific pursuits a researches are calculated to raise the minds those who pursue them, and effect many wo derful improvements in the world; but there *one* thing which by themselves they cannot do, they cannot speak peace to an immortal soul, they cannot give a sure hope in death. Ne yet by wisdom has the world learned to kn God; and not at the feet of Plato or Aristo will Robert Stewart find rest or peace. He c only find it at the feet of the meek and low Jesus, the rightful yet rejected King of eart Now he would scorn to throw himself there; fo with all his wisdom, the hidden wisdom ordain of God is a mystery to him, the deep things the Spirit are foolishness to him; he know them not, neither can he, for they are spiritual discerned; revealed, not to those who seek the in their own strength, but to those only, wh casting away every vain imagination and sel righteous thought, fall at the feet of Jesus, an with the simple faith of little children, seek learn of Him.

But now Stewart cares for none of the things. The fear of the Lord, which is the b ginning of wisdom, of which Aunt Mary h spoken, is nothing to him. But Aunt Mary he self is not forgotten; and at times, when jad with overwork, her peaceful face rises to l memory; he looks back to the happy days spe at Amberley Park as among the pleasantest has known.

With the remembrance came thoughts of his
tle, pretty cousin, Lucy Villiers; and now
; he was fairly settled in London, he resolved
enew acquaintance with her. With such a
re, he hailed with pleasure an invitation from
Osborne to dinner, and, ere long, found him-
an almost daily visitor at Sussex Gardens.
en some friend rallied him on neglecting his
ks, he denied the charge, declaring that a
e recreation only sent him back to them with
ıer zest; and in part this was true, for his
rs of study were only changed, not lessened.
night-lamp burned longer than usual; the
r change was, that between his words and
eyes there constantly floated a fair face, and
face was that of Lucy Villiers. Talk to him
ıidden treasures, of joy-giving Sangreals!
he not in the fair way of obtaining both?
love of a pure-minded girl, such as Lucy, was
asure in itself; and then the grand aim, the
t idol, was still before him, and to that all
gs must be subservient. Lucy would not
him back in the pursuit, rather would she
him forward; and fame would now be
ly dear to him, with Lucy for a wife; for
in his honours she would be honoured too.
some time Stewart's oft-repeated visits at the
rnes were, by some members of the family,
ded in the light of cousinly attention; but
, ere long, divined the truth. Lucy's friend-
has done much for her: the discontent of
:r days has passed; her almost passionate
love for her cousin has drawn her attention from herself, has made her far less selfish and morbid. But the love is becoming almost worship now; the affections meant for God are being centred in the creature of his workmanship; and the God of love, who hath said, 'My glory I will not give unto another,' is preparing to show her that even the dearest of friends—the closest tie of earth—if not in the bonds of Christian love, must disappoint at last.

The eye of love is keen; and so it was, that while Mr. and Mrs. Osborne thought of Robert Stewart only as Lucy's cousin, Netty soon gave him another name, soon noticed Lucy's colour heighten and her eye sparkle as she heard his step. And poor Netty—can we blame her if a pang of jealousy entered her heart as she saw another gaining the place in Lucy's affections which she had hitherto filled, and she contemplated the possibility of her cousin leaving her?

Quietly she watched all. Not for worlds would she by a word or look damp Lucy's happiness. But a shadow had fallen on her heart; she was waking from the dream in which she had passed the last few years—waking to find that the treasure she had grasped and rejoiced in was turning to dust in her hands, and, after all, had never been anything but the shadow of the real one. The true Sangreal—the lasting treasure—was hidden still.

(*To be continued.*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

NO. XII.—HAPPY CHRISTY.

IN an article on Town Missions in the *Church of Scotland Home and Foreign Missionary Record*, 1865, there was a very lively description given of the fearful prevalence of it among the lower classes. The description ot at all an exaggerated one, nor the case by means overstated. Deceit in all its phases is ed the rule among them. But it has its eptions. There are a few found, even among se otherwise deeply sunk as human beings well be, who yet retain a regard for truth, l will not knowingly be deceivers or de-ved.

While conversing lately with a gentleman who done much good among these classes, he de a statement somewhat to this effect, that had often got men raised from the lowest ges of drunkenness, etc., to be respectable mbers of society, and consistent members of church; but women, when sunk equally low, er. In all his experience—a large one—he ld not point out *one* such case where the re-nation was permanent. Alas for our degraded rs, if this be true! Happily it can at least aid that it is not universally so.

sertions are worth little without proof. So I think a short sketch of one who has already been introduced to you under her self-imposed appellation of 'Happy Christy,' will go far to establish this not very untenable position.

The first thing I will tell you about Christy is, that she was a truth-loving being, and that solitary relic of moral grandeur she had retained amid all the ruin and devastation of thirty-seven years' drunkenness.

Instead of wading through the horrid details of these years, I will give you an outline which you may fill up with colours of as dark a hue as you please. First, drink in one of its very seductive social phases; evil habits formed; character lost; the husband and wife go out from their own land wanderers; Christy becomes a widow and childless—drink the procuring cause—and sinks at length into a hard-ale drinker. Perhaps some may be at a loss, as I once was, to know the nature of this pernicious mixture. From inquiry I found it to be composed of returned porter, ale, and the dregs of wine, whisky, rum—in short, of any or all spirituous liquors. It is generally procured in halfpenny worths, and serves the double purpose of meat and drink. It is only those who have reached the lowest stages of drinking who patronize it, and multi-

tudes of these poor devotees contrive to keep themselves stupefied from morning to night at the cost of a few pence.

Such was Christy, when, a goodly number of years ago, I saw her for the first time in the house of one of her neighbours. Her personal appearance was uncouth. She was somewhat above the middle height, with a most unpoetic-looking figure, and her hard rugged features wore an expression suggesting the idea that she cared for nobody, and was utterly indifferent whether others cared for her or not. Her manners led to the conclusion that she was completely ignorant of all conventialisms; but a shrewd, quick glance, shooting at times from her twinkling grey eyes, showed that she could, in her own way, take pretty correct estimates of persons and things.

I remember being present, some time ago, at one of the great annual sacramental gatherings in Inverness, and hearing there a most excellent discourse on the words, 'He that winneth souls is wise.' During the discourse the preacher admirably showed the comparative ease of sowing the truth broadcast over the minds of men, to that other method of breaking it down and applying it in the needed quality and proportion to individual souls, so as to win them. This is precisely the difficulty in missionary operations, but somehow the difficulty lessens as the effort is persisted in; and so, when I first met Christy, I was able to take in at a glance her mental peculiarities, and adopt my measures accordingly. These measures would be thought sufficiently amusing if described, but that is unnecessary.

The result was, as I expected, Christy loudly complained that I had favourites; she also took care that the complaints should be conveyed to me. I at once admitted the truth of the charge. 'Without doubt I have favourites,' I said to the person who gave me the complaints; 'and you will tell Christy from me that I will be very glad to admit her among the number, provided she be willing to comply with the condition, which is, giving up entirely the use of strong drink.'

I also explained my reasons for requiring this; for finding, as I did, in my intercourse with the people, that drink was ruining them physically and morally, I had taken my stand on that point; those who would honestly give it up I sought to benefit to the utmost of my power, both in their spiritual and temporal interests, and had generally the satisfaction of knowing that my labour was not lost; while, on the contrary, if I helped a drunkard out of his difficulties to-day, it was in reality only giving him increased facility to plunge into greater ones perhaps to-morrow.

'I am sure,' I also added, 'that Christy has good sense enough to see the reasonableness of my principles, and that she has no just cause of complaint, when it thus remains entirely with herself, whether she is to be one of my favourites or not.'

Christy was in high dudgeon. 'Her give up the drink to please any one!—not she. She could please herself with that, and she would,' etc. etc.

Thus it remained for a considerable time. I often saw her in a neighbour's house, who, by the way, had become one of the fav I never made the least attempt to cc

In the altered circumstances of he Christy began to have an ocular de of the utility of my plan, and tardi great honesty of purpose her res taken. She gave up drinking, and w among the number of my friends readiness with which she adopted '*Our* lady,' and others akin, show poor old heart had been yearning fo the sympathy which she had profess

Unconsciously also did Christy a markable example of the wondrous sessed by the mind, of recalling its sions of truths which had, through many years, been seemingly quite from her memory.

Her parents belonged to the Chu land, and were evangelical in their vi were also many Methodists about the she spent her early years; and no so furious passions, which drink kept raging, been hushed, than rich old many a precious truth came stealing spirit, like rays of sunshine lighting scape after a storm. In particular pondered over the efficacy of the at with singular delight; and as she di

> 'Its vital touch diffused
> New vigour through the poisoned stre
> That nigh had settled into dead stagna

Her manner of speaking of it was ing. 'Jesus *has* atoned,' she would blood has been shed, and it cannot and but for that, what hope coul worthless creature like me ha'e?' The shut her eyes, and clasp her hands knees, and keep rocking backwards a on her little stool, reiterating, 'What hope!' etc.

One day I found her engrossed i and tenth chapters of Hebrews. Ha time to spare, I took some pains in them. Never had I a more interest What a look of superb satisfaction the rugged features! The small grey nearly double their ordinary size, as th out from beneath the overhanging eye though she said little, their occasiona seemed so many luminous escapes of

I left her that day amid a perfec blessings, and shortly after she wer her neighbour, and said in her own energetic way, 'Well, I never thoug could speak like that,' etc. etc., and th almost verbatim what I had been say

Such was the very favourable begi by Christy. This course, however, d go on smoothly. In consequence of h so completely her long confirmed drink she became very ill—so ill, indeed, t peared to tremble in the balance.

I was standing by her bedside one she was in that state, revolving in m expediency of suggesting to her that take something of spirit-kind to pr

ıot, so far as I was aware, given her
to what was passing in my mind.
then was my astonishment when,
›road in the face, she said with an
ination not to be forgotten!—
st.'
you mean, Christy?' I inquired.
hat I'll die rather than take drink
I will. Does not God say that no
ı inherit the kingdom of heaven?
to take it, might I not become just
e as ever I was? And if I should
ıve some hope that God for Christ's
ık' me to himsel'; so I'll rather die

l not die. The crisis once passed,
came more robust every day. Her
ıse proportionably, while her quaint
l new outlets in relating the changes
ence. And it was about that period
applied to herself the very appro-
:, 'Happy Christy.'
›ns,' a poet says, 'take their hue
mplexion of our heart.' Judging
this standard, Christy's heart-com-
at times have been a near approach
That you may judge of this for
w of her actions are worth relating.
ıtion was sufficiently humble—that
the various contents of the dust-
ıg her rounds one New Year's
ıe six months after she became an
: came upon a bottle lying near a
iet suburban lane. Having ascer-
ts contents were whisky, she next
etween her and the grey morning
he quantity.
she soliloquized, on discovering
more than two-thirds full; 'but
have been a glorious chance for
›uldn't she have had a roaring spree
:n last New Year? but she kens
han ha'e onything to do wi' ye.
re's nae whisky for Christy this
she continued, as she swung the
usly round her head, and brought
a tremendous crash upon the curb-
,' she said, as she gave a most com-
at the little rivulets trickling into
hat's the richt place for ye.'
:r occasion one of her neighbours
powers of persuasion to get Christy
ne.' She had threepence, 'and if
d jist pit the ither threepence, they
. gill *raal* cozy.'
cidedly refused, and was very much
er persistence. She was as patient
but unable to contain herself longer,
the bandbox where she kept her
d taking out her temperance card,
ıe woman: 'I'm sick tired of what
; but hear ye what *God* says to me,'
ıg, she read the motto round the
on, if sinners entice thee, consent

›d no more,' said Christy; 'but ran
if her nose had bled.'
. lady called on Christy, and asked
her to come to a meeting that she was to begin shortly.

'Why do you come to me?' asked Christy, grimly.

'Well, I wanted a few to begin with, and I thought you were a very likely person to come now.'

'Ay,' retorted Christy, 'ye'll come to me *noo*, an' seek me to yer meetin' when ye think to get some credit by me; but when I was on the road to destruction ye let me alane. And well did ye ken that I was far doon the black road; but you never bade me stop, nor tried to help me up. Syne when anither's deen baith, ye'll come an' try to wile me awa' fra her! Na, na, if ye want to dae gueed, there's hundreds round about here living just as I was living; gang to them, an' maybe ye'll ha'e the honour o' deeing for them what ye suld ha'e tried to dee for me. Work for yersel', an' ye'll get a' the credit o't, and dinna come an' try to tak' the name o' ither fouk's.'

You will not, I'm sure, admire this specimen of her plain dealing; neither did I. But when I spoke to her of the wrong she had done the lady, in attributing her conduct to such motives, her reply was—

'It looks verra like it; an' whether or no, it's only richt that she suld gang to them that's sairest needin' her, and that's nae here as lang as we've you.'

'Crosses,' it has been said, 'are not formed after one pattern, but fitted to the idiosyncrasy of the individual Christian.' In the difficulties above related, Christy did not find *her* cross, nor in resisting such temptations was the real struggle between grace and nature displayed. With such a turbulent hasty nature as she possessed, her great difficulty was to learn of Christ to be meek; and that I considered the true test of her Christian character. Conformity to Christ in that particular she honestly aimed at; but while doing so, many an escapade did the fiery spirit make, especially at the beginning of its course. One example of this may be interesting.

A very trifling offence on the part of her neighbour,—so trifling indeed that, so far as intention went, it was no offence at all,—set Christy's spirit on fire. She brooded over the imaginary wrong until it became a real one in her estimation. All friendly intercourse was quite broken up; Christy would neither speak to nor visit them.

This continued for about a fortnight. I felt the necessity of bringing this to a close; for although there had been no scolding and no open rupture, still the alienation was observed, and of course the effect upon the other neighbours would be anything but good. So I called on Christy one day, and contrived matters so that our conversation naturally enough drifted, as it were, to the subject of injuries.

By and by Christy began to comprehend the object of my visit, and took up her position. She would not yield—not she. 'Had they not done so and so, and so and so? No, no, she could do well enough without them, and she was not going down.'

I set her duty before her as a Christian; but still she maintained her point.

I was grieved, and told her so, not only on her account, but because I knew what a stumbling-block this quarrel would be in the way of others, and if she was still determined to keep aloof, it must be with the consciousness that she was grieving me exceedingly. I saw some symptoms of relenting, and made the most of my advantage. She had evidently a great struggle. At length she said abruptly—

'There isn't another living creature I would do it for. I'll go down an' make it up with them.'

'That's singular, Christy. What have I done that you would do it to please me?'

'Done! Why, haven't ye— and then followed a long list of benefits, wound up with, 'That's what ye've done for me, and it's little aneuch that I do that for you.'

'These certainly are claims on your gratitude, Christy, and I'm glad that you feel the force of them. But there is another who has claims on you far superior to mine, and yet you seem to have lost sight of them altogether. Now, suppose we go over them.' Step by step I then went over what Christ has done and suffered, ending with his intercessory work at the right hand of the Father. 'Now, Christy,' I asked, 'which are strongest?—mine or his?'

By this time she was rocking in her peculiar way, with her hands clasped round her knees as usual, and the only answer I got was a prolonged Oh! at the end of every swing. Her eyes were shut; but despite all her efforts, the tears were squeezing themselves from beneath the firmly compressed eyelids. I knew my point was gained, so I rose to come away. Without opening her eyes, or stopping her sewing, she said—

'I'll do it.'

'For whose sake, Christy?'

'For *Christ's* sake,' she replied most emphatically.

She did do it; but the mode was decidedly her own. About half an hour after I left her, Mrs. —— heard a knock at the door. On opening it there stood Christy with a lot of old clothes hanging over her arm. When making a most profound curtsey, she asked, in the quaintest manner possible, if they would buy any old clothes. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that Christy made her entrance amid peals of laughter; and from that day the amicable relations between them have never been disturbed.

I need not pursue Christy's history farther; but simply tell you that her course is nearly run. She is just, to use her own words, 'Waiting.'

'Extreme age sits with decent grace upon her visage,
And worthily becomes her silver locks.'

She has never been poetical in her tendencies, yet she has got hold of two lines which she sometimes repeats with touching pathos—

'Thou art very dear to me,
Lonesome, dark Gethsemane.'

And amidst its sacred mysteries and those of Calvary she loves to linger. And no wonder; for through them she has found springs of immortal refreshment unsealed within her soul.

I think her history, too, is a proof that a woman, however deeply sunk in the social, moral, or spiritual scale of life, may yet be raised, and washed, and sanctified, and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

(*To be continued.*)

Readings for the Young.

THE VERSE-A-DAY SYSTEM—THE LITTLE ONES AT IT.

'GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.'

'Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high.'

LITTLE folks, do you commit a verse from the Holy Book daily; repeat it likewise at the table spread with Heaven's bounties? How many verses will this be in one year? Three hundred and sixty-five? Yes, young friends, three hundred and sixty-five precious texts from the sacred volume, worth more to you, if hid in the heart, than so many gold guineas. Parents, what think you of this system? The responsibility of its success rests on you.

Says the Psalmist: 'Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I sin not against Thee.'

The Bible is full of injunctions to parents to teach their children the word of God: 'Thou *shall teach them to thy* children, lying down and rising up, in the house and on the way; line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.'

How important that the parent or teacher remember the injunction, 'Search the Scriptures!'

'The commandment is a lamp, and the law is a light.' Imprint, then, upon the young mind Bible truths to be hid in the heart, ready to be applied by the Divine Spirit whenever temptation assails.

Infinite Wisdom could devise no better protection for the morals of the young, no better means for the right formation of character, than the early knowledge of his will.

This most important part of education every parent in a Christian land may so control as to be able to say, when his offspring arrive at maturity: 'From childhood they have known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto salvation.'

We love to think how many a child there is in our country who gets a verse by heart every

r. We have seen all the children of a large ıily busy before breakfast. Every one had a ıle, a *Heavenly Manna*, or the attractive little *w-Drops*, each of which have a verse for every r in the year.

When we went to the table, after their father l asked a blessing, all were quiet. The father l a verse; then the large boy at his right ıd; then the tall girl that sat next to him; n the noble-looking lady at the corner; then lady that sat at the head of the table; then two little ones on our side of the table.

.ittle folks, is not this beautiful? Will you the verse-a-day system?

'Blessed Bible, how we love it!
How it doth our bosom cheer
What hath earth like this to covet?
Oh, what stores of wealth are here!'

WHO ROB ORCHARDS.

a certain village of the far west was an ıeist. He was a great admirer of Dale Owen l Fanny Wright; but he could see no beauty the Sun of Righteousness. This man, of ırse, never entered any place of worship. Ined, in fruit season, he was specially busy on e Sabbath in defending his orchard from his eat enemies, the wood-pecker, and the idle, ofligate persons of the village, who on that ıy usually made sad havoc among his apples ıd peaches.

One day, while at work with his son-in-law,—a atheist like himself, although a more kind ıd courteous gentleman,—as a pastor of a conregation was passing, he very rudely thus acıted the minister:

'Sir, what is the use of your preaching? 'hat good do you do by it? Why don't you ach these fellows better morals? Why don't ou tell them something about stealing in your rmons, and keep them from robbing my chard?'

To this the minister pleasantly replied:

'My dear sir, I am sorry that you are so noyed, and I would most willingly read the lows who rob your orchard a lecture on thiev-; but the truth is, they are so like you and Major here, that I never get a chance.'

Good, good!' replied the Major, laughing; which the elder atheist blushed a little, and, ın apologetical tone, said:

Well, well, I believe it is true enough; it is the church-going people that steal my ıes.'

BEAUTIFUL DEATHS.

IRL, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting eyes towards the ceiling, she said softly, ft me higher, lift me higher!' Her parents raised her up with pillows; but she faintly said, 'No, not that, but there!' again looking earnestly toward heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her grave-stone these words are now carved:

'Jane B., aged 13. *Lifted higher.*'

A beautiful idea of dying, was it not?—Lifted higher!

Another little girl, gasping for her last mortal breath, said, 'Father, take me!' Her father, who sat dissolved in tears by her bedside, lifted her into his lap. She smiled, thanked him, and said, 'I spoke to my heavenly Father,' and died.

THE BIRD'S QUESTION.

BEHIND us, at our evening meal,
The grey bird ate his fill;
Swung downward by a single claw,
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head aslant,
And in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, 'What does Charlie want?'

'Fie, silly bird!' I answered; 'tuck
Your head beneath your wing,
And go to sleep;' but o'er and o'er
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said,
'How like are men and birds!
We all are saying what he says,
In action or in words.

The boy with whip, and top, and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Pol.

However full, with something more
We fain the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets,
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers alway.

The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him,
His love withholds or grants.'

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest, and perch, and hearth, and church
Repeat, 'Thy will be done.'

—*John G. Whittier.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'And went his way.'—MATT. XIII. 25.

THERE are two sowers in this parable, yet but one field; two kinds of seed, yet but one field. The one field is this world—called, in verse 41, 'his kingdom;' the sowers are the devil and the Son of man; the two seeds are the wheat and the tares. The field belongs to the Son of man: the enemy has no part in its proprietorship; he does his mischief by stealth and cunning; he climbs over the wall in the night, while men sleep. He is the enemy of the Son of man; and his desire is twofold,—(1) to choke the good seed, and (2) to fill the field with tares. He is the same enemy that stole into Paradise, and wrought ruin there. The parable exhibits him as full of (1) enmity, (2) cunning, (3) determination, (4) patience, (5) confidence. All these we find brought out in this simple and apparently very useless expression, 'He went his way,' or 'left the place,'—ἀπῆλθεν. Why did he thus go his way?

I. *He did not wish to be seen.*—He came by night, and he went by night. He came while men slept, and he went ere they awoke. He did not wish it to be known that he was there. He did not care for the fame of doing the thing; all he cared for was that it should be done. How different from us! We care more about the honour of doing a thing than the work itself. How single-eyed is Satan in his evil! He does his work unknown. He steals quietly *to* his work, and *from* his work, without sound of trumpet. Besides, he does not want to excite men's fears, or to alarm the servants of the master, by his visible presence. That would defeat his object. Ah! it is with an *invisible* devil that we have to do,—mighty, but unseen; the ruler of the darkness of this world; himself loving the darkness—dwelling and working in it. Surely we need to *watch*, whether in keeping our own vineyard or that of others!

II. *He had done his work.*—It might be on a greater or a lesser scale—that mattered not. He had done his work. It did not require repetition or re-sowing. The sower had done all that, as a sower, he could do. Sowing is not a process repeated daily; it is done once. He did not come night after night to sow and re-sow. He needed but one sowing-time; and so he 'went his way.'

III. *He had confidence in the seed.*—He knew of what kind it was—its vitality, its indestructibility. It could lie long in the ground before it sprang. It would not fail. It was the true seed of hell. It was sure to spring sooner or later. So he 'went his way.' Ah! what confidence does this exhibit in the vigour and vitality of error! Have we like confidence in the life and power of truth? Do we speak it as those who trusted it?

IV. *He had confidence in the soil.*—The soil had not been meant for error, but the curse was on it; and its fruitfulness had become fruitfulness in evil. In a cursed soil, his seed was sure to be nourished and grow. The seed was evil, and the soil was evil. No one knew this better than this enemy, this sower of the tares. It was, then, with confidence in the soil that, having done his work, he 'went his way.' The soil would not fail him; it would do its work.

V. *He had confidence in the atmosphere.*—He is the prince of the power of the air,—the ruler of the darkness of this world. It is on the air as much as on the soil that the harvest depends. He knows the peculiar elements with which this atmosphere is filled; how it is charged with all that fosters evil; how it will nourish the tares, so that they shall grow without fail, even though the wheat should die. And, accordingly, having done his work, he goes his way; he trusts to the evil air and the evil seed suiting each other.

VI. *He had other work to do.*—He is not omnipresent nor omniscient. He goes up and down in the earth,—walking to and fro in it,—doing his work here and there. He does not abide in one place; he goes about to do work elsewhere. He visits place after place in succession. He never folds his hands, nor shuts his eyes; he knows no night, and he needs no slumber. Incessant work,—all round and round the globe; in every kingdom, in every church, in every soul. He has always something on hand: some new error; some new departure from the faith; some new snare; some new vanity; some new delusion,—to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect! Sometimes the prince of darkness, sometimes the angel of light; always the god of this world, the prince of the power of the air.

His first seed sown was in the ear and heart of our first parents; and what fruit of evil has it borne, what tares has it produced! Since that, he has been sowing constantly the tare-producing seed. So will he continue to do till the Lord comes to bind him.

Oh, what an enemy have we to fight with! What strength, what subtlety, what wiles, what perseverance! How he works! how he sows! Error upon error,—a little seed at first, yet producing a vast harvest of error and sin,—a race of evil doers, evil thinkers, evil speakers, perverters of the truth, enemies of God,—fields of tares, so like the wheat that man cannot discern the difference. Resist the devil. Watch against him, for we are not ignorant of his devices. He is not dead; nor has he learned to love now, instead of to hate. He hates still. He hates God. He hates the creatures of God. He hates the church of God. He hates the truth of God. He is not yet bound. He will soon be bound (Rev. xx. 1). But meanwhile he roams the earth, seeking to destroy. Be sober, then; be vigilant.

VICTORY OVER SIN.

BY THE REV. A. A. BONAR, GLASGOW.

THERE is a plant called samphire, which grows only on cliffs near the sea. But though it grows near the salt waves, yet it is never found on any part of a cliff which is not ve the reach of the tide. On one occasion, arty of shipwrecked sailors, flung ashore, e struggling up the face of precipitous rocks, id of the advancing tide overtaking them, n one of their number lighted upon a plant amphire, growing luxuriantly. Instantly he ed a shout of joy, assuring his companions, this token, that they were now in safety. sea might come near this spot, and perhaps up its spray, but would never be found hing it. Such is the position of a soul in ist: justified and united to Him, the person be in full sight still of the world's threaten- and angry waves; but he is perfectly safe, he cannot be overwhelmed. Paul says of hristians: '*Ye are risen with Christ*' (Col.). We are not only at peace with God; but les, 'He hath raised us up together with st, and *made us sit together in heavenly es in Christ Jesus*' (Eph. ii. 6).

ny one who understands this union to Christ see at once what a blessed plan it is, formed he God of holiness, for giving a sinner victory sin. If Lazarus be raised out of his tomb, hall certainly be found no longer lying amid ns and rottenness, and the cold damps of the ulchre, but walking in Bethany, in converse living men. And so, says Paul: '*If ye then isen with Christ, seek those things which are e, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. your affection on things above, not on things the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is with Christ in God. When Christ, who is life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear Him in glory.* MORTIFY THEREFORE YOUR MBERS WHICH ARE UPON THE EARTH; *fornica-, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil con-iscence, and coveteousness, which is idolatry.*' at resolutions cannot do, what vows and yers have failed to accomplish, what self-ial and mortification and crosses have never ceeded in giving you, this plan of God at e attains,—this *union to Christ*. The sinner is by the Holy Spirit to know and believe in the

Lord Jesus, and in the very moment of believing on Him, becomes one with Him. Forthwith begins a heavenly partnership: Christ and the soul share together; Christ giving to the soul out of his fulness all manner of grace, as occasion requires.

But, fellow-sinner, you must not suppose that the mere assenting to this truth as a doctrine will give you the results. You must have real experience in regard to believing in Jesus. Come and try the personal application of it to your soul. Lean on Christ *for yourself*, and thus be you *yourself united to* Him. Doctrine must be turned into experience. Have you read of the process by which iron is turned into steel? You will see a great crucible, with its enormous mass of iron, subjected to intense heat, till it seems a mass of glowing fire. But all that might cool down, and would be only iron after all, if there were not poured into it a small quantity of a liquid that alters every particle of its chemical constitution, and then it becomes steel. Has such a change taken place in your case: the turning the iron into steel?—doctrine into experience?

We speak much of Christianity and Christians; but *union to Christ* by faith is the root of all; and faith is as much Christ's hold of us, as ours of Him. It implies our hold of the truth; but it also implies that the spirit of truth for Christ has taken hold of us. Baptism speaks, in a figure, of souls being saved in this way of union to the Lord; for the baptized one is represented as 'baptized into Him,' or 'into his death,'—handed over to the Godhead. The Lord's Supper proclaims in another form this great truth of union to the Lord. And thus we are brought to ask all, who profess to be Christ's, such questions as the following:

I. *To what does union to Christ call you?*

It calls you *to make heavenly things your business.* 'If ye be risen with Christ, seek the things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God' (Col. iii. 1). *Seek* such things, pursue after them, make a business of them. It implies the soul's fixed aim and employment, even as, Matt. vi. 33, 'Seek the kingdom of God.' 'The moment Christ rose,' says

Bengel, 'He was thinking of going upward' (John xx. 17); and so it should be with us who have risen with Him. The rising believer now carries on traffic with Him, seeking spiritual gains. He trades for an absent Lord as eagerly as ever he once traded for worldly gain. He is grieved at spiritual losses as deeply as he once was at losses in his business, when a ship was lost at sea, or a bank failed, or some speculation proved ruinous. On the other hand, he rejoices in spiritual gains: when, for example, the mist is cleared away from a truth, or when the excellency of some Scripture doctrine shines into his soul, or when he gets some fresh view of Christ, and some increase of faith, love, hope. More specially still, he fixes his attention habitually upon *Christ sitting at the right hand;* for his being there tells so much about acceptance. His 'sitting' declares that He has finished all his undertakings, and has no more toil to undergo. His sitting 'at the right hand' declares the Father's high approval, and delight, and honour. And so to this point he ever turns his eye,—to this mountain of myrrh; for in truth he finds yet more there: he finds by virtue of union to Christ he is himself, in a sense, there also, 'sitting in heavenly places,' his toil done, his trials over, his victory won, himself altogether well-pleasing to the Father, and loved by the Father. The realization of this privilege has mighty power upon his soul; giving him wondrous liberty, helping his near communion, sending him forth to ever new and grateful service for One who so loves him.

It calls on you *to disentangle your affection from earth.* 'Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth' (Col. iii. 2). Make the things above your care; they are to be 'the things which *you mind*,' in opposition to such as those spoken of (Phil. iii. 19), who mind earthly things. You will not be content with making these things your business; you will have a taste and relish for them, a real delight in them. Many men pursue business with little liking for the thing itself, and are glad when it is over. Many an industrious and eager trader longs for rest and retirement. But the believer risen with Christ loves his business, his whole heart is in it. He '*minds*'—cares for, has affection for —'*not things on earth*,' such as to be rich, great, noble, enjoy pleasure, nor even domestic comfort and personal ease. His chief end is not earthly prosperity, nor is his highest bliss a few more acres than other men; but it is '*things above*' he relishes so heartily and unfeignedly. He is at home among 'things above,' like the patriarchs, who left all they had in their native land, seeking 'a better, that is, a heavenly country.' They mind God's favour, God's glory, God's love. And hence, their children's salvation is more to them than their aggr in the world, and the conversion of the news of mines of gold discovered a

Do you bear the name of *Christian* then, a fair account of you? Speak culties; for of course there are such suits; and here all alleged hindrance out of the way by that word: '*If ye b Christ.*' This cuts the string, and t ascends.

II. *What does union to Christ ensu*

It ensures many things; but here It ensures *your getting life from Chris* are dead, and your life is hid witl God' (Col. iii. 3). You who are (*with Him*, and in that hour your passed away. You had lived it out ever over, and you were loosed from things. *You died.* It was as if you carried to the new earth at once, to li there amidst its holy scenes; as if to y had come in which Christ says, 'Beh all things new.' You became a 'ne part of a new creation, one with Chr you lost your former separateness. found that, as you had lost your ol was new life laid up for you. '*Life you with Christ in God.*' You got the of a far better life than even unf had, for you got life from Christ. (life is yours; the very sap of the v you, the branch; the same resu which the Spirit poured into the Jesus, was now yours also.

That holy power to love God and was in Christ, you began to receive. joy and full energy of delight in G which was Christ's endowment, a became your portion. And you go every day a share in his stores of gr in his holiness, a share in the Spiri blessings,—light, life, likeness, all a gift.

The moment you believed, you we Christ; and that moment the stone off the mouth of the well, you begar new life, and you had it more or les But you have as yet only the begin As when a father leaves for his son, minor, only a portion of the proper given out by some trustee; so you receive only in measure. '*The life* fulness, '*is hid with Christ;*' that is it, and Christ who has it is 'hid,' c like a hid treasure; but '*hid in (* bosom of the Father, so that all is sa It is hid, like the manna in the within the holy of holies. It is ther

men lay up jewels in a place where the
arms of children cannot reach them,' says
uel Rutherford; 'for if it was in our keeping,
uld soon be lost.' But all is *kept for us*,
Pet. i. 4 declares. It is '*our life*' (Col.
) which we have a claim to, stored up for
ntended for us. Yes, *Christ* is 'our Life;'
st is, so to speak, keeping himself for us, and
ing for us the life abundantly which He
hased for us.

it again, this union to *Christ ensures your aring with Christ in glory*. 'When Christ, is our life, shall appear, then shall we also ar with Him in glory' (Col. iii. 4). At nt the believer, though one with Christ, outwardly as other men do: eating, drink- sleeping, trading; he sows, he sails, he ls on railways, he goes to buy and sell, he news, he talks with his friends and chil- —all as other men. But all the while he in *interior life;* he has a strong taste for ual things; he has desires toward God other men know not of; he yearns after in Christ amid earth's fairest scenes; he God in Christ beyond wife, or children, or ts, or possessions. 'None of *us* liveth to lf.' And this life is preparing to bud forth into flower and fruit; but the present r of earth must pass, and the Sun of right- ess arise.

the day when God's time arrives for giving lness of the larger life to all who are mem- of Christ's body—on that day '*Christ, our hall appear*.' The golden pot of manna, n long, shall be brought out of the holy

He shall be fully in us, and we fully in

He shall appear who is 'our Life'—who on whom we nourish our souls—who has r us—who is himself the substance of it; s one said) 'Christ is a Christian's life.' hall appear, bringing his life to us; and life which He brings shall be the secret of '*glory*' to us; or, his life shall manifest esence in us by our being forthwith invested glory. As, when a fountain gushes over, aters make all round the margin green and shing; so, when our Life gushes into us, ery bodies shall beam with glory. It was on the transfiguration-hill with Christ lf. The life in Him that evening—the well of life—suddenly overflowed, rising the brim; and see! what a body! yea, garments even! But who could tell the f his soul in that hour, though He knew sorrow was to return again to its channel, ill up all its banks? Now, thus it shall be us,—ay, thus it shall be with us, without fter return to sorrow, without any risk of aters abating. Some weary day draws to its evening; we have wiped the sweat from our brow, and sighed over earth; we have groaned within ourselves, 'Oh, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!' when lo! the sudden flash! It is the coming of the Son of man.

You may at times have envied Moses and Elias their blessed position, on either side of Jesus, '*appearing in glory*' (Luke ix. 31). But you yourself shall be as they: '*Then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.*' Yes, as truly '*with Him*' as they were; as bright as they '*in glory;*' seeing Christ, talking with Christ, hearing the voice that proclaims, '*This is my beloved Son!*' O Master, O King of glory, O our Life, appear! Come forth from that light inaccessible, to be ever with us! No need of three tabernacles; for thy tabernacle shall be there, and all shall ever say, as the ages roll, 'It is good to be here.' That will be the day which accomplishes what many in the church of God have often sung:

'One look of Jesus as He is,
Shall strike all sin for ever dead.'

III. *What does union to Christ enable you to accomplish even now?*

It enables us to overcome the world, and to renounce all sin; for the Spirit dwells in every believer. 'MORTIFY THEREFORE your members which are upon the earth' (Col. iii. 5). We do not yet and now overcome self, and the world, and Satan, as we shall do when Christ appears, when (as old Sibbes triumphantly exclaims) 'we shall trample down foes in glorious confusion!' But we, nevertheless, do overcome; for that strain is a true one:

'Neither passion nor pride thy cross can abide,
But melt in the fountain that flows from thy side.'

'MORTIFY therefore,'—that is, make dead, reduce to a state of death, as regards your practice of them, and care for them,—'*members which are on the earth;*' your hands, eyes, feet, are not to meddle with '*fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness.*' Whatever is yours belongs now to Christ, and is instinct with Christ's Spirit; not merely *ought to be*, but really *is* so. Therefore, as men who are possessed of the power so to do—as men who have the life within you, ready to be used—control your members which are still on the earth, and in the presence of its objects. The fire is around you; but you have the supply of water by you: make it play upon these flames, that they may not even singe a hair of your head. With your eye on things above, with your heart realizing your union to Christ, trample down the world and sin. In the power of your union to Christ, reckoning yourselves as one with Him, go forth and conquer. It is He that conquers. You go forth appealing to Him: 'Lord, I am one with

Thee: canst Thou be overcome?' In so doing, believers find lust sinks away, and passions grow cool, and covetousness relaxes its grasp; all tempting sin gives up its struggle for victory.

We might bring forward thousands of witnesses. Let us give the experience of one as a sample,—the experience of one man who had yielded himself to sin and lust freely, and for long years. This man was led to listen to the gospel plan, under the preaching of Joseph Milner, the writer of *Church History*. The text was 2 Cor. v. 20, 21,—reconciliation to God over Him who 'was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' John Howard heard it—was overcome; all the bliss he ever enjoyed before, was felt by him to be no more like it than midnight darkness to the noonday sun. From that moment all his strong passions died away. The man who used to be shunned by all who cared for chastity and purity, felt himself suddenly delivered from the power of his lusts, so that, from that hour, he was no more—not even once—overcome; nay, from that hour all was soberness and calmness of spirit. He used to say, that his enjoyment of God dried up the streams of sinful concupiscence, as it did long ago in the case of Augustine. And this is God's way of holiness. Legalists, and moralists, and philosophers, all fail in reaching the seat of the evil—the will and the desire; they lop the branches, but do not reach the root; they imprison the felon, but do not change his nature. To overcome evil within, St. Benedict rolled himself on thorns; St. Martin burnt his flesh with hot irons; St. Francis trembled in snow; St. Bernard plunged himself in pools of freezing water. Even the great Pascal wore an iron girdle, full of sharp points, next his skin. All these overlooked, or understood not, the apostle's inspired words, 'Mortify THEREFORE;' that is, conscious of your union to Christ, set about the mortifying of your members in the strength of this union, and in no other way. Think of union to Christ, and how it involves partnership with Him in his grace. Believing thus in Him is our victory: doing, resolving, suffering, give us no victory at all. The fear of hell and wrath will scarcely keep back a man from one sin, and will never touch the heart.

Who of you then have, in time past, failed to triumph over your corruptions and evil propensities? Who of you has never been able to master *covetousness*? Take the way of *believing in Christ, and being thus in partnership with Him.* Understand the blessed mystery of 'rising with Christ,' and being seated with Him above; be graft into the vine, and get its sap. You have tried other means of health and strength; but now use his inspired direction, which has never failed. As Daniel and his fellows asked to be proved whether the water and the pulse they were nourished on would not turn out far more strengthening than all the king's finest food and rarest wines, so we say to you, Prove it now for yourselves. And do not say, 'I will wait for the Spirit;' for by that you mean, 'I will wait on till *I feel* the Spirit at work.' This is a real device of Satan to get you to go on in sin, and die in sin; for no man ever *felt the Spirit* at work directly. The soul learns the gospel way, and ponders it; muses on Christ, who died, and rose, and who calls on sinners, every one, to come and use his death and resurrection. And it is while the sinner is thus engaged before the cross, that the Holy Spirit works effectually,—uniting him to Christ in the same moment that He leads him to Christ. And so the believing man becomes at once a conqueror!

WILLIAM FAREL,

THE SWISS REFORMER.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY in January 1528, a meeting assembled at Berne to consider some points of controversy between the friends and opponents of the Reformed faith, and to institute a scriptural form of worship. Four theologians from Paris, and about 350 priests, were present.

Not being familiar with the German language, Farel did not take any part in the discussion; but at its close he offered to maintain ten propositions against a doctor of the Sorbonne, of whose unsuitability to dispute we may judge from the following anecdote related by Bullinger. It appears that in the course of discussion the doctor said, 'Christians are enjoined to obey the devil how much more, then, should we submit to the church?' and being called on to prove his assertion, he quoted Matt. v. 25, 'Agree with thine adversary quickly;' adding, 'Now, our adversary is the devil.' This novel kind of reasoning was received with shouts of laughter from the assembly.

Farel was the only preacher from the Valais who signed the theses. The rest of the clergy of Aigle protested against them.

The meeting had scarcely closed, when both councils of Berne decreed that the mass should be abolished; that the free use of the Scriptures was a right which belonged to the people; and that those who had placed ornaments in the

chapels might, if they pleased, remove them. They further decreed that nuns and friars were at liberty either to marry or remain in their convents. Several married; Catherine de Bonstetten, treasurer of her convent, married William de Diesbach. The ceremony was performed in the cathedral, to the great astonishment of the citizens. By another order, the councils decided that in future the churches were to be used in common by the Romish and Reformed parties.

The clergy throughout the canton were now commanded to follow the example of the capital. No sooner was this known, than messengers from Noville and Chesse appeared before the Senate, to request permission to retain the mass and other Romish ordinances. In reply, the Senate decreed that the churches of Aigle, Olon, and Bex, which had received the Reformation, should carry it out fully; while the people of Ormont, who still adhered to the old faith, were given until Whitsuntide for deliberation, on condition that in the interval they would 'hear the word of God, and not permit any one to preach against the orders they had received.'

This decided leaning towards the Reformed doctrines so alarmed the Romish party, that six of the cantons—Lucerne, Uri, Schweitz, Unterwalden, Zug, and Friburg—formed a league in defence of their faith, in which they were joined by the Valaisans. The seven Reformed cantons likewise formed a league, which they called the 'Christian Co-burghership.'

It was from the inferior clergy, who were 'corrupt in their morals, rude in manners, and extremely ignorant,' that opposition chiefly arose. Adrian von Riedmattan, the aged bishop of Sitten, acknowledged that many abuses contrary to the word of God existed which called for reform, and there was no doubt that evangelical doctrines were spreading among the people. Great merriment was excited by some satirical verses, in which the mass was described as 'stretched on her deathbed, calling loudly to her physicians for help, and finding their advice useless, dictating, with feeble voice, her last will and testament.'

Whitsuntide, the period allotted for deliberation, having arrived, the people were desired to receive the Reformed doctrines; they refused; and in one village, mass was again openly celebrated.

It was evident that a strong arm was necessary to crush this spirit of rebellion, and the Senate appointed Hans Rudolph Nageli for the difficult work, who appears to have been 'the right man in the right place.' He first visited Ormont, where he directed the altars to be overthrown, the images burnt, and the paintings defaced. This being done, order was restored; so that, though the Romish faith still held a firm hold of the hearts of many of the people, the orders of government were strictly enforced, and by degrees the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud became convinced that the teaching they had so violently opposed was the 'gospel of Christ divested of all human tradition.'

While labouring in a foreign land, the thoughts of Farel often turned to his native country. Ardently did he love her, and sigh for the miseries of her people. 'I know not,' said he, 'how any good can come to my countrymen under an infatuated king, who suffers the people to be prohibited from reading the New Testament, so that no way is open for them to obtain a knowledge of the truth, either by means of religious books or personal instruction.' The reflection, however, that 'the Father had reserved the times and seasons in his own power, and would interpose when He saw fit,' comforted him.

The peace concluded in June 1529, at Cappel, between Zurich and the five central cantons, provided for the free admission of the word of God into any district in which the majority of the people desired it. Encouraged by this decision, Farel having provided suitable ministers to carry on at Aigle the work which he had commenced, set out, towards the close of the year, to visit some places in which the gospel had not yet been preached.

The council of Berne gave him full authority 'to preach throughout their territories,' and 'recommended him to all such of their neighbours and allies as were willing to receive him.'

The canton of Berne, possessing jointly with Friburg the bailiwicks of Morat, Orbe, and Granson, and being partially allied with Lausanne, Avenches, Payerne, Neuchatel, and Geneva, afforded a wide field for missionary labour. Early in November 1529, Farel started on his tour, and first visited Morat, where he met many friends of the Reformation; but the majority being against it, he proceeded to Lausanne, accompanied by a Bernese friend. Scarcely had he entered the town, when the bishop and clergy ordered him to depart. He complied; but returned in a few days, protected by a letter from 'the lords of Berne to the authorities of Lausanne.' 'We send him to you,' they said, 'to defend his cause and our own. Allow him to preach the word of God, and beware that you touch not a hair of his head.' Having received this letter, the council met to deliberate which should be obeyed—Berne, or the bishop. The inhabitants of Lausanne openly declared for Popery, even while protesting against the unholy lives of the clergy, which brought disgrace upon their religion. Farel again left Lausanne, and returned to Morat, where the seed he had sown was beginning to bear fruit, and promised an abundant harvest. On feast days the roads were crowded by men and women hurrying to Morat to hear the 'new preacher;' and though many jestingly said, 'Let us not fall into his net,' it was not seldom that 'they who came to scoff remained to pray.'

From Morat he went to Neuchatel, which belonged to Joan of Hochberg (widow of Louis of Orleans, Duke of Longueville), who had inherited it from her ancestors. Residing at the court of Francis I., the princess cared little for Neuchatel, except so far as it yielded her a considerable revenue. Her devotion to Popery was great, and she encouraged the monks and abbots to uphold it to the uttermost of their power. Under these circumstances it did not appear likely that the Reformation would gain entrance into Neuchatel, but it was nevertheless at the very

gates. Some soldiers who, early in the year, had fought with the Bernese army, heard from their comrades strange things, which made them desire to know more, and they returned to their homes to talk over the 'new doctrines' at the fireside, and relate to their astonished listeners how the soldiers of Berne had, when cold, taken the images from the church of the Dominicans at Geneva, and burned them, saying, 'Idols of wood are of no use but to make a fire with in winter.'

Just at this time, when the people were asking, 'Who will show us any good?' Farel, at Morat, on the other side of the lake, heard that Emer Beynon, priest of Serrieres, a small town close to Neuchatel, had a 'liking for the gospel;' and it is interesting to think that this 'liking' may have been, though indirectly, the fruit of the labours of Thomas Wittembach of Bienne, he from whom Zwingle first learned the gospel. This is more than probable, as, before the Reformation, Wittembach preached the gospel in two churches in the neighbourhood of Serrieres.

When this intelligence reached Farel, he, hastening to the shore, hired a boat, and shortly after landed at Serrieres, and was joyfully welcomed by Emer. But then arose a difficulty. Farel was forbidden to preach in any church in the district. What was to be done? 'Hunger will break through stone walls,' and they who desire the bread of life *will* get it. The ingenious priest solved the difficulty. Leading Farel out of the town into a neighbouring cemetery, he told him to 'mount a tombstone, turn his back on the church, and preach the gospel.' Crowds gathered to listen, while priests and canons cried, 'Heresy.' But some of the inhabitants of Neuchatel, who had received the truth in the love of it, said to Farel, 'Come, preach to us in the town.' He consented, and, entering by the castle gate, passed through to the market-cross, where, ascending a platform, 'he,' we are told, 'preached a sermon of such great efficacy, that he gained over much people.' His hearers chiefly consisted of weavers, vine-dressers, and husbandmen; thus 'to the poor the gospel was preached.' Some priests among the crowd were heard to mutter, as they passed among the people, 'Let us dash out his brains.' 'Duck him,' cried others; 'throw him into a well.' The Reformer, unmoved, continued his sermon, though his voice, which, the chronicler says, was 'like thunder,' was almost silenced by the tumult. Soon the whole town became his pulpit. The 'shorn crowns' made a vigorous resistance; but all to no purpose. Neither their anathemas, nor the frost and snow of December, could keep the people within doors, while Farel preached without. 'The word was with power.' 'Oh! wonderful work of God,' he exclaimed. 'This multitude believes as if it had one soul.' Full of gratitude, he wrote to his friends at Aigle, saying, 'Unite with me in thanking the Father of mercies for so graciously enlightening those who were oppressed with the severest tyranny. God is my witness, that I did not leave you, with whom I would gladly live and die, to escape bearing the cross. The glory of Christ, and the attachment shown to his word by his disciples, enable me bear great and inexpressible sufferings; for the power of Christ all my burdens are rende light.'

Close to Neuchatel was the Abbey of F taine-André, built in the twelfth century, wh monks—'powerful lords'—had long been at with the canons of Neuchatel. 'If Satan divided against himself, how can his kingd stand?' But 'the children of this world are w in their generation than the children of lig and so the monks and canons made peac determination to put down the Reformation b their bond of union. 'We must save religi they exclaimed. Not being able to refute evangelical doctrines, they resorted to the m sure method of open violence; and one while the Reformer was preaching near abbey, some monks, with the prior at their h fell upon him, and he escaped with difficu It is said that one of the monks had a dagge his hand. Still feeling their weakness, they recourse to the civil power, and prayed Ge de Rive, the governor, to assist them. F for a time held his ground, but was soon obli to yield. He returned to Aigle late in Decem not sorry to be permitted to spend Christ with his own flock.

On the 7th of January, the question, Pop or the Gospel, was put to the vote at Mo The majority declared for the gospel; but priests, supported by Friburg, endeavoured intimidate the evangelical party, and the c 'Farel, Farel, come over and help us!' wafted across the mountains. The Refor hastened to answer it: accompanied by Bernese, he crossed the mountain range abo Vevey, and entered the hostile territory of Cou John de Gruyère, who had said, 'We must bu this French Luther.' But just then it wou not have been convenient to the Count to inc the displeasure of Berne, so he remained quie in his castle. Scarcely, however, had Fa ascended the heights of Martin de Vaud, wh he was met by the vicar and two priests, wh rushing towards him, exclaimed, 'Heretic! devi Their wrath spent itself in words. Farel co tinued his journey.

While at Morat, and in its neighbourhoo Farel made several missionary tours among t mountains, between the lakes Morat and Ne chatel, which occupied him from the 15th February to the end of April 1530. God pr pered his work. In a few weeks most of t towns in the bishopric of Bâle (which, thou subject to the bishop as their temporal prin were dependent on Berne in matters of religio were gained over to the Reformation.

In August we find him once more at Neucha where the governor, alarmed at the 'innovatio in the surrounding district, desired the cler not to admit Farel into their churches, and t people not to listen to him should he preach the streets. But, strengthened by the succ which had attended his ministry, he thought carry the town by storm, and, assisted by you men, lion-hearted like himself, Farel post placards through the streets, on which t

l inhabitants read these words: 'All say mass are robbers, murderers, and f the people.' Filled with horror, the ded by the canons and priests, tore placards, and trampled them under , while the governor summoned the ender to answer for himself; and then, vaiting to hear what he had to say, ten thousand crowns damages.

arties appeared in court. Farel at once what he had done, and proceeded to saying, 'Where are there to be found ible murderers than those seducers who ise, and thus nullify the merits of our is Christ? I will prove my assertion spel.' Scarcely had these words been hen the canons cried out, 'The com- of Neuchatel and not the gospel is in ere. Where are the witnesses?' Farel, ng the tumult, proved what he had the Scriptures, and the court of Neu- t accustomed to such matters, referred o the council of Besançon, which, de- decide, handed it over to the emperor al council.

liberty, Farel continued to preach in s, and in the houses which were open One day a voice was heard among the manding, 'Why should not the word e proclaimed in a church?' At these veral of the people rushed forward, arel to the hospital chapel, and placed e pulpit. As he stood there and thought k and dying around him, he said, 'In ner as Jesus Christ, appearing in a poverty and humility, was born in a Bethlehem, so this hospital, this abode k and the poor, is to-day become his in the town of Neuchatel.' Then, the images which adorned the chapel, some, removed others, and continued n.

d by these proceedings, George de Rive, mor, sent to Berne to request the recall Farel and his friends. But no id the messengers departed, than a n from the towns-people set out for implore protection for the Reformer, Did not these hands bear arms at n, and at Bremgarten, to support your on? and will you abandon us in ours?' ouching appeal reached Berne at a oment. The Banneret of Weingarten, e most influential men of Berne, was he plague. Hearing of the arrival of ies from Neuchatel, he raised himself id, exerting all his strength, said, 'Go, he Senate from me to ask for a general of the people of Neuchatel for Sabbath

puties departed, and on the 7th of ached Neuchatel; and Farel, not think- resence necessary at the approaching ft the city to carry the gospel message djoining district.

15th of August (the Romish festival ady of August, or, the Assumption), companied by Anthony Boyne, his countryman,—a fearless, ardent spirit like himself,—climbed the mountain beyond Neuchatel, and descending into the Val de Ruz, stopped at the village of Bondevilliers, just as the people from the neighbouring hamlets were gathering to the chapel door. The travellers joined the crowd, and Farel was at once recognised by some who had heard him preach at Neuchatel. To their astonishment, he mounted the pulpit, and while the priests chanted the mass, he preached, 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' Great was the excitement and confusion, as first one voice, and then another, succeeded in making itself heard.

At length the priest approached the altar: the people rushed forward to catch those mysterious words, as they fell from his lips, by which the bread and wine were to be changed into the body, soul, and divinity of our Lord; but scarcely had they been uttered, when Boyne snatched the consecrated host from the priest, and, holding it up before the people, exclaimed, 'This is not the God whom you should worship. He is above in heaven, in the majesty of the Father, and not, as you believe, in the hands of a priest.' This hasty, imprudent act naturally shocked the people and infuriated the priests. In a moment the air resounded with the shrill tones of the tocsin and the alarm bell. A crowd was soon gathered, and Farel and Boyne would probably have been torn to pieces, had they not, unobserved, slipped away in the tumult. 'God,' says the chronicler, 'delivered them.' In their flight they passed the castle of Valengin, in the Val de Ruz, the abode of a widow, Guillemette de Vergy, dowager countess of Valengin. Noiselessly they crept along the walls, well knowing the character of the countess, the ruling passion of whose life was hatred against the Reformation. They were soon perceived, and assailed by a shower of stones, while men and women, and not a few priests, armed with clubs, rushed upon them. 'Assuredly,' observes an old chronicler, 'the priests had not the gout, either in their feet or arms. The ministers were so beaten that they nearly lost their lives.' The countess herself stood on the terrace and encouraged the mob, calling aloud, 'Drown them, drown them, throw them into the river—those Lutheran dogs who have despised the Host!'

There seemed but a step between them and death, when suddenly 'certain good persons' of the Val de Ruz, coming from Neuchatel, appeared, and thinking thereby to save Farel and Boyne, asked the priests, 'Would it not be better to imprison the Reformers, that they might answer for their conduct?' The priests took the hint, and conducted them to the castle dungeon.

On the way they passed an image of the Virgin. 'Kneel down and prostrate yourselves before our Lady,' cried the priests. 'Worship one God alone in spirit and in truth,' replied Farel, 'and not dumb images.' These words so exasperated the priests, that they beat Farel until he was covered with wounds and blood, which even stained the chapel walls, and was discernible for many years afterwards.

As the prisoners toiled up the ascent to the castle, Guillemette de Vergy and her attendants

watched them from the terrace, well pleased to see them in so dismal a plight. They were then let down, almost lifeless, into the dungeon of the castle of Valengin. When the news reached Neuchatel, several of the people hastened to their rescue. The countess felt it prudent to release them, and even ordered inquiry to be made concerning their imprisonment. 'Nevertheless,' adds the chronicler, 'the priest who had beaten Farel most, never failed to eat daily at the lady's table, by way of recompense.' Farel returned to Neuchatel.

For a considerable time mass had not been performed in the cathedral church of St. Blaise. On the 23d of October Farel was preaching in the hospital, and knowing that the magistrates thought of consecrating St. Blaise to the evangelical worship, said, 'What! will you not pay as much honour to the gospel as the other party does to the mass? And if this superstition is celebrated in the High Church, shall not the gospel be proclaimed there also?' As he uttered these words, the congregation rose as one man, and bore him to the cathedral, regardless of the canons, who made every effort to stop them. Then Farel, ascending the pulpit, preached with great earnestness, and proved with so much power that the doctrines he proclaimed were according to Scripture, that many among his hearers, deeply affected, called out: 'We will obey the evangelical doctrines; we and our children will live and die in them.'

As the preacher continued, their enthusiasm rose, until it could not be controlled; and many acts of violence were committed, as if they thought to annihilate Popery by a single blow, and, by removing the images from the sight, root out idolatry from the heart. Many images were destroyed, among them one of the Virgin, the gift of Louisa of Savoy.

In vain the canons and priests endeavoured to restrain the multitude; they might as well have thought of chaining the wind. All they could do was to remove the most valuable paintings and images to the castle. The next day some soldiers, just returned from the war in Savoy, having armed themselves with hatchets, threw down the altars and destroyed any images and paintings which had escaped the violence of the preceding day. The figures carved in the fourteenth century by the 'imagers' of Count Louis met with similar treatment.

When the governor, after the work of destruction, entered the chapel, and cast his eyes around, his heart sank within him, and returning home, he wrote to entreat the Princess of Longueville to leave the court of Francis and cross the mountains, to appease her people, who were 'in trouble, in consequence of this Lutheran religion. They have even,' added the terrified governor, 'bored out the eyes of our Lady of Mercy, which the departed lady, your mother, had caused to be made.'

Not satisfied with what had been done, the Reformed party flung the pattens containing the *corpus domini* into the river; they then ate the consecrated wafer, to prove to the people that it 'was not God.'

At this sacrilegious act, a cry of horror thrilled through the crowd. The canons, in wild excitement, rushed forward. Blows were about to be struck, when, fortunately for both parties, three members of the privy council, who had hitherto remained silent, ordered all the supporters of the evangelical doctrines to appear before the governor. Strong in the conviction of the legality of his conduct, Farel replied, 'Tell the governor, that in the concerns of God and our souls he has no command over us.' To yield to a superior power without letting it appear that he was conquered, was all that De Rive could now do. He therefore once more entered the dismantled church, to remove to a place of safety the images that remained uninjured, if, indeed, such could be found. As he carried them away to the castle, the towns-people, mocking, exclaimed, 'Save your gods, preserve them under strong bars, lest perchance a robber should deprive you of the objects of your adoration.'

As only a small number of the citizens took part in these proceedings, the governor persuaded himself that the majority were in favour of the Romish faith, and proposed to prove it, by calling a meeting of the parishioners. To this the friends of the Reformation, in the absence of the Bernese commissioners, objected. A messenger was therefore sent to Berne for those officers, who were immediately sent. Then the Romish party asked for delay. A discussion arose: the commissioners having heard both sides of the question, decided to put it to the vote. For a long time the Popish party objected to this, and talked vehemently of their determination to take up arms in defence of their faith, and die as martyrs in the cause. The governor, however, fearing the consequences which might result from further opposition, yielded. His example was followed by others, who satisfied themselves by an expression of firm allegiance to the princess. With this the evangelical party declared themselves satisfied, so long as their religious principles were not compromised. The votes were then taken, when a majority of eighteen declared in favour of the Reformation.

In commemoration of this eventful day, these words were inscribed on a pillar of the church of Neuchatel: 'On the 23d of October 1530, the worship of images was abolished by the citizens.' At the close of the discussion the governor declared: 'I give my promise to undertake nothing against the vote of this day, for I am myself a witness that it has been honest, upright, without danger, and without coercion.'

The freedom with which both parties expressed themselves during the dispute had the effect of moderating the excitement and irritation of the contending parties, confirming the truth of a remark made by one of the disputants: 'It is better to touch one another, even if it be collision, than to avoid each other continually.'

On the 4th of November, the return to apostolic doctrine in the church of Neuchatel was finally decreed. On that day two marble tables, upon which were placed the bread and wine, were substituted for the high altar, while from a pulpit, without any decoration, the gospel was

ımed, to the sincere joy of many among ngregation.

ıding to these events, Farel thus wrote to nd: 'It is well that the deceptions of hrist are apparent to many, and that Christ ow be preached with perfect liberty. But I consider how much still remains to be plished,—how far the people are from ian purity, innocence, and love,—I am obliged to confess that the state of things is very lamentable. How many weeds must yet be rooted up before the soil can receive the seed! How many trials are to be endured! how many efforts to be made! how many dangerous foes to be overcome! Truly, hardy labourers are necessary, who will sow even without the hope of an abundant harvest.'

(*To be continued.*)

BUNYAN'S 'EVANGELIST.'

MACAULAY in his history informs us that the *Pilgrim's Progress* was for more than a century the delight of pious cottagers and artisans, before it took its place, as a classical work, aries. But critics, he adds, were at length lled to own that the ignorant multitude ıdged more correctly than the learned, and he despised little book was really a master-

Such, accordingly, has long since been ttled verdict in the case, and being so, I now, of course, feel specially called upon to ıe, any more than to dispute it. What I o remark is, that in no respect, perhaps, 'first of allegories' more of a 'masterpiece' in its fidelity to nature, and the exceed- uthfulness, if I may so say, of its delinea- of human character, whether met with in urch or the world. This must have been observed and felt by all who have ever d the book, and no doubt it constitutes its great charms, alike with old and young. ecret of it seems to be that the *dramatis æ* of the various scenes in the tale are so ly life-like and human, that instead of imaginary characters, conjured up by the ious dreamer' for the occasion, they must been genuine portraitures, drawn direct he life. And such is generally believed to been the case. Indeed, had it been other- t may not be too much to aver that the work not only never have attained to its present -wide popularity, but it may even be oned whether it would have floated down le of time beyond the century in which it ppeared.

re seems, then, to be little doubt that the outstanding figures in the allegory, such Christian' himself, and 'Faithful,' and ful,' 'Great-heart,' and 'Valiant-for-truth,' real portraits, the originals of which must been familiar to Bunyan in that age in his lot was cast,—an age, as is well n, of great and good men, as it was also of and wicked men; when, like the prophet's the good were very good, and the evil very

And as the main and more prominent cters in the work had their living counter- at the time, so likewise had the others, as 'Pliable,' 'Talkative,' 'Ignorance,' 'By- 'Save-all,' 'Hold-the-world,' etc. More- they were each of them the specific type many separate classes then existing in the ; nor have these classes *yet* disappeared among men, but may occasionally still be seen, the bad and the good, represented with more or less distinctness, I suppose, in every community in Christendom.

But the character to whom for the present I wish more particularly to direct attention, is that one distinguished in the allegory as 'Good Evangelist.' It is he who first comes so opportunely to Christian, when sorely distressed in mind, and utterly perplexed as to whither or in what direction to run. At subsequent stages of the eventful journey, the same benignant personage appears from time to time, when most needed, and imparts such counsel or rebuke, direction or encouragement, as the pilgrim's particular exigency happens to require. His portrait is thus described, as seen in the house of the 'Interpreter.' It was 'the picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall, and this was the fashion of it: It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in its hand, the law of truth was written upon its lips, the world was behind its back, it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head.' This loving friend, and faithful guide of the pilgrims, is allowed to have been a living impersonation of Bunyan's own pastor. In his spiritual autobiography, known as *Grace Abounding*, he refers to him as 'holy Mr. Gifford.' That good man, then, is believed on all hands to have been the original 'Evangelist;' and so we give the following particulars of his personal history, believing they may be new to many, and may lend, if possible, an additional interest to those passages of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in which he comes upon the stage.

When Bunyan first became acquainted with Mr. Gifford, the latter was pastor of a small Baptist congregation in Bedford. It was the period of Bunyan's great troubles, either immediately previous to, or at the time of his conversion, and when apparently in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He seems to have been introduced to the Baptist minister by some godly women there, who had known of his sore spiritual conflicts, and were but too glad to conduct him to one so much abler to instruct him than themselves. And hence it has been suggested, as well as from other considerations, which need not be here specified, that these same happy, holy women, were afterwards personified in the allegory as 'Prudence,' 'Piety,' and 'Charity,' the three heavenly maidens who entertained Christian in 'the palace Beautiful.'

His introduction to 'holy Mr. Gifford' would seem to have been the commencement of a new

life to Bunyan. 'This man,' he says, 'made it much his business to deliver the people of God from all hard and unsound tests that by nature we are prone to. He would bid us take special heed that we took not up any truth upon trust, as from this or that, or any other man or men; but cry mightily to God that He would convince us of the reality thereof, and set us down therein, by his Spirit in the holy word; for,' said he, 'if you do otherwise, when temptation comes, if strongly, upon you, you, not having received them with evidence from heaven, will find you want that help and strength now to resist, which you once thought you had.'

These and other similar admonitions, as sound as they were seasonable, were greatly blessed to Bunyan for his confirmation and establishment in the faith of Christ, and were partly no doubt instrumental in rendering him what he afterwards became, a master in the Scriptures, such as but few have been, either before or since his time. But although latterly the beloved and honoured pastor, as we have seen, of the Baptist congregation of Bedford, Mr. Gifford had originally been an officer in the army of Charles the First. And as he continued true to his party, even after that unhappy monarch had been dethroned and beheaded, he engaged in an insurrection against the new government, for which he and eleven others were condemned to death.

Gifford's sister paid him a visit in the prison on the night previous to his intended execution; and finding the sentinels asleep, she persuaded him to effect his escape. In this his fellow-prisoners were unable to join him, having stupefied themselves with drink. He passed through the guard in safety, betook himself to the fields, and lay concealed for three days in a ditch. Instant search was of course made for him, but he was not discovered. By the help of some friends he was conveyed to London in disguise, and afterwards to the county of Bedford, where he was protected by some Royalists of influence, until the pursuit was dropt, and the danger passed away.

Major Gifford (for such had been his rank) set up now in Bedford as a physician, and was known to lead a very wicked and profligate life, as many others of his party did at that time. He was a great drinker and gambler, and much addicted to the vices which usually accompany such base habits. Indeed, he was said to have betrayed unusual depravity of heart and disposition, and bore a very special ill-will to the Puritans, who, he thought, were the parties to blame for all the calamities he had endured. And so far did he carry his feelings of animosity against them, that he resolved on taking the life of a worthy man in Bedford, for no other reason than that he was a leading man among the Puritans of the town.

While in this unhappy state of mind, he was engaged one day, according to custom, in his favourite practice of gambling, when he lost the sum of fifteen pounds,—too large a sum for one in his circumstances to lose,—and, as may easily be supposed, it made him well-nigh frantic with rage. 'Many desperate thoughts against God,' he afterwards said, arose in his mind, when, scarce knowing what he did, he chanced to take up a book, by the Puritan divine, Robert Bolton, —probably his *Treatise on Happiness*,—and in that book his eye alighted on some startling word or sentence, which arrested his attention, and, through the grace and Spirit of God, was made the means of leading him to a deep and affecting sense of the misery of his condition as a sinner against God.

For some weeks thereafter he continued in deep distress of conscience on account of his sins, and the depraved, wicked life he had led. But as the most violent thunderstorm is not unfrequently succeeded by delightful calm and sunshine, so, by and by, those tumultuous feelings in the soul of Gifford were made to pass away; when peace and joy, such as, till then, he had never conceived of, flowed in upon and pervaded his whole man. He now felt as if in a new world, and so he entered on a new course. He forthwith began to court the society and frequent the meetings of those very persons whom, up to that period, he had despised and persecuted. At first, indeed, as might have been expected, those good people were suspicious as to the reality of the change which he professed to have undergone. But it was not long till their fears were dissipated; for soon, like Saul of Tarsus, he began 'to preach the faith which once he destroyed.' So, after having had due trial of his gifts, both public and private, they formed themselves into a Christian congregation, with Gifford as their pastor; and, singular enough, the same pious individual whose death he was fervently plotting, was one of eleven persons who chose him to that important office. He enjoyed much happiness and success in his ministry, and is said to have declared a short time before the close of his life, which seems to have been a long one, that from the day of his conversion, he 'lost not the light of God's countenance, no, not for an hour.' 'I sat,' said Bunyan, 'under the ministry of holy Mr. Gifford, whose doctrine, by God's grace, was much for my stability.'

THE INVISIBLE WIRES.

NATURAL objects have been teachers of spiritual lessons ever since time began. Mountain, valley, wood, stream, cloud, and sunshine, has each had its appropriate lessons for man, and inspiration has given to each a voice of utterance, clear and distinct. Inventions of art and discoveries of science, too, have their lessons, so that new teachers are continually coming upon the stage, and speaking to those who have ears to hear.

An example of this we find in the electric telegraph, that wonderful discovery of the age. Great thoughts of the invisible communication

en heaven and earth have been suggested and still, as we view it, we may gather lessons from its teachings. Prayer has called the telegraph line from earth to ı. Is not the invisible fitly typified by the —which seems itself only in part a thing se, an object occupying the boundary line en the visible and the invisible? Should ery sceptic stand rebuked when he receives age over these wires? He believes in the ge just received from a distant city; but s not believe in messages sent from the ıly world. He does not understand the of communication in the latter case; does derstand it in the former? He does not e in mysteries; is there no mystery here? mbles when the visible wires signal to him ister or death; but needs not the solemn of warning that speed along the invisible

How absurd and inconsistent is unbelief! rational and reasonable is faith!

egraph lines are now very numerous; so ose of which these are a type. The latter, er numerous, have one common terminus. r line is completed every time a soul is born he kingdom of grace. In heaven the com- n of each new line of communication is cele- d with songs of joy and shouts of triumph. one just completed passes the message: 'God erciful to me, a sinner;' and, quick as the ing's flash, the message is returned: 'Be d cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee.'

the end of another line is a sick-bed, on ı lies a weary sufferer. Again and again essage passes over the line: 'O Lord, heal If it be thy will, let this cup pass from The message returned is similar to the eceived by the great apostle: 'My grace ficient for thee; for my strength is made t in weakness.' Strengthened and comforted, the sufferer feels that he has received a message from heaven.

Again, a mother, whose little ones are crying for bread which she has not to give, sends speeding over the wires a cry for help, and, quick as thought, another message speeds away to the heart of a Christian neighbour, and he feels a sudden impulse to go to the lonely widow, and see if she is in need.

Sometimes in the same instant the message is sent and the answer is returned. Again, the answer is long delayed. Once a Christian mother sent over these invisible wires messages of prayerful entreaty for her son. That son grew up wilful, reckless, obstinate. After years of sin, he sickened, and was carried to an hospital, in a country far from the land of his birth. A faithful minister came to his bedside, to bring the gospel of glad tidings. He would not listen, but turned his face to the wall. Ah! where were those messages which passed from earth to heaven so many years before? They have not been forgotten. The answer is speeding. The man of God determines to make one more effort. He sits down by that bed, and sings a song his mother taught him in his childhood. The man's heart is reached now. He turns, and, with a tear in his eye, asks—

'Where did you learn that?'

'My mother taught it to me.'

'And my mother taught it to me!' he responds, now melted and subdued, ready to listen to the message of love which the gospel minister is yearning to impart.

Believe it, trembling Christian, no message travelling over these wires is ever lost. If no answer has been received, it is waiting for you somewhere in the future. Employ, then, without ceasing, this line of communication between heaven and earth.—*Catherine M. Trowbridge.*

SUMMER RAIN.

WHAT sound so sweet,
er a day of fiery heat,
d sun-strokes in the dusty street,
the pleasant voice of the singing rain
hing against the window pane?

The queenly rose
l vassal flowers their eyes unclose,
le God his benison bestows;
the sick man dreams of health again,
ered by the dance of the dropping rain.

The bubbles break,
le showers descend on the breezy lake,
the water-nymphs from slumber wake;
eward driving his harvest wain,
farmer dreads the cooling rain.

The Plague fiend stops
is dread career to hear the drops.
n, farmer, why mourn o'er your crops?
e faith sublime ne'er leaned in vain
the Power that sends us the healing rain.

It bringeth cure
To the blistered feet of the starving poor,
And their hearts are strengthened to endure;
While Woe, in love with life again,
His hot brow bares to the welcome rain.

Of murmuring shells,
And the silver chime of fairy bells,
Were never born such music spells,
To cheer the visionary brain
Of listening bard, as the summer rain.

Earth looks more fair
When drops that banish the sun's hot glare
Fall from the cisterns of upper air;
And her breast is cleansed of many a stain
By the gentle bath of summer rain.

It caught its chime,
Not in this fading realm of time,
But above—above in a holier clime;
And I ever hear an angel's strain
Blend with the dash of a summer rain.

—*W. H. C. Hosmer.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

JOHN VII. 53–VIII. 1–12.

IF we group together the scenes of this and the succeeding chapter, we might head them thus: A day with Jesus, in which we have not merely his answers to the disputing Jews, but his proclamation of love: a night with Jesus on the Mount of Olives: dawn with Jesus in the temple, listening to his early teaching: sunrise with Jesus, as, pointing to the east, He says, 'I am the Light of the world.'

Let us follow, however, another division, which will, perhaps, bring out the truths of the passage more fully, in connection both with man and the Lord. (1.) Man at home; Jesus not at home. (2.) Man the listener; Jesus the teacher. (3.) Man the sinner; Jesus the forgiver. (4.) Man the child of darkness; Jesus the light of life.

I. *Man at home; Jesus not at home.*—'Every man went to his own house; Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.' The crowd which had surrounded Him all the day, gradually drops off, one by one, as the evening draws on, and Jesus is left alone. Each one has a home to go to, a roof to shelter him, and retires to rest with his family; Jesus has nowhere to lay his head. They go one way, He goes another; they keep within the city walls, He goes without the gate to Olivet, there to spend the night in prayer. He is not at home; even in the temple, which is his Father's house. He must not stay; its gates are closing; and He is shut out. The temple shuts Him out, the city shuts Him out. He can only go to the places where man is not,—to the solitudes where, outside of Jerusalem, outside even of Bethany, He can meet with God. This homelessness of the Son of God was for us. He became homeless that we might have a home—a home in his Father's house. He went without the gate that we might enter in. He became an exile, taking our place and life of banishment, that we might have an entrance ministered to us into the celestial city, the paradise of God. Hast thou, O man, availed thyself of this great work, and returned to thy Father's house? or art thou still an exile from God, though at home on earth?

II. *Man the listener; Jesus the teacher.*—That to which God calleth us is 'listening.' 'Hear, and your soul shall live;' 'Faith cometh by hearing.' Christ came to us as the Word, to *speak* to us. His very coming was God saying to us, 'Now, listen to me.' Seldom do we find man in this attitude, and hence so little faith; and when Christ comes the second time, He will find little faith, because few listening. But here we have a group of listeners, and that in the early dawn, gathered round the eternal Word. And He teaches! How willing to teach! How glad to get a listener, an open ear! How eager is He to pour in all his wisdom,—to teach the ignorant,—to *unteach* them the evil and error,—to teach them the good and the true! Are our ears ever open? Are we eager listeners,—as ready to hear as He is to speak? Oh, how much we lose of happy wisdom, simply from not listening! Jesus himself knew what it was to hear the Father: 'He wakeneth m by morning; He wakeneth mine ear to he one who is taught.' And having thus learne comes to teach. 'Learn of me,' He says. Lord make us willing learners! The Lord g open ears!

III. *Man the sinner; Christ the forgiver.*—midst of the teaching and the listening a occurs,—an interruption,—yet not truly s interruption which only illustrates the ch of the Teacher. Vile sin has just been disco and the culprit is brought in. It is flagrant gression. How will He deal with it? W palliate it, or will He say, Go and stone he He does the former, what becomes of his h and professed veneration for the law? if the what becomes of his kindness to publican sinners? He does neither; and yet He p the guilty! How marvellous the grace! wonderfully He deals with sin and the s He condemns,—nay, He makes his hearer demn it, and not only the woman's, but thei yet He forgives! He shows them sin in a a wider, a more universal aspect than they dr of; yet He also shows that nothing can ol his forgiving love. His is pardon to the utte He came to save sinners. Who is there th is not willing and able to save?

IV. *Man the child of darkness; Christ the of the world.*—These are awful words: 'Cl of night,' 'Children of darkness,'—worse th world's phrase, 'Children of the mist!' The is dark—darkness itself. Each soul is dark. efforts to enlighten himself have only le darker. But the Light has come; the true now shineth. The Christ has come; and He Light of the world, the Light of the soul, the of life. In the present, He is pointing to the sun (as it was appearing over the Mount of C and says, 'I' (not yon sun) 'am the Light world.' Till I appear, all is night. Then, day. Christ as the revealer of the Father—grace and righteousness; Christ, as the po and dispenser of the Holy Ghost, is the Li the world.

1. Light cheers and gladdens. Thus Jesu joy and peace. In that city where Jesus there shall be no night nor darkness. The is the light thereof.

2. Light purifies. Jesus renews, sanctifi similates.

3. Light quickens. Jesus removes deat parts life.

4. Light heals. Jesus heals wounds, dis He cures.

5. Light liberates. Jesus sets us free. is no bondage where the true light is shinin

6. Light penetrates. Jesus, with his radiance, pervades the whole man. He lea part unoccupied. His is all-piercing light. I the soul to whom that glory has come, on that light has risen!

Oh, the difference between night and noon ness and sunshine! Have you made the exch Will you make it now? 'He that believeth shall not abide in darkness.'

THE LIFE OF MANY FROM THE DEATH OF ONE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, EDINBURGH.

'And Jesus answered them, saying, The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'—JOHN XII. 23, 24.

THE kingdom of heaven is at hand. The typical sacrifices have served their purpose, and are ready to vanish away. Jesus, in his personal ministry, stood within the limits of the Old Testament system; but He stood on its outmost edge. He entered it not to destroy, but to fulfil. Standing on the border of the preparatory dispensation, limited necessarily by the purpose of God, and still farther contracted by the prejudices of the Jews, He looked forth with longing to the enlargement, long promised, surely provided, and now very near. He was straitened until, in his own baptism of blood, the bonds should be broken, and deliverance proclaimed.

When the disciples were approaching Jerusalem, immediately before the last passover, Jesus walked before them. The bent of his spirit, hastening to the sacrifice, insensibly quickened his pace, and the twelve hardy labouring men of Galilee were left behind on the way. He had assumed our nature within the circle of the Jewish economy, that He, the life of men, might in dying burst the integument of local ordinances, and come forth into contact with a dead world. He longed to be the life of the great world that lay dead in sin beyond the narrow borders of Israel. On one occasion this desire to enjoy the delight of giving life to the Gentiles, which burned in his breast like fire, led Him out to the utmost borders of the land on the side where Tyre and Sidon lay (Matt. xv. 21); the power of his presence, secretly felt beyond the line, drew over a poor Phœnician woman, and kept her following Him, until she obtained all her desire. In like manner here, these words of the Lord Jesus were drawn from his lips by the request of some Greek strangers who came over the boundary, and sought the Light of the world.

As needles shake and move tremulously towards a near but unseen magnet, the souls of these Gentiles, touched by a power which themselves did not understand, stirred, and quivered, and pointed to Jesus. As the magnet, on the other hand, if free to move, and as far as it is free to move, turns mysteriously in the direction of the needles, so the Lord, though kept by the fixtures of his own covenant personally within the land of Israel, trembles with irrepressible love and longing toward the place where the Gentiles lie.

A secret presentiment already began to circulate beyond the borders of Judea that the Light of the world had come: and He, knowing that all things were now ready, permitted indications of his yearning for the outside world frequently to escape from his lips. While the purpose, 'I will arise and go to my Father,' is secretly springing in the bosom of the desolate prodigal afar, a corresponding yearning to be reconciled is already turning the Father's eyes, and stretching out his arms in the direction whence the penitent may be expected to appear.

Upon his disciples, too, in the first instance, He laid an absolute prohibition against exercising their ministry beyond the borders of Israel (Matt. x. 5). His will was that they should wait till the veil should be rent in his flesh, that through the opening the glorious mercy which shone between the cherubim might flow into the outer courts where the Gentiles worshipped; that the Gentiles, no longer excluded, might enter within the veil, and through the intercession of the one High Priest become themselves kings and priests unto God. With his own lips, after his death, but before his ascension, He removed that prohibition, and gave the missionaries permission—gave them command—to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

Those Greeks who had come up to worship at the feast were by birth heathen. Though not in form, they were in fact, the ambassadors or deputies of the nations to Christ their common King. It was fit that the Greek should stand forward as spokesman both for himself and for the barbarian. It was fit that the politically free should in the first instance approach to tender homage both for themselves and for the bond. Greek and barbarian, bond and free, are all in equal need; and when all their wants are satisfied out of Christ's fulness, all traces of former distinctions will be for ever lost. In Christ they shall all be one. Here Ethiopia is already

stretching out her hands to God. In the request of these Greeks, presented through Philip and Andrew, symptoms appear, more or less intelligent and articulate, that the earnest expectation of the creature is waiting and longing for the manifestation of the Son of God.

These Greeks, coming to Jesus before the time, seem the world's first-fruits offered to God. A few ears early ripened are laid on the altar as earnest of a world-wide harvest that will follow in due time. A similar embassy came to the King at his birth in Bethlehem. From the east came first-fruits of the world to join in the jubilee at the birth of Christ; and from the west came first-fruits of the world to wait the opening into life which the death of Christ secured. 'Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved.'

In the persons of these proselytized worshipping Greeks, the Gentiles, weary of their dumb idols, are instinctively putting forth a feeler to ascertain whether there be a way open to the living God. Their dead idols are failing them, and here they are feeling after an unknown God, if haply they may find Him through Jesus of Nazareth, before Paul had learned to preach Him. On his part He feels these Greeks touching Him, and delights in the symptom of strangers coming from east, and west, and south, and north, to sit down with Abraham in the kingdom of heaven. Other sheep He has already in his heart that are not of the Jewish fold; them also He will bring back, but the time is not yet. He must finish his work. He strives to reach these Gentiles who are blindly groping for Him; but He will strive lawfully. The good Shepherd must give his life for the sheep. As the revilers said at the foot of the cross, knowing not the mysterious truth which their lips proclaimed, 'He saved others, himself He cannot save.' He cannot give life, except through his own dying.

The twelve did not yet understand the manner of their Master's kingdom; they walked by sight more than by faith. When the Greeks had communicated their desire privately to Philip, he, distrusting his own judgment, took Andrew, his fellow-citizen, into his confidence, and the two together break the matter to the Lord. The petition of the strangers evidently contemplated a personal interview in private. Those proselytes had evidently both seen and heard Jesus. It was because He spake as never man spake, that they desired an opportunity of conversing with Him. In undertaking to intercede for such an interview, Philip and Andrew acted with kindness, according to their light; but they were ignorant of those deep things of God which lay between Christ bestowing life and the world needing it. The deepest of all—the dying of the Lord Jesus—they could not understan would not accept. Even after the sacrific been offered, and the Lord had risen fro grave, He found it necessary to address to the reproof: 'O fools, and slow of heart lieve all that the prophets have said! Oug Christ to have suffered these things, and to into his glory?' At this time they fond pected to reach the crown, without bearir cross. They even presumed to rebuke the M when He taught them the necessity of hi sacrifice: 'Far be this from Thee, Lord.'

Then Jesus answered them. His wor meant as a specific reply to the request Andrew and Philip had presented. He d to grant the request; but He explains the of his refusal. And, blessed paradox, the of his refusal is his intense desire to give intimates that their desire will be more accomplished in another way. 'The h come that the Son of man should be glo True, the Gentiles were shut out from t dispensation; but that wall of partitio soon be broken down. These doves th flying to the windows, will not need t long now. The hour is come. The Son will in a few days accomplish an exod Jerusalem, which will open a way for the into the holiest. Christ rejoiced in spiri day over the request which the Greeks had although He did not grant it. He had pre within the closed doors of the old dispen a feast of fat things for all the world; a was glad to feel a pressure on the gates the set time for opening them; for this a Him that, when they should be opened, hi would be furnished with guests. For thi that was set before Him, He endured the I think the memory of these Gentiles p into the kingdom before the time, would the spirit of Emmanuel in his agony mor legions of angels. He feels already that his will not be in vain. 'The kingdom of suffereth violence,' and the King is well when the violent press hard on its gat soon as the gate is opened, the Gentiles, a clustering round, will agonize through its flesh-crucifying sides. The Lord sees in t cident of the travail of his soul, and is sat

In his wonted manner, He gives now a and vivid representation of the great mys grace. As He is the water of life to the t the bread of life to the hungry, and the vine to the dependent branch, He is the c wheat, from which, when it falls into the and dies, a harvest of ransomed men shall waving like Lebanon on the field of the for a time, and gathered, as God's chief tr into the granaries of heaven at last. '

verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'

These parables that Jesus spake, are not merely similitudes taken from nature to explain some of the mysteries of grace. He who employed these analogies is the Designer and Ruler of both hemispheres—the physical and the spiritual. Although, in the development of redemption after the fall, that was not first which was spiritual, but that which was carnal; although, from our view-point, Ishmael, the son of the bond, was in point of time before Isaac, the son of the free,—yet, in the omniscient Designer's plan, the spiritual took precedence, and the material followed. The outer world was framed on models already existing in the spiritual. When the Lord Jesus, author of both departments, lifted a feature of nature to explain a doctrine of grace, He was not discovering or instituting a new comparison. He only brought back the vessel to the mould in which it had originally been framed, and showed, by its fitting, what it had been formed upon. This springing of wheat, in an abundant harvest, from a seed that fell into the ground and died, is indeed a law of external nature; but it was framed on a pre-existing law of sovereign, eternal grace. And when the springing of the harvest in nature is brought back to the type on which at first it was formed, the fitting reveals its origin.

Christ, in the eternal covenant, for the display of the divine glory, is the corn of wheat that, by his own dying, shall give birth to an innumerable progeny, growing in his image, that shall beautify earth throughout the generations of time, and people heaven for ever.

The seed in this pregnant parable drops into the ground and dies; thereafter, and thereby, it bears fruit after its kind. Christ is the seed from which new life comes to a dead world. The seed is the Word; and the Word was with God, was God, and in due time dwelt among us. From his death springs a great harvest of saved men. The first Adam replenished the earth with a progeny corrupt and condemned; the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, will see a numerous offspring, after his own likeness, regenerate, ripening on earth, and gathered when ripe into heaven.

As a corn of wheat kept above the ground is itself precious, but produces nothing; the Lord intimates that if He die not, whatever He may be as the delight of the Father and the Lord of all unfallen creatures, He will work no deliverance for a lost world—will bring no sons and daughters from this dark earth to glory. Living, He may be supremely happy in the homage of all the holy; but if He die not, He will, as far as the fallen human race is concerned, sit upon his throne in solitude. No human voice could ever mingle in the chorus of his praise. This He cannot bear. He loved us, and therefore He gave himself for us. These that are lost in sin,—these that were made in God's image as the crown of creation, but have fallen by their iniquity,—these God our Saviour will not cast out. He will redeem from among them a people unto himself. Of our flesh and blood He will have a multitude that no man can number, as his kindred and his company on the throne of the kingdom. He who sits upon the throne will count himself lonely, while all the angels of God worship Him, unless ten thousand times ten thousand ransomed sinners stand round in white robes, to sing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.' Abideth alone! This He cannot bear. Tempt Him not, Peter, to spare himself. The corn of wheat must fall into the ground and die, for it is determined, in the council of eternal love, that it shall not abide alone.

'Oh, how He loves!'

LESSONS.

1. Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. The dying of the Lord Jesus is the great fundamental fact, on which the redemption of sinners absolutely depends. The corn of wheat must fall into the ground and die, ere it can produce fruit. The Just One must suffer, that sinners believing may be saved. The cross is at once the foundation on which the humble lean, and the stone over which the proud stumble. Jews and Gentiles alike were offended at the cross, and sought to escape it. The people at one time attempted to take Jesus by force and make him a king. Jesus, the healer of the sick, the raiser of the dead, the prophet who spake as never man spake, was in many cases favoured by the multitude; it was Christ crucified that became to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness.

In those days there were Gentiles who desired to come to Jesus, but not to the cross; and there were disciples who consented to lead the strangers by that smooth road to an easy heaven. Both classes have their representatives in the world to-day. There are both learners and teachers now-a-days, who make much of the morality that Jesus taught, but who are blind to the sacrifice by which He takes away sin. None of these scriptures is of any private interpretation. These lessons of the Lord have a meaning for all places and all times. These things were written for our learning, on whom the ends of the world have come. Never was this doctrine more needed than now. It is eminently a characteristic of those who seek after wisdom in our day to come

to Christ not crucified. They will have Christianity, but not the atonement. They will sit at Jesus' feet, for they confess with one accord that He is a teacher come from God; but to be bought by his blood—to be cleansed from sin, by the dying of the Sinless One in their room and stead,—this grates harshly upon their tastes.

To know ourselves, and to know our Saviour, are two parts of one thing—they cannot be separated. If you do not know yourself dead in sin, you cannot learn Christ as life from the dead to the sinful; and conversely, if you do not know Christ crucified, as your Redeemer, you have not rightly learned yet your own lost estate. The depth of the heaven seen in the lake, corresponds to the height of the heaven seen above your head. If these clouds to which you look down are not deep, the clouds to which you look up are not high; and conversely, if the clouds to which you look up are high, those to which you look down are deep. It is thus that the depth of the stain seen by a sinner on himself, corresponds to the depth of the fountain in which it may be washed away. If the sin seem light, its pardon will seem easy; and conversely, if pardon seem to come easy, the sin will seem light.

He who, taught by the Spirit, has learned something of his own guilt, must have the blood of the cross, otherwise he has no hope of mercy. And he who, taught of the Spirit, gets some insight into the dying of the Lord Jesus, gathers thence a new conception of his own sin.

Those who see the depth of their own condemnation, and yet know that there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, are still in the world a peculiar people. There is a wide difference between one who merely admires the beautiful doctrines that Jesus taught, and one who was cast into despair by his own sin, and raised into blessed hope again by beholding the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

2. The Redeemer yearns with an unspeakable tenderness for the salvation of lost sinners. Bought with a price!—there must be two at this bargain, as at all other bargains, otherwise there is no transaction. The two who must unite here, are the Redeemer and the captive. One is ready —is ready always. The buyer is ready with the ransom price;—is the captive willing to be redeemed? Alas! how many trample the blood of the covenant under foot.

But, in the meantime, let us read clearly in the Scriptures that there is willingness—eagerness on one side; and oh! perhaps the sight of willingness in Christ may become the power that makes a people willing, and brings them to his bosom, like the dew of the morning. As a student of the Bible, there is nothing of which I have a fuller conviction; and as the word, there is nothing that I k more to print into the very souls o than this—that Christ, the Son of Redeemer, is ready, willing, wear to receive sinners. This convicti thoroughly lodged in the heart, wo vail to win a soul. The convictio of God stands at the door and k at the door and weeps—may and renew the worldly; but sur do not arouse, nothing else will. brother; hear ye Him. He will the cup. All the agony that l bearer of sin, He will endure. Al serves, the Sinless One will un He was not callous to suffering indifferent to the hiding of his His heart was not of iron; for i pressed between the wrath of Go the disregard of the sinners whom save. He was tender to all this e cisely in proportion to his holines will endure! When one of his endeavoured to dissuade Him, He advice to the inspiration of the de the tempter away. He will go agony, till it is finished in his dea why? Because He desires fruit; unwilling to reign in heaven if nc there.

'O thou of little faith, wheref doubt?' It is a sad sight,—a suppose, angels will be amazed a see,—when a sinful soul is awakene and yet afraid to come to Chri should shut the door in his face him with his sins. A thought like an instinct of nature, in a gui that the Sinless One will meet sin to their deserving. Instead of ditional of the Psalmist, 'If Thou iniquity,' they come forward wi sentence, 'Thou wilt mark my in Thus perversely does a soul throw love in his face, and will not tr will not trust his dying, as e love.

It is a mania of that kind, whic seen among the diseases that af in which the patient conceives a of his best friends. Such is th the poor deceived brain sets up a hierarchy of those who hate apprehension of injury is greatest who loves him most. This world turned upside down when the n Oh that the spiritual madness from deceived hearts, and that t

ance in slavish terror, might be seen
; the feet of Jesus!
it to touch our hearts tenderly to mark,
ure, the longing of the man Christ Jesus
ompany of his kind. 'He took not on
nature of angels.' He took ours. He
bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.'
erve Him, like flames of fire in their
nd like stormy winds in their power
l. Angels serve Him; but it is a man
e will choose to lie in his bosom. They
whom He calls his friends. They are
a flesh and blood, whom He solemnly
o be his mother, and sister, and brother.
over all, He bends now from his throne,
ig for the inbringing of the nations.
irone to-day He laments that, while the door is open, few there be that find it. And while He longs for the entrance of ransomed men into the kingdom, as his company for ever, He presses himself as their company to-day in the house of their pilgrimage: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

Let this word abide in your memory. Let it be ready, ever at hand, to rebuke your unbelief and chase away your fears. Remember, when a false view of your own sins is by the evil one employed to keep you back from the sinner's Saviour,—remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, as a reason why He gave himself to die for sin, that, if He died not, He would be left alone; none of the sinful whom He sought coming to Him in the day of grace, sitting with Him on the throne of glory.

WILLIAM FAREL,

THE SWISS REFORMER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE blessing which descended on the church at Neuchatel, by the decree of the 1st of November 1530, did not extend to the surrounding district. On the contrary, that decree stipulated that no innovation should in the neighbouring Abbey of Fon- in any other convent or parish in the But, on the other hand, those who de- dopt the reformed doctrines were given o do so. Nevertheless, so decided was mor's wish to root out the Reformation, withstanding his recent liberal assertion, for the churchwardens of the country to extort from them an assurance of achment to the 'old faith.'

g deeply for those from whom the light ided, Farel, accompanied by some Neu-, set out to visit them; and, in great e governor again entreated the Princess ueville to come and rescue her people esy.

mish party, determined to 'build again ch had been thrown down,' fixed upon s day to restore Popery to Neuchatel. was carefully laid, and steady friends appointed to execute it. Their orders rush into church while the reformed vas being carried on, overthrow the nd restore the images and the mass. oposes, but God disposes.' On Christ- deputies from Berne waited on the —informed him that they were aware lot, and added, 'You must see to this. eformed party are attacked, we will em with all our power.' There was no ice in Neuchatel that Christmas day.

any promising fields in which to pro- gospel which were now open to Farel, , Morat, Neuchatel, and other places, obliged him to look for fellow-helpers in the ministry. Just at this time, he heard that a young Frenchman, Eustace André, surnamed Fortunatus, who had been driven out of France by persecution, had 'a strong desire to labour in the Lord's vineyard.' Farel immediately wrote to him, saying, 'If you are truly acquainted with Christ, so as to preach Him in simplicity, without vain disputes about baptism and the Lord's Supper, tribute and tithe, in which the religion of many consists; if you have no desire to bring forward anything else than that all men should deny ungodliness and unrighteousness, and, full of faith, lay up treasures in heaven, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God,—if it be your chief desire to implant that faith which works by love, then come courageously, and take up the cross which stands ready for you. Look for labour, not for leisure; expect no rest till the day's work is done. Truly a wide field lies open, but only for those who wish to feed the flock, not to live on it. Besides this, much reproach is to be endured; for you must expect to meet with ingratitude in return for kindness, and evil for good. But do not suppose I mention these things to deter you. I would rather inflame you with the courage of a hero, who, though the foe he is about to meet be strong and well armed, is ready to enter the hottest of the fight, trusting in that God whose is the conflict, and the victory, for the battle is not ours, but the Lord's.' To this letter André replied, that being a married man, he would prefer a quieter post than that which Farel described. The Reformer therefore wrote again, saying, 'If you have received grace to preach the gospel, do not bury your talent, for you will have to answer for the souls of those who are the slaves of spiritual tyranny, whom you might have enlightened and led to Christ. The labourer must live at his own charge while he is waiting for the harvest, and this I

confess is difficult in a time of scarcity, when money goes but a little way; but I know that our heavenly Father will never desert his children.' Thus André's objections were overcome, and, with his wife, he soon joined Farel, and long and zealously laboured with him in the gospel.

We now return to follow Farel on his missionary tour. At Avenche, where the Bishop of Lausanne possessed both temporal and spiritual power, he met fierce opposition, though there were many anxious to hear him. Protected by the authority of Berne and Friburg, he escaped open violence, and soon went on to Morat, two leagues distant. While there, he received orders from Berne to go to Orbe, a small town at the foot of the Jura, remarkable as the place in which the three sons of Charlemagne met to divide their father's vast empire upon his death. The reformed doctrines had gained entrance into Orbe the previous year, and had many zealous friends within its walls, who met with much hostile treatment, especially from a Franciscan, Michael Juliani. When Farel began to preach he was assailed on all sides by cries of 'dog, heretic, devil;' but, being accustomed to such disturbances, he continued his sermon, and even returned to the public square to finish it the following morning. The evening of that day, he, with the deputies of Berne, attended a meeting of the council, and, returning home, was waylaid by the women of Orbe, who seized, and were about to beat him, when Pierre de Glaresse, a nobleman in the town, rescued him, saying, 'Ladies, pray forgive me, I have him in charge.' The most violent of these women was Elizabeth Reiff, wife of Hugonin D'Arnay, who shortly after, with her husband, embraced the Reformation.

The Bernese government, upon hearing of this tumult, expressed their displeasure, and issued an order that Farel should be left at liberty to preach wherever he pleased. Notwithstanding this, even little children contrived to interrupt him, and, upon one occasion, several men drew their swords, thinking to terrify the preacher into silence; but, nothing daunted, he held on his way preaching, while at Orbe, twice a day for six successive days.

It was at Orbe that he for the first time met Peter Viret, a native of the town, who had been studying in Paris, but was driven from that city by persecution. At Farel's entreaty he entered the ministry, and preached his first sermon at Orbe immediately after the Reformer's departure from it. Faithful and earnest, he soon became a burning and shining light in the home of his childhood, guiding many into the way of peace. His father and mother were the first-fruits of his ministry.

Granson is not far from Orbe, and there fresh disturbances awaited him. While a Franciscan friar from Lausanne was preaching on the festival of John the Baptist, Farel, with more zeal than prudence, interrupted him, and offered to prove that his assertions were false. Upon this the mayor, who was standing near Farel, struck him, and immediately the town's people, the friars, and many who had come armed fro Yverden, violently beat and kicked him. Tl next day a commissioner from Berne arrived behalf of Farel and his associates, and upon i quiry being made into the cause of the upro of the previous day, the Romish party excus themselves upon the plea that they were on protecting a crucifix which Farel was going throw down. After a good deal of discussi order was restored, and it is interesting to lea that two of the monks, who had been foremo in the uproar, shortly after renounced Poper and became preachers of the gospel they had violently opposed.

Farel met with more success in the neighbou hood than in the town of Granson, and, before left the district, the majority of the inhabitan declared themselves in favour of the Reformatio which was in consequence publicly recognise The laws made by the Reformers to preve blasphemy were rigidly enforced. For the fir offence the penalty was to kiss the ground; f the second, a fine of three sous; for the thir the pillory. Relics were at the same time com manded to be put away, with the exception one, held in peculiar veneration, 'la sainte ratt (the holy rat)—regarded holy because it ha eaten part of a consecrated wafer!

Farel's remaining at Granson was a source continued altercation between the governmen of Berne and Friburg, in consequence of whic he was recalled, and the two cantons entere into an agreement relative to the Reformatio in districts jointly in alliance with them, whic were, on the whole, favourable to liberty of con science.

In 1532, John le Compte was appointed past of Granson by the council of Berne, and for newly formed evangelical churches in the bail wick of Granson were supplied by ministers who had, like Le Compte, fled from France escape persecution. Le Compte continued min ster of Granson until his death in 1572. H left three sons, who were all ministers; and 'h posterity,' says Ruchet, 'have furnished ministe to the church from father to son, without inte ruption, to this day.'

In another town in the Pays de Vaud, th magistrates finding it impossible to maintai peace while discussions upon the controverte points were permitted, resorted to the expedien of forbidding all mention of God within the jurisdiction. 'Soit en bien, soit en mal.'

Very different was the course pursued b Farel, who, with unabated energy, continued oppose whatever he believed to be error, eithe in doctrine or practice. The senate of Bern alarmed at his zeal, complained of his impet osity, while he charged them with being luk warm. 'There are persons,' he wrote, 'who pr fess a desire for the establishment of Christianity but whether they are in earnest or not, God know The Bernese do not labour as zealously for th doctrine of Christ, as the Friburgers do fo Popery.'

Having sown the good seed along the souther shores of the lake of Neuchatel, Farel turne northwards, and stopped at St. Blaise, where h

into a dispute with the curate, respecting
s. A magistrate in the crowd having said,
leserved to be hung,' the people became
ed that they rushed forwards and almost
m to death. His friends with difficulty
him, and brought him, more dead than
ı a boat to Morat, where the sight of his
so affected the reformed party, that they
d to St. Blaise and destroyed the altar
ages, after which they proceeded to Fon-
ndré, and there executed a similar act of
ıce.

arch 1531, Francis, Marquis of Rothelin,
the Duchess of Longueville, arrived at
tel. The hopes of the Romish party beat
ı they heard it was his intention to make
the First of France his model in dealing
he heretics. He soon, however, found
opinion strong against him, and being
to go with the stream, proclaimed liberty
ience throughout his territories; and the
or, following his example, prudently de-
himself a member of the reformed party.
e multiplied labours of Farel necessarily
pted his correspondence. 'Even were my
live,' he used to say to those who blamed
nce, 'I could not find time to write to

government of Berne exercised either sole
tion, or, at the least, considerable influence
the places visited by Farel at this time,
y gave him their hearty support in carry-
t his views. Indeed, it may be thought
rne went too far in compelling the recep-
the gospel. Against this undue exertion
r, the Papal party frequently complained;
must be confessed, that in some districts
h the Romish party were outvoted, less
nce was shown to them with respect to
es of their religion than the reformed
lemanded, and by the successful inter-
of Berne obtained, for a minority pro-
their faith. And though, in every in-
of disorder, such as breaking images, or
ning altars, Berne did her utmost to check
isguided zeal, yet, that such instances of
e did occur, can neither be denied nor
d. Upon this subject, Ruchet says, 'It
as to report instances of this kind, but
nd impartiality require me not to suppress
It is fitting also to show our adversaries
e attempt not to excuse misconduct in
mbers of our own communion, and that
igion is far from authorizing tumult, vio-
or disorder. No doubt the persons who
uilty of offences of this kind thought they
d service, grounding their proceedings on
ws given to the Israelites. But there
pecial laws delivered to that people, and
ere to be executed by the nation as such,
rough its magistrates, not by private in-
als. It is not to be wondered at if such
dings prejudiced the Popish party against
formation. Men cannot be induced at
o lay aside the sentiments and habits in
they have been brought up, and passively
t treated with insult which from child-
hey have been taught to revere. Violently
to break images is not to root out idolatry, it only irritates those who revere them. Their minds should first be enlightened; and thus they may be led to destroy their idols with their own hands.'

In October 1531, Zuingle wrote thus to Farel: 'Be prudent, and do not rashly expose yourself to danger; be careful for the Lord's further service.' Farel replied: 'Take care of yourself also; for far greater danger threatens you than me.' Before this letter reached Zurich, he to whom it was addressed had fallen on the fatal field of Cappel.

The Reformation in Berne was very imperfect. Many disorders had crept in, partly owing to want of discipline, and partly to the late unfortunate war. In order to check them, the clergy of the canton were summoned to a general synod at Berne, in January 1532. Farel attended, and Capito came, being specially invited, from Strasbourg. In all, 230 members were present, who, from the 9th to the 14th of January, discussed together the best means by which to promote the Reformation. The result was the adoption of regulations relative to doctrine, discipline, public worship, the conduct of pastors, and other important matters. These rules being sanctioned by the council, Capito wrote them out in German, after which they were printed in Latin. His services on this occasion were considered so valuable, that Haller, the Bernese Reformer, called him the 'Father of the Bernese church;' and it was very much owing to his meekness and gentleness that a spirit of Christian love pervaded the assembly.

About this time accounts of the persecution of the Lord's people in France, and of the intention of some of their leaders to apply to the state for redress, reached Farel. In great anxiety he wrote to entreat them not to be cast down, saying, 'If God be for us, who can be against us? The Lord is our helper, of whom shall we be afraid? If all the powers of earth set themselves against us, we will not despair if the Lord is with us. Look not at the host of the Assyrians, but at the power of God, who fighteth for us. Profit by the fear which has seized you, take courage and enter into that holy covenant which God has made with us through the Son. Say to yourselves, How will it be with us if the Almighty King, the Lord of heaven and earth, should refuse to acknowledge us, and should say respecting us, "*Whosoever is ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed before my heavenly Father.*"' In conclusion he exhorted them to 'seek the blessings of eternity, to have the truth so inwrought into their souls, as to convince their adversaries by the force of Scripture, justice, and reason.'

Scarcely had Farel written this letter, when he and his friend and countryman, Anthony Saunier, were called to visit the Waldenses in their native valleys.

Some time previous to this, tidings of the Reformation had penetrated those valleys. One of their pastors had visited Germany. He brought back with him some of Luther's writing, and, with astonishment, the Vaudois learned that

doctrines, in defence of which their fathers had died, and of which they had considered themselves the sole depositaries, had found protectors among the great and noble in France, Switzerland, and Germany. Upon Farel's arrival, a synod was held for the purpose of comparing the Vaudois doctrines and form of worship with the Scriptures. Farel then urged the necessity ('to prevent the people from being led astray by false teachers') for the establishment of schools and the free circulation of the Scriptures, to provide for which he undertook to edit, for the Vaudois, Lefèvre's translation of the Old and New Testaments. And, on his return home, h sent four faithful men back to the valleys t establish the requisite schools, and arrange fo translating and printing the Bible, of which th Vaudois had but a few manuscript copies.

These good men started on their mission i October 1532, and, after a journey of muc hardship and peril, they reached the valleys, t the great joy of the Vaudois; but the sever persecution which recommenced the followin year, prevented many of their plans being carrie into effect.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BLIND POSTMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

EMPLOYMENT OBTAINED, AND A FELLOW-SUFFERER ASSISTED.

IN a very short time Roberts received the much-desired intelligence that he had been regularly appointed letter-carrier to the district. The salary, to be sure, was only a few shillings a week; but then the work only occupied him for two or three hours in the morning, and left him free during the rest of the day for any other employment he might succeed in obtaining. His prospects now seemed much brighter than they had ever done since his loss of sight; and his heart rose in fervent gratitude to the Giver of all good for this marked improvement in his circumstances. Other work quickly followed; for, happening to hear that one or two of his neighbours were in want of large chests, he purchased some wood suitable for the purpose, and, after surmounting many difficulties, he succeeded in making some very strong chests. These he at once disposed of, and they gave such great satisfaction, that orders for similar ones came in from all quarters, so that his time was fully occupied for some weeks.

As he had now become quite noted as a box-maker, Squire Higgins, who was just sending some furniture up to his town house, gave him an order for five or six large packing-cases, which also gave perfect satisfaction.

Each fresh attempt developed powers within him of which Roberts had previously been unconscious, and every new success increased his feeling of manly self-reliance; so that, in a short time after this, he ventured to apply to his old master and to other tradesmen about the town for employment in making packing-cases. Some hesitated, and avoided giving a direct answer, saying that they would consider the matter, as they did not like to refuse him, and were afraid that he would only spoil the wood. Others said they did not want any at present. But his former employer, who highly respected him, and had already seen some of his work, agreed to let him have some cases to make; and it was arranged that Roberts should work at home, as that would, on the whole, be more convenient.

When Farmer Wilson heard of this new a rangement, he at once said that his men cou very well bring out the wood for Roberts wh they were returning with the market-carts, a that as some of his waggons often went in the town without a load, they could then tal back the cases after they were made. Th thoughtful kindness of the farmer saved Rober a good deal of trouble and expense.

As soon as it became known that his cas were well and strongly made, he obtained em ployment from several other tradesmen to wh he had previously applied, so that he had nc as much work as he could do, and was, consequence, to use his own expression, 'happy as the day was long.' For, being ful employed, he had now little or no time f brooding over his severe privation, and he so found, to his great delight, that his earnings, managed with the strictest economy, were suf cient to maintain his wife and family in comfo And very often of an evening, when he sat dow after his work, with one of his little ones on h knee, while his eldest boy read aloud, he used say to his wife that he didn't think he had ev been happier in his life. Not that he never f painfully his loss of sight, or longed again to s the faces of those he loved; for it is scarcely human nature, even when assisted by the high influences of religion, not to long, occasiona at least, for so great a boon as that of sig But these feelings of regret were only tempora and were not very bitter even while they last For although the loss was great, he found experience that there is in the human consti tion a system of compensation, by which, if sense be injured or destroyed, the others will, a great extent, by means of their increased ex cise, make up the deficiency. Thus, those w are deaf depend so much upon the sight, th that sense becomes exceptionally acute, so th many are able to understand what is said by form of the lips and the expression of the co tenance. While, in the case of the blind, much extra work has to be done by the hear and touch, and these faculties are thereby greatly developed, that many things which first seem incredible can easily be accomplish by their help.

Previous to Roberts' own loss of sight, he h

scarcely ever seen a blind person, and even after that occurrence he for a long time regarded his own case as very exceptional. He was therefore considerably surprised to hear that there was another blind man living in the town, quite close to his old place of employment. As he heard that this person was in very needy circumstances, he resolved to call upon him, in order to see if anything could be done to better his position. He found that blind George, as he was usually called, was a man of about thirty-five; but although he was apparently in good health, and possessed of a well-made frame, he had sunk into such a state of apathetic despondency, that he passed nearly the whole of his time sitting by the fireside, or in the porch of the cottage. His chief means of subsistence consisted of a trifling allowance of money, and two or three loaves of bread, which he received weekly from the parish. He had, when a youth, passed six or seven years in an institution for the blind in a neighbouring county town, and had been taught the trade of mat-making, but so imperfectly, that he found it impossible to compete with sighted workmen. He told Roberts that for some time after his return from the institution he endeavoured to support himself by making mats; but although every one praised them very much, he found that very few purchased. Some ladies, he said, took them for a little while; but as they were not so neatly made as those that were sold in the shops, they soon got tired of buying them for mere charity. The shopkeepers generally declined having anything to do with them. One kind-hearted dealer, however, agreed to take two or three and expose them in his shop, ticketed in large letters, 'Made by the Blind.' But he found that, although his customers looked and wondered very much, they all seemed to have an undefined impression that they must be dearer or worse made than those manufactured by other workmen. The mats, therefore, became dead stock, and, as a matter of course, George could obtain no more orders. He therefore abandoned the whole thing in despair, and soon gave himself up to a life of listless inactivity.

As Roberts had never visited an institution for the blind, he naturally asked his new acquaintance many questions respecting the management of such establishments. From all he could learn, he came to the conclusion that the life of their inmates must be excessively monotonous, and that the education which was supplied, as well as the instruction in trades, was extremely shallow and imperfect, although the cost of maintaining and educating each pupil amounted to nearly £50 a year.

Roberts was also very much grieved at what George told him respecting the treatment he had received from his relatives. He said that, when a child, his mother used to treat him very kindly (for he had lost his sight soon after his birth), although she never sent him to school, or attempted to teach him anything herself. But after he had been in the institution for two or three years, he found that he was not treated at home during the holidays with the same kindness as he had been formerly; and after his mother's death his father took little or no interest in his welfare, and when he married again, he arranged that George should spend his holidays with some distant relatives, with whom he had now been living ever since he had left the institution. It was also but too evident to Roberts that these relatives took little or no interest in promoting his comfort or advancement.

Roberts endeavoured, but without any great success, to arouse the dormant energies of George, by telling him what he had been able to accomplish himself, and by suggesting one or two kinds of work which he thought George was capable of doing. To all these accounts and proposals George invariably replied, that he was sure *he* couldn't do it, and that there was no use in trying. After a great deal of trouble, Roberts succeeded in persuading George to allow him to come once a week, in order that they might read together, thinking that this might probably give him the opportunity of benefiting him in some other way.

The next week, when Roberts went to George's cottage, according to arrangement, he found him somewhat more bright and hopeful than he had been before, though he still seemed to think that there was very little use in trying anything. He had been so long without attempting to read, that he had almost forgotten the letters; but, by dint of a good deal of encouragement on Roberts' part, he got on rather better than at first seemed probable, and the allotted time passed very pleasantly. Before their next time of meeting, Roberts resolved that he would, if possible, obtain some employment for George, and with this view called upon several benevolent people in the neighbourhood, who very willingly assisted him. In this way he obtained sufficient money to purchase a small stock of materials and a new set of tools, as he found that most of his former ones had been disposed of at the pawnbroker's by George's relatives.

By a singular coincidence, it happened that just at that time a young man, a native of the town, who had been for some years working as a mat-maker in London, having injured one of his hands, was spending some time with his parents until he was perfectly recovered. When Roberts, who had known him as a boy, called and told him what he was trying to do for his friend George, he at once offered to put him into the London way of doing the work. George thus made a fresh start, and, by way of encouragement, Roberts undertook to dispose of all the mats he could make in the first two months. By the end of that time the mats were so well made, that the dealer, who had formerly tried to assist George, declared that he could not tell them from those he had purchased from London. He therefore agreed to take a few on trial, and Roberts prudently suggested that, unless inquiries were made, nothing should be said as to their being manufactured by the blind. By adopting this plan, the mats sold just as well as any others, and George thus obtained regular, though by no means full employment. But after a

while he began to obtain other customers, and so his trade gradually increased.

It must not be thought, because the townsfolk of S—— were more willing to purchase George's mats when they did not know by whom they were made than when they did, that they were more uncharitable than others; for few people can afford to pay high prices for goods when they can get them lower, and there is a general impression, for which charitable institutions are chiefly responsible, that goods manufactured by the blind are dearer than those manufactured by others. The intelligent blind tradesman, however, who tries to obtain employment for himself, soon finds that he stands little or no chance of doing so unless his goods are quite as cheap as those offered in the market by others. Indeed, he is often obliged to offer them at a cheaper rate.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOOD WORK CARRIED ON AND EXTENDED.

At about three miles from the town, in the opposite direction from that in which Roberts lived, there lay a small village, consisting of not more than twenty or thirty houses. As he was passing through it one day while engaged on business, he was surprised to learn that there was a blind man living there. On inquiry, he found that this man was the son of a very small farmer, and that he partially gained his livelihood by basket-making.

On calling at the house, he found that Thomas Stephens was a young man about four-and-twenty, and that he had been blind for the last eight years. He seemed to be cheerful, intelligent, and, for his station, very well educated, and it was clear that all around him felt it a pleasure to minister to his necessities and enjoyments. When Farmer Stephens came in, it was with evident pride and satisfaction that he showed Roberts a good many specimens of his son's work, which would certainly have done credit to any workman blessed with sight. He told Roberts that when they found that the doctors could do nothing to restore the sight, many of his friends urged him to send his son to some institution for the blind. But he said he didn't like the idea of sending the poor boy, as he called him, away from home just when he wanted its comforts most; so he arranged with a basket-maker, who then lived in the neighbourhood, to teach him his trade. From further conversation with the farmer and his son, Roberts discovered that, although the worthy man and his family were very industrious, they had great difficulty in making a living out of the farm, as they had to pay a high rent. He was therefore grieved to learn that young Stephens could not get enough work to employ more than a third of his time, though he assured Roberts that he had tried almost every one living in the neighbourhood. Roberts promised to do what he could to obtain additional work for him, and then left, much pleased with his visit.

As he walked home, he naturally thought upon the striking difference, as to the enjoyment of life, which existed between Thomas Stephens and Blind George when he first met with him. Stephens was as entirely blind as George, and, as far as Roberts could make out, was very little richer; yet he was evidently thoroughly happy, while George, when he first saw him, was as miserable as any one could well be. From these facts, Roberts came to the conclusion, that although loss of sight is in itself a very sad privation, the suffering caused by it depends very much upon the character and position of the individual, being greatly increased or alleviated by adverse or favourable circumstances.

Roberts soon succeeded in getting a few orders; and when, some days after, young Stephens and his father came over to spend a few hours with him, he took care to introduce them to all those about the village whom he thought at all likely to want baskets. In this way he gained many fresh orders, and young Stephens returned home with his heart even lighter than usual. His father, too, was equally well pleased; for although, as he used to say, it was a pleasure to him to be able to support his son, yet, for his present comfort, as well as his future prospects, he felt extremely thankful that he seemed likely to obtain increased employment.

As Roberts went on from time to time discovering other blind persons living in the neighbourhood, many of whom could not read for themselves, and had very few opportunities of getting others to read for them, it occurred to him that it would be a good plan to organize a small weekly meeting for their instruction and amusement. For this purpose, he obtained the use of a convenient room in the town, and resolved to make a commencement. He arranged that the meeting should begin early in the afternoon, and that about an hour and a half should be devoted to learning embossed reading. After this a comfortable tea was provided, the expense of which was defrayed by some of Roberts' more wealthy friends. When the tea was over, there was a reading from some work of general interest, fact or fiction, grave or gay. These readings were taken in turn by three or four gentlemen living in the town, and they proved a source of real enjoyment to those who attended the meeting.

At the close of the first meeting, an old man of nearly eighty years of age, who had served in the Peninsular war, and had afterwards lost his sight while serving in India, rose and said that he was very much obliged to Master Roberts for asking him to the meeting, as he hadn't spent so pleasant an afternoon for the last five-and-thirty years, and he prayed God to bless him, and all who had assisted in arranging the meeting.

Although this old man had seen so much service, and had lost his sight in that service the only recompense he could obtain was a pension of a shilling a day, out of which he had partially to support three grandchildren, who were orphans.

All the others were equally warm in their thanks to Roberts, and he felt that evening that it was a pleasant thing to do good.

few weeks, it was thought advisable
ıe first part of the meeting by a
ı on English grammar, which young
ndertook to give. Subsequently, Ro-
nenced a series of short lessons on
; and both men found that, by en-
to instruct others, they were most
nstructing themselves. The number
ttending the meeting gradually in-
ıntil it rose to twelve or fourteen.
ıs at first a good deal surprised that
so many blind persons living within
lking distance of the town; but he
found that there are in the United
ıhout thirty thousand persons, or, on
one to every thousand of the popu-
› that, as the town and its neigh-
:ontained about fourteen or fifteen
nhabitants, he found that that dis-
ot more heavily afflicted than others.
on to the instruction and amusement
means of these meetings, they were
ıroductive of benefit in other ways to
attended them. The inhabitants of
ınd its vicinity became aware of the
ıere were so many living among them
special claim upon their sympathies
nce. Those who, from age or other
e unable to work for their living, were
small allowances of money, while
were healthy and capable of working,
d the majority, obtained more work
ıad formerly done. In some instances,
specially among the blind women, it
that, even when they had full em-
:hey could not earn sufficient for their
enance. In such cases Roberts and
did all in their power to make up the
›y pecuniary assistance. Thus, chiefly
rumentality of one man, himself de-
ight, and in a very humble station of
; amount of good was effected.
:he most pleasing cases of usefulness
lowing: When the class had been in
bout twelve months, an active intelli-
f about sixteen, who had attended
›mmencement, applied to Roberts to
could assist him in learning a trade.
rd that some blind persons in London
make brushes, and thought that he
to do the same. By way of experi-
ıd pulled to pieces one of his mother's
ıcrubbing brushes, and had re-filled
the holes with hair taken from an old broom. This, though only a clumsy attempt, convinced Roberts that the lad had some capability for such work, and he promised to do all in his power to assist him. He mentioned the case to Miss Thornton, who was still one of his most willing helpers, and to five or six other ladies and gentlemen. They agreed that, for the next year at least, they would raise a weekly subscription between them sufficient to support the lad, and defray his expenses while learning the brush-making. As there was no working brushmaker in the town of S——, it was resolved to take lodgings for him with a poor but respectable family in a town ten or twelve miles off, where he would obtain the instruction he required. At the end of the first year he had made such progress in his trade, that he could materially contribute to his own support, and the same friends agreed to make up the deficiency by a smaller weekly allowance for another year. At the end of the second year a similar arrangement was made for the third year, and at the close of that period he was considered to have mastered his trade. He therefore returned to S——, where he soon gained the respect and support of all who knew him.

By the blessing of God on his unremitting industry and perseverance, Roberts' own circumstances still continue prosperous. Every morning he rises early, and walks into the town to fetch his parcel of letters, which he afterwards distributes; he then returns home, and works hard all day in making packing-cases, or at any other work which happens to turn up, while he devotes his spare hours to mental culture or to doing good. His children, who have considerably increased in number since our first acquaintance with him, are now growing up around him, and he is one of the proudest and happiest of fathers. He is esteemed and respected by all the villagers, and, as was to be expected, by no one more so than by the little one (now grown to be a fine young man) whom he saved from a watery grave at the expense of his own sight. On the whole, it may be safely asserted that Roberts, notwithstanding his blindness, is one of the busiest, happiest, and most intelligent men to be found within many miles of the village in which he resides. And he has fully experienced the truth of the text, that 'he who watereth others shall himself be watered,' and of the motto, 'Help yourself, and Heaven will help you.'

THE CHANT OF THE SNOWDROPS.

thine ear! Soft o'er thy senses stealing,
›u the music of each silver bell?
chime speaks to the heart of feeling,
his praise who hath made all things well.

Him who called us forth to blossom,
he chill breast of the wintry earth;
Him who thus, in mourner's bosom,
ıeek hopes and consolations birth.

ild winds we wave, and are not broken;
:he dark rain sully our fair hue:
Who doth protect us? He of whom 'tis spoken,
'His love is to man as unto grass the dew.'

Praise be to Him who sent us here, foretelling
Winter's reign is passing, spring-tide draweth nigh;
Fair flowers we herald—flowers ourselves excelling—
Sweeter in their fragrance, brighter in their dye.

Praise be to Him for types and emblems cheering;
Praise for the eye that learns to read them right;
Praise for the ear pure Nature's anthems hearing;
Praise for the voice that can with them unite.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 CHRON. XXI. 1.

THERE is something very peculiar about this fragment or episode of Israel's history. It is abrupt, and in a manner isolated, though not wholly so. It has also some very remarkable points about it. It is the introduction to the history of the temple. It shows the way in which David was led to Moriah as the temple site, and to Ornan's thrashing-floor as the place for the altar of burnt-offering. It was through David's sin and punishment that God pointed out the 'rest' which He had chosen, and the spot where He had purposed to place his name (2 Chron. iii. 1). Thus God overrules human sin; nay, takes occasion from it to display his grace. It was their king's sin that was the link between Israel and Moriah, between Israel and the temple, between Israel and the place of burnt-offering. Strange this, but suitable and striking. It is sin that is, in one sense, the link, or at least the point, of contact between us and Jesus.

There is this peculiarity also about the spot: it was the place of division between death and life, between condemnation and pardon, between pestilence and health. All up to this point was judgment; but here the sword stayed. This hill, this thrashing-floor, stood between the living and the dead. Such is really the character of the temple and the altar. Here life begins, and death is stayed. All up to this is death and vengeance; that temple was the shield of the world.

There is also this peculiarity. The spot where the plague stayed was Gentile, not Jewish ground. It was the property of a Jebusite—the last heir of the Jebusite kings (2 Sam. xxiv. 23, 'Araunah the king'); perhaps of Melchizedek; so that thus Moriah passes from Melchizedek to David. It was on Jebusite or Gentile ground that the angel of judgment sheathed his sword, and Israel's temple was erected. How much of that temple was Gentile, not Jewish! The ground, the cedars, the gold, and silver, and brass (1 Chron. xviii. 7, 11), the workmen; all but the stones, which were Jewish. Israel was thus to learn that the Gentile had an interest in these courts. The Gentile could say, That rock is mine, that gold is mine, that cedar-wood is mine, that workmanship is mine. Yes; in that temple all nations meet with one another, and meet with God. One in Christ, was the teaching of the temple, as well as of the cross.

Let us further notice, that it was in connection with the *numbering* of Israel that the temple-site came to be fixed. God's special promise to Abraham was, that his seed should be as the sand of the sea and the stars of heaven; and now, when this promise is abused, and made a minister of pride, the judgment comes because of it; and yet, out of the judgment comes the voice which says, 'This is my rest.' The point of the destroying sword (not a voice from the glory) marks the temple; its flash reveals the long-appointed spot. That temple was to be a seal and pledge of Israel's numbers without number—'the fountain of Israel.'

Let us further notice, that it was in connection with the common occupations of life that this revelation of the temple-site was made. 'Ornan and his sons were thrashing wheat' s when the angel came, and his sword sta thrashing-floor. They had no share in and Israel's punishment, and they were n at the pestilence. They were not cla cloth, like David and the elders. The on their knees, but engaged in the com of the day. God finds them at the thra and blames them not. Nay, He hon and their employment; He honours th ground where they were working, by from a thrashing-floor into an altar. L be ashamed of his honest trade, or thin will not meet with him in the midst of i flail was not a mean thing in the eyes o

Let us notice again, that this ground at its price by David for Israel. Ther two spots which thus passed by pur Jewish hands, Machpelah and Moriah for a burial-place, the other for a templ bought by Abraham, the other by Dav the rest of the land Israel took possessic gift, without money and without price that, for a spot on which to fix the resurrection and reconciliation, Israel (i sons of Abraham and David) must p price!—as if to remind them that, in it was by ransom that the blessing is r ransom for the sins of many:' 'I will ra from the grave.'

One thing more we notice: this fix temple-site had nothing to do with the or the ark, or the priesthood, or the Thummim. There was a break between ark was on Zion, and the tabernacle (at was at Gibeon; and it was not to the high God made this new revelation, but to Gad, and the elders of Israel. There w the temple that was a repetition or full ment of the tabernacle; there was muc was new. The tabernacle was linked wit temple, in great measure, with Judah. king, not the priest, that builds the h asks the help of David, and Solomon, miah, and Zerubbabel, and such civil g the maintenance of his worship. Thei honours them, and defiles not the tem God, in his sovereignty, led the ark ab gal, Shiloh, Kirjath-jearim, Zion; an his purpose is served, He sets it aside, a a new site for his place of worship; and no longer a tent, but a temple; no longe with priesthood only, but with royalt no longer frail and moveable (like a pi fixed and unchanging,—type of the hous with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Such is the end of the tabernacle-age with Moses, and ended with David. It Sinai, and ended with Zion. It bega thunder of the burning mountain, and the pestilence and the devouring swor drous mixture all throughout of me judgment!

The temple-age ended in more awful —the desolation of temple, and city, For man is always treasuring up wr himself, and ripening for the final str end of all things is at hand; be ye ther and watch unto prayer.'

GEHENNA; OR, THE PLACE OF THE LOST.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

ISAIAH LXVI. 24.

the earthly Jerusalem, there was on one side a deep gorge or valley, called the valley of Hinnom—probably from the name of one of its possessors. It was originally a ın spot, for a stream of water ran midst of it, and fell into the Kedron. changed all this, and made it a e and everlasting contempt. During the idolatrous kings, it became the y obscene and cruel rites. Human re here offered, especially infants; to drown their cries, the *toph*, or ıaten; and so it came to be called ıe place of beating the drum. Good during his reformation, in his abhe place, defiled and polluted it in e way, in order that it might never l for the purpose of worship. When ırned from their captivity, weaned ·om idolatry, they shared the sentiir pious king; and so, imitating the ıad left them, they treated the place ds of indignity. It was made the all the filth and offal of the city; re kept continually burning, night ·onsume its pestiferous contents. I ıimilar place in Calcutta, called the *t*. It was naturally a pleasant spot of the wide, deep Hoogly; but the ıe dead were here burned,—often ctly,—and so there was always the flame, the heavy black smoke, the ell of burning, corrupting flesh; s of lazy bloated vultures were con·ork, or lounging about, oppressed ·avy meal. It was a painful, humting sight; but it put me in mind of Hinnom at Jerusalem, and showed ıme to be regarded by the Jews as the place of the lost,—*Gehenna*, or f Hinnom, as hell is called in the ent.

ent that this fearful subject must ery much in the mind of Christ, for t was frequent on his lips. As He ard to the place preparing for the saved, and gathered strength and uplifting for his work and way, so He kept his eye also fixed on the place that awaits the lost, and was thus nerved and braced to drink the bitter cup, which would deliver many from going down into it. Look at the end of the ninth chapter of Mark's Gospel, and you will see that this last verse of Isaiah must have been in his thoughts, when, using its very words, with earnest, vehement urgency and entreaty, He beseeches his disciples, and through them us all, to sacrifice and cast from us everything that would hinder or defer our escape from Gehenna, the place of woe. Are we right in being so reserved and reticent on this fearful subject? Is it that we do not realize it, scarce believe it, seldom think of it? Or is it that we are withheld from referring to it by deference to the rules of what is called polite society? But who made these rules? who keeps them up? Is it not the old liar, the god of this world, who at the beginning said, 'Ye shall not die,' and the *virus* of whose falsehood still poisons all our souls? Let us not give way to his devices, but, like Him who came to destroy the works of the devil, and this among the rest, let us give this sorrowful but salutary subject a place—at least occasionally—in our thoughts, and also in our communications one with another. Remember what the Psalmist says: 'I will praise Thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart, and I will glorify thy name for evermore; for great is thy mercy towards me, and Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.'

Think what we learn from Isaiah regarding the *place* of the lost. Like the valley of Hinnom at Jerusalem, it is without, it is outside the heavenly city. The inhabitants of the New Jerusalem, in order to look on it, have to go forth: 'They shall go forth and look.' Here, in this world, heaven and hell, as it were, meet and intermingle. Here the prince of darkness and the Lord of glory contend hand to hand. Here the emissaries of the pit, and ministering spirits from on high, meet, and strive to counterwork one another. Here there are earnests or beginnings of hell, and earnests or beginnings of

heaven. Here the heirs of both meet, and are intermixed in the same families, churches, places of business, and intercourse of life. Here the ways that lead to both places run side by side. This is a blessed truth. As long as God spares the travellers on the broad way, they are within the reach of those who are walking in the narrow way; and we can call them, beseech them to come with us; we can stretch forth our hand, and try to pluck them as brands from the burning; we can implore the God of all grace to shine into their hearts, and turn them from darkness to light.

But there and then all this is changed. Heaven and hell are now totally and finally separated. Yonder is the New Jerusalem, but it is walled in with salvation, shut in by its gates of praise; and there, deep deep down,—where there is the smoke of their torment, and the sound of their ceaseless wailing,—there is the place of the lost; but there is no ladder, no way of communication between them. Yonder is the balmy light of God and of the Lamb, so that they need no sun to shine, or moon to enlighten them; and there, down there, is thick, utter, unchanging darkness, but no ray from the upper glory penetrates and illumines the overhanging cloud. Yonder is the river of the water of life, pure as crystal, and the children of immortality drinking their fill, and eating the fruit of its trees of life; and down there are thirsty, parched multitudes, ceaselessly crying, Water, water! but no stream, no drop of the blessed river ever reaches to them. Yonder is the Saviour of the lost, who was ever employed in washing, and healing, and setting sinners free; and there, down there, are multitudes of guilty, unrighteous, filthy captives, the iron entering into their souls, and making them cry out for deliverance; yet He never goes to their help; for He has said, 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still.' Yonder are faithful, earnest ministers, and gracious, loving saints, who lived and laboured, when on earth, to gather souls for glory; and there, down there, are the very persons they used to warn and entreat; but they are silent now. They no longer say, 'Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?' for He who sent them with the glad tidings, has now recalled their commission, and has said, 'They are joined to their idols; let them alone.' O wretched inmates of the pit, ye have got your wish! We entreated, urged you to come in: we told you of the open door, the prepared feast, the certain, loving welcome; we told you that yet there was room, though it was late, very late, but ye would not come; and now ye have got your wish, for you are become Anathema—totally and eternally separated from all that is good, and righteous, and holy! O blessed dwellers in Zion, thrust you out, counted you unwort now the world is thrust out, and cou worthy.

The *sufferings* of the lost in their o You see it here. They are without—w for ever separated from all that is g glorious, and happy, and pure. This, were nothing more, would be an ete But it is not only a place of loss, it place of suffering; and *such* sufferi worm corrupting and devouring, the suming and destroying! Mark the un of the suffering,—the worm of remorse the soul,—the fierce fire consuming, b annihilating the body! Mark the du the suffering,—the worm never dieth, never is quenched! 'Who can dwell devouring fire? who can lie down w lasting burnings?' Sufferings here, varied and severe, are no preparation and they give no exemption. Our trials are but empty shadows, the feeble begi evil. There has been nothing comparabl but the sufferings of Christ upon the c nothing can save us from it, but fait wounds, and bruises, and chastisement. redeemed with his precious blood. l us, and washed us with his blood. Tl burthen of the songs of the saved, t spring of their everlasting love:

> 'Yes, I love Him, who for me
> Died upon the fatal tree;
> Died to save my soul from hell:
> Yes, I love my Saviour well!'

The *use* God makes of the place of This may seem to some a harsh expre it is a right and true one. God ex requires a revenue of glory from all h and He cannot be baulked of his purp has made all things for himself—even t for the day of evil. Paul says in 'What if God, willing to show his w to make his power known, endured, w long-suffering, the vessels of wrath destruction?' His work of grace show ceeding riches of his mercy; his work shows the exceeding riches of his lo his work of vengeance will have its les teachings too. In this place the pro scribes the eternal Sabbath of the sa some of their employments in it: 'T go forth, and look upon the lost.' How would these unhappy ones avoid this ag of their woe! The Lord indicates this, says, 'There shall be weeping and gn teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, a and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, yourselves thrust out.' I wonder not t

ocks fall on us, hills cover us!' But not be; *they* also must minister to the God. The redeemed shall look on them; n over this page of divine manifestation. ll here see the *truth* of God. He had he beginning, 'The soul that sinneth, it .' Satan said, 'This shall not be,' and nen believed his lie; but now, lo! it is

They see the *righteousness* of God. He t He would render to every one accord- is works; but men did not believe this; ught there was no marking of iniquity, bution for sin. But now, lo! it is all id there are degrees of punishment in e of the lost; for some are suffering a ore intolerable than others. They look, y get fresh fuel for their thankfulness. grace how great a debtor!' They look, the holiness of God, and they join with nestness in the old song: 'Holy, holy, he Lord.' They look, and their hatred intensified, when they see it ripe and ruit; and they wonder that they could en so long fascinated and enslaved by

wing therefore the terror of the Lord, uade men.' Our words are poor and feeble; but oh, the reality, the dread reality! Ye who are taken up with the present, and in whose minds these things have neither place nor power, will you not begin to think, believe, fear, and flee? May the Holy Ghost convince you of judgment! You who do sometimes think of these things, but have never broken loose from the entanglements of the world and the flesh—you are still cleaving to Sodom, and lingering in it. O foolish and deceived, will a little longer enjoyment of the right hand and the right eye compensate for an eternity of the undying worm and unquenchable fire? You who, through grace, have fled for refuge, and been plucked as brands from the burning, will you not be growingly earnest in glorifying your God, and in trying to save your fellow-men? Be faithful, diligent; be ready, in season, out of season, to speak for Christ; improve opportunities, watch for them—they are constantly occurring. The thousand eddies and swirls of daily life are ever throwing them before us, if we had only the quick eye, the willing heart, and the cleaving to the Master. Let this be your daily prayer: 'Waken morning by morning; waken mine ear to hear as the learned, that I may speak a word in season to every weary soul.'

SAVING THE LITTLE FOLKS:

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A MOTHER AND HER PASTOR.

MOTHER.—Good morning, reverend sir. Please walk in and be seated.

Pastor.—In my visitations from house to house among my parishioners, I make no long or formal pre-introductions. My first inquiry is, How soul? and I usually begin with the of the flock.' Where is little Ella, your ughter? Is she safe in the ark on the glory, mounting up as on eagles' wings?

r.—You surprise me, my dear pastor; a are aware, is only four years of age.

r.—True. Yet, notwithstanding, is she Jesus? Does she love prayer, praise, eavenly and divine? Is her soul alive spiritually? Has the atoning sacrifice ingly applied to her young heart?

r.—Am I to understand you to mean tion—the passing from death unto life?

r.—Certainly, sister, a change from o grace, the setting apart exclusively l,—sealed unto the day of redemption.

r.—You astonish me! What! this r of mine, so early in life, know God ntally?

r.—Does not this little one of yours know m evil? Has she not arrived at an age accountability? Has she not the power e the good and refuse the evil? When does she not sin voluntarily against light and knowledge? If so, she holds the truth in unrighteousness,—is brought under condemnation,—exposed to wrath every moment.

Mother.—Do you mean, beloved pastor, by what you say, this daughter of mine is in danger of eternal punishment, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched?

Pastor.—What saith the Scripture? 'Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' 'Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire' (Matt. vii. 19). 'There is no respect of persons with God. For as many as have sinned without law, shall also perish without law' (Rom. ii. 11, 12).

Mother.—What does this child of mine know of repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ—of living a holy life?

Pastor.—She *ought* to know, and *does* know, very much of God's requirements, if your duty has been discharged faithfully in family discipline. See Deut. vi. 6, 7, 8, 9. Does not little Ella know how to sin,—disobey her parents? When she disobeys you, manifests deceit, falsehood, and ill-temper, does not her conscience bear witness of the same, and her thoughts meanwhile accuse her? Does it require more intellect to repent of sin than to commit sin? When your little girl comes to you penitently for a wrong-doing, saying, 'Mamma, I have

been disobedient—I am sorry—will you forgive me? I will do so no more,'—you clasp the penitent one to your bosom, saying, 'Forgive you, dear Ella? Certainly, *with all my heart.*' Does not the child feel and know she is restored to your favour? You see it in every look, thought, word, and action. Her young heart leaps joyfully.

Mother.—Very well, what is the inference?

Pastor.—If Ella knows how to confess her sins to you, and put them away, and how to believe that she is accepted of you meanwhile, what greater reasoning powers are required to confess her sins to God, and to believe that He, for Jesus' sake, washes her little soul white in the blood of the Lamb?

Mother.—This is a new idea. Is it possible that such a little creature of a thing can become a true follower of Jesus—walk in his footsteps, brightly, shiningly, gloriously?

Pastor.—It is glorious, and not less true than glorious, that children should be placed in the arms of the Saviour at the first dawning of infantile life.

Mother.—Sir, am I to understand you to mean by these expressions, that all children can be so indoctrinated in truth and love as little Samuel was, or as John the Baptist, who *grew up* in the Lord, without permitting Satan to find any permanent lodgment in their hearts?

Pastor.—Exactly so. What absurdity is there in supposing that children are to *grow up* in Christ? Why should the enemy of all good, the old serpent, the devil, the father of lies, be permitted to enter into the hearts of our sweet little angel babes, and dwell there with his hellish crew of evil passions, till the whole being is saturated with 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life?'

Mother.—It is commonly assumed (if I mistake not) that children are to grow up in sin, to be converted to God in after life.

Pastor.—I know it, sister; but is this of God? What system of education more baneful, soul-ruinous than this, that a child is to reject God and all holy principles till he arrives at a mature age,—than the doctrine that children must first give their hearts to work wickedness with greediness, 'sin as with a cart rope,' drink in iniquity as the ox drinketh in water, some four, six, eight or ten years, before bowing to King Jesus,—form habits of evil-doing that are more difficult to eradicate than for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots?

Mother.—You remember when parents brought their 'little ones' to Jesus, that He should take them to his bosom, lay his hands on them, and pray, that his own disciples rebuked these same parents for so doing, and the blessed Saviour replied, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Pastor.—I do; and the same cruel unbelief is abroad in all the land. Tell parents it is their duty and privilege to train their offspring unreservedly Godward from the first dawning of moral accountability, what will be the answer? 'If the Lord would make windows in heaven, this thing might be' (2 Kings vii. 2).

Mother.—I begin to see wherein I have erred, and why it is we are so often deficient in Christian character, or outward beauty. It is this: Our religion begins so late in life, we are compelled to maintain a perpetual and unequal warfare with previous habit. To make a graceful and complete Christian character, it needs itself to be the habit of existence, not a grape grafted on a bramble; and this requires a Christian childhood in the subject.

Pastor.—You have hit the nail, sister! What authority have you from the Scriptures to tell your child, or by any sign to show him, that you do not expect him truly to love and obey God till after he has spent whole years in hatred and wrong? What authority is there to make him feel that he is the most privileged of all human beings,—capable of sin, but incapable of repentance; old enough to *resist* all good, but too young to *receive* any good whatever? Wherein would it be less incongruous for you to teach your child that he is to lie and steal, go the whole round of vices, and then, after he comes to mature age, reform his conduct by the rules of virtue?

Mother.—Pastor beloved, another query arises. It is this: Suppose our 'little ones' do grow up uniformly in the Lord, through our obedience in training, and the holy atmosphere in which they are surrounded; not knowing the precise time when the spiritual change takes place from nature to grace, is it not almost certain they will relapse, lose the holy unction, fall into temptation, sip of the muddy streams of sensuality, do things utterly subversive of gospel purity and simplicity?

Pastor.—'Happy is the man that feareth always.' Danger is on every side. There is no safety or security for any little folks or great folks, save on the wing of love and mercy; following on to know the Lord, rising higher and higher, shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day. It is faith now, prayer *for ever*. It is doing good now, it is doing good *for ever*. What I say to one, I say to all—*Watch*—WATCH! Meanwhile, let me assure you, beloved sister, there is far less danger of departing from the living God in the cases referred to, than of those who are converted in after life, and whose habits of sin are deeply rooted. Let the lambs of Jesus be carried in the bosom of nursing fathers and nursing mothers, they grow in grace constantly, add to their faith virtue, knowledge, temperance, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity—all that is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. One such 'will chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight.'

THE WORLDLING'S END.

is something almost startling in that concerning the rich man suddenly called while felicitating himself on the extent possessions. You seem to see the lost rn and wasted with evil getting and evil , rush past the gate of heaven down to beggary and shame. I never read the it memory brings up one in whose case, nd dying, a parallel is found.

wife of one of the wealthiest business our land, the mistress of an establishment grandeur found its very incarnation, and which many enviously looked; a Christian one day ventured to call the fashionable s attention to those better things which th prepared for such as love Him. Glancing around her magnificent apartments, and the beautiful grounds without, she impatiently exclaimed: 'That is all the heaven I care about, or want!'

A few years passed; and amid the same scenes, haggard and worn, beauty all gone from the face, joy all faded from the eye, she lay winding up her earthly days. Racked with pain of body, pierced with deeper agony of mind, the dying woman lifted her hands and shrieked in an attendant's ear: 'Oh! had I but the hope of heaven, I would welcome death this very hour!'

Poor, wasted, wretched, hopeless soul, the taper lights of this world all gone out, and ahead the blackness of darkness for ever!

THE MILLENNIAL SABBATH.*

E reigned. Antipathies of kind were now
of the past. The wolf and yearling lamb
laymates; and the leopard and the kid
ll'd together on one knoll; the steer
n grazed one herbage, and the ox
l with the bear on one luxurious sward.
the advent of the Prince of Peace
the calm sea its symbols, nor the sky.
s and sharks in many a sunny creek
r bask'd at noon; and glittering shoals
irth around the huge leviathan.
, as I have seen, the king of birds,
bear the cushat dove upon its wings
e morning sunlight; while beneath
llow and the vulture only vied
l, disporting o'er the woods and waves.
w in air and ocean, as on earth,
fear of man, Nature's true priest,
d all creatures to his will. His word
w. Even the infant stretch'd its hand,
hand, towards the cockatrice,
en, now hidden in its den; and children
with the innocent asp, wreathing a coil
ish'd gold and opal round the neck,
bracelet round the dimpled arm.
rom the curse, the grateful garden gave
ts in goodly revenue. Nor frost,
ght, nor mildew fell; nor canker-worm
erpillar marr'd one ripening hope.
uds dropp'd fatness. The very elements
bject to the prayerful will of those
pleasure was in unison with God's.
inter was as summer: summer there,
er'd with soft dews and cooling winds,
'd in sevenfold glory; for the moon
the sun in that pellucid air—
as seven days' light in one condensed.

And when the sun had set, nor moon had risen,
The lesser glories of the stars shone forth,
As flames fair Venus in the eastern heavens,
Or lordly Jupiter.

War was unknown;
The brotherhood of nations unrelax'd:
Swords now were ploughshares, spears were pruning-hooks,
And all the enginery of battle shown
As trophies of the victory of love.
Babel's confusion was unlearn'd. And one
Melodious language, wherein every thought
Found utterance, overspread the circling globe,
A language worthy of the sons of God.
No labour now was lost. Commerce diffused
From pole to pole the gifts of every clime,
And spread her sails to every wind that blew,
Though love, not greed of lucre, held the helm.
But chiefly to Jerusalem and fro
The drift of ceaseless traffic set; for there
David, vicegerent, sate on David's throne;
And on their thrones of judgment round about,
Judging the tribes of Israel, the twelve,
Who sometime suffer'd with a suffering Lord,
Reign'd in his glorious reign. Mercy and truth
Met in his presence: righteousness and peace
Kiss'd each the other underneath his eye.
His people were a royalty of priests,
And offer'd in his temple ceaseless prayer
And incense of uninterrupted praise.
Thither the nations flock'd. There every doubt
Was solved: there perfect equity held sway.
No wrong, but there was instantly redress'd;
No right, but there was gloriously confirm'd:
For Zion was the mercy-seat of earth,
The footstool of the throne of God; where faith
Had clearest evidence of things unseen,
And hope climb'd easiest up the golden stairs
Scaling the heavens, and love, pure passionate love,
Saw the Beloved One, and was at rest.

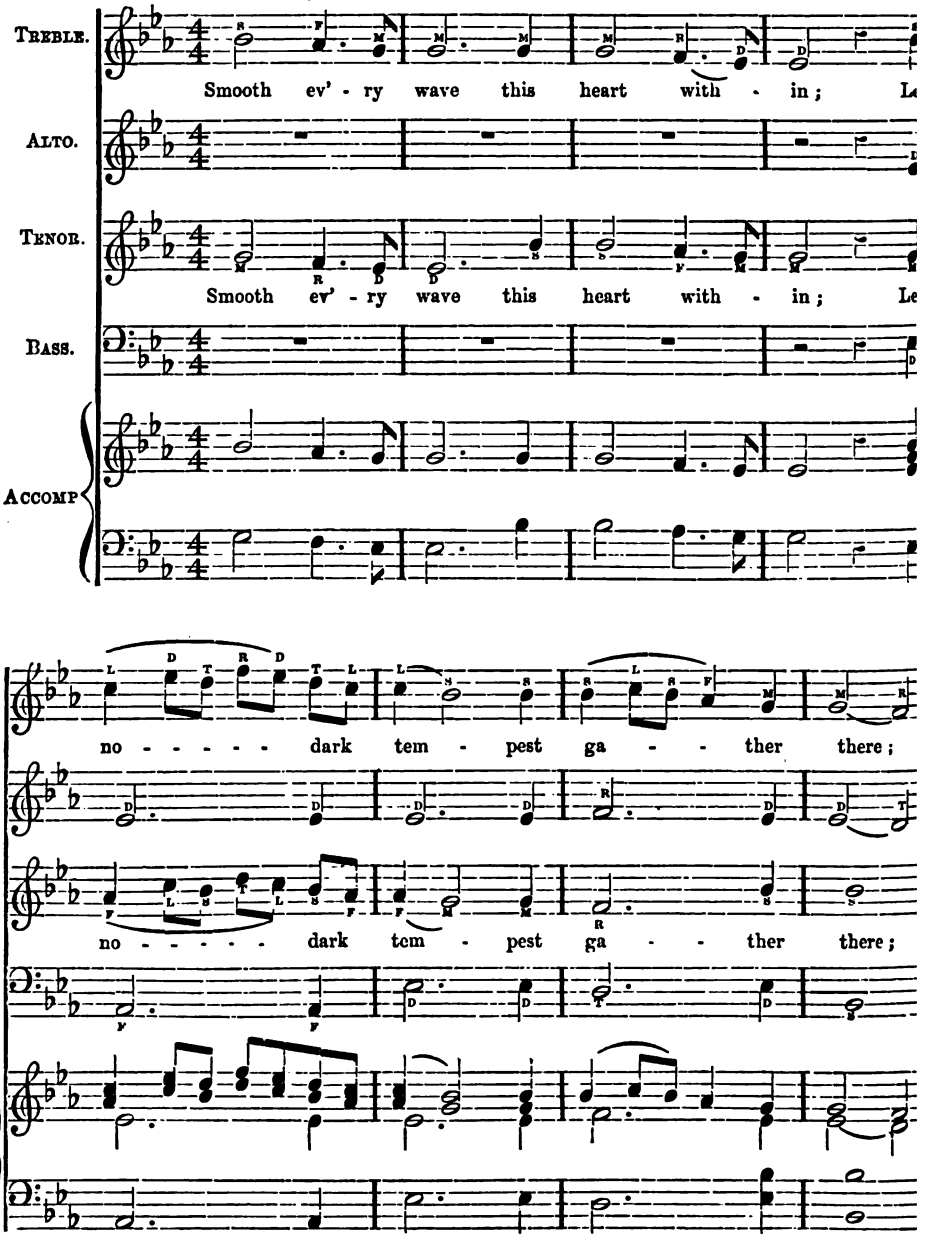
n a volume entitled, 'Yesterday, To-day, and :' A poem, in twelve books, by E. H. BICKER- A book full of scriptural truth and striking on.

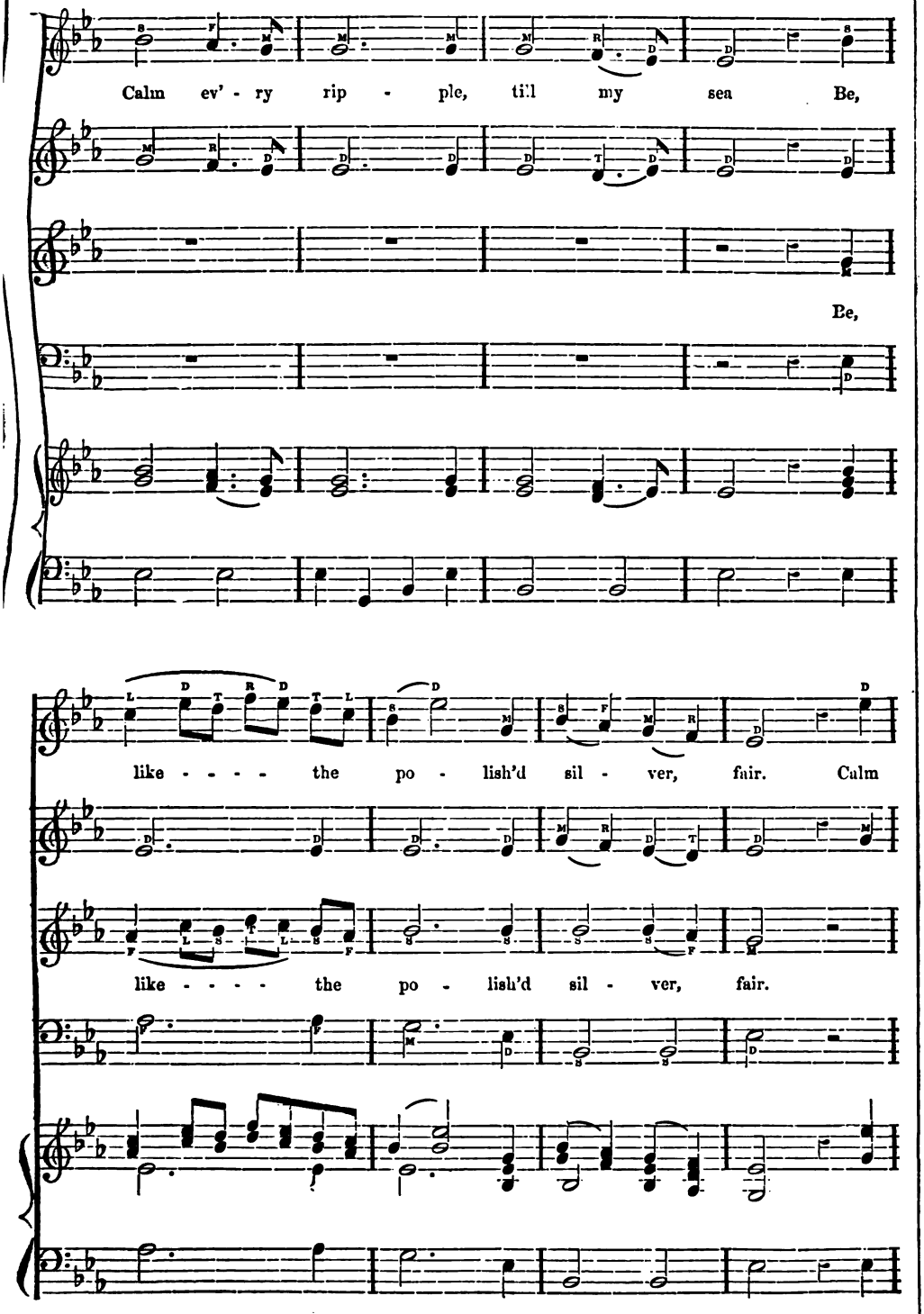
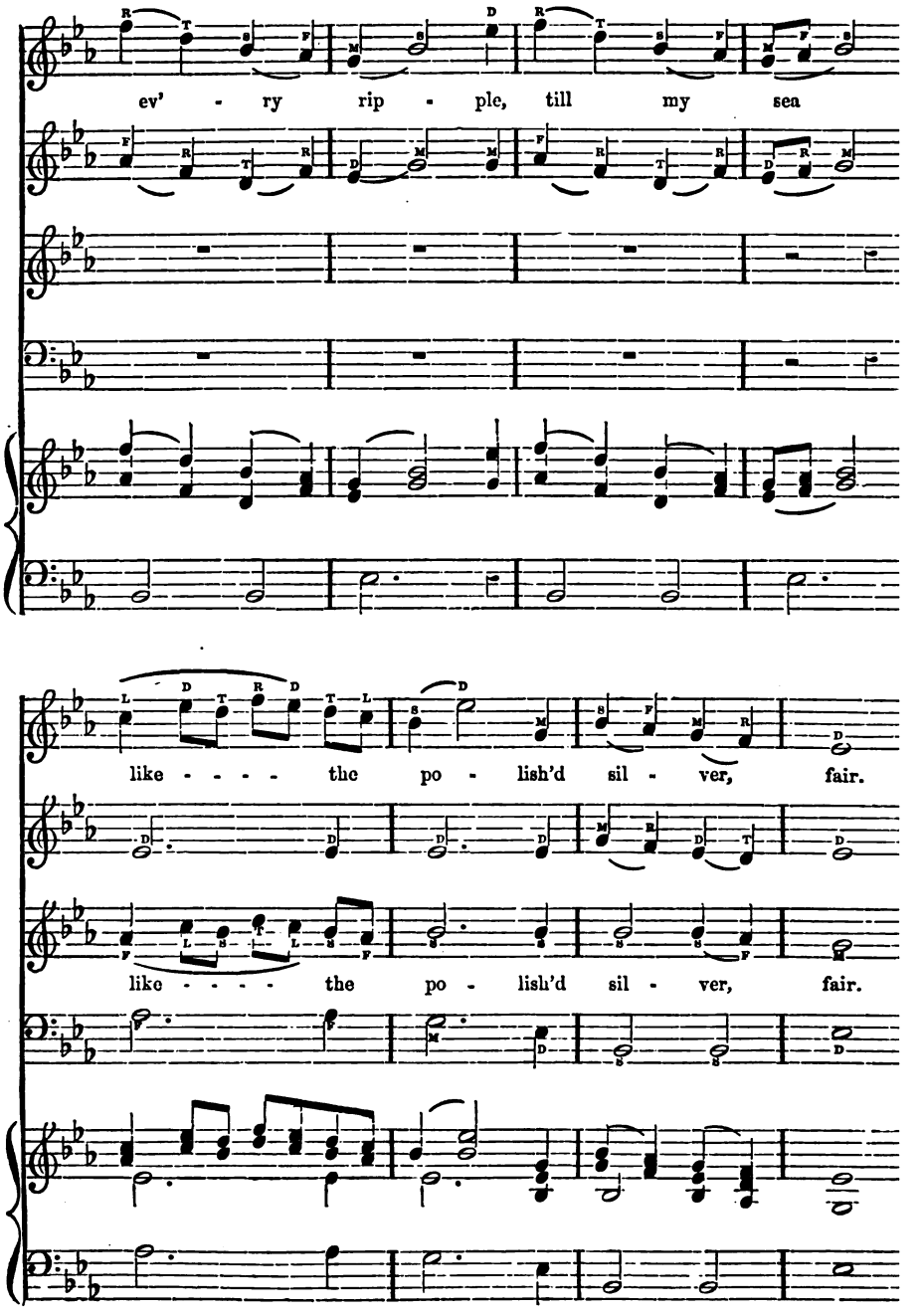
The Treasury Hymnal.

The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Method musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singers.

SMOOTH EVERY WAVE.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. *Music from* HERING

Met. 96 = ♩

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP
Smooth ev' - ry wave this heart with - in;
Smooth ev' - ry wave this heart with - in;
no - - - - - dark tem - pest ga - - ther there;
no - - - - - dark tem - pest ga - - ther there;

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

Calm ev' - ry rip - ple, till my sea Be,
Be,
like - - - - the po - lish'd sil - ver, fair. Calm
like - - - - the po - lish'd sil - ver, fair.

One word of old still'd raging wind,
And "Peace, be still," subdued the wave;
Let that dear word again be heard,
And let the tempest cease to rave.

Jesu! thy word is mighty still,
Creation knows it; let this heart
Know it in all its grace and power,
Till every tumult thence depart.

DIVINE FATHERHOOD.

LET us only 'perceive the love' which has been the handmaid of infinite wisdom, in effectuating its mighty plan, that 'mercy and truth' should 'meet together,' and 'righteousness and peace kiss each other;' that there should be an harmonious blending of all the attributes of God, in the adoption into his family of guilty, polluted, hell-deserving sinners, 'by nature the children of wrath, even as others;' let us but realize to ourselves that there is blessed truth in the statement of Scripture, that by simple faith in the incarnate embodiment of his love, we become the children of God; let the Holy Spirit, whose *objective* witness we have in the word, that, 'To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in his name,' bring us *subjectively* under his new creating influences, begetting within us the faith which believes this truth, and which appropriates the Christ presented in it; then is it witnessed to our spirits that 'we are the children of God,' enabling us to address Him as 'Abba Father.'

'If God were your Father,' says Jesus, 'ye would love me.' And wherefore? Because the lips which spake these words could also proclaim: 'I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' is an invitation often quoted, without its immediately following or preceding context; and thus the *teaching* character of the gracious Inviter, and the great *lesson* to be taught, as set forth in the passage, are lost sight of. 'Learn of me,' are words which bring us to the feet of Jesus, like Mary, to hear his word; and that word is the weighty and blessed truth under consideration: 'No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him . . . Come unto me . . . Learn of me.' This was the very essence of the Messiah's mission. 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.' Here is the resting-place of faith. Here it finds the promised 'rest' of the passage just quoted—in the bosom of the Father's love.

After the transactions of Calvary (to which attention has been so fully directed) had terminated, and the Lord Jesus could stand forth as the *representative Son* in resurrection, 'the first-begotten of the dead,' 'the first-born among many brethren,' we find that, though all his disciples had been ashamed of Him in his hour of need, He is not ashamed of his brethren; and as the closing act of his life had been one of *characteristic* homage to all that was 'written concerning Him,' when, knowing that all things 'were accomplished,' in order that one remaining scripture might be fulfilled, He saith, 'I thirst,' so in the *risen Saviour* we may see the same reverence for, and devout reference to, the written word. 'I will declare thy name unto my brethren,' was a prophecy concerning Him, which his loving heart hastens to fulfil the very moment that He leaves behind Him the grave-clothes and the tomb. 'Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father:' his Father *in* resurrection, our Father as 'begotten again *by* the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.' Thus, as the lips of a woman, into whom Satan had entered, first brought sin and death to her husband, so a woman, out of whom 'seven devils had been cast,' bears from the lips of the risen Bridegroom, for the comfort of his church—his bride—in all ages, the announcement of the blessed fact, that the *fatherhood* of God was for ever established in the *brotherhood* of Jesus. Self-evident, then, must be the proposition of our blessed Lord alluded to: 'If God were your Father, ye would love me.'

If we thus love Jesus, let Him tell, in his own wondrous language, the glorious issues of such love: 'If ye love me, keep my commandments: and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, and He shall abide with you for ever . . . He shall be in you.' Again: 'He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and *I* will love him, and manifest myself to him.' And again, on a question as to this manifestation: 'If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.'

The realized influential inabiding of the Father, Son, and Spirit in the heart is thus made to result from the entwining of its loyal affections around Him, whom we have traced into eternity as, by anticipation, having his 'delights with the sons of men;' whom, loving his own unto the end, we have followed through all the stages of his abode on earth, from the cradle onward,—persevering on the pathway of obedience until, on Calvary, that obedience was consummated, and the Father's ultimate end, as concerned himself, and his church in Him, had been attained, when He could say of all that He was to do and suffer, 'It is finished.'

Now, and not till now, was there opened a channel of *holiness* and *righteousness*, through which *mercy*, in the yearnings of pitying love, could reach us, so as to meet our need and remedy our ruin.

On turning to our Lord's concluding intercessory prayer, as likely to minister appropriate thought on the subject in hand, it would appear that the variations in the three titles given to Him whom He addresses may throw light thereupon. When speaking more immediately of his own glory, and the result of his personal ministry to his chosen ones, and when formally presenting them as the objects of his prayer, the appellation is simply that of 'Father;' but when the marvels of his grace, in his thoughts of love towards them, are to be unfolded in such full and blessed detail, when the sanctification of his people is

to be brought out through the previous sanctification of himself, the mystery of union propounded—the Father in Him, and He in the Father, that his people might be one in them. He in them, and the Father in Him, that they might be made perfect in one; and again, by a necessary law of grace, the glory appertaining to Him as the *Head*, belonging to them as the *members;* and all this made traceable to the fact, that the Father had loved them as He had loved Him—with all this 'travail of his soul' and resulting satisfaction, as 'the joy which was set before Him,' the endurance of the cross must needs object itself to his view; the cup of Gethsemane and the averted countenance of his God on Calvary—the pleasure of the Lord 'to bruise Him'—must be realized, as to be encountered by Him, ere 'the pleasure of the Lord,' in securing for his people such glorious privileges, could 'prosper in his hand.' The language of the men of Bethshemesh may well express the feelings of 'the Man of sorrows,' when thus about to take the realized 'chastisement' of his people's 'peace upon Him:' 'Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God?'

This long concatenation of privilege and blessing is, in a marked manner, it would appear, purposely linked with the *holiness* and *righteousness* of God. 'Holy Father' ushers in, from the Lord's lips, this wondrous passage, as 'Righteous Father' concludes it. 'How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? How shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me; my repentings are kindled together.' One is tempted here to exclaim, Behold the *perplexity of Love!* Where and how is it to be resolved? Look to Calvary, and there contemplate what may be termed the *ingenuity of Love*, in that combined harmonious action thereof with Justice, which we have been contemplating, as there displayed. The 'heart' mentioned here is that of Him who could say, with the cross fully in view, 'I have a bapt baptized with, and how am I straite be accomplished!' The heart turned with its kindled repentings, must find wards. Love, as a burning fire, sh the bones, is weary with forbearing, a stay; it must speak; and when it doe guage of grace and mercy, to cheer th sinners, let us note, in the answer to th queries of this passage, how great a pr is given to the *holiness* of God. 'I, One in the midst of thee, will not ex fierceness of mine anger; I will not destroy Ephraim: for I am God, and 'I am God *and* man' might also be the glorious fact, which we have seen warrant of Love to act in a world of Justice sits by, endorsing all with the its entire approval! Thus 'Israel was saken, nor Judah, of his God, of the hosts; though their land was filled against the Holy One of Israel.'

The covenant of mercy and truth wit or rather with the Son of David, was v the oath of God's holiness; and it has remarked on the words, 'I have swor holiness,' that *this attribute is engaged promise.* We may now, in this view, u how, in Psalm ciii., the removal of 'o gressions from us,' 'as far as the east the west,' is in immediate context wit extended toward us, great as is the heaven above us; yea, the experience tinuously *forgiving, healing, redeeming, satisfying mercy*, and *the yearning pity of love.* The attributes of *holiness* and *rig* are made to form an integral part in th of this incomparable song of praise: ' Lord, O my soul; and all that is wi bless the *name of his holiness.*' 'His ness is unto children's children.'—*Ho Maxwell.*

'IT IS I.'*

In sorrow's dark and dreary hour,
Be Thou, O Jesus, nigh,
To dry the eye bedimmed with tears,
To whisper, 'It is I.'

When all life's cherished hopes are fled,
When loved ones fade and die,
Be near to soothe our bleeding heart,
To whisper, 'It is I.'

When laid upon a bed of pain,
Oh! listen to our cry;
Bid all our anxious fears depart,
And whisper, 'It is I.'

When all around is gloomy night,
When clouds obscure our sky,
Oh! may we hear thy gentle voice
Fond whisp'ring, 'It is I.'

Then, though the winds and billow
We will the storm defy;
For still we'll hear thy voice of lov
Soft whisp'ring, 'It is I.'

When those we love do faithless pr
Do Thou their place supply;
Oh! bid us trust *thy* deathless love,
And whisper, 'It is I.'

When passing through the vale of d
We'll on thy love rely;
Thou wilt sustain our trembling he
And whisper, 'It is I.'

And when we see Thee face to face,
In our loved home on high,
Then shall we praise our Saviour-G
Who whispered, 'It is I.'

* From a volume of very soothing and scriptural pieces, entitled, 'Under a Cloud, by one who knows what Shadows are.'

Miscellaneous.

The Soul's Range.

How walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze;
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And watchful keepers eye his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control!
No chain can bind *it*, and no cell enclose,
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes.
It leaps from mount to mount. From vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers.
It visits home to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star.

The Good Regent of Scotland. — His lot had been cast in the midst of convulsions, when, at any moment, had he cared for personal advantages, a safe and prosperous career lay open to him; but, so far as his conduct can be traced, his interests were divided between duty to his country, duty, as he understood it, to God, and affection to his unfortunate sister. France tried in vain to bribe him, for he knew that the true good of Scotland lay in alliance and eventual union with its ancient enemy; and he prepared to be used, trifled with, or trampled on by Elizabeth, to being the trusted and valued friend of Catherine de Medici. In all Europe there was not a man more profoundly true to the principles of the Reformation, or more consistently—in the best sense of the word—a servant of God. His house was compared to a 'holy temple,' where no foul word was spoken.—*Froude.*

Exaggerations.—I dislike exaggerations. They are positive falsehoods, and ought to be shunned as such. They are generally made use of to make an impression and to carry a point. But an impression made in such a way must be untrue; and a point carried in such a way can bring no blessing. I dislike the exaggeration of *statistics*. They have been greatly in use of late years; but in many cases they are so one-sided, not to say incorrect, that they cannot be of any weight with calm and candid men.

Ritualism.—We have no longer any right to speak of our national Protestant church; it is not Protestant; it tolerates barefaced Popery, and swarms with worshippers of the God whom the baker bakes in the oven, and whom they bite with their teeth. Not many streets from the house in which we are assembled, you may have your candles, and your incense, and your copes, and your albs, with all the other pomps and vanities of the detestable idolatry of Rome. That Romanism against which Latimer bore testimony at the stake, has been suffered to hold its mummeries, and practise its fantastic tricks, in the name of this nation, until it counts its deluded admirers by tens of thousands. That monster, which stained Smithfield with gore, and made it an ash-heap for the martyrs of God, has come back to you. The old wolf that rent your fathers, and tore their palpitating hearts out of their bosoms, you have suffered to come back into your house, and you are cherishing it, and feeding it with your children's meat. Once again the harlot of Babylon flaunts her finery in our faces almost without rebuke. Do not tell me it is not Popery; it is the self-same Antichrist with which your fathers wrestled—and a man with but half his wits about him may see it to be so; and yet this land bears it, and rejoices in it, and crouches at the foot of a priest once more. Our great ones, our delicate women, and dainty lords, are once again the willing vassals of priestcraft and superstition; and amid all this, if any one speaks out, he is assailed as uncharitable, and abhorred as a troubler in Israel. Is it for nothing that God has favoured this land with the gospel? Must all her light be turned to darkness? Must all the gains of the valiant men of old be lost by the sloth and cowardice of this thoughtless generation? In days of yore, men like Knox and Welch in Scotland, and Hugh Latimer and John Bradford, fought like lions for the truth; and are we to yield like coward curs? Are the men of oak succeeded by the men of willow? The men who cried, 'No Popery here!' now sleep within their sepulchres, and their descendants wear the yoke which their fathers scorned. Shall not God visit us for this? I would that a voice of thunder could arouse this slumbering generation!—*Spurgeon.*

Whether would you Die on Land or Sea?—There was once a great storm, and the ship was in much danger. Many of the passengers were terribly frightened; but one sailor was as calm as if the sun were shining above, and the sea undisturbed below. 'Are you not afraid?' said one of the passengers. 'No,' replied the sailor; 'why should I be afraid?' 'We may all be drowned,' said the passenger. 'All of us have once to die,' calmly returned the sailor. The passenger was surprised to see the man's composure. 'Have you followed the sea long?' he asked. 'Ever since I was a boy; and my father followed it before me.' 'Indeed! and where did your father die?' 'He was drowned at sea,' replied the sailor. 'And your grandfather, where did he die?' 'He was also drowned at sea,' said the sailor. 'Father and grandfather drowned at sea!' exclaimed the passenger in astonishment; 'and you not afraid to go to sea!' 'No; God is everywhere,' said the sailor reverently. 'And now,' he added, after pausing a moment, 'may I ask you where your father died?' 'In his bed,' replied the passenger. 'And where did his father die?' 'In his bed,' was again answered. 'Are you not, then, afraid to go to bed,' said the sailor, 'if your father and grandfather both died there?'

Wishes.—At a brilliant literary party in England, a number of years ago, the conversation turned on 'persons one would wish to have seen.' After many great or eccentric names had been mentioned, and duly celebrated, one of the company startled them all by proposing the name of Judas Iscariot; assigning as his reason for so doing, 'I would fain see the face of him who, having dipped his hands in the same dish with the Son of man, could afterwards betray Him. I have no conception of such a thing; nor have I seen any picture (not even Leonardi's very fine one) that gave me the least idea of it.' 'You have said enough, Mr. Lamb, to justify your choice.'

Nature.—Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest moods; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 Chron. xxi. 1.

We have taken up some general aspects of this narrative, chiefly in connection with the temple and Moriah; let us look at it from another point of view. Let us see the different characters or persons in it. Each comes out in a peculiar way.

I. *Satan.*—He is very explicitly spoken of here, as in Job and elsewhere, as a person, a true being, not an influence. He is connected with *earth;* not with its heathen kingdoms only, but with Judea. He is not only in Babylon, but in Jerusalem; he has access not only to Nebuchadnezzar, or Herod, or Nero, but to David. He is watchful; he lies in wait for opportunities. He hated man at first in Paradise. He hates David; he hates Israel; he hates God. 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.' Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil walketh about. He is powerful, cunning, subtle. He is that old serpent, the dragon, the devil, Satan. He will go on with his wiles and malice till the Lord comes to bind him.

II. *David.*—He is a man of God, yet of like passions with others; exposed to Satan. Mark—(1.) His sin: pride, ambition, self-aggrandizing,—like Nebuchadnezzar, 'Is not this great Babylon?' (2.) His repentance (ver. 8): his conscience is touched; he cries out of his 'iniquity' and 'foolishness,' even before the message of judgment came. (3.) His chastisement and humiliation: he is smitten in the very point of his pride—Israel's numbers; he clothes himself with sackcloth, and falls down before God. (4.) His alarm (ver. 30): he knows not what to do,—the tabernacle is in Gibeon, with the altar of burnt-offering; what is he to do? The sword is between him and it; and besides, it is busy at work, he has no time to go to Gibeon. (5.) His forgiveness (ver. 26): he cannot go to God, but God comes to him—to the spot where he is. He answers his sacrifice by fire; this is forgiveness and acceptance. All is well; the light of God's countenance has returned; the blood of the burnt-offering has done its reconciling work; and on that spot where the blood was shed and the fire came down, Israel's daily propitiation was to be offered up in all days to come.

III. *Joab.*—He is a rough warrior, often rude in speech and stern in deed. But he is a man of faith. He knows the law of the Lord, and he trembles at his word. He knows that, for certain ends, it was a right thing to number Israel; but here he sees this turned into evil, and used to cherish pride. He remonstrates. His conscience is sensitive in this matter. He sees the sin and the danger. He is bold also, not fearing the wrath of the king; but he is obedient also. We have here the bright side of Joab's character, and learn to think well of him, not only as one of David's mighty men, but as a man of faith and conscience.

IV. *Gad.*—He and Nathan were David's seers,—his divine counsellors,—two of his statesmen. It does not appear that David consulted Gad about this numbering; or, if he did, he heeded not his advice any more than that of Joab. But now Gad is sent from God to the king. He was, no doubt, a man in communion with God, and was waiting to know the divine will in secret. God comes to him, and gives him his message. It is a twofold one. (1.) Judgment (ver. 10): offering the king his choice of woes. (2.) Of mercy (ver. 18): commanding the altar to be built, a symbol of divine pacification,—forgiveness for David and for Israel through the blood.

V. *The elders* (ver. 16).—They acknowledge the stroke and the sin: 'It is the Lord.' They clothe themselves in sackcloth, they fall upon their faces. So far as we know, they had not shared David's sin, yet they at once place themselves by his side in confession and humiliation. David had sinned (ver. 8), Israel had sinned (2 Sam. xxiv. 1). They identify themselves with both. It is thus that we should take up a ruler's sin, or a brother's sin, or a nation's sin; not blazoning it abroad in private gossip, or in the newspapers, but taking it on ourselves, and carrying it to God.

VI. *Ornan.*—A Gentile, a Jebusite, a king (2 Sam. xxiv. 23), owner of Moriah. He is quietly working with his sons, apparently ignorant of what was going on, till he is alarmed by the angel (ver. 20), and astonished by David's visit. He was a believing man—acknowledging not the gods of the Jebusites, but the Lord God of Israel; a generous man—handing over to David freely his own ancestral possessions. He is honoured by God; his land is honoured. He loses his property in the land, but for a marvellous honour. The history of his thrashing-floor—the likelihood that it is the great rock, to this day, under the great mosque. In the temple, in the altar, in the rock, Ornan is held in everlasting remembrance.

VII. *The angel.*—There are specially three destroying angels mentioned in the Old Testament: he who was sent to Egypt to inflict the plagues; he who was sent to the Assyrian host to slay its myriads; he who was sent to Israel to slay the 70,000. He is the messenger of wrath and vengeance; he comes directly from God; he is like one of those seven, spoken of in the Revelation, that sound the trumpets, or of those who pour out the vials; or like him who launched the symbolic millstone against Babylon the great. Yet, in the case before us, he utters mercy as well as inflicts judgment. He is terrible in his might; yet he bears the message of forgiveness—the forgiveness of Him who is able to save and to destroy.

VIII. *Jehovah himself.*—He shows himself as the hater of sin, and its avenger, even in his saints. He has a watchful eye over all his people, to bless and to chasten. He has Satan in control, and uses him at pleasure. He has angels in command, and sends them on errands of judgment and mercy. He is holy and righteous, yet pitiful and gracious, not only to Jerusalem, but even to Nineveh. He smites, yet He spares. He chastises, yet He blesses. His tender mercies are over all his works. He has no pleasure in the death of the sinner. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

THE SECRET POWER;

OR,

MISSIONARY ZEAL FOR ISRAEL.

ONE of the races of the world has been called a fossil; and if to be deeply scored with the traces of a long distant past is fossil-like, the comparison holds good. This race, even to-day, forms the most real picture that could be drawn of the earliest of human ages. Its language, customs, beliefs, and everything about it, takes us back to times when neither Roman nor Greek had come upon the scene, and man was in his infancy.

But a fossil is dead, whereas this nation lives, and seems always to have had more life in it than any other. It has survived all the ancient empires, and is now abreast with the foremost of the modern peoples. In energy, skill, courage, and all those qualities which betoken national life, it is second to none.

Some one has compared it to a ruin, speaking, by indestructible outlines, of a once majestic form, and preserving, in the midst of change and decay, the image of a magnificent history. But a ruin has no juvenescence. It crumbles to dust, and leaves no sign that it ever was. Three or four thousand years sweep the works of man utterly away, and make the grandest city a solitude. In such a sense, this nation is no ruin. Though bearing the evidences of an antiquity which out-dates all other national existence, it is amongst the most progressive of the civilised communities; and, confined to no country, it marks every inch of the earth with its foot-prints. There can be no doubt, therefore, that it is destined to exert immense influence in all human affairs; and it is well that every Christian philanthropist should consider what that influence is likely to be.

No one who knows the Jew will hesitate to say that, wherever he goes, trade is stimulated, intellectual activity is promoted, and social life improves. All his tendencies are in favour at once of order and of freedom.

But how is he likely to act on the moral history of the men he meets? He cannot pass about among them without affecting the hidden springs of their conduct, either for good or for evil, in a degree proportioned to the living force that seems to be a part of his very constitution.

The outward morality of the Jew is, on the whole, such as to justify the best anticipations, as far as that is concerned. It rests upon divine authority as its basis, and hence its power of resistance and continuance.

But the strongest power in man is his religion. This is the vital, formative element in all human history. It is this that decides what each man and each nation really is; and upon this, too, the Jew is evidently destined to exert a conspicuous influence. Religion is mixed up with the very existence of the Jews. In spite of all the sceptical habits into which many of them have fallen, they do not and cannot shake it off; while hundreds of thousands of them are the very type of religious firmness and fidelity. Not to say a word about their past, leaving out of view the fact that all the biblical religion in the world traces its human parentage to them, and that among the witnesses who have offered their blood in defence of the heavenly light, Jewish names stand out as the very embodiment of the martyr spirit,—it must be admitted that the Jews, so far as learning is concerned, are better qualified than any other class of men to interpret a large portion of the divine word. Who are the masters of the Hebrew tongue? Where do Christian colleges look for the best guides in the study of the first sacred language? Gamaliel has the students of the Old Testament still at his feet; and modern Christians must either limit themselves to the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles, or else acknowledge their obligation to the Jew as their interpreter.

We see our Jewish brethren, then, pervading all countries, and everywhere carrying with them potent means of usefulness, the greatest of all being their qualification to act on the religious history of mankind. But there is one thing they lack. That one thing is the spiritual life communicated from God through Jesus Christ. So long as they have not this, their own personal relations to God are unsound; and while they must come short of real happiness here and hereafter, they cannot but fail to carry out the high vocation for which in other respects they are so well prepared. Intimate with all the nations, and having in their hands a large portion of the Bible, with a heroic attachment to it as their supreme authority, what might they not do, if

they possessed the all-essential condition of true service to man—fervent faith in Christ? Without this, they are like the unwise virgins in the Saviour's parable, who took their lamps, but no oil in them, and could not shed a single ray upon the darkness around.

Why should this be? Is there any reason in the government of God? That pure and beneficent rule offers no excuse for any evil, or even for any deficiency of good. No purpose of God keeps back any of human kind from the full benefits of the kingdom of Christ. David prophesied that all nations should call Him blessed, and the Jews are no exception. All men are under one divine plan, and to all of them the conditions of the highest well-being are the same. The Jew must find this where other men are to find it—in Christ; and by the same means —faith in Christ.

But how is this to come about? Will the ignorance, prejudice, doubt, or unconcern of the Jew be removed by a special interposition of Heaven? If such were the method, it would be at variance with the divine procedure hitherto, as regards the kingdom of Christ; and it would prevent that very interchange of spiritual help which St. Paul refers to as the prescribed means for the conversion of the Jews: 'Even so have these also now not believed, that through your mercy they also may obtain mercy' (Rom. xi. 31).

Perhaps the most sudden and far-reaching conquest over human hearts ever recorded, was that which took place in Jerusalem during the feast of Pentecost, soon after the Saviour's ascension. And this was achieved by preaching. The only miraculous feature of it was what the preachers of this day do not need—the instantaneous familiarity with various languages, so far as that was required for the delivery of the universal message of love. The Jews of this age know all the languages in which Christians can speak to them of Christ, and therefore no miracle of that kind is wanted. Indeed, the divine plan is unique. In all times and in every land, the preaching of the gospel to individuals or to assemblies, by the spoken or the written word, has been the agency approved of God. It has succeeded wherever tried; and not more so among Pagans, or in professedly Christian congregations, than among the Jews. Thousands of those who, like Paul, were once 'in unbelief,' have, like him, 'obtained mercy,' and 'counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus;' and though the process may seem slow, there is no other by which conversions are to be accomplished.

With any future working which the Divine Providence may inaugurate on some transcendent scale, we have nothing to do. Ours is the work of to-day, and that work is with the souls of to-day.

If this work were done, and well done, the power of the gospel being fairly tested,—preached earnestly and sensibly, in the life as well as on the lips, to every Jew that a Christian meets,—a few years of such evangelism would overleap ages of expectation. If the gospel is 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek,' as St. Paul says it is, then the paucity of conversions proves that the gospel is withheld.

Is it possible that the Christian church withholds the gospel from the descendants of the very men who first gave it to the world? Would that every Christian could answer, No! The gospel is withheld when there is not a true exhibition of it in every part of the Christian's daily life. It is withheld when it is not preached in its own humble and loving spirit. It is withheld when mixed with human crotchets. It is withheld when confined to some favourite sphere, or kept within any limit whatever. It is withheld by every individual who knows it, and does not do something to spread it.

This unfaithfulness on the part of Christian people assumes a variety of shapes; and with reference to the Jew, it often takes shelter under special prejudice. But the cause is always the same, and so is the sin. The root of the evil is the want of the missionary spirit. Let any one test his own customary reasons for not helping in this field of Christian enterprise, and he will find that the theories offered in defence of neglect, and the instances of disappointment often quoted as its apology, are nothing but excuses for what a single true missionary impulse would put to the blush.

It is not requisite that any peculiar theory should be held as to the future of the Jews, or that any extravagant interest in that one people should be entertained, in order to feed Christian zeal on their behalf. All that is wanted is what every other department of evangelistic work demands, and what the whole church at this moment needs for its own inward health. The missionary fire is kindled and kept in flame by love to Christ. The stronger and the tenderer that love, the more generous and all-embracing will be its missions. We can do nothing without it—everything with it. If we are to preach to the Jew as his forefathers preached to the Gentiles, and with like effect, we must first drink love from love's fountain. We must come nearer to Christ, and open the heart, each day anew for fresh inspiration from Him. No one asks a planet to shine. It shines because its path is amidst the radiance of the sun. Are we living

ıt of Christ's love? Then we shall ısking and urging to make his love l this love has the sway, all activity ial for Christ is ungenial, and the is a poor, laboured pretence. But its kingdom in the soul, missionary s, as flowers and fruits follow the ng. Nay, the figure breaks down, ers fade, and fruits pass away. ıry zeal is not necessarily subject to cay. As piety ripens, zeal for souls r and force. All spiritual growth ı qualification for Christian work; and growth is the very law of the spiritual life. Wherever signs appear of inertness, indifference, or lack of generosity towards any true Christian mission, the true remedy is the revival of love to Christ. This revival must be sought importunately at the feet of Christ himself. To get the love of Christ enlarged, intensified, and firmly rooted in the hearts of his followers, should now be the object constantly in view in preaching, in united prayer, and in private devotion. Nothing but this will make the church faithful in its duty to Jew and Gentile. This is the secret power.

ECOLLECTIONS OF HOME MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

NO. XIII. — COMMON LODGING-HOUSES.

II.E reading lately *Mission Life in the Islands of the Pacific*, I found it there stated, that during the heathen state of Raratonga, each tribe herded and slept in one large shed, the hich was in proportion to their ılso, that the practice of a whole rding together led to the most reckıtious habits among them.

ther stated, that the extraordinary t which took place in the social noral life of the Raratongans, was reat measure to the laborious and forts put forth by one of the misimprove the dwellings of the people, ı them into families, each having a sclf.

ot, however, until the gospel had heir moral natures, that the natives luced to build separate houses,—not e they able to understand and long orts of a home.

these and other statements, I could inking how far this isle, which so ed from heathen darkness, had got of our own, which has so long been he full blaze of gospel day; for this herding together of men, women, n, though no longer obtaining in is yet to be found, with amazing n Scotland.

in its large towns, but also in many r ones, numbers of people, young and l and single, are crowded together, indeed, in a large room, but what is small one. The results are similar. ı same recklessness and licentiousness ich once characterized Raratonga.

ıer well my first visit to one of these odgings,' as it happened to be on ınd scale.

itions between three or four rooms, floor of a large tenement, had been nd beams, I forget how many, put in here and there, to support the roof, gave it quite the appearance of a large hall. The fireplace and two windows occupied one end, while, all round the rest of the room, beds were ranged so closely, that the foot-board of one formed the head of another. Down the centre two rows were arranged in the same manner. Except a space of seven or eight feet, fronting the fire, it was literally full of beds, without screen or covering of any kind. And in that room, night after night, were assembled people of both sexes and of all ages, while the only rule enforced was, payment for these beds before taking possession.

'Common lodgings' on this gigantic scale are not so often met with as smaller rooms, with from ten to twenty occupants. But even when on this small scale, most of them are hotbeds of iniquity, where moral diseases are developed in their most aggravated forms.

The following account of Mrs. ——, a brief outline of whose history appeared in a former paper, will tend to illustrate this in some measure.

In a district where I visited for some time, there was one house which had for me an attraction peculiar to itself. Its only apparent occupant was a woman of middle age. In personal appearance, language, and manners, she was many degrees above her neighbours. Very industrious also she seemed. I do not remember ever finding her otherwise than busily engaged in some useful occupation, and, what was equally rare in that locality, never once detected the least trace of drink about her.

And yet, I know not how it was, from the first time I talked with her I had the fullest conviction that all this sobriety, industry, etc., were mere appearances, and that her real character did not appear. It was not anything in her conversation that produced this conviction, as I could not say that she was either loquacious or reserved.

As I continued to visit her, she became com-

municative to a considerable extent, and, without inducement on my part, told me some of her history, and about the piety of her relatives, etc. But localities and names—anything, in short, that would have given definiteness to her statements, were carefully withheld. That her relatives were pious I could readily believe, as it fitted exactly into one of my previously formed notions respecting her.

She had during our intercourse displayed considerable acquaintance with scriptural subjects, but it always occurred to me that she had not acquired this knowledge by personal application, but involuntarily, by mingling with those by whom the truth was both known and loved.

During my earlier visits she frequently expressed a desire to know the truth experimentally, and at times it appeared as if her spirit was stirred. But if there was movement, there certainly was no progress. The door on its hinges seemed to me a most lively emblem of her state.

Month after month I visited and observed, but the mystery remained unravelled. Her character was an enigma which I could not solve. Often I thought of the quaint lines of Quarles:

> 'Tis not an easy trade
> To read or write on hearts:
> They that are skilful in all other arts,
> When they take this in hand
> Are at a stand.'

One day, however, while I sat talking to her as usual, a smallish door, not at all like that leading into another apartment, opened, and a tall woman, exceedingly tipsy, made her appearance.

Baptista Porta, an early physiognomist, says, that he had detected certain facial characteristics possessed by men in common with the lower animals, and that most human faces have a striking resemblance to some particular animal. I was surprised and pleased on first reading these statements, as it had been a favourite amusement in childhood to trace out these resemblances, though quite ignorant at the time that any one else made the same kind of observations.

But without any such tendencies or knowledge of others' opinions, the face of this woman, who had unexpectedly presented herself, was so suggestive of the lamb, that I could not have failed to be struck with it; a strange blending of the demon with that peculiar type of face making it all the more remarkable.

The effect was so far from being agreeable, that I contemplated my proximity to the door with considerable satisfaction, as the gaunt figure advanced a few steps, in rather a menacing attitude.

'I know my Bible as well as you do,' she said, coming to a stand.

'Possibly you may,' I replied, 'perhaps better; but I am afraid your knowledge has done you little good.'

'That I do,' she continued, without heeding the last part of my remark. 'I could repeat it from beginning to end to ye,' and immediately she began to repeat with surprising facility.

Whenever I attempted to speak, she repeate louder and faster, as if determined to give fu proof that her statement was true.

'Twas painful to hear parts of Scripture that to me were associated with most precio memories, so glibly repeated by this drunke creature. So I cut short the unpleasant inter view by saying, 'Poor woman, your condition i truly a pitiable one,' and without waiting for a rejoinder, opened the door and left them.

I called soon after to have some explanation of this strange occurrence. It was then that Mrs. Black, the mistress of the house, for the first time told me that she kept lodgers, and that Mrs. ——, whose sudden appearance so startled me, was one of them.

It surprised me also not a little to learn that she had been expressing great anxiety to see me again, being sure, she said, that I would do her good, and wished to know if she might come and speak to me.

I arranged for her to come that evening, and exactly at the time appointed she made her appearance.

I was struck with her subdued demeanour, so unlike that of our previous interview, and the facial resemblance, relieved from its vile combination of the demon, was now complete. I never saw a more lamb-like face.

Poor creature, how different my feelings toward her from those elicited by my visits to Mrs. Black! No mystery hung over her. With all her sins, and they were many, there was a transparency of character which I have rarely found equalled, and this was retained by her even to the end of her sad career.

She began to apologize by saying, that she was quite ashamed to see me again after behaving in such a manner. 'But I needn't say that,' she continued, 'I ought to be more ashamed of being what I am than for anybody knowing it.'

After a while she told me that it was not with the intention of being rude that she came into the room so abruptly, but that she had been listening for some time while I talked with Mrs. Black, 'and it just seemed to take me back,' she said, 'to the time when my godly mother used to speak like that to me.'

'Then you had a godly mother?'

'Oh, yes; my home was a hallowed one. Ah! it is well, well,' she said, weeping, 'that my mother's head was beneath the sod before I came to this.'

Then she spoke of a brother, a godly man, who still had the same farm which her parents occupied, and how much he had done for her. How, after her husband's death, he had set her up in a smallware business, and how well she succeeded for a time, until some of her customers found out her weakness,—drink made her extremely liberal,—and got her to take a glass with them, then made the most of her. This continued until ruin a second time stared her in the face, and she failed.

'And now here I am,' she said, 'going about with a basket, and my good brother knows no thing about me. Ah! if he only knew the hear yearnings I sometimes have to revisit the hom

of our childhood; but that can never be while I am like this. I hope you will not think that I am expecting to get anything from you. I do not need it. I make a good living, if I could only make a better use of it. But you said that day, when you went away, that mine was a pitiable condition, and you looked as if you did pity me; and oh! if you would do that, and try to help me, it would be more to me than all the money that I could get.'

Who could but pity this hapless victim of strong drink, looking back so wistfully to the purer scenes of her earlier years, and longing so earnestly for help to break the sinful habits that held her back!

Before leaving that evening, she formally pledged herself to take no more drink. This was at my suggestion, as half measures in her case would have been of little service, as will appear from one of her statements.

'I just take one glass, thinking it will do me good; but when I get the first, then I need a second, and when I get the second, I must have the third, and then I'm fit for anything the devil bids me do.'

'How long have you been with Mrs. Black?' I inquired.

'More than a twelvemonth.'

'It's well you are in such a quiet place; you will not have so much opposition as if you were in one of those common lodgings.'

A curious expression passed over her face as she replied, 'It's a quiet place through the day.'

I did not choose to ask any questions, so the matter dropped.

I called several times afterwards, but found her always out; and, on inquiring how she was getting on, was informed that she was doing remarkably well.

After several weeks had elapsed, I met her on the street. 'Will you mind standing here a little?' she inquired; 'I do so wish to speak to you.'

'I must tell you the truth,' she then said; 'I've been taking drink again. I was advised not to tell you, but just to begin again, and you would never know. But I said, No, I cannot be a hypocrite; I will tell her the truth like a woman; and if she will try me again, I trust, the Lord helping me, that no one shall ever see me the worse of drink again.'

There was no attempt made to excuse herself by telling me, as she might have done, how much she was tempted in that iniquitous place where she lodged.

Fully six weeks had elapsed, when she came back saying that she had again fallen. She gave a harrowing account of her state of mind.

'It is just,' she said, 'as if the fires that will burn throughout eternity were already kindled within my soul.'

This agony of mind continued for weeks. What a lively sense she had of her diseased spiritual condition! of her utter helplessness! She was also tormented with the fear that God would not have mercy on her.

She called one evening; and on asking how she was getting on, she replied—

'I was in such distress last night, that the sweat was just hailing off me. I could not sleep, but kept praying the whole night for mercy.'

About a week after this there was a great fall of snow. All day long it had fallen continuously, and gradually, and noiselessly; everything was enveloped in its soft white folds. But, towards evening, the wind blew tempestuously; and ever and anon, its fitful gusts drove the rattling hail with great fury against the windows. Just such a night as makes one feel thankful for a home, or even a place of shelter.

'I shall have no visitors to-night, I'm sure,' I soliloquized, as I arranged my plans for the evening.

Scarcely had the word escaped my lips, when the bell rang. A minute or two more, and Mrs. —— appeared.

'What has brought you out in a night like this?' I inquired, as I looked at the storm-battered figure before me.

An expression of quiet gladness lit up her face, as she said—

'I'm so happy, I could not but come to tell you.'

Then she described the agony she had endured; how completely she was prostrated physically by it; and how, when, at the very worst, a sudden calm crept over her spirit; and then, how the words were spoken to her heart with such power, 'I, even I, am He who blotteth out thy transgressions.'

'I cannot be deceiving myself,' she said, some time after; 'I couldn't make myself feel like this, or I would have done it long ago. And as for the drink, I have no crave for it now, I loathe it instead; I do not think I could taste it, even to save my life. It was not so before; I tried to keep from it, because I knew it was ruining me, but the love of it was still in my heart; but I could not take it now to grieve *Him* who has had mercy on me.'

A well-known writer speaks of 'the expulsive power of a new affection.' This seemed to me a very good specimen of it.

This sense of spiritual restoration and change proved to be no mere passing feeling. Her spiritual life became more fully developed, while the sweetness and tenderness of her natural disposition, blended with the fragrance of her grateful love, made her a most loveable character.

By some means she became possessed of an old hymn-book, and despite its cinnamon-coloured leaves and dilapidated binding, it became a source of exquisite enjoyment. With what pathos she would repeat her favourite stanzas, such as—

'Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.'

Then it would be—

'Let me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While I see Him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me!

How that blood for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt!
Ah! my soul, He bore thy load,
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

While I hear this grace revealed,
And obtain a pardon sealed,
All my best affections move,
Wakened by the force of love.'

Or perhaps—

'There is a sacred, hallowed spot,
Oft present to my eye,
Never by me can be forgot—
The place called Calvary.

When fainting under guilt's dread load,
Unto the cross I fly,
And trust the merit of the blood
Which flowed at Calvary.'

One evening she came to tell me that she was about to change her lodgings.

On inquiring the reason, she told me for the first time what Mrs. Black's real character was; how she had successfully tempted her with liquor at the beginning; how she systematically robbed her while under its influence; how gladly she would have left her sooner, but could not, as she seldom had money to pay her lodgings, and so got deeper and deeper into debt. But during these months of sobriety she had been able to clear it all up, and was very glad to get away, as Mrs. Black had used her very cruelly since she could not get her induced to drink.

Another of the lodgers, who had also renounced drink, corroborated this statement, and told me how the poor creature had been tempted to drink in every possible way by Mrs. Black, who most cruelly used her when she would not yield.

Only this morning, she said, after cruel gibing, there was a pailful of cold water thrown over her in bed, with the taunt—

'There, ye water-drinker, there's water to ye.'

'How did she bear it?' I inquired.

'All that she said was "Lord help me," and then rose and put on dry clothes, and went out to get other lodgings.'

The next lodging she went to was kept by one much superior in character to Mrs. Black. But the lodgers were of the same low type, and, with almost diabolical persistency, they set themselves to ensnare her. They did not succeed, however, and were, in no small degree, chagrined thereat.

Month after month she went on in the most satisfactory manner; she acquired a richness and depth of experience; and, owing to her complete command of scriptural language, she had unusual facility in expressing it.

She came to me one evening with the old hymn-book, a leaf being turned down at a particular hymn—one of a deeply experimental nature. Having read it, she told me that it exactly expressed her present experience; then went on talking in such a heavenly strain, but so fully in the spirit of lowliness and love, tha I could not but wonder at the grace in her. am sure, at that time, I entered more fully tha ever before into the spirit of the apostle's word when he said, 'I have no greater joy than t see my children walking in the truth.'

But a sad change was in reversion. The sta of the house in which she lodged, besides bein quite dark, was also extremely awkward; on of the lodgers fell down it, and was serious hurt.

To this woman Mrs. —— devoted herself wi great assiduity. How anxious she was that t poor sufferer might be led to the Saviour!

I was unable to visit at the time, so she gen rally related their conversations to me, that might suggest anything which might be useful

Her efforts in this instance were successfu and though death-bed repentances are not t most satisfactory, the old woman appeared die in peace, resting on the Saviour.

Not long after, a man fell down the same st while in drink, and had his neck broken. Wh his dead body was brought upstairs, Mrs. — fainted. The other lodgers, glad of the oppo tunity, got whisky, and poured it over h throat; and, before she was so far recovered to be aware of what they were doing, she h taken such a quantity, as to bring her complete under its influence.

Next day her place in church was vacant. had been a pleasant thing to see her, Sabbat after Sabbath, in God's house, listening eagerly and often apparently with deep feeling, to th message of mercy; and, not knowing what ha happened, I went to see what was the matter.

Her distress of mind was something awful, a she gave me the above account, the landlady an others confirming her statements.

I told her that I did not consider that she ha incurred guilt by taking it under such circum stances, or that her position, spiritually c morally, would be in the least altered, unless sh took more voluntarily.

'Oh yes,' she said, with an uncontrollabl burst of weeping; 'my state *is* altered, the *cra* is come back; I feel as if I cannot keep fro taking more of it.' She did take more; and fo nearly a fortnight was scarcely ever sober.

While taking a walk in the suburbs one da I came upon her, wandering about like one de mented. How truly it could be said of he that her 'face was foul with weeping!'

When I spoke, her grief burst out afresh, an all that she seemed able to say was, 'Oh! pra for me, that I may keep my senses.'

She took no more drink while I remained i the town where she lived, but she never r covered her confidence and joy. After I left th place, she kept steady for some time, and the gradually began to fall back into her old habit Having reached her former level, she went ba to lodge with Mrs. Black, who had not meantim been improving in character. For, in additi to the former nightly carousals, Sabbath drinki was added; her house had become a regul shebeen.

In a way which I need not particularize,

acquainted with some curious facts in to the whisky used in those houses on ibath. That there is a difference between that procured from the public-house on ays, is well known to the drinkers them- and it is emphatically called by them y whisky,' to distinguish it from the I need not here state more than is neces- I merely say of Mrs. Black's, that a very roportion of it was *vitriol.*

day Mrs. —— had a bottle of pure served out to her by mistake. She put tle to her head, and took a mouthful of l although she did not swallow it, her and throat were dreadfully burnt.

recovering, she left, and went to other s, but the same temptations beset her; deed, she seemed now more than ever to n to temptation, as she could scarcely en- ie painful thoughts which crowded upon intervals of soberness.

in vain she trusted that the flowing bowl l banish sorrow.'

completely now within the vortex of the rd, Mrs. —— was taking the last turns in rible whirlpool. Her new lodging-mistress just the person to finish the work of ion. When she came home only partially ated, this woman did not rest until she r to take more; then she could rob her npunity, both of money and goods. The eature had no help then but borrow back n money, and pay interest of twopence y shilling, for however short a period it rrowed.

Saturday she met a neighbour on the nd began pouring out her grievous com- ; told her, also, how much she longed to little place of her own, as that was her pe, etc. But next day she drank no less s. 6d. worth of the vitriolized 'Sunday ;' and, before Monday dawned, she was e.

ting sequel to this sad story will be found tragical death of a vendor of the 'Sunday ,'—one from whom Mrs. —— had often d it, though I am not sure that he sup- he last fatal draught.

wife left him one evening preparing for the Sunday sale. It was his practice, when so employed, to drink so freely, not of the adulterated, but of the pure material, as to get into that state which the initiated call 'dead drunk.' But being much longer than usual, she got alarmed, and went to try and rouse him, and get him to bed.

What her feelings would be, can be better imagined than described, when she found him lying with his face on the fire! He had fallen forward, and being unable to raise himself, was literally roasted to death.

The preceding narrative, like its predecessors, is simply a relation of facts, differing only in having more than ordinary care bestowed in ascertaining the correctness of such parts of it as did not come under my own immediate observation.

The facts are not such, however, as lie patent to every eye; but whoever will descend low enough to reach the deep under-current of human life, whose dark turbid waters sweep with such velocity through these dead levels of society, to the dread abyss beyond, will find, amid its whirling eddies and terrible quicksands, kindred facts or wrecks, scattered in great profusion.

Perhaps, from the glimpse which is afforded of the difficulties associated with the pursuit of righteousness to those who have recklessly, or otherwise, come under such conditions of life, their sad position will be more vividly realized. Then, as a consequence, the duty ought to be accepted, of using every possible means of making the way easier for these floating wrecks to escape from impending destruction.

In the present overcrowded state of our cities and towns, these 'common lodgings' are perhaps a necessity. But could nothing be done to preserve or inculcate moral purity, to prevent human beings sporting like demons with the horrid fires of passion, which burn and glow in the thick obscurities of such places?

If a few earnest spirits in a heathen land could, in a comparatively short time, accomplish so much; surely if authority were exercised, and influence brought to bear upon this evil, Herculean as it is, it would ultimately disappear.

WILLIAM FAREL,

THE SWISS REFORMER.

CHAPTER VII.

E now join Farel and Anthony Saunier, who, at the desire of the Bernese government, and protected by a letter from the senate, visited Geneva on their way home from udois valleys. That there were secret of the Reformation in Geneva, Farel was aware; for on October 1, 1531, Zwingle, ten days before his death, wrote to him, saying, 'I learn that Geneva has thoughts of embracing Jesus Christ; were they not restrained by the fear of the Friburgers, they would receive the gospel without delay. The Papists of Geneva, reckoning upon the protection of their allies, imprison the faithful without a hearing, and do them many injuries, no one forbidding it.'

For a long course of years the dukes of Savoy exercised a tyrannical authority over Geneva, until at last, on the 12th of March 1526, at the request of the citizens, sanctioned by their bishop, who was on bad terms with the duke, they were admitted co-burghers of Berne and Friburg. This alliance was productive of much temporal good to Geneva, as by it many improvements in their courts of justice were effected; and, more important still, it was to the Bernese auxiliaries then received within their walls, that the Genevese were indebted for their first knowledge of the reformed doctrines; at least from them they learned to despise Popish ceremonies and images.

Upon their arrival at Geneva, Farel and his companion, Anthony Saunier, held frequent conferences with the reformed party, in consequence of which the canons summoned them before the council, as disturbers of the peace. However, upon showing the Bernese letters, they were shielded from open insult, though commanded not to unsettle the minds of the people further. Forbidden to preach in public, Farel taught those who came to his lodgings. 'The scourge of the priests,' as he was called, was soon ordered to leave the town; but again the letter from Berne, requiring that he and Saunier should be protected, prevailed, the tone of the syndics gradually softened, and they contented themselves by requesting the Reformers to return to their lodgings. Scarcely had they reached them when they were ordered to appear before the grand vicar and the episcopal council. It being evident to the senate that the design of this order was to attack the Reformers when unprotected, they sent two of their members to defend them, accompanied by the bishop's secretary and Robert Olivetan.

Free discussion between the two parties being proposed, the Romish judge objected, saying, 'That would not answer our purpose;' then, turning to the clergy, he added in Latin, 'If we enter into dispute, our whole mystery will be subverted.' To the most insulting remarks, Farel replied, 'I deserve them not. I preach Christ Jesus as crucified for our sins, and raised again for our justification; and declare that whosoever believeth on Him shall have eternal life, but that he that believeth not shall perish everlastingly. As Christ came to preach to all who would hear Him, so I am ready to give account of my faith and my doctrine, and to maintain them unto death, relying on the sole power of God, who hath sent me.' As he uttered these words, one of the judges exclaimed, 'He has spoken blasphemy; we have no need of witnesses: he is guilty of death.' 'Speak in the words of God, not Caiaphas,' replied Farel; while the multitude called out, 'To the Rhone, to the Rhone with him! kill him, kill him!' 'Kill this new Luther. It is better he should die than that all the people should be disturbed.' 'It is not I that troubleth Israel, but thou, said Elijah to King Ahab,' replied Farel; 'and I say, in like manner, it is not I that cause such commotions, but you and your adherents, who would throw the city, and the whole world, into confusion by human traditions and ordinances, and by your corrupt conduct.' Then the canons gnashed th and desired him to leave the council As he was going, a servant of the gr levelled a gun at him, but it burst in Farel was untouched, and, turning ro 'Thy shots do not terrify me.' He an were then ordered to leave the city wi hours, under pain of death, and to c gracious a favour as being extended from regard to the senate of Berne. O this, Farel exclaimed, 'You condemn us He was then hurried away, and would have been murdered, had not his friend him, while they threatened to report th verdict to the civil authorities. Earl lowing day the Reformers crossed accompanied by their friends, who, hav of a plot to arrest them and send them remained with them during the first d ney. They landed near Lausanne, an through towns in which there was le to be apprehended, reached Orbe in sa

But Geneva was not left without Anthony Fromont, a young man, abou three years of age, the disciple and Farel, accepted the post, and on No 1532, began his ministry there.

Opposition had so weakened the ene evangelical party, that, upon Fromont he found scarcely any ready to conf openly; 'because iniquity abounded, t many had waxed cold,' while the hat Romanists had gathered strength. Th life in danger, Fromont was about to city, when the thought of thus coward ing his charge pressed so heavily on science, that he determined to follow th of Farel, and remain as a teacher of t language, and also give medical advic who desired it. God blessed these hum in his service. Many found a blessi lonely lodging of Fromont, and not a fe their friends to share it with them 'Come with us and we will do thee go

Fromont's success roused the wra priests to a fearful height; nevertheless could not contain the numbers who can instruction. Many, day after day, crowd the house, hoping for admittance, bu At length, patience being exhausted, called out, 'To the molard' (the mar 'to the molard!' and in a moment Fr hurried away, set on a fishmonger's told to preach to the people the wo He did so, and, notwithstanding the in of a police officer, who eventually sile Fromont preached the gospel of Chris to many who had never before hea degrees the light dispelled the darkn returned to their homes to discuss to subjects brought before them. Sh upon controversy were eagerly read, to a careful searching of Scripture, t whether these things were so. 'There of them believed,' among whom was, at 'honourable woman,' Madame Glaud conversion was remarkable. Having l the priests that Fromont was an arch

who had hosts of spirits at his command, this Genevese lady resisted every entreaty to hear him, and judge for herself. However, after a time, curiosity overcame fear, and having armed herself with relics for security against the enchanter's power, she entered his room, and seating herself in front of him, so as to observe his machinations, reverently crossed herself, and, commending her body and soul to the care of God and all the saints, prepared to listen. To her surprise, no sound of incantation reached her ear. By degrees her fears subsided, she became interested in Fromont's sermon, and before it was closed the heart of Madame Glaudine was touched by the finger of God. 'Are these things true?' she inquired, as he rose to depart. 'Can you prove them from the gospel?' 'Yes,' replied Fromont, 'I am ready to maintain the truth of all I have asserted.' She then inquired concerning the mass, whether it were not to be found in Scripture. On being assured that 'neither the name nor the thing' was to be found in the New Testament, she asked if the book from which Fromont had taken his text was the New Testament, and when told that it was, begged permission to read it. Fromont gladly lent it to her; and for three days Madame Glaudine shut herself up in her room, and, scarcely allowing herself refreshment of any kind, spent hours in meditating on God's holy word. As she read the 'sweet story of peace,' tears of sorrow for sin, tears of joy for pardoned sin, fell upon her book. After three days she asked to see Fromont, and having again heard the gospel from him, she declared herself a follower of Christ, thanking God for his great goodness in turning her 'from darkness to light.'

As the progress of the Reformation became more manifest, the indignation of its opponents increased; tumult followed tumult, until Fromont was commanded to leave the city. He obeyed and went to Yvonan.

We left Farel at Orbe, and now rejoin him there.

Feeling deeply the importance of training the younger clergy for their holy calling, he at this time established weekly 'clerical meetings,' to be held alternately at Morat and Neuchatel. At these meetings matters of interest connected with the church were discussed, and advice upon practical matters asked and received. After a time they assumed the office of synods, ordained and appointed ministers for particular churches; but this the Senate of Berne, regarding it as an infringement of their rights, refused to sanction.

About this time Farel, urged by some, to whom his ministry had been blessed, returned to Geneva; but ill treatment from the Romish party soon obliged him to depart again, and thus, once more, Geneva was left without a pastor. The absence of their ministers drew the Lord's people more closely together, and sheltered by the darkness of night, they met for prayer and the study of Scripture. At one of those meetings, the Lord's Supper, according to the reformed ritual, was, for the first time, celebrated in Geneva, when John Guerin, a tradesman, of deep piety, and mighty in the Scriptures, acting as pastor, distributed the bread and wine. For this breach of order, as the council regarded it, Guerin was banished from Geneva. Two influential citizens of Geneva, seeing the deplorable state of things, that no one could preach the gospel without running the risk of banishment, went to Berne to entreat the state to interfere in behalf of religious toleration. The deputation succeeded. The Bernese wrote a strong letter to the government of Geneva, telling them, that 'If they wished to keep on good terms with their ally, they must allow the free preaching of the gospel.' Terrible commotion followed the receipt of this letter. Led by the priests, a large body of Roman Catholics demanded that those who had asked the interference of Berne should be given up to justice. As the magistrates took no notice of this request, the most furious of the Romish party bound themselves under an oath to massacre 'the Lutherans,' and closing the city gates, planted artillery outside the house, in which the leading men of the reformed party were assembled. Seeing how matters stood, and that their lives were in danger, the Reformers armed themselves in self-defence, by which act the enemy were awed, peace was restored, and, after some time, when the excitement had subsided, the people came to the conclusion, that it would be 'extreme folly in them to cut one another's throats to please the clergy, and that, as the latter had differences with the reformed, the two parties should be left to settle them between themselves; the proper way of which would be to dispute from the Scriptures, and not to fight with the sword.'

A treaty of peace was now made between Geneva and her allies, the terms of which, though published, were not long observed. Fresh tumults arose, in one of which the most violent of the party, a canon of the cathedral, was killed. Upon this, Friburg, the canton to which he had belonged, demanded vengeance, and tried to make this a stepping-stone by which to banish the Reformers from Geneva; while, on the other hand, the Bernese made every effort to quiet the people, recommending toleration and liberty of conscience as the only means by which to appease the discord which existed, to which advice they added these solemn words: 'Remember that, in the day of judgment, each individual shall answer for his own faith alone, and not for that of another.'

The Bernese deputies in Geneva, though reproached for favouring 'conventicles,' permitted Farel, Viret, and Fromont to preach in their lodgings, and strongly urged upon the council the justice of providing a suitable church, in which they might preach without fear of disturbance. The council replied that they had no authority to grant the privilege, that the power belonged exclusively to the bishop, or his vicar; but they promised not to interfere to prevent the desire of their allies being granted.

A few hours after this debate had ended, some of the citizens, to Farel's great surprise, hurried him into the hall of the Franciscan convent; and after the bell had tolled to announce that the word of God was about to be preached,

Farel ascended the pulpit, and delivered the first evangelical sermon ever heard, without interruption, in Geneva. This was on Sunday, March 1, 1534.

The Romish party, powerless to prevent this innovation, now inquired by whose authority Farel was permitted to preach, and requested that he might be silenced in future. They also prayed the Bernese deputies to take him back with them to Berne. They were refused, and the deputies left the city.

Encouraged by these events, the naturally excitable temperament of Farel led him to attack the priests with too much warmth and asperity. Œcolampadius might again ask, 'How it fared with Farel's meekness?' The senate, in alarm, entreated him to consider the critical state of the city, and give them a written statement of the errors of which he complained, promising not to allow the honour of God and of their allies to be disregarded.

For some time it had been evident that the difference between the religious views of Berne and Friburg rendered it impossible for Geneva to continue in alliance with both cantons,—that she must therefore choose one and reject the other. It was natural that Berne should be preferred, because of the greater power of that state, and of the increasing tendency of the Genevese to accept the reformed doctrines. Perceiving this, the Friburgers themselves renounced the alliance which had subsisted for eight years between them and Geneva. At the same time many of the Romish party left the city, and thus peace was in a great degree restored, though the reformed party often provoked hostility by destroying altars and images.

But while peace reigned within the city, open violence threatened it from without. The Duke of Savoy, determined to extirpate the Lutherans at Geneva and elsewhere, saying, 'there are heads in Geneva which I purpose to set flying,' united his efforts with those of the bishop and the Romish party, who had recently left the city, to destroy the Reformation, being joined, too, by many from Savoy and the Pays de Vaud.

Fearing they might have to stand a siege, the Genevese, with noble heroism, voluntarily destroyed all the suburbs of their town (except St. Gervais), two parish churches, out of seven, and three monasteries, out of five. In their extremity Berne wrote to advise them to avoid, if possible, having recourse to arms whenever self-defence did not require the contrary. The Genevese replied, that they were 'resolved to sacrifice their property, their distinctions, their very children, and their own lives, for the word of God, and that they would rather set fire, with their own hands, to the four corners of the city, than part with so sacred and precious a treasure for themselves and their families.' They further declared, that the bishop might return to the town, provided that, remembering his title, he would discharge the duties of his office according to the word of God. But that as for images and other implements of superstition, they neither could nor ought to restore them, so long as Geneva was free and consecrated to God alone. This bold reply was a striking proof that the Reformation firm hold of the people. Day by day increased in numbers and strength. opponents decreased. Three of the f professed the reformed faith. Farel, Fromont (who returned to Geneva a time that Farel did), preached alterna church of the Franciscans, and in t Germain.

While these three friends were livi in the house of Claude Bernard, a s influenced by the priests, mixed po soup prepared for their dinner. took any of it, from the effects of whi recovered. On being charged with the servant threw the blame on the a canon named Dorsieres. There was ever, sufficient evidence to condemn they escaped, while the girl suffered the crime. In consequence of this, ordered the Reformers to be hencefort the Franciscan convent; the result of that the greater number of its inmate by their holy lives, at least outwardl their doctrines.

The following June, a public disc place, which, as a means of promot formation, far surpassed the most s pectations of its friends; and on Augu the council issued an edict, enjoining ship to be conducted according to the gospel, and prohibiting Popish ce

From this time Geneva may be co being legally and avowedly of the refo but it was yet very far from being s to Farel's acceptation of the word. Romanism had put an end to many e the same time, it had been the be some, the aggravation of others. immorality of the clergy was a bye yet exercised a certain moral restrai people; and when their authority w those who had not come 'under Christ' acknowledged no restraint Thus immorality was, at this time, d the increase. Infidelity, too, in man took the place of former superstitiou for Romish ceremonies and relics, who, while they renounced Popery, name to live, and were ignorant of th

The religious establishments now u great change. The monastery of the de Rive became a school, that of St hospital, while their revenues were a to the support of the clergy, the s the poor. Permission was given to monks, and nuns, to leave the city o it as they pleased.

Berne heard of these events witl and joy, and wrote to exhort the Ge favoured with the light of truth, t became those who had been delivered yoke of bondage' and superstition.

The proclamation of the reform Geneva was followed by renewed against that city. On September 2 attack by night almost succeeded in in the hands of the duke and the bi

ed by land and by sea, with 6000 within walls, famine was added to the miseries of . Still, in spite of cold and hunger, even the men and children worked upon the fortifica-s, determined to die rather than yield to e under whose yoke their fathers had long ined. France offered assistance, on condition t the expelled bishop should be restored, and poral jurisdiction again placed in his hands. offer was rejected, and Geneva looked to ne for help.

he Bernese, unwilling to go to war with the , for a long time resisted all entreaties to a decisive step for the relief of their op-sed ally. At length, however, they were ed, and from that moment energy charac-ed their movements. On January 13, 1536, resolved to declare war; on the 16th they lished that resolution; on the 22d they rmed the Swiss cantons of their decision, 'to vent jealousy on their part;' that same day sent forth their army, 6000 strong, which, ing met with no opposition on the road, hed Geneva on February the 2d. Their come was joyful. The Savoyards fled before n, and, after a day's rest, the Bernese started pursuit of the enemy.

he duke, who had exasperated the Swiss on sides, now suffered for his faithless cruelty. Valaisans recovered the towns he had taken m them; and the king of France, who wanted Savoy, to assist his purposes against Milan, rushed, sword in hand, into his territories. Driven from his dominions, the duke took refuge in Verceli, where he died in 1553.

Having freed their ally, the Bernese demanded that the civil authority, which had belonged to the bishop and duke, might be placed in their hands. To this the Genevese could not consent; and after gratefully acknowledging the aid which Berne had afforded them in their distress, they entreated her not to tarnish the lustre of such noble conduct, by a demand which tended to defeat the great object for which they had toiled, but to crown their own glory by placing their ally in the unfettered enjoyment of liberty and independence.

The justice of this remonstrance being acknowledged, the Bernese army finally withdrew from Geneva (February 18th), and soon after its departure friendly relations between the states were established.

To commemorate the happy day which restored to Geneva that independence which God has ever since continued to her, the government erected a monument with a suitable inscription; while the old motto of Geneva, 'After darkness I hope for light,' was changed to 'Light after darkness,' in commemoration of her being translated from the bondage of Popery into the light and liberty of the gospel.

(*To be continued.*)

THINE OWN.

LL me no more thine own: the summer hours,
So loved by me, shall never come again;
arce shall look upon the spring's pale flowers,
And in this life of weariness and pain
Shall be no more thine own.

e spring shall wake fresh verdure in the vale;
Freed from grey winter, blue shall glow the sky;
t, ere the sweet-breathed violets grow pale,
This fading form low in the dust shall lie,
And be no more thine own.

shadow of the parting hour is nigh;
falls, dear one, upon my heart and thine:
! to leave thee when life's morning hour
goldened o'er by love almost divine—
To be no more thine own!

I soon shall leave thee: thou, belov'd, will feel
A gloomy shadow o'er thy pathway thrown;
And all too soon the truth will o'er thee steal,
That in this dreary world thou art alone,
And I no more thine own.

No more thine own! To wake for thee, at eve,
The chords of music sweetest to thine ear;
To love thee still, alike through joy or grief,
To be thy truest friend, of all most dear,
But not on earth thine own.

On these near hills, whose beauty never fades,
My lingering feet shall rest. Oh, do not weep!
Thou too shalt dwell, where sorrow ne'er invades,
With Him who giveth his beloved sleep—
And I shall be thine own.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'By them judgeth He the people.'—JOB XXXVI. 31.

THIS verse suggests Acts xiv. 17: 'He left not himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons.' Both passages call on us to listen to the voice of God speaking to us through what are called 'natural phenomena.' By judging, we understand more than inflicting judgment—more than sitting as judge. It means 'ruling' as well. Two things are here declared: first, that God judgeth the nations; secondly, that He does so by the changes and occurrences of nature.

I. *He judgeth the peoples* (or nations).—This judging is not a thing of the *past*, or of the *future* merely, but of the *present*. He has been, and He is now 'judging.' *Creation* is past, the *new creation* is future, but governing is *now*. Each of these is equally sure and true; and they who deny the present governing, or the future interposition in the great day, might as well deny creation. God's connection with earth is as close and as direct now as ever. Not so obvious or so visible, but quite as real. A thing does not need to be visible, or audible, or palpable, in order to be direct and real. Many things are the latter which are not the former,—the power of the moon over the sea and its motion, of the atmosphere over all life, of the soul over the body in every movement. These are instances in point: only God's connection with earth is more real and direct than these; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being. His purpose comes in contact with earth and its dwellers; not generally and by means of laws, but directly and minutely. His will, his voice, his hand, his arm, all come into contact with this world, as well as with all other worlds, the creations of his power. He has not left them alone. He sustains and rules as truly as He creates. Not for a moment does He let go his hand. He is the Governor among the nations. 'He ruleth by his power for ever.' 'He doeth according to his will among the inhabitants of the earth.' It is with no distant, unheeding God that we have to do; but with that God who fixes the bounds of our habitation, who counts our hairs, who feeds the ravens, notes a sparrow's death, clothes the lilies of the field. He is nearer to us than the nearest earthly object or being; more closely in contact with us than we are with one another. All other links are as nothing compared with this: they are threads; this is an adamantine chain.

II. *He judges the people by means of the changes of nature.*—We use 'nature' for want of a better word: we mean earth and sky, with all their motions, and alternations, and transformations, great and small; all 'natural phenomena,' as they are called. These phenomena, or appearances, appear to us common things; by some ascribed to chance, by others to 'laws of nature.' Here they are ascribed directly to God. They are his voice, by which He speaks to us; his finger, by which He touches us; his rod, by which He corrects us; his sword, by which He smites us. It seems to be the thought of many that in none of these can we or ought we to recognise, directly and specially, the interposition of God; that it is fanaticism to interpret these so as to make them special messengers of God to us. But the words before us are very explicit: 'By them judgeth He the people.' The things by which He is here said to judge the people, are the common things of the day and year,—the rain, the clouds, the lightning, and such like. He uses these as his voice in warning, or commanding, or chastising, or comforting. These common things do not come by chance, or at random, or by dead law, but go out from God as his messengers. Thus everything has a divine meaning and a divine voice. Let us listen, and interpret, and understand. Summer speaks to us, with its green fields and fragrant gardens; winter speaks to us, with its ice, and snow, and frost. By these God judges the people. The pestilence, the famine, the earthquake, the lightning, the storm, the shipwreck, the overthrow of kingdoms and kings,—each of these has a special message to the nations, and to each of us. Let us see God drawing near to us in them,—showing his care and love,—manifesting an unwearied concern for our welfare. Woe to us if we either misinterpret them, or refuse to interpret them at all! The common daily changes of personal or family life, all speak in the same way. Not only the sweeping calamity that carries off its hundreds, but the sickness, the pain, or gentle indisposition—these have a voice!

We disjoin God from *creation*, and so see nothing in it of divine life and power. We disjoin God from the changes of creation, and so find no meaning in these. We disjoin God from the beautiful or the terrible, and so realize nothing in them that overawes, or attracts, or purifies, or comforts. We have so learned to separate between God and the works of God, that we seem to imagine that they contradict each other. The fair sky, and the clear stream, and the green hills, all speak of divine goodness, and bring to us a gospel which can hardly be mistaken; but we have learned to deny that gracious meaning, and to say that all this beauty means nothing, and contains no message from God, and embodies no glad tidings.

This separation of God from his works is one of the awful features of human unbelief. How much more of Him should we know were we to interpret his works aright, and hear his voice in each, whether in love or discipline! These skies of his are not bent over us in beauty without a meaning. These seas of his do not roll for nothing. These flowers of his are not fragrant and fair for nothing. They do not say to us, 'God is your enemy, He hates you;' but, 'God is your friend, He pities you, yearns over you, wishes to make you happy.' How full a gospel does creation preach to us, according to its kind and measure!

The separation of the works of God from his word is another sad feature of human unbelief. Creation and inspiration are in harmony. The Bible does not contradict the works of Jehovah. It means what they mean, and they mean what it means. Each little part of both speaks out most intelligibly. God wishes to be understood in both. Men would misinterpret both. They try to discover as little of God as they can in both. Yet both preach the same gospel. In both we see the goodness of God leading to repentance; in both we discern the loving-kindness of the Lord. The fact that we sinners are out of hell, is one gospel; that we who should have been in hell are dwellers in a fair and fruitful earth, is another,—God in these ways showing that He has no pleasure in our death and misery, but in our life and joy.

THE WILDERNESS AND THE REST.

(*Continued from p.* 87.)

HE relations, past, present, and to come, of the earth, and all things in it,—whether of men individually, or of nations corporately, or of rulers, or of Israel, or of the church, essing and true,—the relations in which stand to God, and God to them, are ly revealed in Scripture; and the right e of these relations is the knowledge

Yet how little is the apprehension of ngs either possessed or sought after! us lessons taught by the different dis- s that have been, or are yet to be, are ed. Even the difference between a al earth that did *not* groan, and a fallen *does* groan, is feebly recognised; and (even true Christians) marvel when old that they are as branches or twigs, ittle, that grow on a cankered bough— lestined to be broken off in judgment, in them (the twigs) God's grace has life, and sap, and fruitfulness, which ot fail to acknowledge both now and r of glory. Few, however, understand . They know not what the branch e canker, nor the coming excision, nor is to follow thereon. 'Ah, Lord God! of me, Doth he not speak parables?' words of the prophet of old. The pro- apostles would still say so if they could h, and witness the manner in which imonies respecting the future are re-

w altered the scene when the veil shall rent from the heart of Israel! Not the light of truth break upon their a fulness and power which we Gentiles known, but their hearts shall be pre- only to welcome the light, but to to use it with a faithfulness and vigour not languish, but be maintained con-

'The Redeemer shall come to Zion, them that turn from transgression in th the Lord. As for me, this is my with them, saith the Lord; my Spirit on thee, and my words which I have y mouth, shall not depart out of thy r out of the mouth of thy seed, nor e mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the henceforth and for ever' (Isa. lix. 20).

'I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord' (Hosea ii. 19). 'The remnant of Israel shall not do iniquity, nor speak lies; neither shall a deceitful tongue be found in their mouth: for they shall feed and lie down, and none shall make them afraid' (Zeph. iii. 13). Their soul shall be as the soul of a weaned child (Ps. cxxxi.). They shall lean wholly on the Lord their God, and therefore shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever (Ps. cxxv.). It shall be said of them, 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' (Ps. cxxxiii.). Thus shall they be indeed a prepared people, fitted to have communion with the thoughts and intentions of the Lord,—fitted, under Him, as priests to instruct, and as kings to govern all nations. They shall be 'a kingdom of priests.' 'Men shall call them priests of our Lord, and ministers of our God. All that see them shall acknowledge then that they are the seed that the Lord has blessed.'

Well, therefore, can we understand the reason of the call to the Shulamite (*i.e.* to the bride of Solomon) to return: 'Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee.' Not till the true Solomon shall appear, and establish his glory in the earth, and call the daughter of Zion back to his love, and teach her to call Him Ishi (my husband), and betroth her unto Him for ever in faithfulness, and loving-kindness, and in mercy,—not till then shall the darkness that now broods over the nations depart, nor truth have in the earth any better witness to its power than such as is supplied by the checked and hindered fruitfulness of that valley, which, even if it were rightly fruitful, would still find its fruitfulness despised. However faithfully and successfully the pilgrim-stranger might have laboured, she and her labours would still have been by men contemned.

But it shall be otherwise with the Shulamite. In her shall be seen grace and glory. The standing that she will take in earth will be one of manifested strength and glorious power. In her shall be seen Mahanaim—*two* hosts.

'Mahanaim' was a word used by Jacob when,

on his return with his little band from the land of his exile, the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said: 'This is God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim'—*i.e.* 'two hosts.' Jacob was ever wont to magnify his own strength, and to exalt it into virtual co-equality with the strength of God. We might, indeed, have supposed that, in beholding the might and majesty of the host of God, Jacob would have forgotten his own little company: but he did not; for it was not the habit of Jacob to forget himself, nor anything connected with himself. He could not forget the band which he for so many years had laboured to gather, nor consent that it should stand in any other place than one of acknowledged association with the host of heaven. Hence the word 'Mahanaim.'

Yet expressions which God may permit or cause his servants to use, may conceal beneath them a meaning which they who use them apprehend not. So was it with the word 'Mahanaim.' It embodies a truth, for which heaven and earth, in ages yet to come, will praise and magnify the God of Jacob for ever. For an hour is coming when Israel, after having been 'brought very low,' shall suddenly be strengthened by the Lord of hosts, their God, 'when I have bent Judah for me, filled the bow with Ephraim, and raised up thy sons, O Zion, against thy sons, O Greece, and made thee as the sword of a mighty man. And the Lord shall be seen over them, and his arrow shall go forth as the lightning: and the Lord God shall blow the trumpet, and shall go with whirlwinds of the south' (Zech. ix. 13). 'And thou, O tower of the flock, the stronghold of the daughter of Zion, unto thee shall it come, even the first dominion; the kingdom shall come to the daughter of Jerusalem; . . . for I will make thine horn iron and thy hoofs brass: and thou shalt beat in pieces many people: and I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth' (Micah iv. 8, 13; see also Micah vii. 16). These, and many other like passages, supply abundant evidence as to Israel being made the host of the Lord *in the earth;* yet not in dissociation from the hosts that are above. 'Thither cause thy mighty ones to come down, O Lord,' are words used in relation to the time of Israel's deliverance. 'The Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with thee.' 'The house of David shall be as God, as the angel of the Lord before them.' 'The Lord shall be seen over them.' The strength and glory of the host of heaven shall thus be connected with the strength of Israel in the earth; so that duplication of might, heavenly and earthly, shall mark the condition of the bride of Solomon in the day of her espousals—a condition well answering to the expression which Jacob ignorantly, yet prophetically used, when he uttered the word 'Mahanaim.'

From the prominence given in this passage to the Shulamite and her glory, it might almost seem as if the pilgrim-stranger, who up to that moment had been the peculiar object of the Lord's solicitude and love, were forgotten; but it was far otherwise. A glory was to be hers greater and more perfect than that which the Shulamite was *then* to inherit: I speak not now of her final destiny. She who had so long sojourned in the earth as an outcast-wanderer, was now to share her Lord's unearthly glory above the heavens. Many times, during the course of her pilgrimage, she had been addressed as one to whom honour and glory pertained. Although never said to 'look forth' as the morning (for that would have implied manifestation), yet she is described as being, in her Lord's estimate, comparable to one who moved in solemn state and majesty in the train of a triumphant monarch (see chap. i.). And again: 'Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners,'—anticipative words descriptive of a glory that she deserved, and which in due time she would receive. And now that time had come. She was to be numbered with that heavenly host, whose presence was to give to the Shulamite one of the chief and most distinctive characteristics of her glory. She was to constitute part of that heavenly host that was appointed to watch over the Shulamite from above, and to minister to her from that heavenly city into which flesh and blood cannot enter. She was now to join her Lord on those mountains of Bether (separation), to which on former occasions she had bid Him return, until the morning should break, and the shadows flee away, and the time be come for her to share his heavenly separation. And now that time had drawn nigh. She was soon to join her Lord on the mountains of his separation, and to become his associate in that distant glory.

But what was her practical condition when thus called away unto her heavenly home? Was it one of weakness or of strength? In another part of this 'Song' we find the answer. She is described as coming up out of the wilderness as one faint and weary, leaning on the arm of her Beloved. The leaning was indeed a token of weakness; but the arm on which she leaned was almighty, and therein she had everlasting strength.

She leaned, evidently, as one very conscious that she was weak; very conscious that she was cast as a burden on the sufficiency of his faithful arm. There was no disposition to feed on the

own strength. No mention is made
st experiences, either of sorrow or
re had been times when she had
' gardens' and her 'pomegranates,'
nd her 'spices,' and when she had
rd to come and view *with* her the
labour and of their common joy.
en times when, filled with the com-
ve, she had besought the daughters
not to arouse Him, as He rested
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he Lord; she thought only of that
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he vineyards, the garden, the valley,
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erewith, were as things of the past.
looked not for the sustainment and
she needed then. She knew that
her need could be met by one thing only—even by love, full, faithful, free, almighty; and she knew where to look for that love. 'Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm,' was her language; for thy heart is faithful, and thine arm almighty. If I were to mistrust thy love,—if I were to question its faithfulness,—how then would the love I bear to Thee become to me the source of anguish unspeakable? for 'jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame!' But I mistrust not thy love; wholly I lean on it. I know that it is love faithful and true,—love that 'many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it.' It is love, too, that is free as well as faithful, flowing spontaneously from the depths of its own fulness; for how can love be purchased? 'If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.' On such love she leaned; by such love she was sustained. *So* she left the wilderness; *so* she entered into her rest.

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA,

AUTHOR OF 'HELEN DUNDAS, OR THE PASTOR'S WIFE;' 'SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE, AND OTHER TALES,' ETC. ETC.

No. III.

SUFFERING—A GIFT.

I KNOW well that you look on your heavy and long-protracted trial as having been sent for chastening, discipline, training; and I am sure you are right. But there is another ich it may, I think, be viewed by n, as a gift. Have you ever thought ?—as the gift of a wise and loving precious child—a child for whom, as yet an alien and an enemy, He l-beloved Son to die? (Rom. v. 10.) hat you may look on it as such, and may be applied (though in a different words written to the Philippians: t is *given* in the behalf of Christ, not eve on Him, but also to suffer for hil. i. 29). To the Philippians these it that they should endure persecu- ist's sake, and that is undoubtedly meaning of the passage; but surely ing intimation it contains may be he suffering members of the Father's ther the suffering comes through the lity of man, or direct from the hands

in the first Epistle of St. Peter these words: 'Ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations.' And why? 'That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ' (1 Peter i. 7). And elsewhere we learn, that at his appearing 'He shall come to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe' (2 Thess. i. 10). At the same time, also, He 'shall make up his jewels' (Mal. iii. 17); and, as you well know, the brighter the jewels, the more glorious and beautiful the crown.

It is your earnest and constant prayer, is it not, that Jesus might be glorified in you, and that you might shine brightly in his crown? Will you not, then, look on the manifold troubles and temptations which He sends, as an answer to your prayers, and that they, through the power of the Holy Ghost strengthening and increasing your faith, may enable you to glorify Him both in time and in eternity?

The desire of your heart ascends in prayer to heaven; Jesus listens to it; and then, is it not as if we could see Him going into his treasury, and considering what He could best give you in answer to it? He looks at one thing after another—health, wealth, fame, honour—but re-

jects them all as unsuitable. Then He sees this heavy trial, and looks at it again and again—weighs and measures it—thinks exactly how you would feel and suffer from it. Not a pang, not a sigh, not a tear is undetected. From the first crushing of life's blighted hopes and joys, to the long-protracted weariness that weighs down your spirit, all is known and understood. Yet still He sends it—sends it not in anger or in wrath—oh! no—but as the very best gift He could bestow upon you now; the gift that would draw you closest to himself; the gift that would enable you the most fully to enter into 'the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the love that passeth knowledge;' that would be the means of enabling you best to reflect brightly your Saviour's image now, and most to bring Him praise, and honour, and glory hereafter.

Think how easily He could, and that without a miracle, remove or lighten your sufferings; and that He does not do so, surely does not imply want of willingness. Can you for one moment doubt that 'He who spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for you' to death (Rom. viii. 32), would *freely* give you joy instead of sorrow, ease instead of pain, or strength instead of weakness, could He thus answer your prayer?

But He could not; and because He could not, you would not therefore withdraw your prayer! I know you would not; and that you can trust the wisdom and the power of your God as fully as you trust his love. Take courage, then, and 'be not weary of his correction' (Prov. iii. 11); for although you may be tried in a furnace heated seven times, you are far too precious to be left there one moment after the dross is consumed. And by a wondrous process, which none but the Holy Spirit can understand, your afflictions are working for you, even now, 'a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory' (2 Cor. iv. 17). Seen in the light of the future, your afflictions are counted as 'light, and but for a moment,' while 'the weight of glory' will be 'exceeding' in its intensity, and 'eternal' in its duration.

THE HIDING-PLACE.

There are, I think, few trials more difficult to bear with meekness and patience, than that described by the Psalmist as 'the pride' (or haughtiness) 'of man, and the strife of tongues' (Ps. xxxi. 20). Very difficult would such a trial be to bear when endured from the world around, but a thousandfold more so when endured within our home. Ah! yes, it is a sore trial to 'be wounded in the house of our friends' (Zech. xiii. 6)—wounded by those of whom we would shrink to speak in terms of censure to those outside the family circle, and from whom, therefore, we cannot receive either the help, or the comfort, or the sympathy which, did they know how much we needed them, they would so freely and so gladly give.

It wonderfully aggravates a trial to bear it alone—never to speak of it to any one. The greatest poet the world ever saw has said: 'Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak, whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.' And is this the only course for the Christ suffering either within or without her h from the pride that despises, or the strife troubles her? Not so; there is One to w we may, without reserve, pour out our hear even Him who has said: 'Call upon me in day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and t shalt glorify me' (Ps. xxx. 13)—He who se all with the 'eye that is ever over the righte (1 Pet. iii. 12), and who in 'all their affli is afflicted' (Isa. lxiii. 9).

When David was thus tried, he was so patient to be delivered, that, because God not at once appear on his behalf, he gave l self up for lost, and said in his haste: 'I am off from before thine eyes' (Ps. xxxi. 22). he soon found out his mistake—soon found that, notwithstanding his faithlessness and trust, God did hear; and not only hear, answer the voice of his supplication. And does He answer it? By a promise that s most blessedly and wonderfully suited to depth and intensity of the trial.

Duties, position, and circumstances, may prevent a person thus tried from going ou the reach of those whose conduct is so cru unkind. They cannot leave their home or ne bourhood; but there—there, in the very p and position where they are, comes in the mise, as true for them as it was for Da 'Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy sence from the pride of man; Thou shalt h them secretly in a pavilion from the strif tongues' (Ps. xxxi. 20). Oh, blessed hid place! Oh, wonderful pavilion! Hidden Christ—enfolded in Him—surrounded by H Little matters it, if we be thus hidden, that tongues of our enemies are as sharp arro these arrows must pass through Christ through a strong tower (Prov. xviii. 10), are blunted in the passage, and fall harmles the ground.

It is not, however, to every one suffering f the pride of man, or the strife of tongues whom the promise is made. We learn from previous verse that there are two limitati 'How great is thy goodness, which Thou laid up *for them that fear Thee*, for them *put their trust in Thee before the sons of m* When the hour of trial comes, how ready we to look within or around for help, as it is s 'Some trust in chariots, and some in hor (Ps. xx. 6). Or again—as we are warned no do: 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in son of man' (Ps. cxlvi. 3). If we trust in s help, we shall be most bitterly disappoint nay, more than disappointed; for it is m '*Cursed* be the man that trusteth in man, maketh flesh his arm' (Jer. xvii. 5). For t no hiding-place has been provided. No; i only for those who 'fear the Lord,'—not fear of dread, but that 'fear which is the ginning of wisdom' (Prov. i. 7),—and that 'their trust in Him before the sons of men.' trust in a person is to yield oneself up to for safety and protection; and this is exa what we must do to God, and that not in secrecy of our own hearts only, but *before*

men. For God has said, 'Them that me, I will honour' (1 Sam. ii. 30). And honour God when we, in the midst of turn, not to this friend or to that, but who is a 'brother born for adversity' xvii. 17), 'a very present help in trouble' i. 1).

, then, you who are suffering from the man or the strife of tongues, turn away ll creature help, turn to Him of whom d: 'Oh how great is thy goodness, which ast laid up for them that fear Thee; which ast wrought for them that trust in Thee he sons of men!' That goodness, which ip ready for us in the storehouse, out of ve read that 'God shall supply all our cording to his riches in glory by Christ (Phil. iv. 19), which was wrought, or out, for us at such a cost—even at the 'his agony and bloody sweat,' of his cross ssion, of his precious death and burial, his glorious resurrection and ascension.

what the special goodness laid up and t for us, under the peculiar circumstances been considering, is, we have seen be- Thou shalt hide them in the secret of sence from the pride of man; Thou shalt em secretly in a pavilion from the strife ues.' The weakest woman, the youngest safe in a fortress besieged by the enemy, as the fortress can hold out; and though y be a very babe in Christ, yet, if hidden ecret of his presence, you are safe till *He* ay. Encourage yourself, then, in the nd say: 'In God have I put my trust; I t be afraid what man can do unto me' . 11). 'What time I am afraid, I will Thee' (Ps. lvi. 3).

l who can echo these words, the hiding- secure; they will never be denied ad- e; and once within, how little will the f man, or the strife of tongues, trouble How little inclined will they feel to or resent them, far less to return them! eir blessed Master, when they are re- hey will revile not again; when they hey will not threaten; but commit them- or rather, as it is in the margin, commit *use*) unto Him that judgeth righteously' ii. 23).

around you may marvel at your calm- l your patience, but that is because they know the source of your strength. Your place has been undiscovered by them; ve never been in the secret of God's pre- But you—you who do know it, and do *never leave it.* Nowhere else could you fe, so happy, or so blessed. Jesus is the place now; but by and by He shall be l in all the glory of his kingly power; se who have been hidden in Him now, en be made manifest, as they fall down he Lamb, and sing a new song, saying, art worthy to take the book, and to open s thereof; for Thou wast slain, and hast ed us to God by thy blood, out of every l, and tongue, and people, and nation, at made us unto our God, kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth' (Rev. v. 9, 10).

THE LITTLE CHILD AND THE LETTER.

What intense delight it is to a loving-hearted little child, to get a letter from her absent mother! How she reads it, and kisses it, and kisses and reads it, until she almost knows every word of it by heart! How, in the exuberance of her joy, she dances round the room, just stopping now and then to take a peep at her precious treasure, and to say, 'I am sure no one in the world could write such nice letters as mother does, except papa; and then he is at home now, so I can see him, instead of getting letters, and that is better still. But mother is away, so I must have letters; I could never get on without them. Oh! Jeanie,' she adds, as her sister comes into the room, 'I have got a letter from mother; it is all for myself; but you may read it, and welcome. Is it not just like her? I am sure I know quite well how she looked when she wrote that part when she says that, although she is far away, yet that the Lord Jesus is always with me, watching over me, and taking care of me, and that He loves me a great deal better than even she does.'

Then Jeanie showed *her* letter; for her mother had written to her also, and she loved it quite as much as Caroline did hers, though Caroline did not like it so much, because, as she said, she was too young to understand it, though she was sure it was very nice.

But Caroline got ill, so ill that she could neither read her precious letter, nor have it read to her, or even think about it; but she put her hand under her pillow, where she kept it, every now and then, to feel that her treasure was safe. The mother hears that her sweet child is sick; quickly she hastens home; and, with soft and gentle steps, she hastens to her darling's sick-bed. She kisses the flushed cheek, and holds the feverish hand, and softly whispers, 'I am come back to take care of you.'

The room is so dark that Caroline cannot see her; but that does not trouble her, for she feels the touch of her lips and hands, and hears the tone of her gentle voice; she *knows* that she is with her; she *knows* that she loves her, else why would she have come to her? And as the mother bends over her, the look of calm repose that she sees stealing over her suffering child is far more precious to her heart than any spoken words of love or thanks could be.

And is it not very much in the same way that the Lord Jesus Christ acts towards *his* children? When they are strong and well He speaks to them through the medium of his written word, the Bible. Do not our hearts often burn within us, as we read the letters He has written to us in the Bible, or the messages He sends to us through it? Better still, the words of love for each of his children individually—for you and for me, as distinctively and as appropriately as if written for us alone. And what wonderful pictures of himself He sends us in that word! As we read the fourth chapter of St. John, can we not fancy that we see Him in very deed, sitting

weary on Jacob's well, and long to minister to Him? Can we not almost see his form, and hear his voice, as, rising from the pillow, or rather from the bench, on which He had been sleeping, He says to the terrified disciples, 'How is it that ye have no faith? Why are ye so fearful?' and to the sea, 'Peace, be still?' (Mark iv. 38, 39, 40.)

But all his children do not get the same message, or all see the same picture. Just as fifty photographs might be taken of the same person, all like him, yet all different. He may be standing in one, sitting in another, and so on. Neither would a mother write the same letter to all her children at the same time; for what would exactly suit one, might not suit another at all. And so it is with the Bible: at one time we may want to see Jesus as the little baby in the manger; at another, raising the dead, or preaching to the multitude, or taking the disciples apart to teach them. So also, at one time the promise that Jesus will come again in glory, and all his saints with Him (Zech. xiv. 5), might fall powerless on our ear—it does not suit our need at that moment; while the parable of the prodigal son is so exactly what we want, that we read it as if we had never read it before, as if the Lord Jesus himself had just written it for us, and for us alone. At another time, all thought of self is lost in anxiety about one very dear to us, whose soul we know has not yet been saved; and then the photograph we see is the man sick of the palsy, brought to Jesus by his friends, and the words we hear are, that 'when Jesus saw *their* faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee' (Mark ii. 3-5).

But it is useless to multiply examples, for to each is given exactly the picture, or the letter, or the message, that each one requires, and that so precisely suits their need, that having thus heard and seen Christ through the medium of the written word, they will be fain to say from their hearts, 'Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart' (Jer. xv. 16). Well, indeed, may the apostle say, 'Let the word of God dwell in you *richly* in all wisdom' (Col. iii. 16).

But there comes a time when the hand of God is laid heavily on one of his dear children. He is laid low in sickness, and although the Bible is as much prized as ever, perhaps even more so, yet he can no longer see his Saviour's face in it, or hear his Saviour's voice, or read his Saviour's message. He may not even be able to think about Him, or pray to Him, the powers of his mind are so dulled and weakened.

But, blessed for ever be his holy name, the Lord Jesus is a God at hand, and not a God far off (Jer. xxiii. 23). Quicker than the tenderest mother could travel, He stands close beside his suffering child. Have you not felt Him hold your hand? Have you not heard Him whisper, 'Fear not, for *I* am with thee' (Isa. xliii. 5); 'Lo, *I* am with thee always' (Matt. xxviii. 20); 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you?' (Isa. lxvi. 13.) Have you not felt at such a time that, but that your eyes were holden, as were those of the two disciples as they journeyed from Emmaus that wondrous Sabbath evening (Luke xxiv. 16), you could see Him? But you do not need that. You feel that He is with you; you know that He will not leave you, and that is enough; you are satisfied and at rest.

And as to Jesus, He does not want words of love, or assurances of affection. No, He only wants you to trust. And you do that when, sinking down on the everlasting arms, and looking up, see that the banner over you is love (Song ii. 4), you say, in the voiceless words He so well understands, 'I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine' (Song vi. 2).

THE LORD HAS NEED OF THEE.

But can this be true of me, do you ask, of *me*, who am, indeed, 'less than the least of all saints?' I think it is true of you, as well as of all God's other children, and will try to explain what I mean.

With us, every one we love has a particular place in our heart, distinct and separate from every other, and which no other could fill or satisfy. Thus one friend is precious to us, because of the sympathy that lessens our every sorrow, and increases our every joy. Another, for the tender, thoughtful love that is continually devising something to give us pleasure, or to cheer us as we toil along a rugged path. Another again for the strength of character on which our weaker one may lean, or the wisdom in which our ignorance may confide. But most of all, perhaps, we love the one who clings to us for comfort or help, for guidance or support; for surely we all feel that it is 'more blessed to give than to receive' (Acts xx. 35).

And may it not be thus, that although in one sense our blessed Lord *does* not, and *could* not want any one, seeing that in Him all fulness dwells, yet that in another He does most really and truly want the very weakest and most unworthy of his blood-bought children?

Each one of them has some one or more things different in some way from every other. No one else can give that especial thing, in that especial way. Seen in Christ, it is pure and perfect. All taken together make up the perfections of the Bride, the Lamb's wife, in which He shall rejoice and delight throughout an endless eternity. You are not the Bride, neither am I; but if children of God, we are both a part, an essential part, without which the Bride would not be perfect and complete—without which, therefore, we say it with humility and reverence, the joy of Jesus would be incomplete—without which He would see of the travail of his soul and *not* be satisfied.

Be of good courage, then, fainting, trembling pilgrim, the Lord *hath* need of thee; and those of whom He hath need shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of his hand (John x. 20).

The Hidden Treasure;

IT WAS SOUGHT, AND WHERE IT WAS FOUND.

BY M. H.,

AUTHOR OF 'ROSA LINDESAY,' 'THE STORY OF A RED VELVET BIBLE,' ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

nly bright when it proceedeth
·ds a truer, deeper life above;
love is sweetest when it leadeth
nore divine and perfect love.'

IMER breezes were blowing, summer sunshine lighting the world, on the day of Lucy Villiers' marriage.

The ceremony took place in the house, at Lucy's request, in order ight be present; for well did Lucy ply Netty would feel her departure, lly she loved her. It was Netty's must arrange the bridal wreath he costly veil; and Netty kept for her cousin's sake, though her ıry and sad.

rty were assembled—friends from Aunt Mary, with her gentle face, iced, by the very earnest entreatics ınd bridegroom, to leave her quiet ew days, and witness the consumir happiness. Half unwillingly she ldom did she leave her home, that absence was an effort; but, despite ılt constrained to go. A work was f which she knew not. The Lord d her to lead a weary, cast down ross; to brighten up the couch of revealing to the sufferer the rays f Life. Little does Netty Osborne contemplates with an aching heart ure, that this very event, so dreaded the means of leading her to the a joy greater far than she had d of—to a peace which passeth all g!

not is also of the party. Dr. Wilmot tall, handsome man; the fine foreughtful eye telling of an intellect ı order. His is a noble soul. Lofty high thoughts fill his heart, from ems almost banished. Very zeal·eking the Sangreal; and already, our to alleviate and help his fellowis profession, he fancies that he is ı fair way to find it. No low aim e in any degree the alleviator of anity, and to take pleasure in being self impart happiness. To do good to others in any way, must always, to a right-thinking mind, be a source of pleasure; but even that, praiseworthy as it is, does not give a happiness which lasts for ever. No, Harry Wilmot, higher yet—onward and upward—must you soar, ere you find the hidden treasure; and never, till you have found it, will you be able to exercise one of the most needful parts of your profession—that of pouring the balm of Gilead into wounded hearts, and comforting broken spirits with the leaves of the tree of life.

The party was a very pleasant one. All that wealth and love could bestow had fallen to Lucy's portion, and were freely given to make the marriage festival a grand one. One thing only was wanting there; one Guest was uninvited. He who graced the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee was not there—was not asked to preside and bless. Willingly—how willingly—would He have come, and given, as none but He could give, blessing greater far than any earthly friends could bestow. Only one word, only one entreaty—'Come, Lord Jesus!'—and He would have come, and, by his presence, enhanced the joy. But the silent language of most of the hearts present was: 'We will not have this man to reign over us. Away with Him! away with Him!' Love, friendship, fame, the things of this life, nay, even philanthropy itself, were the veils—brilliant-coloured, but veils still—which the prince of this world had hung over their eyes, to prevent them seeing the Lord of Life; to hide from them the true riches—the hidden treasure.

But if the veil, which covered the eyes of the bride and bridegroom, hid the glories of the unseen world from them, they missed them not, so bright, so alluring was the colouring shed on earthly things. Blessed in the love of each other—the future before them, all radiant and prosperous—what lacked they yet? Had they not found the Sangreal—the true cup of bliss? Surely yes! Other streams might fail, but this pure, living stream of love could not; it would last *as long as life*. Yes, it may be as long as life. We will not speak lightly of the power of even earthly love, we will not deny its pleasures; but who will whisper to the bright young couple of a love greater than that of earth, which does not annihilate, but rather increases it, which does not damp, but sanctifies it, and causes it to last not only as long as life, but throughout the ages of eternity?

Blessed indeed are the possessors of that love; blessed are they who are united both in bonds of earthly and heavenly love—one in Christ Jesus! *They* have found the hidden treasure, which maketh rich for earth and heaven.

CHAPTER VII.

'Now I have found a Friend—
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end:
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have a lasting peace—
Jesus is mine.'

'THE wedding was over, the guests were all gone,' and, wearied with the unwonted fatigue of the day, Netty Osborne lay on her couch, tired and depressed. Life once more lay before her a dreary blank; the interest of years was gone; the friend whose presence had been her greatest enjoyment was away; and now, what was there to live for? Conscience did whisper of a father and mother's love, and these Netty slighted not; but she had not allowed affection for them to become an absorbing passion, and both were too much engrossed in other things to enter much into her feelings, or be participators of her thoughts. No one had ever been that but Lucy, and she was away. The excitement of the morning had been too much for her feeble frame. The reaction had come now; and, woman though she was, Netty burst into tears. Alas for her boasted Sangreal! the path which she had followed so cheerfully—fancying all the while that at the end of it she saw the treasure—had come to an abrupt stop, and right below her lay, not the hidden treasure, but a great, deep, yawning abyss: the light which had allured her was gone, and overhead all was dark.

Poor Netty! despair not. In the dark a bright star shines, whose rays have hitherto been hidden from thee, by reason of the false glare which has played round thy path; but now its light will, ere long, shine into thy heart, and remove all darkness from it. From our hearts we pity thee, and all like thee, who, in hours of sadness and sorrow, know not the Great Comforter. Tossed, like the disciples, on a troubled sea, all is dark around, and Jesus not come.

As Netty lay thus, a gentle hand was laid on her, a gentle kiss printed on her forehead, and a sweet musical voice whispered words, spoken so many hundred years ago by Him whose nature and whose name is Love: 'Let not your heart be troubled.' 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.'

Like balm fell the words. Quietly Netty slipped her hand into Aunt Mary's, and, resting her head on her shoulder, listened in silence as she, in simple yet pointed words, spoke of Jesus—of his wondrous work—his love, his compassion, his unfailing sympathy—of his friendship, so much more constant and satisfying than that of earth. Eagerly the girl listened. All was new to her. Of these things she had never thought. The name of Jesus had no sweetness for her; the sin-cleansing blood no meaning. Step l step Aunt Mary led her on; her confidence w gained—not all at once, not on that first nig of sadness, but during the days that Aunt Ma remained at Sussex Gardens; and, ere she le a new life, a new hope, had risen in the hea of the suffering girl. She awoke to find th hitherto she had been in the sight of God as o dead, but had become quickened into life by t blood of Christ shed for her.

No long mysterious process this, as some, their ignorance, deem it. It is only, 'Look, a live.' The fountain is open; the sinner has or to plunge in, and he comes out spotless—'ma clean every whit.' Highly honoured Aunt Ma is, to be privileged to lead one fellow-immor to that Fountain. Say not, scoffing ones, th you question the efficacy of the Fountain, doubt its life-giving, joy-bestowing powe Question those who have tried it, and know i merits; and hundreds will tell you that in i waters despair and anguish disappear for eve and joy and bliss take their place.

What means that look of peaceful repose o Netty's face; that calm, joyful spirit; thi readiness to 'weep with those that weep, an rejoice with those that rejoice,' which, as week passed on, all remarked as a new characteristi in her? Ask her where she has got them, an she will tell you, at the foot of the cross; an that He who once hung thereon—now her bes and dearest Friend, Jesus—revealed himself t her, drew her to himself by the bands of love and, right below the cross, glistening with th drops of the shed blood, He showed her th hidden treasure, and imparted of it to her in such abundance, that, even through long years of suffering and trial, she will cease not to have a happiness far greater than any can conceive, save those who have experienced it. A new song is in her lips—a song of praise. She has found a Friend who never leaves her. No more lonely hours for her now, for He is with her. She sits under his shadow with great delight, and th fruit with which He feeds her is sweet to her taste.

Very full is her heart of this new-found joy; very grateful is she to Him who sought her, even when she thought not of Him. 'What can I do to show my love to Him who has redeemed me?' is her constant question. So full of love is her heart, that she 'cannot but speak of Him.' No one is long beside her without hearing of 'Him whom her soul loveth.' What pleasure is equa to that of commending Him? 'This is my Be loved, and this is my Friend.' Is He not 'altogether lovely?'

Lucy, in the foreign lands where she had gone to spend some months with her husband, reads with wonder, page after page of Netty's letters filled with the preciousness of her new Friend and that Friend Jesus. She was glad that Netty was so happy; but as to the cause of her happiness, she comprehended it not. Not yet had the light of the glorious gospel of Christ shone upon her; and not yet—perfectly happy in the lov of earth—did she feel the need of the love o Jesus.

CHAPTER VIII.

earned the pain within his mind
Like a quenched wail;
ought will ease me till I find
Yet the holy Grail.
Vhere he wandered, weary, sad,
Story does not say;
ut at last Sir Galahad
Found it on a day;
ook the Grail in his hand,
Had the cup of joy;
arried it about the land,
Gladsome as a boy.'

i of a summer evening were falling
et, dreamy, English cathedral town.
d gone down behind the distant hills;
's, which had lingered long, lighting
-worn stones of the old cathedral, as
g to leave it, had disappeared; and
ople who still loitered out of doors
returning homeward—almost reluc-
eemed—so pleasant and balmy was

only walked quickly; his message
delay. You read it in his face and
)led look. On he went, till at last he
:he steps of a house, on the door of
:ead, in large letters, the name of Dr.

home of Harry Wilmot. There he
comfort and support of a widowed
id now, though scarce five-and-twenty
e, the well-known, much-loved doctor
:t town. Other doctors there are;
it the chief portion of the inhabitants,
not is the doctor *par excellence*—ever
ie call of suffering, with a kind word
sympathy for all.
ok at him, ere the door-bell summons
He is sitting in his study, somewhat
a hard day's work. Just at this mo-
looking dreamily out of the window,
watching the clouds, and noticing the
ying of the trees in the old-fashioned
it though his eyes are resting on these
thoughts are not. They are occupied
en letter he holds in his hand. It is
l Osborne, full of glowing descriptions
rn life. Only a few more years, and
)rtune would be made, and the true
e found. 'By the way, Harry,' he
ive you found the hidden treasure
e me, is it still the seeking with you?
ige it seems since I parted with you
ey Park, and dubbed you Sir Gala-
you remember it, old fellow? Nay, I
i, most highly respected Dr. Wilmot,
:tc.'
emember it? Yes, well. Though nine
passed since then, the whole scene
:tly to his eyes; and beyond the old
own, and its quaint luxuriant garden,
lawn at Aunt Mary's, and heard her
Harry is right; true happiness is a
asure, only to be found in one place,
to be found there by those who seek
The Great Treasurer, who keeps the
key, himself hath said, "Seek, and ye shall find."'

And now, as he sat in the twilight, the question was forced on his mind, if, after all his seeking, he had really found true, lasting happiness. He tried to evade the question, but he could not. His life was an occupied one. No trifler on earth was he, whose greatest aim was in petty nothings to kill time; each hour was usefully filled, each day brought new duties. But, for all that, Harry felt there was something wanting still. Solemn thoughts would obtrude on him. He stood too often by the beds of the dying to forget that that is the end of all men; and then—what then? That cannot be true happiness which reaches not to eternity. No—with a sigh he confessed it—not yet had he found the Sangreal; he must seek more earnestly.

Just as he came to this conclusion, the young lad we have spoken of rang the bell, and requested Dr. Wilmot to come immediately to see his mother, who, he feared, was dying. Not long was Harry in obeying the summons. The house was in the outskirts of the town. The inmates were unknown to him, but from the lad he gathered a short account of their history. They had only been a short time there—his mother, a younger brother, and himself. They were poor; but his mother, who was a beautiful seamstress, managed to keep them, and send his brother to school, and also had paid a fee to apprentice him to a shoemaker. Of course he earned nothing yet; he only wished he did, to help his mother, who was one of the best in the world. He had been looking forward so to supporting her some day; and now she was dying—he knew she was—and a choking sob silenced him.

Dr. Wilmot tried to cheer him, saying he hoped things were not so bad as he feared; but, as he stood by the bed, and looked at her face, and observed the symptoms, he saw too plainly that the boy was right. The seal on that brow was death. No time for concealing the fact now, had he wished to do so. She was perfectly conscious. She read her doom in the doctor's face; in her boy's look of anguish, as he turned away to weep. Some simple remedy was tried; then, half trembling for the immediate consequences of the shock, kindly and feelingly the doctor broke to her that death was near.

He need not have feared; death to her had lost its sting. Calmly she looked up, then spoke some words—so low, the doctor had to stoop to catch them. They were: 'I *know* whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' 'The blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin.' Her boys stood round her, their tears falling fast. 'O God, keep my children!' she said; then, looking eagerly up at the doctor, she said, 'Oh, sir, pray, pray!'

At these words Harry Wilmot stood aghast. *He* pray! No, never in all his life had he prayed with another; nay, conscience even now whispered that for long years prayer had been neglected by him, or only gone through as a lifeless form. He *could* not. He muttered something about a

minister—knowing well all the time, that long ere one could be got, the spirit would have passed away.

The woman saw his pained look; she raised herself slightly to speak one word more of the Master she served ere she left the earth. 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'seek Jesus, if you have not yet found Him; you will never be happy if you don't. Take the word of a dying woman—true happiness is found only at the foot of the cross.' Exhausted with the effort, she fell back.

Never did Dr. Wilmot feel so powerless to help. Suddenly the eldest boy knelt down, and, in a voice half choked with sobs, prayed in simple words, asking Jesus to be near and support his mother in her dying hour. Harry Wilmot knelt too, and joined in that simple, earnest prayer, as he had never done in all his life. By that bed of death the veil fell from his eyes; the long yearning need of his soul was disclosed; the place where the treasure was, lay open before him; the Great Treasurer stood there, holding in his hands the precious gold, offering it as a free gift. No doubt now as to who He was: the pierced hands, the thorn-crowned brow, all proclaiming Him the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners.

Midnight had come ere Dr. Wilmot left the house of death. Great events had taken place there since he entered it. One soul had burst its earthly shackles, and was now singing the redemption song before the throne: 'To Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory and honour, dominion and praise.' Through death she had passed to life.

Wondrous change! yet not more so than the change on a soul born again by the Holy Spirit; not more so than the change in Harry Wilmot's, as he entered once more his own study, and, a humbled, convicted, believing sinner, threw himself at the foot of the cross, and spent long hours there—hours of which those only who have spent the like can speak—hours which leave their impress on the soul throughout eternity. Into that study we will not follow him now; we leave him alone with his God. We need not fear for him; out of the conflict he is sure to come more than conqueror. The grace that arrested, and the voice that called him to come, never sent away comfortless any who responded to the invitation.

Believing readers, we know our Saviour is one able to save to the uttermost all who come. Never yet have we read or heard of any who perished while looking to his cross; therefore we wonder not, as many in the cathedral town did, that ere long Harry Wilmot went about his duties in a new spirit, seeking not only the temporal, but the spiritual good of his fellow-men; speaking a word to the soul whilst he faithfully sought to heal the bodies of his patients; his favourite theme the love of Jesus—the joy in believing. He had, it is true, to bear the sneers and taunts of the ungodly, to mark the lip of contempt curl as he passed, and catch the muttered words, 'Methodist,' 'Madman.' But these things vex him not; he is not ashamed of his Lord and Master. The joy of his heart is seen in his face, and he cannot but speak of it to all around. The treasure he has got is a precious one, but there is plenty of it and to spare, and fain would he lead all to gather for themselves. 'Come and see,' are the words he addresses to many.

Very glad, very thankful was Aunt Mary, when in her quiet country home a letter from her favourite nephew told the glad news that the seeking was over, the true Sangreal was found, and found where he had never sought it, never dreamed of it—at the foot of the cross; and the messenger commissioned by the Treasurer to show him the spot was a dying woman, poor in things of this world, but rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom.

(*To be continued.*)

Readings for the Young.

THE BLACK FLY OF THE WOODS.

WHOEVER has been in the forest during the summer months, whether in New York State or Maine, and especially Newfoundland, has become acquainted with a goodly-shaped little fellow, commonly known by the name of 'the black fly.' He makes next to no noise, but comes in myriads; and sometimes it seems as if they rained upon you from every direction. He alights on your hands, face, or neck, as lightly as possible, and creeps along so gently that often you do not feel him. When he gets ready, he applies his little pump to your skin: 'A little of your blood, if you please, sir!' If you catch him in the very act, and wrathfully kill him, he does not seem to mind it, or make any effort to escape. You don't know that he bites or has bitten you, unless you happen to see him doing it, till he has got his dinner, and is gone. Then you see a small drop of blood in the place over which he stood. If fifty have been on you at the same moment, there will be fifty such spots. You don't even now feel any inconvenience; but wait an hour or two. The spot where he bit begins to swell, and then to burn and itch intolerably. You rub it, you scratch it, you pinch it, and you tear it, but it does no good. You now scratch it every few minutes, till it turns into a sore. Another one close to it does the same; and thus your ears, your neck, forehead, and hands become one great ache! And no bite is to pass away under about two weeks! Sometimes your eyes swell, and you can hardly see; sometimes the ears swell, and ache, and burn, and you feel as if you were turning into two huge ears, each of which is a living firebrand. You never suspected so much poison could be received from that little forester,

d tender in his biting. I have had
neck (in Newfoundland) one area
l done in fifteen minutes by the
hese marauders.
ing to defend myself from the attacks
e creatures lately, I noticed one old
; fellow alighting on my hand, al-
d with bites and blotches, to whom
would put a question or two.
fellow, what *do* you live on when
men here for you to bite?'
secret, sir, that no black-fly has ever

iat were you made for?'
rou, sir, and thus to teach you.'
what? The virtue of patience?'
but the nature of sin.'
ire of sin! Pray, explain yourself.'
, I come to you at any time, and at
, or my friends. We don't make a
m you, or let you know that we are
we bite very softly and gently, and
yet alarmed. Then we fly off, and
art, and the swellings, and the pains.
iptations come to men. They are
iumber, just as we are. They don't
poor victim sins, and thinks little
lies down at night, and feels no
t by and by he finds that the con-
)unded; and it smarts, and bleeds,
gonies to the poor sufferer. He had
hat the poison of sin was so terrible,
lts so awful. Sometimes the child
ptation to tell a falsehood, or to use
nage, come upon him, and he utters
he profanity. He hardly felt the
e time; but when he comes to meet
he goes to bed at night, will he
That boy who breaks the Sabbath,
a wound in his soul that will be
after. You know very well how it
ou men all feel these wounds more
ctly.'
ou, my little biting friend. You
ted me. Can't you now tell me how
off, and then how to keep off temp-
?'
sily, sir. You must know, then,
re several things, such as olive-tar,
ennyroyal, and the like, which, if
)ur skin, will keep us off. We shall
you, but not bite, so long as the
s.'
; shall we do when the smell is gone?'
n again, sir, and keep renewing it
In the same way you must keep off
and that is by frequent reading of
id earnest prayer. These are the
.; and these will assuredly save you
tes of sin, and the smarting and
)nscience so often received. Do you
sir?'
hink I do; and as evidence, allow
ittle of this peppermint on my hand.'

'Oho! you do understand a part of my teaching; and I now see that you are equally prompt to follow all my hints.'

With that, he spread his wings, and without biting, flew away, and I saw him no more.—*Rev. John Todd, D.D.*

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRDIE.

As I was retiring from the dinner-table of a friend in the country, one bright sunny day last autumn, as I cast my eye through the bow-window, my attention was attracted by a little brown birdie, sitting on the ground near a mirror, which the coachman had brought from the city that morning, and left leaning against the wing of the house. A group of friends and children immediately gathered around to look at birdie, and with one voice we said it had received an injury, and could not fly; but the next moment we found ourselves mistaken, for it took wing, and was off. Very soon, however, it returned, taking its position before the mirror; and by its movements we soon discovered that it was watching its own reflection in the glass—mistaking it for a foe. It gazed a moment, moved its head towards one side, then towards the other; raised its feathers, stepped back a little,—the reflection, of course, making the same defiant movements,—and then, with all its power, rushed forward to strike its foe. The force with which it struck the mirror, of course, sent it backward. Recovering its position, it would resume the same position, and go through the same belligerent movements till exhausted. Then it would fly away for two or three minutes. On returning, it would repeat the same, till again exhausted, but with little variation. Sometimes, before flying away to recruit, it would step behind the glass, as if looking for its foe there. The bird was left undisturbed by the family, though it was closely watched till sunset. I do not think it was absent five minutes at any one time.

The next morning, when the family assembled in the dining-room, the first inquiry was for birdie. The mirror having been left in its position, we found birdie at his post, apparently with the motto in his mind, 'Never give up.' The same defiant spirit, the same belligerent evolutions were acted out, with but a few minutes' recess, till late in the afternoon, when the mirror was removed.

As I watched the little birdie's movements, and saw its persistent, unforgiving spirit, I thought how much this is like the spirit and conduct of too many human beings, both of larger and smaller growth. How many, like birdie, *are fighting shadows or imaginary enemies;* how many think they have defeated an enemy, when if, like birdie, they will look behind that which caused the shadow, they will find that there was no enemy to defeat!

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

2 Kings II. 9–11.

This is the parting of two friends. They journey together, they cross Jordan together, they come up to the gates of heaven together. They must separate; the one to go up to heaven, the other to remain a little longer here. They part, not in anger, like Paul and Barnabas, but like David and Jonathan—in love. Elijah speaks first; and his love to his faithful companion shows itself in the words: 'Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee.'

But Elisha's request goes beyond what he had expected or could grant: 'Thou hast asked a hard thing'—a thing beyond my power to give. I must refer you to God. But I am permitted to give you this sign: if you see me when taken, that is to be the token that God grants your request.

The sign was given. Elisha saw his master ascend; nay, was allowed to obtain the mantle of his master, in token of his receiving his spirit. And acknowledging this sign, he rends his own clothes into two parts—as if putting his former self aside, and putting on Elijah.

The request of Elisha was not what Elijah expected; but it was in sympathy with his own feelings, and he therefore referred it to God. It was for the Spirit,—that Spirit that rested on and dwelt in Elijah,—nay, a double portion of that Spirit. He admired and loved his master, and his desire was to be like him—nay, to get beyond him; to rise higher. Here we find in Elisha—

I. *Spiritual sympathy.*—He is of one mind and spirit with his master. He has been witness of his life and doings; he sees the spirit which has pervaded all his words and deeds; not merely the spirit of power and miracles, but of holiness, and zeal, and prayerfulness, and boldness. Sympathizing with all these, he longs to have the same mind—to be filled with the same spirit. How well for us if our sympathies were thus with the men in whom the Spirit of God dwells, or has dwelt in ages past! Not with this world, nor with the spirit of the world, but with the world to come, and with the spirit of it, should our sympathies be. Not with the men of the world's genius, or science, or learning; not with earth's poets or philosophers; but with prophets and apostles. Whatever there is of truth or beauty in Homer, or Plato, or Demosthenes,—in Shakespeare, or Bacon, or Milton, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson, let us accept; but let our spiritual sympathies ascend far higher—let us realize our true oneness with Enoch, and Elijah, and Elisha, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel; our fellowship with that Holy Spirit which dwelt in them. The sympathies of this age are confessedly not with prophets and apostles. These are looked on as fragments of obsolete antiquity and old-fashioned narrow-mindedness. Let us, however, go back to these ancient times and men, not concerned to be 'abreast of the age,' if we be abreast of the Spirit.

II. *Holy imitativeness.*—His desire is to be *like* Elijah. He wishes not merely to have 'the Spirit,' but 'thy Spirit'—the Spirit that dwelt in Elijah. To be like him in the divine features of his character; like him in the possession of the Spirit, and in that special form in which he possessed; this was what he sought. There is certainly but one great model; but there are subordinate ones also. Paul said, 'Be followers of me;' and the eleventh of Hebrews is a collection of models, a book of patterns, in each of which we may find something to copy. While copying Christ, let us not overlook the inferior models, either among the inspired men of Bible days, or the uninspired worthies of later times. May the spirit of Elijah, and Paul, and John, rest on us; the spirit of Wickliff, and Luther, and Calvin, of Knox, and Rutherford, and Whitefield, and M'Cheyne!

III. *Divine ambition.*—Elisha was not only full of admiration for his master, not only wished to be like him, but desired to get far beyond him. He asked a 'double portion' of his spirit. This is true ambition; this is coveting earnestly the best gifts, of which Paul speaks, and in connection with which he points out the more excellent way of 'charity,'—in which especially Elisha seems to have risen higher than his master, Elisha's ministry being more one of love than Elijah's. In such things as these let us be ambitious. There is no fear of aiming too high, or aiming at too much. Let us not give way to the false humility which says, 'Oh that we had but the hundredth part of what Elijah had!' let us rather at once, with Elisha, seek to have far more. This is true humility. It is desiring to be what God wishes us to be. It is honouring his fulness and his generosity. It is acknowledging the extent of blessing in reserve; reckoning on it as quite illimitable, and therefore not confining ourselves to what others have had, but going up into the divine fulness, for far more than has yet been obtained even by the fullest.

IV. *Quiet expectation.*—He speaks and acts like one who fully expected to get what he asked. Elijah had referred him to God for 'the hard thing' he had asked; it was in God's hands alone. 'It is not mine to give' (as if anticipating the Lord's words). Elisha owns the divine sovereignty, and is calm; but he realizes the divine love, and expects. He believes, and therefore does not make haste, but goes quietly on beside his master to see the end. He believes, and therefore he assures himself that God is not likely to be less gracious than his master, nor to deny him what Elijah would gladly give if he could. Let us *believe!*

V. *Conscious possession.*—He accepts the sign: he sees the prophet caught up; he seizes his mantle, and returns by the way he came, conscious of having received the 'double portion.' He believes, and therefore he speaks and acts. The sign promised has been given; can he doubt that the thing promised is also given? He may have nothing new in *feeling* to corroborate it, but that matters not. He has it in simple faith in the bare word of the true God. The 'double portion' is mine, he says to himself; and he goes back to exercise his prophetical calling, in the calm consciousness of possessing more than his master did. What is Jordan to him now? A stroke of the mantle divides it; and henceforth his life is to be one of mighty and gracious miracle. Let us speak and act as men who believe that God fulfils his word to us. Let us *trust* that word when we use it. There is more in it than in Elijah's mantle. It is living and divine. Let us not blunt or deaden it by our want of confidence in its power.

THE SAINT'S VALLEYS.

BY THE REV. A. A. BONAR, GLASGOW.

UNYAN somewhere says, that the days are coming when men shall talk of Antichrist as matter of history,—telling their children how that mystery of iniquity leavened ıdom, how it prevailed, how it was de- by the Lord's coming. Even so, the ıll come when the saints shall speak one her of their past pilgrimages; and all ve to tell more or less of what they met they journeyed, and how the Lord led :very one, through—1. The valley of , *Achor*, in their awakening; 2. The f *Berachah*, or Blessing, when they were to peace through the work of Christ; valley of Weeping, or *Baca*, at various nd times; 4. The valley of *Eshcol*, where its, or earnests of glory, were given them; ralley of conflict with foes, when victories on for God in the valley of *Rephaim;* valley of *Shaveh*, or the King's Dale, he Lord met them, as Melchizedek did m returning from the slaughter of the nd blessed him; 7. The valley of De- or *Jehoshaphat*, where at last they saw ist, and Satan, and every foe overwhelmed ept away, and began their triumph with rd and King.

hor.—This is the spot where Achan's sin osed and punished before all Israel and he Lord,—the sin that had *troubled* Israel es; the sin that had brought woful, fatal on himself and his house; the sin that e dealt with aright only by the stroke of —death, and the consuming flame. Now, wakened sinner opens his eyes some morn- nd himself an *Achan!* Every awakened aught by the Spirit somewhat of sin, and sin, and is made to cry 'Amen' to the nt of God that dooms the sinner to death (Josh. vii. 26; Hos. ii. 15).

o not linger long in the valley, though . There are those, indeed, who seem to r most memorable view of it after having r of it; they are made to look back and lessons. Such was the case, in our own th Dr. Malan and Dr. Love. But others

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pass slowly through, burdened with the sight and sense of sin, and guilt, and wrath.

One thing is sure: all of them do learn the lesson taught in Achor, viz. that sin is exceeding sinful, and deserves the eternal wrath and curse of the Holy One, whether it be sin in the heart, or sin in the life, or sin on the tongue, or sin in the form of omission, or sin in the openness of positive transgression; sin against law, or sin against love. It is always a gloomy valley; the clouds that hide the sun are ever over it.

II. *Berachah.*—The Lord delights, in due time, to lead on his own to a more pleasant place, where they find favour, and peace, and joy. He leads them to see the Substitute, Jesus, 'made a curse for us' (Gal. iii. 13), that the '*blessing*' might come upon us. And thus they enter the valley of Blessing.

The history of King Jehoshaphat furnishes a beautiful type of the way in which the sinner becomes possessed of all the blessings of redemption. In the valley, ever afterwards called *Berachah*, that king led on his army to gather the spoil of foes, and 'they were three days in gathering it, it was so much' (2 Chron. xx. 25). Their part in the matter was simply to look on and 'believe in the Lord' (2 Chron. xx. 20); and so they saw Him work salvation by his own arm. They found the *work done* to their hand; they gathered immense riches, and returned up the valley homewards, 'blessing the Lord.'

It is thus with the believing soul. Fearing, it sets itself to seek the Lord; and the Lord sends the tidings of his salvation, calling on the soul to come and see. And lo! it is done! Another, in our name and for our sake, has gone forth, has obeyed the law, has borne the burden, has given to God what we, by our sins, took away; and our part is simply to 'bless the Lord' that this is done—to 'bless the Lord,' and say 'Amen' to it all! to take it as our own, gathering the spoil which another has won for us, and so to 'bless the Lord,' and go homeward! Happy valley! happy soul!

This is the stage of 'joy and peace in believing' (Rom. xv. 13). Not by what we have done or felt, not by prayers nor by tears, but by dis-

covering what the Lord Jesus *has done*, we are blessed. The cloud that overhung our path is gone; the sun has burst forth. The valley of Berachah is the place for songs; every song a recognition of the Lord's gracious acts accomplished for them.

III. *Baca.*—God's saved ones go on their way, never forgetting *Berachah;* but, nevertheless, they have many sorrows. They oft traverse 'the valley of Weeping,' or Baca (Ps. lxxxiv. 6). Care, trial, pain, sickness, cause them to weep. Friends and foes, corruption and temptation, the church and the world, furnish from time to time causes of sadness.

How, then, do they pass through this valley? Very much by remembering the spoil gathered in *Berachah*. Their tears send them ever back to Him who has removed the curse; and He turns their sorrows into holy blessing. *Baca* becomes a well of life to them. 'Lord, by these things men live' (Isa. xxxviii. 16). An old poet has sung of the matter in these strains:

'Seemed not thy spouse unkind to see thee weep?'

When one said to a friend who had lost a son, 'God first gave you his own Son, ere He took yours from you,' that was a well dug in *Baca*. When another said to a godly widow, who had newly gazed on her husband dead, and who said, 'I have lost my husband!' 'You forget that you had a Husband before you had him,' it was a well in Baca. The 'Man of sorrows' meets the weeper here with his most tender sympathy.

IV. *Eshcol.*—To cheer on Israel in the desert, the Lord caused the spies to be sent into the Promised Land; and an immense cluster of the richest grapes, with figs and pomegranates, was brought to them as an earnest of what they were yet to possess (Num. xiii. 23). This earnest was from the valley of Eshcol.

The Lord 'knows our frame.' He does not forget to dry up tears, and to brighten hope by special joys arising from the glimpses of glory which He sends. The Holy Spirit himself is the true 'earnest of the inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession' (Eph. i. 14). The Spirit gives samples of the 'joy of the Lord,' 'the new song,' 'the love of God,' 'the peace that passeth understanding;' and, by the light which He casts on the prophetic page, brings near to us the pearl-gates of new Jerusalem, the jasper walls, the golden streets, as well as the 'no night there,' 'the throne of God and of the Lamb,' 'the river of the water of life,' 'the kingdom, and the King,' with the multitude of the saved—the happy, holy company of the redeemed.

Many such earnests do the saints find—*Esh grapes* in the desert. It is thus that *hop* nourished; and hope is one of the soul's ea wings.

V. *Rephaim.*—All saints do some work their God, and fight some battles. It was t with David when seated on the throne; he led forth to repel invading Philistines in *valley of Rephaim*, between Jerusalem and B lehem. Twice was he called to this conflict the same spot (2 Sam. v. 19-25); both times won the victory; but the circumstances were alike on the two occasions. On the one occasi he asked the Lord; and the Lord said, 'Go u at once. On the next occasion, he asked Lord; and the Lord said, 'Thou shalt *not* go u but instead, he must go round by the mulber trees, and wait quietly till he heard 'the sou of a going in the top of the mulberry-trees.' T impatient warrior-band obeyed; and at last appointed signal came, and they rushed on a conquered.

Memorable conflicts for the church of Gc They teach us to expect foes just when all see peace. They teach that Satan will try to find off our guard after a former victory. They te us to move not one step till we have consul the Lord. They teach us to consult the L anew, as every occasion comes, and not to tu to old direction and old answers to prayer. T *Rephaim* (the 'valley of Giants,' and giga men of old) teaches us that, though at one t the Lord may bid us at once go forward, He n at another say, 'Sit still a while;' be patie be neither too late nor too soon.

'God waits to bless us day by day;
But we must trust Him for the time and way.'

There is nothing for it but a continual lean on the Lord for guidance, while we use his w and examine his providences.

VI. *Shaveh*, or the *King's Dale.*—It was l that (Gen. xiv. 7) Abraham was met by M chizedek, who refreshed him and his army w bread and wine so seasonably and suddenly, a the battle against the five kings. He wh name means 'King of Righteousness,' and was at the same time 'Prince of Peace,' t kindly thought upon faithful Abraham and worn-out company, on their way homew See! they sit together on yonder grassy l watered by Kedron, and shaded by the M of Olives. Emblem of such scenes as occur among God's Abrahams!—when they meet gether, their King in the midst, enjoying s fellowship in ordinances, or yet more spec when they sit at the Lord's table, and re

there the future days of rest, when the feast of fat things has come.

VII. *Jehoshaphat.*—The prophet Joel has shown us this valley, 'the valley of Decision,' or of 'the judgment of Jehovah.' Here the summons goes forth: 'Let the nations be wakened, and come up to the *valley of Jehoshaphat*' (Joel iii. 12). 'Put in the sickle;' 'there will I sit to judge.'

What a day! His saints shall be with Him there, when He comes to judge; but to them it shall be no time of fear, for 'the Lord shall be the hope of his people; and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God dwelling in Zion, my holy mountain' (Joel iii. 16, 17).

Happy, happy they! for it is a day that ends the sinner's rebellion; it is the day that decides the controversy in favour of God. 'Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of Decision' (Joel iii. 14); and here the prophet repeats it: 'The day of the Lord is near in *the valley of Decision.*'

In prospect of that day, shall a man remain undecided still? Do you hope to escape—peradventure to be overlooked amid those 'multitudes, multitudes?' No, it cannot be; you shall not evade notice. The eye of Him who 'made all things for himself' shall fix upon you; for He knows how to glorify his justice in you on that day of evil. He will require you to come forth; He will insist on your abiding by the choice you made when your unbelief said, 'Away with Christ! away with grace! away with the blood of Christ! away with the obedience of Christ! away with the righteousness of Christ!' This is the valley of *Decision*, the valley of 'Jehoshaphat,' the 'Lord's Judgment.'

Up from this valley the saints go in triumphant procession to the city of the Great King. They have passed through all the valleys at last—Achor, and Berachah, and Baca, and Eshcol, and Rephaim, and Shaveh, and now, last of all, Jehoshaphat. They have come to their rest in the promised kingdom.

All the rivers run into the sea, and there they help to swell the vast volume of ocean's waters; and even so shall all the wanderings of saints end in the one blessed home, where the memories of the past shall all contribute to the never-ending variety and freshness of the ineffable bliss.

WILLIAM FAREL,

THE SWISS REFORMER.

CHAPTER VIII.

CIVIL and religious liberty being restored to Geneva, the senate, in compliance with Farel's urgent entreaty, met to adopt measures by which to extend the Reformation through the surrounding district, and especially in the bailiwicks, which the city had acquired by its treaty with Berne.

The village priests being summoned before the council, were informed, in the presence of Farel, that they must either prove Popery to be according to Scripture, or renounce it.

To this some assented, while many refused; and one, the oldest among the objectors, rising from his seat, expressed his surprise that, without any effort being made to convince them that their faith was erroneous, he and his brethren should be expected to renounce it. 'Send us teachers,' added the old man, 'to instruct us; and if they convince us that you are right, we will obey you.' Before the end of the month, the greater number of the country clergy adopted the reformed doctrines; but it afterwards appeared that, with many, the profession they had made was but a form of sound words. This cannot surprise us.

In the city itself, much discord and confusion still existed, even among those who were genuine friends of the Reformation: some being disposed to make greater changes than others considered prudent under existing circumstances. And while the bolder party accused the other of cowardice, they were themselves, with perhaps more justice, charged with injuring the cause by imprudent rashness. Farel and his coadjutors made every effort to quiet this excitement, and, in a great degree, succeeded.

Matters of serious moment now came before the council. For the due observance of the Sabbath, they appointed four pastors and two assistants to conduct public worship, at stated times, in various places. An early service for the benefit of servants was also appointed to be held every Sabbath, while, to meet the wants of refugees, divine worship was to be occasionally conducted in German and Italian.

The want of fellow-helpers in the ministry was painfully felt by Farel; and hearing that Viret and Fabri had lately returned from Neuchâtel, he entreated the Synod of Berne to permit them to come to his aid. His request was granted. Fabri came to his help; but Viret, urged by the officers of a Lausanne regiment, remained to preach the gospel in that city. The stay of Fabri was but short at Geneva; and soon Farel was left to labour almost alone. 'The harvest truly was plenteous, but the labourers were few;' and often did he 'pray the Lord of the harvest, to send forth labourers into his harvest.' Help, though he knew it not, was at hand.

In August (1536), there arrived in Geneva a young man lately returned from Italy, who,

with the intention of taking up his abode at Bâle or Strasburg, was, in consequence of the war, making his way through Dauphiny and Savoy.

This young man was John Calvin, known to Farel as the author of the *Christian Institutes*. Anxious to see one of whom he had heard much, Calvin at once visited Farel, who, perceiving his suitability for the work, earnestly entreated him to remain at Geneva, and share his labours. Calvin, however, being devoted to study, was not disposed to comply; and seeing him hesitate, Farel, with characteristic vehemence, exclaimed, 'I take upon me to denounce to you, in the name of Almighty God, that if you thus, under the pretext of prosecuting your studies, refuse to labour with us in the work of the Lord, his curse will rest upon you, as a man that seeks his own, and not the things of Jesus Christ.' Overcome by this 'fearful adjuration,' as he ever afterwards called it, Calvin yielded, under the solemn conviction, that God had 'stretched out his hand' to detain him in Geneva.

By the short war between the Bernese and the Duke of Savoy, the sovereignty of the Pays de Vaud was permanently transferred to Berne; and, throughout this newly-acquired territory, the Bernese now took steps for the establishment of the Reformation.

By command of the council, reformed ministers were placed in the principal towns, with directions to make occasional tours into the surrounding country. At the same time, the government took into its own hands the disposal of church property, and that of religious houses, and, as was their habit, employed the funds for the maintenance of public worship, the establishment of schools, and the relief of the poor.

On the 24th of December 1536, these changes were established by a general edict, which was published throughout the country; and again, it must be confessed, that sufficient toleration was not extended to those who, from early education and the force of habit, had become sincerely attached to the Romish Church. The utmost liberty granted to some of them was permission to retire with their property to another country, in which they might worship according to the Romish ritual. This want of toleration, which looked as if the Bernese expected to reform the country by legal enactments, greatly irritated the people and hindered the Reformation. Nevertheless, the work, being of God, could not be overthrown, and before long it was established throughout the entire of the Pays de Vaud.

One of the most important cities in which the Reformation took root at this time, was Lausanne, a city which, besides its bishop, had a chapter of thirty-two canons, a convent of the Franciscans, another of the Dominicans, and five parish churches. In addition to his spiritual power, the bishop possessed almost regal authority over the city, though, in enacting laws, he was obliged to have the concurrence of the clergy, nobles, and citizens. Notwithstanding all this machinery for promoting the moral and religious improvement of Lausanne and its neighbourhood, the people were sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance, immorality, and degrading superstition. As an instance of this, Ruchat relates that upon one occasion, when the lands of Lutry were infested by an injurious kind of worm, the magistrates asked the advice of Lausanne as to the means by which they might be exterminated, and in reply were recommended, first, to 'make certain processions in due form,' and if these did not prove effectual, 'to take out an excommunication against them.' We are assured that steps were taken to carry out this sage advice, but whether the sentence of excommunication was actually passed or not, does not appear. The ignorance of the common people cannot be wondered at, for, Farel says, that among all the priests he could scarcely find one able to repeat the Ten Commandments perfectly.

At Lausanne, as in other places, the corruption of the clergy prepared the way, by manifesting the necessity for the Reformation. The greatness of the disease called for a physician.

In this unpromising field of labour Viret had for some time been preaching (with consent of the council), in the church of the Dominicans, who only required, that no breaking of images or other disorders should in consequence arise. This reasonable restriction, however, was not attended to.

Thinking it expedient that a public discussion should be held at Lausanne, the lords of Berne summoned one for the first of October 1536; and immediately the emperor, Charles v., who was then in Italy, issued a prohibition declaring that such discussions were contrary to his desire, and that all religious matters should be referred to a general council. This edict was probably owing to the influence of Sabastian de Montfaucon, the Bishop of Lausanne, who, being displeased with his subjects for having furnished troops for Berne in the late war with the Roman Catholic cantons, had fled for sympathy to the emperor.

Lausanne was willing to obey the emperor's injunctions, but Berne refused. The meeting therefore took place in the cathedral, to the great dismay of the canons, who, unable to prevent this desecration of the building, carefully removed a venerated image of the Virgin Mary to a place of safety.

The discussion lasted eight days. The principal speakers of the reformed party were Farel, Viret, and Peter Caroli. Calvin spoke twice upon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Blanchrose, a Frenchman, the king's physician, who had settled at Lausanne, was the chief speaker on the Romish side, which caused some to observe, 'Certainly the priests must feel their cause to be in a sickly state, seeing they have given it up into the hands of the doctor.'

Justification by faith, the corner-stone of the Reformation, was the doctrine most fully discussed; and it is instructive to observe how, upon this point, Farel and Viret were of one mind with Luther and Melancthon, Zwingle and Œcolampadius, thus testifying to the 'unity of the Spirit,' and of his work, whose office it is to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us.

Farel thus stated this doctrine: 'Holy Scrip-

re, which is given by inspiration of God, knows other way of justification than by faith in sus Christ; and this justification is nothing e than the pardon of sin. God justifies, that He holds or reputes as innocent and righteous. *Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's ct? It is God that justifieth.*" And this justi-ation comes only by faith in Jesus Christ. St. ul has shown that we cannot be justified even works which God has commanded; how much ss, then, by those which only the commandments men have enjoined?'

'Well then,' exclaimed Blanchrose, 'if we are us saved by faith without works, we may do, stead of good, all the evil that we can.'

'Thus it is,' said Farel, 'that men cannot under-and the doctrine of faith and of the grace of od, and blaspheme the apostle for declaring, that *here sin abounded, grace did much more abound.*'

Like Naaman the Syrian, Blanchrose thought e must do 'some great thing;' 'to wash and e clean' was too simple a remedy for the king's physician.

In less than a month after this discussion, the citizens of Lausanne openly professed the Reformation, and received Peter Caroli as their first pastor. It was thought by many, that this post should have been conferred upon Viret, the honoured instrument by which this change had been principally effected; but as he was only twenty-five years of age, the choice fell upon Caroli, his senior both in age and station.

It is painful to learn that Caroli, who had so clearly stated the truth at Lausanne, not long after 'departed from it.' From what we know of his life, it would appear that while 'he named the name of Christ,' he did not 'depart from iniquity,' but lived, in many respects, as one who knew not God.

Being offended with Calvin, Farel, and Viret, because of some trifling difference of opinion, he accused them of Arianism and other heresies; and being unable to prove these charges, and fearing the result should his treachery be discovered, he deserted his church and family, and fled into France, where he openly renounced his profession of the reformed faith. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.'

On the 29th of June, Viret succeeded Caroli as pastor of Lausanne.

Another general synod was held at Lausanne n 1538, to which Calvin and Farel were invited rom Geneva, on condition that the Geneva hurch should agree to adopt the same cere-nonies as that of Berne, with respect to the ob-ervance of the festivals of Christmas, New Year, he Annunciation, and the Ascension; and the se of stone fonts in baptism, and of unleavened read in the Lord's Supper. A difference upon ese points had caused a coldness between the ergy of Berne and those of Geneva; and the rnese council now required that, 'for the ke of peace and uniformity, and to avoid the lumnies of their enemies,' concession to these mands should be promised, before Calvin and rel could be admitted to the synod.

When this demand reached Geneva, the enemies Calvin and Farel prevailed to have it passed into a command. The pastors requested time to deliberate. This was refused; and they were forbidden to preach. Nevertheless, Calvin preached the following Sabbath in the cathedral, and Farel in the church of Saint Germain. Great excitement ensued; and on the 23d of April 1538, an order was passed that Calvin and Farel should leave Geneva within three days, for their 'obstinate refusal to administer the Lord's Supper after the manner of Berne.' When informed of this sentence, Calvin exclaimed, 'Had I been the servant of men, I must have complained of being ill requited; but it is well for me that I have served One who never deserts those who devote themselves to Him.' 'The sufferings to which we are subjected,' added Farel, 'are indeed painful; but God has a right to impose upon those that are his, what cross He pleases, according to his wisdom, and it is our duty to bear willingly whatever He sends us.'

Upon leaving Geneva, Calvin and Farel went to Berne, to give an account of the circumstances connected with their banishment. These details roused the indignation of the senate, while the conduct of the Reformers received their highest commendation.

From Berne they went to Zurich to attend the synod, at which they declared their willingness to agree to the demands of Berne, though they would not submit to have them *forced* upon them. This concession gave great satisfaction, and the synod requested the Bernese government to intercede with that of Geneva for the recall of the banished ministers. Upon hearing this, Calvin and Farel declared, in the spirit of St. Paul (Acts xvi. 37), that as they had been condemned unheard, they required to be examined before their opponents previous to returning to Geneva, that being justified before the world, their recall might be regarded as an act of justice, 'and not of clemency.'

In matters connected with church discipline, the Reformers required some alterations to be made, the principal of which were, the division of the city into parishes, to insure a more intimate connection between pastors and their flocks; greater regularity in the appointments to the ministry; that the senate should abstain from the 'laying on of hands,' which belonged to the ministry alone; the more frequent administration of the sacrament; the singing of psalms as a part of public worship; and lastly, the enforcement, when necessary, of excommunication according to the mode already adopted.

The importance of these points being acknowledged, the synod promised its support to Calvin and Farel, and at the same time pressed upon them the duty of endeavouring to promote these objects in a spirit of Christian meekness. Viret and a Bernese minister were then sent as deputies to Geneva, to undertake the defence of the exiled ministers, and arrange for the proposed improvements 'in an amicable manner.' But it was of no avail. Although five weeks had elapsed since the preachers had been banished, during which time excited feeling might have been expected to subside, the councils and the citizens in general were so exasperated against them, particularly

against Farel, to whom they owed so much, that on the 26th of May the decree of banishment was enforced by the almost unanimous vote of the whole assembly. So great was the agitation which prevailed, that when some members proposed that the preachers should be heard in their defence, others rose from their seats, and drew their swords, as if they would have killed them on the spot, had they been there.

It was now evident that the hostile spirit which Geneva manifested towards Farel and Calvin was but the expression of enmity against their doctrines, and not, as it was pretended, because of their refusal to adopt certain ceremonies. For a long time this spirit actuated the councils, so that Saunier, Cordier, and other friends of Farel, were banished from Geneva the following Christmas. When Calvin and Farel heard that their expulsion from Geneva had been confirmed, they went to Bâle, where they met with the deepest sympathy and kindness. They remained there for some time, waiting to see whither the Lord would direct their steps. Calvin soon went to Strasbourg.

CHAPTER IX.

THE persecution to which Farel had been subjected, revived in the hearts of the Neuchâtelans their former attachment to him; and now that Geneva had cast him out, they invited him once more to accept the pastoral office among them.

This call was very unexpected, and at first Farel declined to accept it. Information, which led him to fear that the difficulties in the way of maintaining ecclesiastical discipline at Neuchâtel would prove insurmountable, had reached him, and as, in the opinion of both Farel and Calvin, such discipline was essential to the due government of a church, he shrunk from undertaking a post in which he might not be able fully to carry out his views. His friends, however, who, from their knowledge of his character, rightly judged that hindrances which to some might prove insurmountable, would by him be easily overcome, urged him to receive the call as from God. He yielded, and with his usual energy set off without a moment's delay.

The Senate of Berne had from time to time removed the most efficient ministers from Neuchâtel into their newly acquired territories, and now scarcely one remained, whose doctrine and practice corresponded with Farel's idea of what a Christian minister ought to be. In some cases the openly profane lives of the clergy, and their consequent neglect of pastoral duties to the sick, the poor, and the ignorant, so disheartened Farel, that he almost wished he had not come amongst them. In his distress he wrote to Calvin, who replied, 'Wherever you turn your eyes you will find innumerable causes for lamentation. For myself, I see no end of them, and should lose my courage if the thought did not support me, that whatever may happen, the work of the Lord must not be abandoned, and, along with so much that is evil, the Lord always grants something that gladdens our hearts.'

It was some time before the truth of this last remark was experienced by Farel; on the contrary, troubles and anxieties seemed to multiply across his path.

His attempts to establish church discipline were unsuccessful. Neither could he introduce the regulations concerning the Lord's Supper, which had been agreed upon at Worms, and it grieved him to be obliged to administer the ordinance to many (some of whom were persons of rank and influence), of whose religious sentiments he could not approve.

A strong party opposed not only his doctrines, but his efforts to reform the external irregularities which existed. However, Farel did succeed in putting a stop to useless holidays, which gave rise to manifold evils. This restraint led many to wish, and some openly to express, their hope that he who so curtailed their enjoyments, would be banished from Neuchâtel as he had been from Geneva.

The city was divided into two parties,—one determined to expel Farel, the other to retain him. After a short but severe struggle, the majority decided that he should leave the city in two months. The greater number of the senate, and the most respectable among the citizens, however, were on his side. Calvin hastened to comfort him, while Viret, burning with indignation, so confounded the adverse party, while he encouraged the well-disposed among the people, that a reconciliation seemed at the door. But, unfortunately, just at that moment the bailiff interfered to prevent it.—When reminded that it was at the call of God that Farel had come to Neuchâtel, he replied in an insulting tone, 'Who can compel me to retain a servant when I am no longer satisfied with him?'

It was easy to impress the Bernese deputies with the belief that the city could never be quiet so long as it retained Farel, and that the sentence to leave the city within two months should be carried out. Farel replied, that having been invited to Neuchâtel by the church, by the church alone should he be dismissed. God, who had given it into his charge, would, he said, 'demand it from him.' To desert it would be to act the part of 'a traitor towards Christ.' He then requested that any man who had aught to accuse him of would state it, promising to submit willingly to any punishment, even death, should the witness prove true.

Foreseeing the injury which the expulsion of Farel, by such irregular means, would inflict upon pastoral authority in general, and perceiving, too, that no one had had moral courage to lay a true statement of the case before the Bernese government, Geneva now sent two deputies to Berne, to state the matter accurately. To the dismay of the evangelical party, Berne sent them back, stating that their views of the merits of the case had been rather strengthened by the details thus communicated to them; and the decision once more arrived at was, that, at the expiration of two months, Farel should be dismissed.

To this decision he again objected, and declared that he would rather suffer 'a thousand deaths' than desert the church in such a manner.

that he added, that he would not go,
remaining in the city should cause
life; but his friends deny his having
intemperate language.
is excitement Farel preserved a calm,
irit. Experiencing the truth of the
hou shalt keep him in perfect peace
is stayed on Thee,' calumny failed
im; he saw the light of God's coun-
l that was enough. 'Whether God
ied to retain me here or not,' he said,
it troubles me, for I am prepared
ng.' But he did suffer 'more men-
an if he had been called to endure
' when he thought of the distracted
church, and how its divisions made
' to triumph and clap their hands;
nabled to say, 'God is more powerful
ne up and strengthening me, than
all his servants are in keeping me
iscouraging me;' and to Him, who
led him, he willingly trusted the

ie now raged violently at Neuchâtel.
visited the sick, comforting, with
re, the sufferers, whether friends or
nemies were softened, and confessed
ercome of evil, he had overcome evil

hes throughout Switzerland were not
l spectators of these things. With
indignation they expressed their re-
e frequent attempts made by the
the gospel, to loosen the bond of
g those who professed to be guided
pts. These letters produced a great
the fervent love they expressed com-
trengthened Farel. It humbled him
rnestly did he pray that in character
come more conformed to the portrait
iends had drawn of him.
nonths had now elapsed. The coun-
it the number present being small,
l that another meeting of the con-
ould be held the following Sabbath.
antime the Senate of Berne sent for
proposed that he should voluntarily
ffice; but Farel was too honest for
refused, saying, 'That having been
he ministry of Neuchâtel, his con-
ld not permit him to give it up, un-
ved another call equally clear;' then
ould readily obey, though it were to
gospel to the Turks at his own charge.
so impressed the senate, that with-
delay they wrote to Neuchâtel, say-
ney never really wished Farel to be
the expiration of two months, but
id named that time in the expecta-
fore it had expired, popular excite-
l have subsided into a calm. They
essed their hope that 'so faithful a
righteousness might be continued at

om by which this letter was charac-
le a great impression upon those to
vas addressed, and popular feeling
vour of Farel, the council revoked the
decree of banishment, and at once communicated the good news to Berne.

There were, however, a few who hoped that when the governor (who was absent from Neuchâtel) should return, his influence would prevail to renew hostilities. They were not disappointed. Upon his arrival he gathered the disaffected around him, and requested a fresh investigation of the entire matter.

Once more Farel was summoned to Berne. Deputies from both parties also attended; and as they could not come to an agreement, it was decided that, unless a reconciliation were effected within eight days, the question should then be settled by a majority of votes.

During these eight days, twelve men on each side used every endeavour to bring about the much-wished-for reconciliation, and having failed, the votes were taken, when two-thirds of the assembly declared in favour of Farel. His enemies were thus put to silence, while his friends rejoiced, and blessed the Lord for his gracious interposition in thus rescuing his church. In a few months every trace of the late disturbance had disappeared, and Farel, now re-appointed for life, devoted all his powers, mental and bodily, to promote the glory of God, and the welfare of the flock over which the Great Shepherd of the sheep had placed him.

The expulsion of Farel and his friends from Geneva in 1538, was followed by the most melancholy results. James Bernard, and a few other reformed ministers, remained in the city; but they had not courage to raise their voices against error in defence of truth. In some churches mass was openly performed, while the reading of the Scriptures was restricted, and in some cases totally forbidden.

This wretched state of things revived the hopes of the Romish party, and the 'learned and eloquent' Cardinal Sadolet, bishop of the neighbouring see of Carpentra, in Dauphiny, addressed to 'his dearly beloved brethren, the magistrates, council, and citizens of Geneva,' a long letter, by which to bring back the wanderers to the true church.

This pastoral being written in Latin, was a dead letter to most of those to whom it was addressed; and to this circumstance Beza attributes the fact, that though the council courteously acknowledged it, it made no impression upon its members, or upon the magistrates. Indeed, the latter, so far from desiring a return to the Romish Church, passed a resolution 'henceforth to exclude from the city all who refused to reject the Roman Catholic faith.'

Calvin's prediction, that while the enemies of the Reformation regarded his banishment as necessary for their security, it would but hasten their destruction, was justified by events. The four syndics who had taken the lead in the late tumults, were made terrible examples of God's retributive justice. One was executed for murder; another, being accused of sedition, endeavoured to escape through a window, and falling, died of his wounds. The remaining two, having betrayed the interests of the city, were condemned to perpetual banishment.

Shortly after the restoration of Calvin to Geneva, Farel visited him there; after which he went to Worms, to ask aid from the princes there assembled, in behalf of his persecuted fellow-countrymen in France. At the same time he stated some of the wants of his own church at Neuchâtel, and his views respecting church discipline, which he desired to see carried out. The assembly, convinced of the wisdom of his suggestions, sanctioned a system of ecclesiastical discipline, which had been drawn up by Melancthon.

In September 1542, Farel visited Metz, in which city the Reformation struggled for the mastery, notwithstanding the violent opposition of the clergy, the majority of the senate and the nobility. He preached his first sermon in the churchyard of the Dominicans, while the bells were rung to prevent his voice being heard; nevertheless, we are told that above three thousand persons assembled again the following day to hear him.

Fearing a fresh disturbance, the friends of the gospel entreated Farel to discontinue preaching until the excitement had abated.

He was soon after summoned before the council, and asked by whose authority he had preached. 'By the authority of Christ,' replied Farel, 'and at the request of his members.' He then urged the senate to do their duty as Christian magistrates, and allow the free preaching of the gospel. While the senate deliberated, Farel was led away out of the town by his friends, and thus once more escaped the enemy; and shortly after the plague broke out in Metz, by which many houses, hitherto closed against him, were opened to receive his visits to the sick and dying. This returning of good for evil produced a great effect upon the people. But the civil authorities continued their opposition, and imposed a fine upon all who presumed to visit the obnoxious minister; they even refused to allow a deputation in his behalf from the reformed cantons to enter the city.

Farel retired to the neighbouring town of Gorze, under the protection of Count William of Finstenburg, and, with scarcely any interruption, preached alternately in the parish church and in the abbey chapel, until Easter Sunday, 1543. On that day a most disgraceful scene took place. About 200 persons, men and women, had assembled to hear Farel, and receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The evening of that day, a son of the Duke of Guise, who was related to the Bishop of Metz, and commanded a troop of horse in the neighbourhood, fell upon the reformed party with his soldiers, massacred many, and drove others into the Moselle. Farel was wounded in the struggle, and with difficulty escaped to the city. It was well known that all this happened with the knowledge and approval of the king of France. There was, therefore, little use in appealing to him for redress; his only reply was a denial of having taken any part in the transaction. No attempt was made to punish the offenders. Count William supplied litters to convey Farel and the rest of the wounded to Strasburg; and shortly afterwards the Senate of Metz, with the sanction of the emperor, Charles v., utterly prohibited the profession of the reformed doctrines, drove many of their adherents into exile, and required that all books which inculcated their opinions, and particularly psalm and hymn books, should be 'delivered up under severe penalties.'

Farel warmly sympathized with this suffering church, and, unable to help her members, he wrote to assure them of his desire for their welfare, and of his continued prayers, that God, whose ways are unsearchable, would make all those apparently adverse circumstances work together for their good.

At Viret's request he visited Zurich, before he returned to Neuchâtel, in the hope of meeting some influential persons, whom he might induce to exert themselves to check the arbitrary proceedings of the French court, by whose order hundreds of Protestants were then perishing at the stake. It does not appear that he succeeded.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD TREES OF FAITH.

I ADDRESS myself now to those who think that they are investigating; to those who read a great deal, and raise a great many questions, and think themselves wise because they have knowledge. A man may know, and yet know to little purpose. Knowledge is like lumber. Wisdom is that which constructs the lumber into a dwelling. Any amount of lumber is but a shapeless heap, until the skill to use it comes. Knowledge is raw material. Wisdom is the practical using up of this raw material of knowledge. Now, there are many persons who have knowledge merely, and think they have wisdom. At this time, when there is so strong a tendency towards scepticism on the side of natural science; at this time, when, in the name of Reformation, so many humanitarians are scoffing at the word of God, and the church, and religion, and are putting forth various poetic conceptions of humanity and benevolence; at this time, when there are so many geniuses of literature that are drifting away from the cross, and so many tinkers of legislation that are filling society full of all manner of notions,—at this time it is the peculiar danger of smart, quick and conceited young men to think that they are making great progress, because they are raising infinite questions. They are *raising* questions, but *settling* none. They are reasoning, and reasoning, and reasoning; but the reasoning that they indulge in is of a kind that tends to take away old foundations, without putting new ones in their place; and they are destroying the structure itself.

In the West, such is the prejudice that men

re against forests which stand in the way of itful fields that they fain would draw sustenance from, that there is a perfect insanity of axe. When men first go into forest regions, y hack and hew, and old oaks five hundred rs old come down relentlessly; and the ash, l the hickory, and the walnut, and the tulip-e, and the maple, are all pitched headlong into in, until acre after acre is cleared, and the ber is burned, and the stumps are grubbed, d smooth ground is obtained. And then they ild their house; and when, by-and-by, the mmer sun begins to pour down, melting hot, them, they run to the forest for trees to elter their dwelling, and get and set out around some little saplings, that are about as good a broom! There were umbrageous old forest es, but they chopped them down; and then they could do was to wait for others to grow. d you cannot make a tree grow as quick as u can make a bargain. Trees require time to ow, and they take their time to grow too.

Now, here are men going into unexplored gions, with mighty trees all round about them, hich ages, through joy and suffering, have en working up. We have various structures society, various truths in religion, various periences that have embodied themselves in mbolic, scientific, or institutional forms; and en are running round with the axe of investi-tion, hewing at this and that, and cutting all fore them. And by-and-by, when they have, they call it, 'investigated'—that is, chopped erything off—they will want something to pply the place of what they have destroyed, d they will set out a little theory that will ow about a foot in twenty years, and they ill go about with nothing to shelter them. ere has been many a man that has thought was investigating, when he was only destroy-g the faith of his fathers, his own belief in ligion, and his own trust in Jesus Christ, and ade the world to himself one great, giddy, pty, swirling phantasmagoria. And when at t sorrow came; when the first bolt struck rough and through his heart; when he looked to the little bed, and found nothing there, and followed the black hearse and the hideous ffin to the graveyard; when all that he loved the world was gone, and there was not another e that ran to meet him, and trusted in him, d believed in him; when there was not another e that smiled so sweetly in his presence; when d, or something, he knew not what, had killed child, and he had seen it buried in the ground, went away, with no God in heaven or on th. He felt, 'Oh that I were dead! oh that ere dead!' And then, while he was in that ary and helpless state, there came along some tastic lecturer, some nondescript minister, l he happened to fall in with him; and this a, that could not take the sweet, simple, fruit-ring faith of his father and mother, joined iself to this impostor, and embraced some inge doctrine. And so, after he has cut down century oaks, he sets out a little miserable shrub to supply their place. There must be something for the human heart to lean upon. It is not in the nature of a vine to lie upon the ground; and it is not in the nature of a man not to have some great truth to cling to.

Ye that are hewing down the old trees of faith, stop! Do not take away a tree till you know what will take its place. You cannot bear the fierceness of the noonday sun. A man that believes in nothing, is like a man in the great Sahara of Africa, where there is no fountain, no palm, no grass; nothing but the hot sand below, the hotter sun above; weariness, despair, and death.

I might also apply this subject in the same way to the undigested knowledge of our times; to that mania which exists for liberalism; to the thousand ways in which men are following the truth, as they think, but in which they are only avoiding it, as I think. I pass, however, from that kind of application to two or three others of a more practical nature.

First, let me narrate a conversation which I overheard this week in the cars. A lady (her tone, and manner, and conversation showed her to be a person of culture) was repeating to some one, loud enough to be heard when the cars were not in motion, a conversation, in which she had been asked if she belonged to the church. She said: 'I replied to him, that I had the misfortune not to belong to any church. For,' said she, 'when there are so many churches, and when they are so different—when doctors disagree, how can it be expected that I should know?' I heard just so much, and then the noise of travel was resumed, and the rest was shut out. But I thought to myself—for I was a gentleman, and did not look round to see who she was—I thought to myself how she looked, and what was the habit of her mind; and I said to myself, 'Here is a person who has confounded churches with religion; who in religion has confounded the tools with the crop.' And if I had spoken to her, I should have said: 'Madam, it is not probable that you are fit to belong to any church, and therefore I do not ask you why you do not join a church; but I do say that you need to be acquainted with your own heart. You have not learned yet to control pride. You have not learned yet to escape the wiles and guiles of vanity. You are not truthful, with the simplicity of childhood. You do not know the most sacred of all learning—the lore of divine truth. You are not yet redeemed from the dominion of things visible and earthly. You do not live above the world, as its servant.' And my message to her would have been: 'Why do you stand talking about churches, when you know that the root and marrow of the matter is—are you at peace with the Lord Jesus Christ?' She was in the condition of not having made up her mind about the church. She was neglecting to make up her mind about those great verities which the church was ordained to teach, and those states which it was its errand to produce.
—*Beecher.*

COME.*

LET these words not merely ring in your ears, but let them be on your tongue. Is the God that called you indeed urgently calling on your fellow-men? Then what less can you do than let Him find an utterance for his overtures through your voice, and an agency for his embassy in your exertions? 'Let him that heareth say, *Come.*' In the dense masses of heathenism that cover so large an area of our globe—in the multitudes steeped in ignorance and vice that infest the lanes and streets of our cities, the highways and hedges of our land—in the multitudes more that, beneath the pomp of external splendour, or the guise of common respectability, conceal a heart at enmity with truth—your eye rests on the very scene on which, from all eternity, God's eye rested when his love moved Him to arise for our deliverance, and to utter this call. In proportion as that same love inspires your heart—in proportion as you gain a clearer insight into the real condition of your perishing fellow-men — in like proportion will you feel impelled to take up the words as they drop from God's lips, and cry, 'Unto you, oh my fellow-men, God is calling, and his voice is to the sons of men.' In proportion as love to man and knowledge of his condition—the elements which roused God to this enterprise—exist in you, they will produce the same effects in your heart which they did and do in his, and urge you to be fellow-workers with Him in the work which they urged Him to undertake. Oh, then, let love to your fellow-travellers to eternity—a cordial regard for their welfare—gain an ascendancy over your heart; let a true and full knowledge of their condition gain a lodgment amongst the clearest of your ideas and the strongest of your convictions. By avoiding, in your external behaviour, everything that tends to efface the marks which distinguish God's witnesses from a world lying in wickedness around them, and thus to hide the contrast, and leave that world undisturbed in its self-contentment,—by a bold mainte active dissemination of the truth, do w lies to translate men from the kingdo into the kingdom of God's dear Son hearts and human minds are the mate which either God makes saints and Satan makes fiends and slaves. Cont efforts to the former of these causes.

To those of you who have hithert unaffected by this call, God's messag is the accepted time, now is the day o 'Now is the accepted time,'—'Now cepted time,' the voice is always callin at noon, at eve; to childhood, to you hood, to old age; and if ye never hear it, it is because innumerable o are calling, and you give them the The voice of pleasure calls, with its tones, and steals your thoughts and h The voice of ambition calls. The ma ing voices of the cares and content call—'the strong deep hum of bus amid their unhallowed uproar the heaven is drowned. But there must seasons in the life of each one of you, Sabbath-day of unusual solemnity, o of death visible amid the circle of yo or friends, or sickness laying your l uneasy pillow, may for a time have din and tumult of this world's pursuit Then, in the solemn, quieter interva have heard a still small voice gently ing with you, and saying, 'How long ones, will ye love simplicity? Turn reproof. Behold, I will make know unto you, I will pour out my Spirit will receive you graciously, and love Such is the language of the voice n you allow the hour that fixes for future state to overtake you ere yo cepted its invitation, you will hear it its language will be, 'I *called*, and I stretched out my hand, and ye did it; but ye set at naught all my c would none of my reproof: therefore of the fruit of your own way, and be your own devices.' God forbid that be the doom of any here!

* From 'Memorials of the late Rev. H. M. Douglas.' Edited by the Rev. J. MACGREGOR. Edinburgh: A. Elliot, 1867. A volume of superior remains; the 'Memorials' of one over whose early departure many will mourn.

THE OLD SONGS.

IT is Monday; Sabbath's work is done; the rain falls drearily. I am a boy, away from a brother's society and a sister's love, from a father's counsel and a mother's prayers.

The future is a dim vision of ever-changing colours; while the past is a happy picture, that I fain would live over again.

The future is like the shadow of passing clouds, which moves silently away as we behold it; while the past is like the miniature of a lost friend,—the longer we gaze upon it the more we love it, the sweeter the recollections it brings. It is true we have hope, and some p the future; but the past is as a cheri that holds the likeness of many a depa It is filled with many a bright pictur treasure, and sacred recollection. take it down, turn its leaves over and at its familiar scenes, and recall it that passed quite too soon. Amo bright spots that beautify the backw life, none have a nearer place to our the hours we spent at home in the our mother. Among the many r

mind, the good old songs that
sing are far the sweetest and

memories I have, are those of
singing:

ient day is rolling round;'
sing to me of heaven,
a I am called to die.'

eavenly words:

i this beautiful valley,
rowns the meek and the lowly.'

are sacred. There is no music
ay that can awaken such emotions in our heart. Occasionally, in prayer or class-meetings, some one will sing some of these old songs, the first note of which sets in motion a train of reflection that lifts the soul far above the common walks of life, even to its God.

Give me the music of the fathers, when their hearts were full of the love of God. Mothers, sing before your children; your songs will do more to lead them to God than the pastor's sermon. Let them know that you have a religion that lives through the week, and that cheers you while at your work. Your singing may lead an erring son back to rectitude and to God. Then sing, and sing the old songs.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

THE CLOCK OF HUMAN LIFE.

the silvery chimes
ift and low
cradle bed,
o and fro;
ear, a mother bends,
ie clear bells
e's sweet advent hour
deepest wells.
dle! soft and clear
ig mother's ear.

-four—in merry peals
e passing hour;
s in, through every sense,
rtal shore
t of childhood fly,
l earth, and sky
nd childhood's bells
lear and high.
gle! clear and high
lls of childhood's sky.

t ring on the ear,
len notes;
ies and loving peals
s sweet dream-life floats.
filling every sense
maiden life;
mellow lullabys
ought of strife.
ove me! ring the bells,
ir youth their music swells.

-'tis eight—'tis nine;
unds the bell,
n march of life,
h fuller swell;
e, and toil, and care—
sundered ties;
t subdued by grief,
g in the sky,
ve, where Jesus dwells;
! come home! they faintly swell.

'Tis ten o'clock; the vanished hours
Ring out their warning tones;
The silver notes of infancy
And golden chimes are gone.
The past is all a fleeting dream;
The future—oh, how grand,
As, 'mid its deep and solemn peals,
With parted lips we stand!
Ding dong! ding dong! it slowly rolls,
Pealing the requiem of souls.

The clock has struck eleven; hark!
The awful moments pass;
'Mid muffled bells we hear them die,
And watch Time's hour-glass.
Solemn and slow, we hear their knell;
They ring of ending strife;
There's more of tender joy than grief,
Which tolls of endless life.
Oh! joyful knells, life's evening bells,
Of conflicts past their music tells.

'Tis twelve o'clock; the midnight hour
Rolls out its thrilling knell;
Ah! not of grief, and not of death,
Does its deep tolling tell.
To Christian souls—so high, so grand—
Are the bright hopes it rings,
That, 'mid the solemn knells of time,
The parting spirit sings.
As midnight bells fade soft away,
'Tis endless one in upper day.

'Tis endless *one* in that bright world,
One everlasting day;
Hours have pealed their last farewell,
And minutes passed away.
'Tis one effulgent, brilliant noon,
One flood of light and love;
One solemn, never-ending *now*,
In that sweet home above.
Oh, the deep joy of *evermore*,
When waking first on that blest shore!

—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'God said.'—GEN. I. 3.

THIS chapter, in many places, prefixes the name of *God* to what is said or done, that there may be no mistake as to the speaker or doer; and that God himself may be prominently presented to us in his divine personality. We read, 'God created,' 'God made,' 'God saw.' But the most frequent word here is, 'God SAID.' As it is elsewhere written, 'He *spake*, and it was done;' 'He *commanded* the light to shine out of darkness;' 'The worlds were framed by the *word* of God;' 'Upholding all things by the *word* of his power.'

God's 'word' is, then, the one medium or link between Him and creation. Creation is, in one sense, *immediate*, as the result of direct power; in another, it is *mediate*, as accomplished by the intervention of speech. How far this mode of statement is a condescension to man's weakness, we will not say; but the frequency with which it is repeated shows what stress God lays on it. There was evidently some intervention of something corresponding to human speech, if indeed the actual words were not spoken just as they are set down. Between the 'nothing' and the 'something'—non-existence and creation—there intervenes only *the word;* but, after that, many other agencies come in, animate or inanimate,—second causes, natural laws and processes, all evolving the *great original fiat;* for it is only as in connection with it, that these laws and processes have any power at all. The power or energy of the original 'word' still lasts, still vibrates through the universe, still keeps creation in motion, still preserves the sequences and orderliness of all created things above and beneath. He is the sovereign speaker and the sovereign worker. All are under his authority. He 'saith to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh.'

It is that same word that is still acting—as efficacious, as potent as at the first. Why does yon sun still move and shine? Not merely because of a word spoken some thousands of years since, but because that word is operative and energetic still. We read the original 'God said' in every sunbeam and in every revolution, in every sunrise and sunset. 'By the same word are these things kept in store.' Vitality, growth, beauty, fruitfulness, are indications not of a *past* power, but of a present energy,—a continuation of the original impulse, or rather, the very same original impulse still prolonged and working.

When the Son of God was here, it was thus He acted in doing his miracles. He spoke, and it was done. 'Lazarus, come forth;' 'Young man, arise;' 'Damsel, arise;' 'Be opened.' It was a *word* that was still the medium. And in his case we see the fitness; for He was 'the Word.' But there is the same fitness in the first creation; for He was himself the Creator. It was He who spoke the creating word at first.

1. *He speaks to us in creation.*—This earth and these heavens are the echo of his voice. God speaks to us in each part of his handiwork. It is not 'nature's voice,' as men speak. It is the true, authentic voice of God. He speaks each day to us, and is never silent. As He spoke at first, and the universe heard his voice, so He speaks through these to us now. Shall we hear or not?

2. *He speaks to us in the word itself.*—This book embodies his words. Creation is the visible embodiment of his power and wisdom; it is the result of his words. His power came forth in speech, as a channel or medium. This book of his is, in a different way, the effect of his speaking. It is his written wisdom and power. There is his voice to us! The thunder and tempest are his loud voice of grandeur; the sunshine and the gentle breeze his still small voice; but deeper, clearer, keener, softer, yet more penetrating than all these, is his word. Men speak of the Bible being the *thoughts* of God, but not his *words;* as if you could speak of a certain piece of music, apart from the notes which compose it; or of the sea, apart from the drops which make it up; as if you might say that creation embodied the general purpose of God, but not any minute or special designs. That book is what it is, because it contains the *words* of God. To our outer ear God speaks to us, and through our outer ear to our inner man. For it is through the word, and in connection with it, that God communicates with us. That word quickens: 'Thy word hath quickened me.' That word produces faith: 'Faith cometh by hearing.' That word strengthens, comforts, heals, nourishes, revives. It gets into contact with each part of our souls, and works its own work here. And it does this because it is *divine.* No human words could be trusted to work its work in a human soul so unrestrictedly. It is not eloquence, nor poetry, nor argument, but something more than all these together,—something peculiar and indescribable, which man could not have formed, and which he cannot understand, that makes it so suitable for the soul of man.

3. *He speaks to us in providences.*—Let us listen reverently to everything that happens, and we shall recognise a divine voice in all. No providence is dumb. No sorrow, no joy, no sickness, no recovery, no calamity, public or private, is dumb. 'God said' sounds out from them all. By them God is pursuing us at every step, and all the day stretching out his hands to us. How articulate, how eloquent are the daily events of the commonest life on earth! Yet we close our ears! Day unto day utters speech, yet we will neither interpret nor hearken!

4. *He speaks to us by his Sabbaths.*—I mention this especially because of its connection with the word in Genesis. Each Sabbath is to us a silver trumpet speaking direct from God. It gives no uncertain sound. It speaks of grace, and love, and rest. It is God's weekly invitation to the weary. He who would take from us our Sabbaths, would silence the voice of God.

Thus it is that God speaks to us. Yet, deeper than all these, there is a divine and irresistible voice speaking to our inner man. Not separate from the word, yet still distinct; the direct, sovereign, almighty voice of God, by which the new creation is formed. Hence it is that, out of many hearing the same sermon, or reading the same Bible, some believe, and some believe not. As in the old creation, so in the new, it is God that is the speaker and the worker.

What noble and mighty things are words! Through them we wield the minds of our fellowmen. We cannot operate on dead matter through them, as God can, but on living souls we can. What a responsibility on us for our words! What a danger and sin in idle or evil words! Let our words be ever true and holy.

DIVINE DRAWINGS.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

red thee with an everlasting love; therefore with *loving-kindness* have I drawn thee.'—
JER. XXXI. 3.

dealings with his people are different; and yet, in all their ge variety and manifoldness, ıere declares that they are all *g-kindnesses*, — the very best a and power can make them. is people are twofold: outward e and invisible; the one affect- d worldly condition, the other ls and spiritual state. We all the outward condition of God's e rich and noble, others poor ›me begin life in poverty, and ›thers begin in affluence, and ne have unbroken health and pend their days in pining sick- lrid invalids. Some have large ; others have little more than ntelligence, and the scantiest n. The same variety is seen in y. Some learn early to know thers live to advanced life— their deathbed—in ignorance ıave the light stealing gently ıd almost unconsciously purify- ›thers are suddenly awakened, es on the brink of the pit. abiding peace and joy in be- ılk often in darkness, and have grace, as in nature, there is a ı sunny side, so long as God's ı the valley. But, in the eye ord describes all these different e procedure—it is loving-kind-

ı not think this; God's own t think it. Steeped in poverty, , cast down, and disconsolate, ›ubt, and murmur, and com- 'All these things are against ı dried, my hope is lost, I shall This must be very trying to l Lord. He has, indeed, re- ı much; and He sets a special ustful ones, who meekly, pa- humble themselves under his who, when they cannot curb and keep down the uprisings of the flesh, yet determine to put a bridle on their lips, and say, 'I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it.' But, notwithstanding the world's sneers, and his own people's complaints, and the pain it causes to himself, God holds on his way. He knows that his regimen and discipline—the rod, the scourge, the knife, the empty cup, the stirred-up nest—is really loving-kindness, is true mercy, and that they in time will come to see that it is so. Here we see darkly, as in a glass, and know only in part; but God sees all things clearly, and knows the end from the beginning, and therefore his thoughts and ways are so different from ours. Lately, when standing by the deathbed of a child, suddenly called away, and beholding the sorrow of the surprised and weeping parents, my heart was ready to give way, when my godly friend, the medical man, standing by, suggested, in a whisper, the idea, 'Perhaps taken away from the evil to come.' It was a seasonable thought; it seemed to strike and comfort the parents; and I have sometimes used it since then, in speaking to persons similarly situated. God never unnecessarily afflicts his people; there is always a need-be for every trial. It is sent in loving-kindness; and they sooner or later come to discern, appreciate, and acknowledge the character of his dealings with them. They see that all his paths are mercy and truth, that in very faithfulness He has afflicted them; and so the lonely widow, and the childless parent, and the weary inmate of the sick-chamber, the endangered mariner, and the deserted soul, that has long been seeking his face, and crying, 'Oh that I knew where I might find Him!'—at last all unite to swell the same gracious song: 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!'

What is the object of God's dealings with his people? It is to draw them to himself. They are all by nature far off from Him; and not only so, they are averse, enemies, alienated in their minds, and by wicked works. They are lovers of earthly things, and growingly attached to them, by depraved tastes and evil habits. They

are held fast and blinded by the god of this world, who strives to keep them from knowing and receiving the truth of the gospel. God has done much to open the way for their return to Him in peace. He has sent his Son to die for their sins, that they may be forgiven, and that, being delivered from this present evil world, they may come back as children to their Father's house. His free invitation to all is: 'Be ye reconciled; for God hath made his own Son to be sin for us, though He knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Wherefore, receive ye not the grace of God in vain.' But they are so engrossed and preoccupied with business, pleasure, sin; they are so blinded and hardened by pride and unbelief, that they will not attend, believe, obey; and so God has to awaken, alarm, enlighten, and subdue them. He cannot draw them to himself by a mere act of power, as we pull a stone out of the earth in which it is embedded. They are reasonable creatures, and He deals with them according to the nature which He has given them. They have understandings, consciences, hearts, and wills; and He deals with these by his word, providence, and Spirit, in order that, heartily and willingly, —not only because they see that it is needful, but also because they feel that it is right, and wise, and good,—they may arise and come to Him with all their heart, saying, 'We have sinned, erred, done evil very much; but now forgive us, for thy Son's sake, and receive us into thy service and favour.' This is the object which God has in view in all his dealings, providential and spiritual, personal and social, with his people; it is to draw them up to himself—draw them on in his way, and finally draw them into his eternal glory. He sends his messengers to plead with them, while they are still in their sins: 'Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth; I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me!' Only acknowledge thine iniquity—'Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee;' and then He watches patiently, hopefully for the result. He is ever looking out for the first approach of returning prodigals; He is ever hearkening for the first groans of bemoaning Ephraims, the first prayers of awakened Sauls.

What is the effect of God's dealings? They are always successful with his own. His methods of dealing, as we have seen, are very different, and they are necessarily so; for, while all are lost and ruined, there is yet among them an indescribable variety of temperament, character, and besetting sins. Each needs a different training; and hence the different ways in which He leads, and the endless variety of wheels on which He fashions his vessels of mercy. One is sensual, another proud, another vain, another covetous; and so the Lord must have different ways for Peter, and John, and Nathanael, and Thomas. It is when God's people become acquainted with their peculiar character, or the special service for which they are destined, that they begin to discern wise loving-kindness in all God's dealings, and acknowledge that He has led them in the right way. One is brought in early, that he may have growing influence and weight from long consistency. Another is left to his heart's lusts, and so he runs into open, flagrant sin; but thus he comes to know and abhor himself, his repentance is deep and manifest, and many see, and fear, and acknowledge that it is the Lord. One has his nest again and again stirred up, because he is inclined to settle on his lees, and sleep with the world. Another has his cup always full, and his head anointed with oil, that these coals of loving-kindness may melt and soften his rugged, selfish heart. God's object in all these things is to draw; and the result is, that they are drawn. He gathers all his olive-berries, even from the topmost boughs. Not one is left behind. He brings them out of the world, as He brought Israel out of Egypt, spite of all Pharaoh's opposition. Sooner or later they arise and come: the north gives up, and the south keeps not back; his sons come from far, and his daughters from the ends of the earth. They hear a voice which others hear not; they feel a power which others feel not; they see an ensign lifted up, a rendezvous opened, which others behold not; and so, one by one, or in little clusters, they break loose from all their entanglements, and hasten to Shiloh, the gathering-place of the people. Not one of them is lost, not one hoof is left behind. The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle and the crane observe the time of their coming; but more surely, unerringly, infallibly, do these children of promise, in their hour of merciful visitation, arise and press through every obstacle to their Father's house.

God's motive in all this. It is love—everlasting love. This is the key that opens the mystery of God; this is the explanation of all God's ways in providence, grace, and glory. This answers all questions, disperses all doubts, removes all fears. Why am I led in this dark, circuitous way? says the doubting pilgrim. It is love. Why have I these strange experiences,—castings down, and liftings up; fallings away, and restorations; discoveries of sin, and discoveries of grace? It is love. Why am *I* here? says the glorified saint in heaven. It is love. Love brought Him from his Father's bosom, and love keeps Him standing at your door and knocking, till you hear and take Him in. Know, believe, appropriate this divine love. Live in it, dwell in it, walk in it. There is no fear in this love. It is sunshine,

ɔe, and joy. It hallows, gladdens, and
the soul. Lord, remember me with
Say to me, 'I have loved thee with
ting love,' and then my proud, stony
be broken and humbled, and I will
fore Thee, because of all my sin and
s, by which I have pierced and wounded
ɔon.

whoever you are, unless this love get
ɔu, you will be lost. Unless this love
f you, you will never be changed and
d. 'We love Him, because He first

'We cannot trace the twinings
In God's long cord of love;
We cannot see the windings
By matchless wisdom wove.

E'en as a skein, when ravell'd,
Still holds the hidden end,
So love's mysterious windings
Around our chastenings blend.

That cord can ne'er be broken;
'Tis held by God alone;
His own seal is the token;
He knows, He helps his own.'

COLUMBA, THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO SCOTLAND.

IFTY years before the birth of Christ, Cæsar had landed in Britain, and four hundred and twenty-six years subsequent to our Lord's incarnation, the last Roman had left the 'aganism, with its idolatry, and ignol debasement, overspread the land at ning of this epoch; and long after, with its delusive magic, and despotic , and degrading rites, was supreme in

ever, Cæsar and Agricola brought us bondage—the Roman fetter, and the ɔke, as the planned object of their inhey also brought us, without their design rence, the Bible and the way of life. was what Rome came for. She beto us Christianity; and when the eagle s iron grasp in A.D. 426, it was found eed of truth had been scattered far and ; this time there were four kingdoms narrow limits of Scotland; or, *first*, that cts, embracing Galloway and Wigton; of the Angles, comprehending the Dumfries, and Roxburgh; *next*, that ts, extending over Argyle and the Hebl *last*, that of the Caledonians, which nverness and the north. In the latter se divisions, it would seem that superɣned in sevenfold darkness; whilst there ason for believing, that in regard to the he old couplet was not far from the truth:

.rs from Christ, two hundred and three,
nd a Christian kingdom came to be.'

Christian faith, in its purity and grace, obnoxious to the Papacy than even n; and no sooner was it surmised at t Wigton had received the gospel, than, 0, one Ninian is despatched to pollute ; the same malignant work being done 31, by Palladius, throughout Kincarand the Mearns. Romanist historians is to admire and reverence both Ninian dius, as the pioneers and prototypes of l missionaries, and we need not disther their holiness or their zeal; but, l doubt, they were trained at Rome, sent hither by Rome, and urged the is of Rome, and were the tools of Rome, perhaps unawares, not to preach salvation, but to weave the net of priestcraft.

A truer evangelist, if not a better Christian, either than Ninian of Whithorn, in the fourth century, or Palladius of Fordoun, in the fifth, was Servanus, who laboured about A.D. 440, on the banks of the Forth, and did not a little for the true illumination of his countrymen. Posterior to Servanus, lived Ternan, a man of saintly character and manifold enterprise, and who, though he resided chiefly in Aberdeenshire, is said to have set up a monastery at Abernethy, near Perth, a hundred years previous to the kindred establishment of Iona. Perhaps a brighter luminary than any of those just mentioned was Kentigern, a pupil of Servanus, by whom he was taught Christ, a contemporary of Columba, who loved him as a brother, and to whom, in all likelihood, we owe the diffusion of the truth as it is in Jesus, from his residence in Glasgow, over all the basin of the Clyde.

But leaving behind, though not out of sight, such subalterns as Serf of Culross, Ternan of Banchory, Mungo of Glasgow, let us come to him who was as David to those three mighty ones —we mean Columba; for, were the life this apostle led, and the work he achieved, and the darkness he dispelled, and the heritage of good he bequeathed, only understood, it would be felt that, after Knox, he was the greatest gift God bestowed upon our land.

Patrick, son of Calpurnius, was a man of God and an apostle of Christ, as all who read his 'Confession' must acknowledge. Having been quickened by the Spirit through the cross, he yearned, from that hour, to make known the salvation which had filled himself with joy; and in A.D. 432, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Armagh, he began that career of labour and testimony which made Ierne a Goshen of evangelical light, whilst Caledonia, the land of his birth, was shrouded in superstitious darkness. How long this fair star continued to shine, is not recorded; but though it probably began to sink towards the close of the fifth century, it left its radiance on every hill and valley; and when there was much faith in Ireland, Columba was born.

It was on the 7th of December A.D. 521, at Gartan, in Donegal, that this event took place;

and both through his father, Fedelmith, and his mother, Eithne, he was sprung from royal ancestors. He was baptized at Temple Douglas by Cruithnechan, and named Colum; though afterwards, in allusion to his punctual attendance at church, even when but a boy, Cille, which signifies a church, was added as a surname, whence he is at times called Columkill. Carefully trained from his earliest years, he enjoyed the advantage of the best masters in every department, and studied various languages, as well as theology, with vigour and success. It would appear as if he possessed an aptitude for the acquirement of foreign tongues; and three odes of his, which have been preserved, may be referred to as showing that he was at once a classical Latinist and an expert versifier. The polish of his style, and the elevation of his thoughts, at the same time indicate that he was not without the elements of genius, and might have easily won pre-eminence and power on any field of literature.

At what period of his life God woke up, in his grace, the heart of this youth, we have not been told; but so pure, and gentle, and heavenly was he even as a little child, that they were then accustomed to call him 'Saint.' Scarce had he entered into manhood when he became 'a deacon,' and went to reside in Leinster. Not long after this, he took up his abode as a student in the monastic seminary of St. Clonard, and, when still there, was ordained 'a priest.' But there is an influence at work within him, which will not suffer that he content himself with a narrow sphere, or common service. Columba now separates himself more specially from the world, and joins a select brotherhood at Glasneven; there, in the company of wise men and learned, bent on charity, and ambitious of holiness, to prepare himself for the duties and hardships of a strenuous career. Cultured, animated, braced by his retirement on the banks of the Liffey, and perhaps all the better equipped as a soldier of the Cross,—seeing that Glasneven at this time was no more than a collection of rude huts,—Columba steps forth in a little while, ripe, and eager to do work for Christ, in his own loved native country. He is only twenty-four years of age; but young as he is, he founds an abbey at Derry, and in A.D. 546, raises a mission institute in the north of Ireland, in aim and form similar to the one which he just has quitted in the south. Having placed all his arrangements at Derry on a firm basis in A.D. 553, just seven short years later he calls into existence another monastery at Durrow, and creates, in the very heart of his own Scotia, a new centre of Christian light and evangelistic impulse.

From the ecclesiastical academies, which the sagacity, and wealth, and patriotism of Columba have organized at Derry and Durrow, devoted men have gone forth to every region of the world; and in hopes of stimulating and guiding them wherever they might be found, their chief follows their steps from city to city of the European continent. But it was neither to visit palaces, nor muse on ruins, that Columba travelled into foreign parts; and having seen and cheered the friends he had gone forth to encou returns home without loss of time, than ever set on doing some great thin cause of righteousness, 'constrained by of Christ.' Is it too much to suppose t Rome he has come back once more t But from the windows or terraces of he looks out upon the Hebrides, and the fading distance towards the north. a speck on the wild ocean he can de tall peak among the clouds; but his moved. They are Scots from Ierne wh these desolate shores; and he asks, Shal countrymen, who once dwelt by my si tongue is my tongue, in whose veins same blood as in mine, 'perish evermor of knowledge,' when my voice can warn, sel, and beseech them? I do not wan I have also rank; I am but forty-tw very noon of life; why should not Co for Scotland what Patrick did for Irela inspiration is from above; the resolve i the plan is sketched. Columba devolves upon three uncles. He unbinds the va which held him to his native land. A ancient author of *Old Irish Life* writ Abraham, his country he left for the l Lord, who said to him, *Exi de terra su in terram quam tibi monstrabo.*'

Twelve kinsmen, like-minded and true share the enterprise, and provide th In a slender wherry, or canoe, made covered with hides, these courageous for Christ embark about the middle of 563, and leave behind noble relativ friends, vast estates, their colleges, their their all; unseen, unheeded, it may be Him whose glory is their pole-star, t down Lough Foyle, as the sun is rising them the grand mountains, and quiet sl burnished verdure of Erin for the l Measured by the standard of these day seem as if neither the hazard of the v the hardships of the exile were in an unusual. But the following wail, whi the effusion of Columba's age, cannot be a much later period, may let us see who knew him best, were accustomed the conflict of his spirit:

'How rapid the speed of my coracle!
And its stern is turned upon Derry:
My foot is in my little coracle,
My sad heart is bleeding still;
Large is the tear of my soft grey eye,
When I look back to Erin!
In Scotland are tall warriors;
Many the diseases and evils there:
In Erin, plentiful is the apple fruit.
Its kings are many, and great its princ
Melodious are its clerics, and its birds;
Gentle are Erin's youths; her old men
My Derry! my little oak grove,
My dwelling, and my little cell!
Were the tribute of all Scotland mine,
I would prefer fair Derry;
Death is better in reproachless Erin,
Than perpetual life in Alba.'

With such emotions, in all likelihood Columba with his comrades sets sail, may be, they could not tell the hav

they would drop anchor. But if their course is not decided yet, and there is a tear in their eye, there is no misgiving in their heart. For Christ Jesus their Lord they have left all on earth they counted dear, and with the calm intrepidity of faith they lay themselves into the arms of his care. Gliding gently with the tide, let us believe, they have leisure for converse, and reading, and prayer. They have risen from their knees, the oar is stowed away, the little sail is hauled up, and a light breeze is carrying them slowly towards the Hebrides. They pass Islay, lying to the east, with its conspicuous mountains and tempting creeks. But Islay, though it might be a field of work, is neither a place of exile, nor a centre of operation. It is not more than a hundred miles from the martyrs' wept-for home, and still their fragile skiff must run before the wind, though the night is falling. By early morn they may have made fifty miles more, and are now abreast of Colonsay. Their scanty sheet is soon gathered in, the helm guides them to a quiet inlet, the coracle is moored in a bright pool, and the Irish apostle is ready to take possession of the island in the name of Christ. On reaching an eminence, however, the resolute band catch a glimpse of the Hibernian mountains in the transparent air of the cloudless dawn, and fearing lest they have not left their native land at a sufficient distance behind, as true martyrs ought to do, they make haste to lift their anchor, and hoist the sail. The breath of prayer is in the canvas, whilst at the rudder there is the hand of faith; and after proceeding some forty miles farther to the north, they all at once descry the dark outline of a level shore, lying right underneath the prow of their venturous yacht. It is '*I*,' or '*Hy*,' afterwards called both '*Iona*' and '*I-colum-kille*.' On this barren shelf of rock there were no resources of wealth or aspects of beauty, no mines nor agriculture, no society, no trade, no crops, no hamlet, but, remote from the mainland, it had the two advantages of safety and seclusion; and here Columba determines to establish himself, that, as if on the outside of the world, he and his associates may have opportunity of holding undisturbed communion with their Father in heaven; and also be able to organize, and animate, and govern the evangelistic schemes with which their soul was filled. Accordingly, as the third day, it may be, since they bade farewell to their own Scotia was fading into the west, on Whitsunday of A.D. 563, the pinnace floats into a shallow bay, and the little company of missionaries, who had come to sow the seed of divine truth over the waste places of this land, stepped out upon the lonely beach. Can we doubt, that so soon as they planted their foot upon the shore, they fell upon their knees? And was ever a nobler scene looked down upon from heaven than these thirteen devoted and indomitable followers of the Lamb, consecrating themselves, at every risk, and with the calm surrender of all that the flesh loves, to perpetual war with the devil and darkness? No eye on earth sees them kneel, their voice falls on no human ear; but who can estimate what we of this other Scotia, and even at this distant period, owe to their mighty wrestling, as they pleaded on the pebbly strand of Iona, and asked 'that they might be spared for *thirty years* to prosecute the work of God among the Picts and Caledonians?'

To remind them that they had no more to do with their native land, and meant not to return amid the pursuits of the world, the coracle in which they had crossed the sea was buried under a heap of stones, and tradition still indicates the tumulus. A double frame of basket-work, woven with their own hands, and coarsely filled up with sandy mud, was the dwelling of Columba and his staff, and it was not too strong for the Atlantic gales, nor too comfortable for a northern climate. The remains of a cathedral may yet be seen in Iona; but this was a structure reared five centuries subsequent to the time we write of, by Queen Margaret; and even Columba's own monastery was not founded at the beginning of the mission. For long it was a recess or cell among the rocks our hero made his temple; but there, with his chosen companions, all strong in hope, and mighty with God, they loved to worship, with the gloomy sky above, and the billows raging at their feet.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BELOVED'S LITTLE WHILE.*

I. The Christian's life upon the earth is a little while . of warning.
II. The Christian's life upon the earth is a little while . for winning.
III. The Christian's life upon the earth is a little while . for working.
IV. The Christian's life upon the earth is a little while . of waiting.
V. The Christian's life upon the earth is a little while . for watching.
VI. The Christian's life upon the earth is a little while . of winnowing.
VII. The Christian's life upon the earth is a little while . for warring.
VIII. The Christian's life upon the earth is a little while . of weeping.
IX. The Christian's life upon the earth is a little while . of wandering.

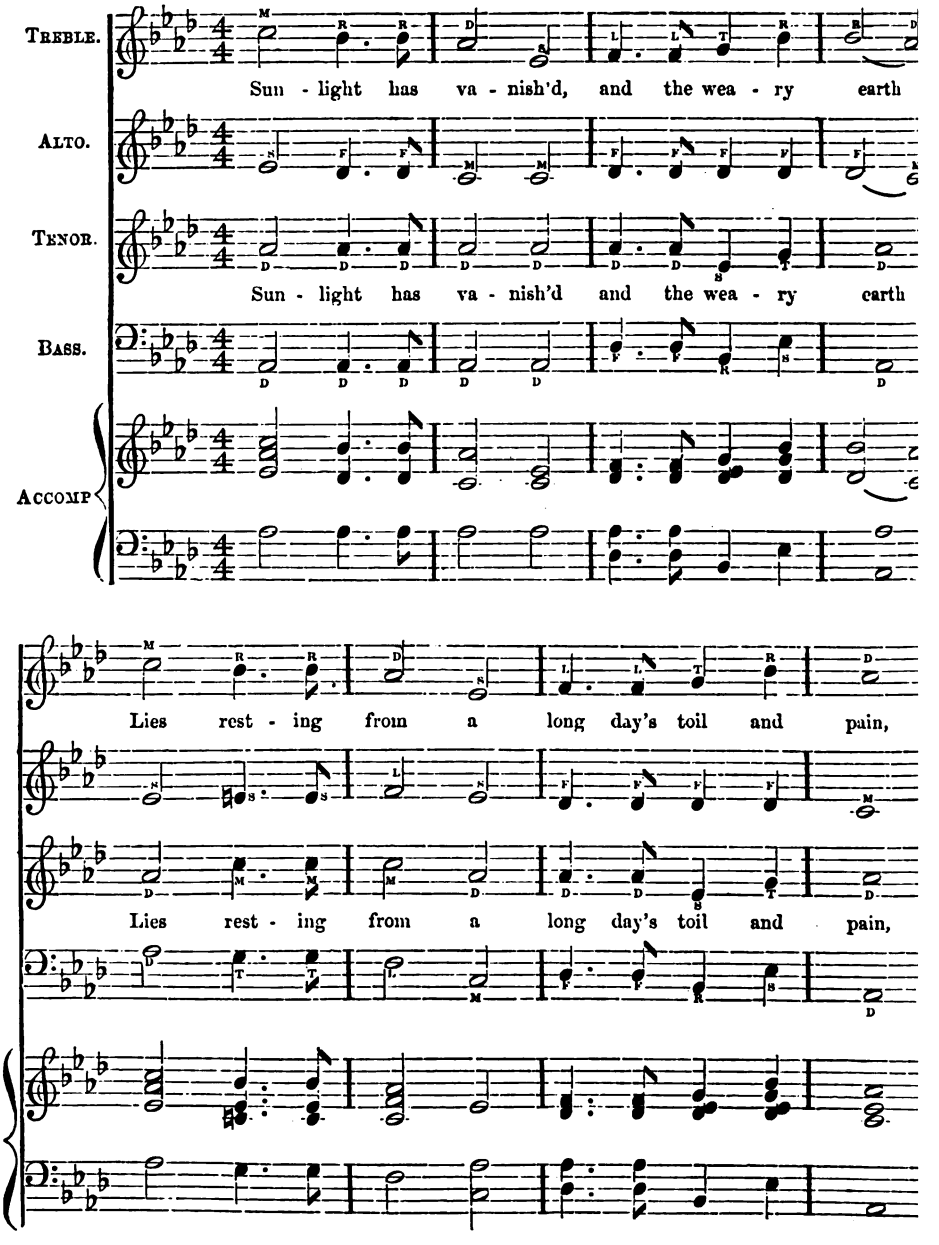
* From 'The Beloved's Little While.' By Rev. W. Fergusson, Ellon. London: Nisbet and Co. 1867.

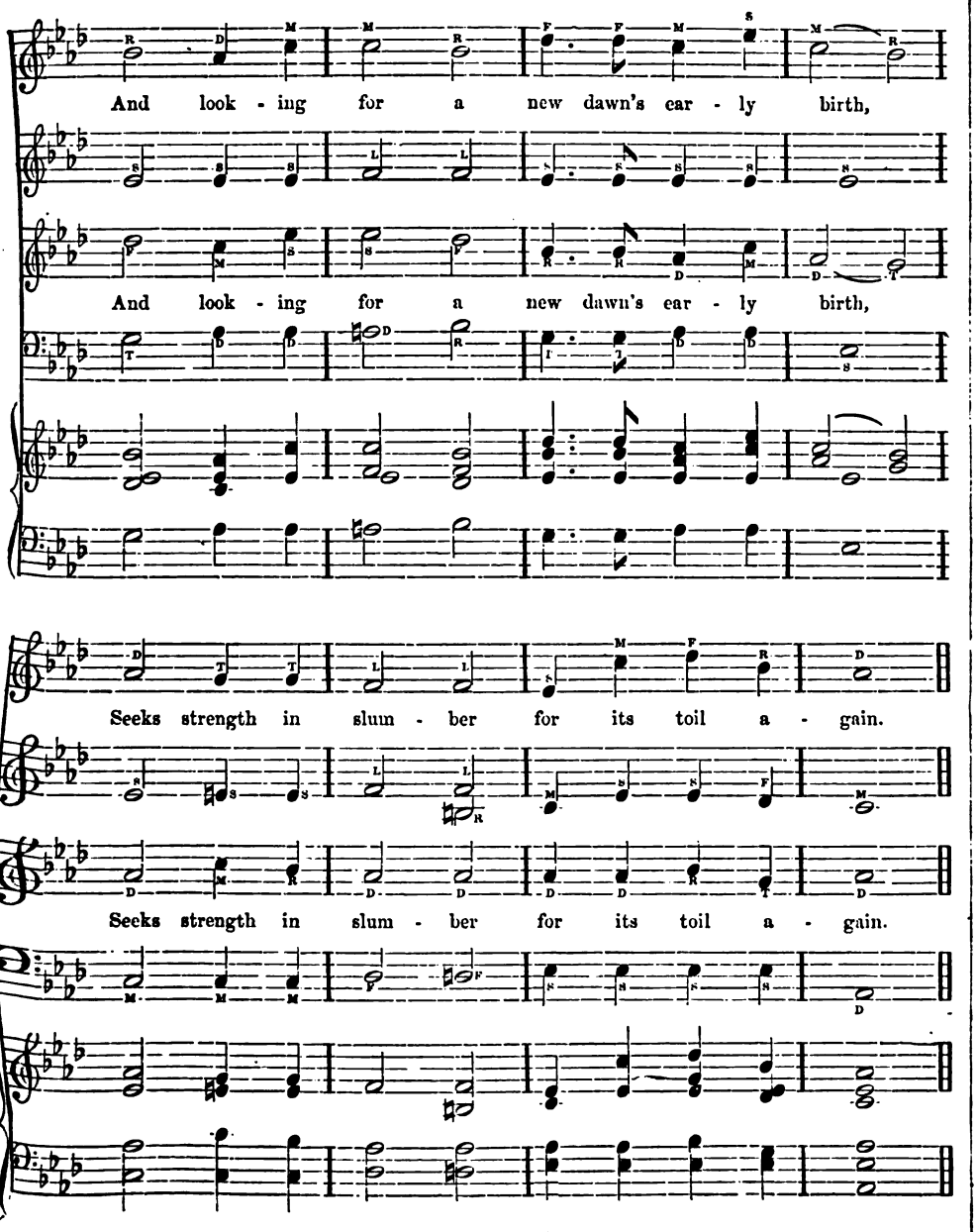
The Treasury Hymnal.

The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Metho musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singer

THE SLEEP OF THE BELOVED.

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Polish Melod*

Met. 96 = ♩

Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp
Sun - light has va - nish'd, and the wea - ry earth
Sun - light has va - nish'd and the wea - ry earth
Lies rest - ing from a long day's toil and pain,
Lies rest - ing from a long day's toil and pain,

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened*

And look - ing for a new dawn's ear - ly birth,
And look - ing for a new dawn's ear - ly birth,
Seeks strength in slum - ber for its toil a - gain.
Seeks strength in slum - ber for its toil a - gain.

We too would rest; but ere we close the eye
Upon the consciousness of waking thought,
Would calmly turn it to yon star-bright sky,
And lift the soul to Him who slumbers not.

Above us is thy hand, with tender care,
Distilling over us the dew of sleep;
Darkness seems loaded with oblivious air,
In deep forgetfulness each sense to steep.

Thou hast provided midnight's hour of peace,
Thou stretchest over us the wing of rest;
With more than all a parent's tenderness,
Foldest us sleeping to thy gentle breast.

SAFDAR ALI, INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS IN JUBBULPORE:

A FRAGMENT OF MISSIONARY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN the course of the first year I clearly perceived that neither the Koran nor the Hadis was of divine origin, and that Mohammed was not the prophet of God. But still, in some points, doubts and difficulties remained. Especially I still had a high opinion of the value of those austerities and self-inflictions which are practised by the religious orders, and which are stated to be of the class of most meritorious works, and tokens of piety and orthodoxy. In the Holy Scriptures I found a detailed statement of the diagnosis of spiritual disease, an account of its cause and origin, particular directions for its true and perfect cure—all so accurate and correct, that I was assured of the divine character of its medicinal prescriptions. But with all this, many doubts arose respecting its contents. As to other creeds and systems—those of the Hindoos, and the philosophers, and the atheists—I now perceived them to be nothing more than either the fancies and speculations of the learned, or the perplexities of the unlearned—the theories of men who, drowned in their own imaginations respecting the origin and order of creation, had lost sight of the true Creator and real First Cause.

In the second year, too, notwithstanding that the superiority and triumph of Christianity over other religions was very evident, yet difficulties beset my mind from every quarter. The least difficulty begat great doubt. To be sure, I was now convinced of the emptiness of other religious systems; and especially I now saw the real character of the pretensions to spiritual knowledge, and the various practices and acts of religious meditation belonging to the Fakeers' profession —that they had no real connection with faith or religion, but were referable to causes inherent in temperament. During this year a mountain of anguish oppressed my sad heart, such as I had never before experienced. I rejected food, and neglected sleep. And especially when I was laid up with a severe bodily ailment, through which my life was despaired of, I felt and uttered keen regret that I was without creed or faith, and still unpossessed of eternal salvation!

'Neither Hindoo, nor Moslem, nor Christian, nor Jew am I:
Sore perplexed is my soul to know what the issue will be!'

In the end of the second, and the beginning of the third year, my interest and attention in investigating and studying the sacred Scriptures, the consistency of its teachings, and its future and eternal aims and issues, were as intense as my sickness was violent. Many of my friends and acquaintances, who were aware of my state of mind, remonstrated with me, and represented the impossibility of any religious system being so faultlessly exact as to pass through such a process of minute and hypercritical investigation unblemished. 'You are under a mistake,' th said; 'no religion is without some defects.' B the Lord was with me; and at this stage l continually gave me peace and comfort. I cou not believe respecting the Most High—of wh existence there was no doubt, all of wh perfect qualities and attributes were matters certainty, whose love also was sufficiently e dent in the works of creation,—that, our spirit need being so manifest, He who had made su large provisions for our *perishing bodies*, whi to-day are, and to-morrow are dust, could p sibly, or consistently with any experience, supposed to have prepared no means of salvatic or way of supply for the spiritual necessities man's *immortal soul*, or to have shown him this world no way of everlasting felicity. I oft sustained my heart with the following stanz and still, as far as possible, carried on my i vestigations:

'Weep not—the exiled Joseph shall yet return Canaan;
Weep not—thy prickly sorrows shall yet bloom fo like roses;
Grieve not, O sorrowful heart, thy lot shall again pleasant;
Weep not—the broken-hearted shall come in trium again.
Be not despondent, although thou know not the sec of God;
Weep not—behind the curtain concealed blessin may lie.
Perilous is thy journey, and dim the goal of thy p grimage;
Yet refrain from weeping, for the longest way has terminus.
Comfort thy heart, for swift upon every sorrow com gladness.
Weep not—for not an ill but hath its appropri medicine.
If there be one that hath ranged the world untouch by sorrow,
Sorrow will find him yet: 'tis the lot of all; therefo weep not.'

And now, thousands upon thousands of thar and praises be to God, the wise and the gracio who, of his compassion and goodness,—not account of my pains and toils, but according his own love and kindness,—took pity upon t miserable and forlorn condition of me, a sinn and gradually, by the leading of his wonder word, by means of commentaries and expositi of learned Christians, and by the instrumental of certain brethren who laid the truth before i put to flight all my difficulties and doubts, temptations and fears, and solved for me ev question,—thus clearing my mind of the da ness of all its doubts, and illuminating it w the light of counsel and understanding. He stowed upon me full assurance, so that I kn his way to be the way of salvation, and accep with confidence, as my Master and Leader, I who is the infallible Pilot, the Guide of the (ing, the Saviour of sinners, the Redeemer of world, the most merciful One, the Lord of hea

and earth, the Sun of Righteousness, and Prince of Peace, to whom all the prophets and apostles, since the world began, successively bore testimony, whose innumerable perfections and illimitable beneficence surpass the limits of understanding,—our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whose grace and mercy are everlasting. Amen.

On the day when I obtained the full assurance of salvation, my relieved heart breathed forth these lines:

'My Friend was very near me, and I roamed far in search of Him;
My well was full of water, while I was parched and thirsty.'

And these also:

'Praise upon praise; to-day my journey is ended:
Now the last stage is reached—my pilgrimage is o'er.'

Another curious coincidence now took place. When I was quite ready to receive baptism, I wrote word to that effect to my two dearest friends. One of these, Kasim Khan by name, who for more than two years had been my confidential and sympathizing companion in religious inquiry, as a preliminary step to a visit in person, addressed a letter to me at Jubbulpore, to say that he would now no longer delay to receive baptism, for in heart he was a Christian already; and that, of course, he would not attempt to hinder me. As I was on an official tour at the time, the letter did not reach me until after the arrival of my friend himself. And it actually came to pass that Kasim Khan and I were both baptized on the same day—the feast of Christ's nativity. My other friend, Karim Bakhsh, still entertained doubts; but they were removed, and, in a little time after, he suddenly arrived in Jubbulpore, and was also baptized.

Such, then, being my case, sir, it is meet and right that I should offer up continual praises and thanksgiving with all the ability of tongue, and mind, and spirit. Such vast goodness transcends the reach of thought and comprehension. And it is a matter for special thankfulness that, during the process of my inquiries, the Lord granted me just such opportunities as I needed of learning that to Christianity belonged that church, into which I have now been baptized, which is free from improbabilities and exaggerations, and adorned and beautified with the jewel of truth.

Now, if I had procured this unhoped-for, imperishable, and unmixed benefit, which from first to last was of the divine love and pity, and all this happiness and joy, at the cost of dear life and worldly goods, it would have been well worth the price. But the Lord gave it to me *freely*. Of what consequence, then, are the few temporal trials which may be mingled with my lot? And though, in India, the becoming a Christian is a cause of much suffering,—friends and strangers alike seeking one's ruin, humiliation, and annoyance in every way,—still, by the grace of God, our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria the Great reigns here, and there is abundance of protection and security. None can inflict illegal injury with impunity. And there is here but little of the affliction which brethren elsewhere have been called to bear. And they have endured all, and glorified God. And let our trials be ever so great, the comfort, and peace, and grace which the Lord gives us, are infinitely greater.

I am thankful, also, that as the Lord healed my spiritual disease, so that I am fully assured of enjoying, by his grace, perfect health, and inward strength, and spiritual power, and of being numbered with his people, in like manner He has vouchsafed me deliverance from my dangerous bodily disease, which I had been doctoring for two years without effect. From the day of my baptism to the present time I have been well. Let who will consider this a chance coincidence,—let who will ascribe it to the accession of confidence and cheerfulness of heart,—I accept it as the gift of the Lord.

It would be my delight, and is my earnest desire, that my fellow-countrymen, especially all my friends and neighbours of my own native place and my own position in life, should become inquirers, and be made partners and partakers with myself in this indefectible grace. I am heartily at their service with tongue and pen, so far as my leisure permits; and, indeed, I have already made a beginning in that direction. But, alas! the bigotry and complacency of these people are immense. If I were the disciple of some Fakeer, no doubt I should procure him a thousand adherents. But immediately people hear the name of Jesus, or of a Christian, they will not listen to a single word; they will not suffer themselves even to look at the Christian advocate.

When the tidings of my conversion first spread about, many of my friends absolutely refused to credit them. They inquired of myself; and, on obtaining my reply, they declined to correspond with me any further. Nevertheless, there is cause for thankfulness that some individuals have set on foot a series of religious inquiries; and a strong determination is perceptible to search out the truth of the case, and to engage the doctors and eminent men of Islam in a written controversy. So I am rejoiced to think that the Lord may help these inquirers, and strengthen their hearts, that they may seek after truth and righteousness, until they are embraced by the free grace of God. Amen.

I have carried this letter to an undue length; and being but slightly acquainted with English, I have necessarily written it in Urdu. I trust that I may be excused.

To the church of God which is in London, even to those that are sanctified through our Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ, together with all who in every place—India and elsewhere—call upon the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, be the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, for evermore. Amen.—Your humble and obedient servant, SAFDAR ALI.

Readings for the Young.

WHAT BECAME OF THE LITTLE BIRDS?

IN a pleasant valley of the Hartz mountains there lies a little village, so covered and penned in that the news of the world seldom gets there. The name of that village is Friedenrode. As it lies just in the midst of mountains, unless you knew the paths very well, you could not find it at all. The people who live there seldom go out to the large cities. The schoolmaster, and the doctor, and the pastor are the only persons who have ever seen a large city. In the summer time the village presents a beautiful appearance. Every house has its little garden and door-yard. Then in the orchard there are fruit-trees of many different kinds.

At the farthest end of the village, where the mountains come close together, and only afford a narrow road by which the people can leave home, there is a very small and neat cottage. It is built of wood, and covered with straw. In this cottage Colestin Wagner lived. He was a woodcutter, and had a wife and two sons. Colestin was a poor man, whose labour was constantly required to support his family. If he had not possessed a cow, and a few goats, that supported themselves by wandering through the forest and getting all they could eat there, Colestin could not have maintained himself. One of his sons was named Fried, and the other Hubert. One day the two boys were out in the woods with their father, when he was chopping wood. Hubert, who was the oldest, had climbed a tree, and was swinging on one of its branches; but suddenly the limb broke, and he fell to the ground. He was severely hurt. One of his legs was broken, and his father had to carry him home. It was a long time before he was able to walk about the house. When he could walk, his parents found, to their great sorrow, that he would be lame for life; for the physician did not know how to set his leg well.

It was a great denial to Hubert to be compelled to stay in the house or walk about in the little garden, for he loved the forest, and nothing delighted him more than to go with his father and enjoy himself in the woods. Colestin and his wife grieved a great deal over Hubert's fate; 'for,' said they, 'he will never be able to support himself, and his lameness will always be an affliction to him. But never mind; we will do the best we can for his support.'

By-and-by Hubert became strong enough to limp along with his father, and go with him into the forest. He would spend a whole day in walking about and listening to the singing of the birds. He became so fond of their singing, and listened to them so attentively, that he finally learned how to imitate some of them. One day he set to work to make a bird cage; and he did it in such a way, that if a bird should hop down on the top of it, it would be caught as if in a trap. Hubert practised imitating the songs of birds carefully every day; and so successful was he in his undertaking, that he finally learned how to imitate all the nice singing birds in the woods. He would conceal himself in a little clump of bushes, near which his cage was set. Then he began to imitate some singing bird, until by-and-by the bird that he was imitating would answer him. Hubert would answer in return, just as if he were a bird; and then the bird would come closer and closer to the cage, thinking all the time that one of its mates was close at hand. Suddenly the trap would spring, and the bird would be caught. Then Hubert would take it out, and put it into another cage that he had there, and at night carry it home and sell it for a few cents to old Hame, the bird-seller of Friedenrode.

By this means Hubert made a little money occasionally, which he gave to his parents, and which aided in his support. He had no knowledge of the true value of the birds that he caught, and therefore he sold them for anything that old Hame had a mind to offer him.

One day Hubert was in the woods engaged in his usual occupation. He had no trouble that day in catching birds. Just as often as he would imitate one, and catch it, he would immediately imitate another, and catch that too. When the sun was about an hour high, he had twenty-five different kinds of birds safely confined, and was just going home. Suddenly he heard a rustling of the leaves, and saw a strange man close by him. The man's name was Kisko, and he was evidently from some other place than Friedenrode. He engaged in conversation with Hubert, and asked him all about the beautiful birds that he had caught.

'Will you sell them to me?' said Kisko.

'Yes, sir,' said Hubert, 'if you will give me enough for them.'

'I'll tell you what I will do,' said Kisko. 'I will take them home with me to Russia, and sell them in the city of St. Petersburg. I will give you a handsome profit if they sell well enough. I will give you now five cents a piece for them. Next spring I will be in Friedenrode again to catch birds myself, for that is my business. If your birds sell well, I will settle in full with you at that time, and I think you will be satisfied with your success.'

Now, Hubert had never received more than three cents a piece for his birds from old Hame, so he thought he would make a very good bargain, even if he never saw Kisko again, and never received any more money from him.

Autumn came. In November Colestin was taken very sick. A doctor came to see him, and told him that it would be a long time before he would be well again, for his disease was of a serious nature. Week after week passed by, until the weeks grew into months. It was fully four months after Colestin was taken sick, that

could sit on the bench in front of his cottage or. By this time his family were in great ant, and it became almost certain that his wife ould have to sell the cow in order that they ght be supported. One morning, at the breakst table, Colestin's wife said: 'We must sell e cow this day. To live on nothing is imsible.'

'Oh!' said Hubert, with tears in his eyes; h, mother, don't sell the cow. Can't I do mething to keep us from parting with her?'

She replied: 'My child, we are starving, and e cow can save us for a little while.'

'Then, won't you wait three days, mother, fore you sell her? for I do believe that God ll provide for us within that time.'

She answered: 'Possibly we might; but we ould be very hungry in the meantime. Still,' e added, 'let us do it, if it is a possible thing.' The first and second days came and went thout relief. Now the afternoon of the third y had come. Hubert and his brother had ndered out in one of the mountain paths to ther a few sticks for firewood. They saw a ntleman coming along on horseback. It was ne other than Kisko. Hubert's heart leaped r joy, for he remembered what Kisko had said him about selling his birds in St. Petersburg.

'You are the boy,' said Kisko, 'whom I want see. I want us to engage together in business; the birds that you sold me were the finest ave ever taken to St. Petersburg. I was told the way there that they were a very superior ad; and knowing that they sung so beautily, and having learned that the Emperor was ry fond of singing birds, I took twenty-one them to his palace—for four had died on the y. It had so happened in my favour that e Emperor had told his porter always to admit ybody who had birds for sale; and no sooner d the porter see my little cages, with birds them, than he said: "Come in, the Emperor ll be glad to see you." In half an hour I was ought into the presence of the Emperor himself. e was delighted with my birds, and asked me great many questions about them. He wished know whether I caught them, or got somebody e to do it; and he was very anxious to know what part of the world they came from. Then I told him about you, Hubert, and how successfully you could imitate almost any bird; that you were a lame boy; and that your parents were poor. My story at once appealed to his sympathies. He bought the birds, and gave a good price for them. Then he drew from his pocket five pieces of money, and told me to present them to you. Here they are. You will find that they are five large pieces of gold. I also received a good deal more for the birds than I expected; and I will now pay you for them.'

Kisko then paid over to Hubert, in addition to the pieces of gold, thirty-nine dollars and eighty cents, as his part of the profit on the birds. Hubert was now almost wild with joy at such success. He felt that the little prayer which he and his brother had offered that afternoon in the woods was now answered. The cow would not be sold. They were richer than they had ever been before. Joy and gladness prevailed once more in that little thatched cottage. Deliverance came at the end of the third day, and the cow was not sold.

Hubert entered into partnership with Kisko, and every year he succeeded in catching a great many valuable birds. The following year Kisko would return and pay him large sums of money as his portion of the profits.

Hubert's brother was very anxious to get an education; and one day Hubert said at the table: 'Brother, you wish to be a lawyer; I have now enough money to send you to a school in Brunswick. You can leave home in two weeks' time, and I will support you.'

Hubert was true to his word; and for six full years kept his brother at school studying law. At the same time, Hubert's profits from his birds were sufficient to enable him to support his father and mother, and to provide them with every necessary comfort.

Thus God made that lame boy the instrument of saving all the family from starvation at a time of great need, and also of educating his brother for professional life. So does God sometimes use the most unpromising agents as instruments of blessing.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Into a desolate land,
White with the drifted snow,
Into a weary land
Our truant footsteps go:
Yet doth thy care, O Father,
Ever thy wanderers keep;
Still doth thy love, O Shepherd,
Follow thy sheep.

Over the pathless wild
Do I not see Him come?
Him who shall bear me back,
Him who shall lead me home?

Listen! between the storm-gusts,
Unto the straining ear,
Comes not the cheering whisper—
'Jesus is near?'

Over me He is bending!
Now I can safely rest,
Found at the last, and clinging
Close to the Shepherd's breast.
So let me lie till the fold-bells
Sound on the homeward track,
And the rejoicing angels
Welcome us back!

—*W. E. Littlewood.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 Sam. i. 12–18.

Here we have an earthly high priest dealing with a child of sorrow; and in his treatment of her we find both a contrast and a comparison with the heavenly High Priest. The contrast comes out strikingly. Eli shows—*First*, Want of knowledge; for he speaks under a mistake—in ignorance of the person and the condition of her whom he addressed. *Secondly*, Want of charity; for he charges her at once with drunkenness. *Thirdly*, Want of patience and caution; for he does not wait to inquire. *Fourthly*, Want of tenderness; for he speaks harshly as well as rashly. How great the contrast in all these respects between the earthly and the heavenly High Priest! Contrast this scene with that of the woman of Sychar, or the woman taken in adultery: what a contrast between Eli and the Lord! How differently does Jesus deal with a sinner from the way in which Eli does! The way in which Eli acts makes it necessary for the woman to *defend herself;* the way in which Jesus acts creates no such necessity; for they to whom He speaks feel that their unworthiness is no bar to his grace, and that the admission of that unworthiness does not alter that grace. The words and acts of Jesus do not *set them upon self-defence*, as did Eli's.

But there is comparison, or likeness, as well as contrast. Eli, though imperfectly, does represent the better High Priest—even Him 'who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities;' who can have compassion on the ignorant; who is 'a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God.' This will come out as we consider —(1) The application to the high priest; (2) The answer; (3) The confidence; (4) The consolation.

I. *The application.*—Hannah deals directly with Eli. She is in Jehovah's tabernacle; she has access to its altar; she speaks to the high priest face to face. Two special requests she makes: (1) Count me *not* a daughter of Belial—treat me not as a sinner; (2) Let me find grace in thy sight. These are our two special petitions in our dealings with the better High Priest: *deal* not with me as a sinner; let me find favour with Thee. Forgiveness and favour, these are what we need, and they are what we come to the Priest for; for He is the High Priest of the good things to come. Let us deal with Him directly. Let us put our whole case into his hands. We apply to Him as the Son of God; as the Priest; as He who sits on the throne of grace. He waits for us; let us wait on Him. He is our Eli, our Aaron, our Melchizedek; all fulness is with Him. He sets open that fulness to us. Though sinners, let us remember we have to do with One who can manage the worst case, and can undertake for the chief of sinners.

II. *The answer.*—His answer is, 'Go in peace: may the God of Israel grant thy petition.' He speaks *peace* to her. She was sorely troubled and tempest-tossed; she needed peace; and it is with peace that he begins. So is it with peace that our Eli begins. He has made our peace, and He speaks to us the peace which He has made. 'Go in peace,' He says to every one who comes to Him; for 'him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' This answer is sure to every one who comes to Him. He does not stand on ceremony with his petitioners. He gives what is asked; He sends none empty away. Let us believe that we have what we ask of Him. And then, as if speaking to us of the Father, He says, 'Jehovah hear thee, and grant thy petitions.' We do not hear his voice. But just as surely as Eli speaks to Hannah, and grants her prayer, so does He speak to us, and does for us exceeding abundantly above all we ask. Every one who goes to our High Priest is quite sure of an answer, and that a gracious one. He sends none empty away. Peace and favour from the God of Israel—these are the things He gives. Hannah went to Eli uninvited; but we go invited; it is our heavenly Priest who says, 'Come unto me!'

III. *The confidence.*—Hannah went her way. She did not trouble, nor vex, nor affront Eli with a second or a third application. She took him at his word, like the centurion who came to Jesus about his son. It is thus that we are to deal with our Eli. Take Him at his word. Trust Him. Do justice to his faithfulness and honesty. Let us not stand on ceremony, or approach in terror and doubt, but believe that He is the rewarder of all that seek Him. Nor let us deceive ourselves, and mock Him, by saying, 'I don't distrust Him; I only distrust myself.' This is absurd. You are really distrusting Him, and doing so on the ground that you are not fully complying with his conditions (as if He made any conditions); whereas He bids you trust Him just as you are. If your faith is not good enough, come with it as it is. If your way of coming be imperfect, add that to the number of your sins, and still trust. Let nothing in yourself produce distrust.

IV. *The consolation.*—She 'did eat, and her countenance was no more sad.' Deep had been her sorrow; now it passed away, at the gracious voice of the high priest. Thus we learn what it is that relieves a disquieted soul. It is the voice of the high priest: 'Go in peace.' We have an High Priest with whom to communicate in our troubles—a greater than Aaron or Eli; and we know, even more surely than Hannah when she heard Eli's voice, that his words, to every soul who comes to Him, are: 'Go in peace.' He does not stand on ceremony with us, nor scrutinize the quality or excellence of our manner of approach. The moment that our words, 'God be merciful to me!' come up to Him, his answer comes down: 'Go in peace.' Let us *be sure of this;* let us give credit to his promises, even though we do not actually see his face or hear his voice. Our application *must be* successful. He cannot deny himself. He cannot dishonour his priesthood nor break his promises. Not more certain ought we to be that we have asked, than that He answers. How long are we to wait before believing Him? How many signs are we to ask before we are sure that He will do as He has said? Why will we persist in *doubts*, which all take for granted that He is not true to his word, and which disguise their wickedness under the name of humility, and under the pretence that, as we do not know whether we have asked aright, we cannot know whether He will answer, till He has answered. Let us beware of the Pharisaism that is always asking for a sign before it will trust the Son of God.

THE COMFORTER.

BY THE REV. J. J. BONAR, GREENOCK.

JOHN XVI. 7-11.

THEY may not like what He is going to mention: it may even sound as incredible—'*Nevertheless, I will tell you the truth*,' said Jesus to his disciples, as we find related in the renth verse. And *we* too have a Master, who ll rather meet our wants than consult our shes.

But *what* was the announcement that Jesus ade, and which needed to be introduced with much precision and authority? It was this: *I go away*, and our pleasant fellowship is near s close.' What a shadow—so dark and cold—ust now have fallen upon the path of the disples; and who could wonder if they wept aloud here they stood! '*I go away!*' it is the sun clipsed at noonday. And still Jesus is '*away*.' ut, beloved, did you ever weep for an absent esus?

The Master heard the anxious sigh that broke om the lips of his grieved friends, and, as if to rush off the tear ere it had fallen, He immediately lds, '*But it is expedient for you;*' and if I tear yself from your embrace, and if I pass into the adow of death, and if I stop not short of the oss, it is all in love for '*you*.' Blessed assurance r *us*, as well as for the apostles! Jesus '*went way*,' and Jesus remains away, not because He as forgotten us, but because He loves us. '*It expedient for you.*'

And if you ask, *how?* here is the explanation. *If I go not away*,' that is, to suffer, '*the Comrter will not come unto you; but if I depart*,' at is, return to my Father, '*I will send Him nto you*.' The Spirit '*comes*' because He is ent.' But He is '*sent*' of the Father, through e hands of the Son; yet not until these hands ve bled, and the sacrifice of the cross has been cepted in the heavens. After all, then, we im, and gain vastly, by the withdrawal of sus, meanwhile, from earth; seeing that an sent *Christ* is a present '*Comforter*.'

The thought, however, would still rise in the ind of the disciples, But *who* is the Comforter? d *what* is his office, his work, his ministry? ey well knew all that Christ had been to em, and is it strange if they should desire to be shown the blessings they might expect from '*the Comforter*,' who was to take their Master's place? Accordingly, Jesus goes on to '*tell them the truth*' pertaining to the Spirit, as He had 'told them the truth' regarding himself, and in the passage of our text declares, '*That the Comforter, when He is come, will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.*'

Let us, then, beloved, fixing our eye on these words, think of '*the Comforter*' as our Lord here describes Him. For, oh! it would be well for our peace and strength did we better know, and better love, the Holy Ghost. And let us begin with marking *the Personality* of the Holy Ghost as here brought out.

'*The Spirit*' is not merely an influence or an attribute. He '*comes*,' and He stays. He is '*sent*,' and He '*reproves*.' He cannot, therefore, be only a Perfection, or a Property, or a Prerogative,—but is a Person. Yet, He cannot be the Father, for nowhere do we read of the Father that '*He comes*.' And He is not the Son, inasmuch as it is in room of the Son He is '*sent*.'

Brethren, hear what Jesus '*tells*' us of the Holy Ghost, and dwell upon these views. He is not an Emanation, but an Agent; a Being, not an Energy. He is *of* God, and He *is* God. For who but God could govern, and reverse, and mould the thoughts of '*the whole world*,' as is here affirmed to be done by '*the Comforter?*'

Mark next *the condescension* of the Holy Ghost, for is He not '*sent?*'

One who is '*sent*' may have equal rank in nature and title with Him who sends. For a time, however, '*the Sent*' is in an inferior position to the Sender. It was so with Christ, and it could not be otherwise with 'the Spirit.' In *what* 'the sending' of 'the Spirit' consisted, or how his inferiority was manifested, we cannot pronounce. It could not be, in regard to Him who is everywhere, a leaving of one place for another. Yet might it not be the exertion of his power in such visible subordination to the designs of the Father and the Son, as would be *equivalent* to their 'sending' Him? At all events, in his relation of '*Comforter*,' executing the will of the Father and the Son, the Spirit was '*sent*;' and

when He publicly descended in the form of a 'dove,' He must have wished it to appear that, for a season, He had as if come out of heaven in furtherance of our salvation.

Whilst, then, we forget not the condescending love of Jesus, let the condescending love of the Holy Ghost not less touch our hearts, and make us wonder. The Spirit loves us, and, as it seems to me, He loves us at some expense. I say not that He humbled himself for us. But surely the hosts around the throne must have felt as if He had covered his majesty, when He took the shape, and floated with the motion, of a creature his own hands had fashioned.

But let us further mark *the sphere* of the Holy Ghost; for '*He is come.*'

Ere Jesus took our flesh He had been often down to the world. And so, likewise, previous to this, *the Spirit* has touched the hearts of men. But as Christ entered on a closer fellowship with men from the day He became incarnate, so, too, from the hour He '*came*' *forth* to take the room of Christ, the Spirit has been among us in a new plenitude of influence, in a variety of gifts hitherto unknown. '*He is come!*'

Let none say, therefore, 'I am waiting for the Spirit, who will fetch down the Holy Ghost.' Man! the Holy Ghost is waiting for you; the Spirit is on the earth. '*He is come*,' and seeks admission into every soul. At this moment He is at thy side! The truth now preached is his 'striving;' that Bible before thee is his testimony; and unless thou wilt forbid, He stands on the threshold, ready to take possession of thy heart.

For now let us mark finally *the work* which the Spirit has undertaken. '*He will convince the world.*'

1. '*The world*' is our fallen race, mankind-sinners, wrapt in darkness, and wandering on to hell. It was *this* 'world' the Holy Ghost had pity on. Like Christ, 'the other Paraclete,' '*He is come*, not to call the righteous, but sinners.' He is 'the Physician' of the sick, not of the whole. He is the Helper, not of the strong, but of the prostrate. He is 'the Comforter,' not of the satisfied, but of the restless. '*The world*' is his sphere. And knowing how mistaken and presumptuous sinful men are, in regard to divine things, the Holy Ghost has 'come *to reprove*,' that is, to reason, to debate, to argue with them, that He may '*convince*' them of what is wrong and false, of what is right and true. *This* is the Spirit's errand, his object, his *work*.

Though, then, there be power with the Holy Ghost, He at the same time deals with us as intelligent beings whom He will '*convince*' that He may win. He does not violently break open a gate of entrance; He forces not truth upon a reluctant mind; He will con believe. On the other hand, He i pleads; He quickens and illumes sways, and by operations, and t known to himself alone, He rea and God to us.

Brethren, *this* is the great wo and let it show us how hard, misled, our soul is because of enough that the Holy Ghost '*reasons*,' and at every step He i us, ere we will walk along the revelation.

Let us also reflect, beloved, we enjoy in the power of the H acquisition of all truth, and let to err—to doubt, is sin.

Men are not afraid to err; m able to doubt, in regard to wha reveal, in regard to what saves. serious thing indeed, either to d a matter such as this, and in o For, tell me, was not the ex Spirit's coming to displace error terminate doubt in '*conviction* done this in the case of innum in all ages? Are not the same unction with Him still? Is He where, as the Spirit of truth error? the Spirit of conviction to

I will think it, then, a sinf sinful thing, to make light of salvation, to look with approval it is wrong to speak of honest d that they who stray into error way. Errors *may* be honest, dou ful in some cases, let us admi when I remember that there i and when I remember that th around us, and when I remem sent Holy Ghost has '*come*' wit design of giving us truth for err instead of doubt, what less can cleave to error and cherish dou from a determination not to a the divine Holy Illuminator? of our age, religious error is doubt is modest. But He wh man, could tell that it is all t self-sufficiency which will rather darkness than trace its path to the Spirit sheds.

2. You inquire, But *what* is bates? and our text acquaints u of '*sin*,' of '*righteousness*,' and

The Spirit debates with us reg of all. We are at no loss to vice is, and what crime is, but we cannot master without t

Scripture is quite definite; yet never shall we realize what it is that pollutes the soul and provokes God, till the Spirit reasons out the whole subject of '*sin*,' on the ground that Scripture furnishes. *Conscience* may not be altogether dead; yet never will conscience sensitively recoil from all that God hates, until 'the Spirit' enables us at once to discern and detest *as* '*sin*' whatsoever God condemns.

If, therefore, you would both know and resent '*sin*,' bear in mind that it is the Holy Ghost who must teach you here, and that without Him you can have neither any abhorrence nor any apprehension of it. The Spirit '*convinces of sin*.'

But the Spirit debates with us also concerning '*righteousness*;' and this means the obedience of Christ accomplished in our room, and which is imputed as our merit. All acknowledge that Christ was '*righteous*,' and that his '*righteousness*' (made up of what He did, and what He suffered) was at once complete and vicarious, a substitutionary and a sufficient *righteousness*, free of every defect, and wrought out for '*the world*.' Nevertheless, until 'the Spirit convinces,' no man will inquire into, or extol, or build upon, this '*righteousness*,' which 'the world' needs, any more than we might comprehend '*the sin*' under which 'the world' is pining.

No doubt we may, by an effort, ascertain the elements of that '*righteousness*' I speak of, and have a dim conception of it. But all this fails to break us off from our own merit, and make us seek after the merit of another. So soon, however, as the Holy Ghost '*convinces of righteousness*,' we see that *the righteousness* of Jesus Christ is perfect, that it was brought in for 'the world,' that it is offered to us; and being severed from all 'confidence in the flesh,' we plant our feet for ever on the atonement of the cross.

It is far, then, from being *enough* to say, 'Jesus finished the work given Him to do.' The Holy Ghost must show us the perfection of his 'finished *righteousness*,' if we shall put it on, indeed, and wear it as a garment wherewith to cover our nakedness. His '*conviction*' will alone strip us of our own filthy rags, and clothe us in the beauty of the Son of God.

But once more, we are told that the Spirit debates with 'the world' in regard to '*judgment*;' and this refers to the condemnation incurred by 'sin.' Perhaps there are few who have not at times been alarmed for wrath; wrath near and consuming. But they soon fell asleep again, and became more supine and impenetrable than ever. It was the terrors of their own fancy that shook them, and though they deprecated hell, they trembled not for God.

When, however, the Holy Ghost convinces of '*condemnation*,' our delusive peace is at an end. For, though it may 'be only one drop of wrath' He lets fall upon the soul, if it be *He* who drops it, it will consume, and spread, and never abate, until it obliges the man to seek refuge in the arms of Christ.

Ask the Spirit, then, to show you what '*condemnation*' is, and if you would be shaken in its grasp, look to Him alone. What though your heart be rent from top to bottom? it secures no advantage if it be just man who cries in your ear, and sounds the alarm. But let '*the Spirit convince of judgment*,' and even though He speak in 'a still small voice,' it shall be as thunder in your heart, and never to be silenced till silenced in the peace of God.

Men and brethren, ye have seen *what* it is we must be convinced of. And are they not great things? even the inexcusableness of sin, the provision of grace, and the certainty of wrath? And *who* is it that brings these truths home but the Holy Ghost? God himself seeks to remove our darkness, and deliver us from every yoke of unrighteousness. He is in earnest with us, and He will have us to be in earnest too. He comforts us with the truth, and He invests it with light, that we may behold it. He reasons, He expostulates, He argues. '*The Spirit convinces*.'

And all this He does for *each one* of you. It is not a general appeal He makes, but He deals with us as individuals, and there is not one single heart at which He has not knocked loud and often. Even the youngest here have already *felt* so much as should have awakened them, and have *seen* enough to guide them aright, if they had only been faithful. Yes, friends, you may gainsay his arguments, and resist his love, even to life's close; you may remain deaf to his voice, and suffer not his tenderness to melt you; still, most certain it is, that the very Holy Ghost offered you truth for error, conviction for obduracy, life everlasting for endless woe. And if, after all, you lose your road, and stumble, and perish, the blame will be your own.

3. Our Lord having stated what the truths are which the Spirit 'convinces' of, goes on to show what are *the arguments* whereby He makes his appeal effectual. For does He not declare: '*He will convince of sin, because they do not believe on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged*?'

'The Spirit convinces of sin,' says Jesus, '*because they believe not on me*,' and thus warns us, at the onset, of the source from which our danger flows. Alas! how easily we sit for long under the yoke of '*unbelief*,' and count it no burden or reproach, but freedom rather, and joy! In the day, however, when the Spirit anoints, all is changed, and we feel as if the very worst of

sins was *unbelief*. It is ingratitude, and rebellion, and blasphemy. It sheds the blood of Christ anew, and shakes the throne of God. It disputes the wisdom of the Divine Lawgiver; it sets at nought the authority of the Universal Potentate; it spurns the merit of the atoning Days-man, and it tramples under foot the riches of the manifested Godhead. It is the origin and strength, the top and bottom, of all evil then, and no challenge so abashes the soul as that of '*unbelief*' 'when the Spirit convinces.'

Ask the Holy Ghost to show you *this*, and learn to make '*unbelief*' the test and measure of all sin. The idea is not welcome to philosophy; it was never found out by reason. The unrenewed heart will disclaim it. Yet the truth lies here, and salvation is here, and holiness is also here, even in the conviction that the sin of sins is '*unbelief*.' Beloved, men talk lightly of *unbelief;* but remember you that *unbelief* is the rejection of Christ, and that the rejection of the Son is the rejection of the Father. Beloved, 'the world' often looks fair to us; but, oh, how the world must delight in sin, when it will not believe in Him who came to take sin away! Oh! what a heart, beloved, must ours be, which rather would love a sinful creature of the dust, than the sinless Lamb of God!

As to 'the righteousness' prepared for 'the world,' does not Jesus next say, that 'the Spirit will convince of it, *because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more?*' Jesus had been 'sent' by his Father to work out a propitiatory '*righteousness*,' by his obedience, and suffering, and death. But Jesus has '*gone back to the Father*,' with 'the righteousness' He had accomplished; and with exceeding joy the Father received Him to the fellowship of his bosom, and the majesty of his throne.

'The world's sin,' then, is met by 'the righteousness of Christ;' and if we will only take this 'righteousness' for our shield, we shall have no more cause of alarm, seeing that we are not merely told that Jesus '*has gone back to the Father*,' but that it is added, '*and ye shall see me no more.*' Alas! had 'the world' seen Christ again, ere He is seen in the clouds, it must have been because He had not finished his work. But Jesus is not remanded to earth again, that in poverty, and reproach, and pain, He might complete an incomplete work. His work is done, '*and we see Him no more*,' for everlastingly He appears in our behalf, within the veil, in all the splendour of his perfect 'righteousness.'

Beloved, it is a sweet assurance, '*I go to the Father*,' intimating as it does, that 'the righteousness' Jesus prepared for 'the world' has been accepted by our Judge, and is enough to hide all sin from his view. But '*Ye shall see me no more*,' is an assurance quite as sweet, announcing Jesus will stand before God as our Represent without failure, until there be no further ne his intercession.

The departure and absence of Jesus, th the seal of his mediatorial righteousness, o vicarious merit, as affixed to it by God hi and evermore let us rejoice in this attest When Jesus looked at the robe of righteou He had worn for us by pain, and endurance blood-shedding on the cross, He said, ' finished,' and on *this* testimony our soul n have securely rested. But He took the through the skies, and having shaken it amid the light of heaven, He asked the Fa 'if his eye could detect a single stain?' giving Him 'glory at his right hand,' the F told the Son that the robe was spotless. Fri ask 'the Holy Ghost' to show you this. W prone to tarry always at the cross, where is seen the sacrifice offered. But if we allo 'Holy Ghost' to point our eye to the thron shall see the offered sacrifice accepted. W look to the altar on Calvary, I behold the ra paid, and my peace is strong. But when I to the mercy-seat, behind the veil, then I b God delighting in the ransom, and my rises to the height of triumphant joy.

But what says '*the world*' to 'the right ness' of the Son of God? 'O world,' it designed for thee, and it will cover every si is 'altogether fair,' and will abide the scr of fire. It is free, and it is close at hand. then, put it on, put it on by faith,—put it on it on, and shine brighter than an angel.

How keen will be thy remorse, O man, if shalt hereafter behold the matchless gar Jesus offered thee, and must for all eterni member that thou didst prefer to it thy rags, thy nakedness. Get hold, then, at on 'the righteous Christ,' and be righteous i 'righteousness,' even as He is righteous. from Him, thou art all misery and pollution. with Him, thou art all loveliness and honou

But, in the last place, does not Jesus that the Spirit 'convinces of judgment, *be the prince of this world is judged?*' Satan '*the prince of this world*,' and he could men, and the earth too, because of sin, a 'lawful prey.' But Satan has been '*judged.* the cross Jesus met him, and brought his to an end. On the cross Jesus vanquished him assumed the principality from which He cas usurper out. '*The prince of this world is jud* he is defeated and dethroned. '*The prin this world*' is its prince no more. '*He judged*' by the Son of God, and is his pri in everlasting chains.

Be sure of this, believer, and let not the f

Satan disquiet thee at any time. Our adversary is in the strong grasp of Christ, and though he will accuse, he cannot prevail. He may threaten, but he cannot wound. What though he alarms? he can never cast us down. Oh! no; even already we are set free from his malice, *and* '*shortly we shall bruise him under our feet!*'

Unconverted friends, what say you? Will ye be condemned with Satan in his condemnation, or conquer with Jesus the Conqueror? Will ye divide the triumph with the Son of God, or share the ignominy of Satan's overthrow? Thus it lies with you to say, and you can tell us now. Only let the Holy Ghost '*convince you*,' and putting away all your '*sin*,' by putting on '*the righteousness*' of Christ, you escape for ever '*the judgment*' which has smitten into hell '*the prince of this world*.'

But if you will not believe, and let your iniquities thereby be washed away, then learn what *your* condemnation will be, by the condemnation of *Satan*, and bear in mind that it is 'with the devil and his angels' your eternity must be spent. Satan had no advantages of grace, and refused no offer of salvation. Yet was *he* '*judged*,' and sunk into darkness. But, says Jesus, take heed, 'O world;' for if God so dealt with angel-sinners, will He not deal in like manner with mankind-sinners?

Perhaps you will not own that there is a devil. But there *is* a devil. Jesus says it; and He adds that this devil has power over human hearts. Ask, then, the Holy Ghost to show you this. Ask Him to 'convince' you, first of Satan's being, then of Satan's doom. And when He opens your eyes, He will make you know, 'in the judgment of the prince of this world,' what is awaiting them who are too proud to let their guilt be washed away in the blood of Christ.

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA,

AUTHOR OF 'HELEN DUNDAS, OR THE PASTOR'S WIFE;' 'SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE, AND OTHER TALES,' ETC. ETC.

No. IV.

GOD'S THOUGHTS NOT OUR THOUGHTS, NOR HIS WAYS OUR WAYS.

HAS it ever puzzled or perplexed you to know why it was that, when you were quite sure that if such an opportunity was granted, or such a circumstance happened, or such a plan succeeded, it would be for the glory of God, and the good of souls, yet that the opportunity was not granted, and the circumstance did not occur, and the plan did not succeed?

Shall I tell you why; or rather, shall God himself tell you, for then there cannot be any mistake? Listen to Him, then, as He speaks through the prophet Isaiah, and says, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For' (oh! blessed reason)—'*for* as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts' (Isa. lv. 8, 9).

When we are high up on a mountain side, our eye takes in a far wider and more extensive range of vision than it could do were we in the valley beneath. We may even climb so high as to be above the clouds which overhang the valley, and hide from those who inhabit it the mountain top where we are standing.

And so it is with God. His thoughts are *so* much higher than ours, that they can see *above* the mists and clouds that envelope us; yes, and look on and on, throughout an endless eternity. No wonder, then, that his thoughts are so often different from ours; different, because wiser; wiser, because higher.

Take, as an illustration, the case of a lady, of whom I heard some time ago. She was an old and feeble invalid, and many wondered why she was spared year after year, seldom able to leave her arm-chair, while the young and the active in God's service were taken. It was so strange, so mysterious, they said. Yes; for their thoughts were lower than God's thoughts.

One day a young nephew came to see her, who had just got his lieutenancy on board a man-of-war. Life looked very bright and joyous before him; and warmly did his aunt congratulate him, and lovingly did she enter into and sympathize with all his hopes for the future. But, when he was leaving, most earnestly and solemnly did she say: 'My dear boy, remember one thing. Remember to seek first—first of all—first, before anything else, "the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and then all other things shall be added unto you"' (Matt. vi. 33).

Little heed did he pay to her words at the moment; but that night, as he lay in his berth, vainly endeavouring to sleep, God the Holy Spirit brought them home with power to his heart. In a strength not his own, he resolved that henceforth he *would* seek first the kingdom of

God, and his righteousness. Through God's grace he kept his resolution, and experienced the truth of the promise annexed to the precept quoted by his aunt. Other things *were* added to him; he rose rapidly in his profession, and was not only blessed, but made a blessing to many.

Or take another, and not by any means uncommon case.

A devoted clergyman, in a large and important parish, is suddenly laid aside by illness, in the midst of a career of active usefulness, where he had been made a blessing to many, and where crowds assembled whenever and wherever he preached or lectured on the glad tidings of the gospel of peace. Sinners were converted, and saints were strengthened; and still, in the midst of it all, the faithful, zealous, hard-working clergyman is entirely shut out from the labours he so dearly loves.

His parishioners are in dismay. 'How strange! how mysterious!' is the cry raised on every side. 'We shall never have such another pastor! Why did not God still spare him to us, and take one of the many who seem to slumber at their post, and never to awake to a sense of the shortness of the time there is to work, or the value of immortal souls?'

How strange, how mysterious to such people would have seemed the forty years spent by Moses in the back side of the desert! Forty years!—a third of his whole life, and, as they would suppose, the part of it in which he was best fitted for active work. 'What waste of time!' would they not have said; 'how much more good he might have done had he spent that forty years in preaching to the children of Israel!'

But then, as now, 'God giveth not account of any of his matters' (Job xxxiii. 13). And time passes on—weeks, months, perhaps even years roll by—and again the pastor is given back to his people; again he is permitted to labour amongst them, and preach Christ crucified. But is he the same man that he was when he left them? In order to find out, let us see how the time of trial was spent.

Grief and sorrow, mingled with surprise, were probably his first feelings. There was so much that he wanted to do, so much that he had arranged to do, so much that no one else could do, —what would his people do without him? Then come thoughts—sorrowful, humbling thoughts of what he might have done; and, more sorrowful, more humbling still, of what he might have been. Amidst the constant pressure of work *for* Jesus, had he been as much *with* Jesus as he ought? While continually teaching others, had he continually sought to be himself taught of God? While keeping the vineyards of others, had not his own been sometimes neglected? Had not the want of sufficient communion with the Lord Jesus—of quiet reading of the word of God —of constant and earnest prayer—often ruffled his spirit, and made him hasty and impatient? When he looked at the crowded church, or meeting, or schoolrooms, had he not sometimes forgotten that he was but an instrument, and a very imperfect one; and that, though even a 'Paul might plant, and an Apollos water, yet that it is only God 'who giveth the increase?' (1 Cor. iii. 6.)

Ah! he no longer wonders why he has been laid aside; rather does he wonder that one so unworthy as he feels himself to be, has ever been permitted to work. His illness seems like a gentle message from 'the Shepherd and Bishop of souls' (1 Pet. ii. 25), saying to him, as He did to his disciples in the days when He was on earth, 'Come ye yourselves into a desert place apart, and rest awhile' (Mark vi. 33); and with the simple faith of a little child, he is now able to answer, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth' (1 Sam. iii. 9).

And in his hours of weakness or of suffering, how near does the Lord Jesus draw to him!—revealing himself to him as He does not unto the world; teaching him some lessons that can only be learned on a bed of sickness, and others that can only be learned in times of quiet communion; while others again, that *may* be learned under any circumstances, are now learned by him with a depth, and an intensity, and a fulness unknown before.

And so, once again he returns to his people; and they do not any longer wonder at God's dealings, or speak of them as strange and mysterious. No, their pastor is not the same as he was when taken from them. There is a calmness about him now, that is only gained by living very close to Jesus. There is a patience and a tenderness in dealing with others, only exercised by those who have felt how deeply they have needed patience and tenderness themselves. There is a humility learned only by a solemn sense of God's holiness. There is a spirituality, never acquired except by a perpetual drawing of fresh grace from Him in whom all fulness dwells.

His people take 'knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus' (Acts iv. 13). It was worth while to have lost him for a time, to have got him again, the same, yet oh! how different—'*emptied of self, and filled with Jesus!*' There was the change; and there, as it is true in a greater or less degree, lies the grand secret of the greater or less efficiency of every pastor.

But the people—were there not lessons for them also to learn? Had not some of them exalted their pastor too highly? Had they not forgotten that he was but an instrument in God's hands? Had they not thought it so impossible that his views on any subject could be mistaken, that they had neglected to follow the example of the Bereans, and search the Scriptures for themselves, to see whether these things were so? (Acts xvii. 11.) Had they not felt that they could not, perhaps even that they *would* not, learn from any one else, or work under any one else? And may not God, through their pastor's illness, be sounding loudly the solemn warning, 'Cease ye from man?' (Isa. ii. 22.)

Others, again, may have despised or neglected his ministrations, or been offended at his faithfulness; but now that he is gone, they learn their loss—learn how anxiously he 'watched for their souls, as one that must give an account' (Heb. xiii. 17).

of these different classes God may message to send through their pastor hat He could not have sent in the through their pastor in health. A d, if I may use the expression, on a en penetrates where a spoken word each. And, surely, if a pastor and benefit, as they *may* do, by such a hall have abundant cause to thank ere and hereafter, that his thoughts ir thoughts, nor his ways their ways. whatever circumstances we may be however perplexing and mysterious em to us, shall we not seek for faith, fully and joyfully in the wisdom, and nd the love of Him who, though his d ways are different from ours, yet ings well,' and who has promised to ings work together for good, to them d?'

BE CAREFUL FOR NOTHING.'

rtling words! How strange they impossible it would be to obey them! what, in our inmost hearts, we are ay and to think, as we read them? y come from One who 'knoweth our remembereth that we are dust' (Ps. m One who is not wont to issue an mmand, and then leave us, in our d weakness, to discover, as best we d how it is to be obeyed.

and before us is very like that in apter of St. Matthew, where our l says, 'Take no thought, saying, we eat? or, What shall we drink? thal shall we be clothed?' Do not *ous*, or *tossed about* (for that is the meaning of the words), about your othes; and then comes the blessed he command—'*for* your heavenly eth that ye have need of all these rely, if an earthly father knows his nts, and has power to relieve them, adly do so: 'how much more shall ly Father give good things to them ?' (Matt. vii. 11.)

turn to the command we are more onsidering—'Be careful for nothing' . Our word 'carefulness,' or 'care,' one which means 'to draw the heart very like what we read of Israel: t is *divided*' (Hos. x. 2). And is wing of the heart two ways the t of care in a Christian? With one art he is, as it were, trying to raise to God, and with the other he is is trouble; and *this* side being the ws the upward thoughts down again, t becomes burdened with care.

ot, however, be of much use telling r carefulness *is* a fault, and a serious we could point to a remedy, and a is not only certain in its effects, but all circumstances, and which may the weakest and most ignorant of en, as well as by the strongest and Such a remedy has been provided for us, to enable us to obey the command, 'Be careful for nothing;' and consists of three parts —all, however, closely and intimately connected with each other.

The first part of this remedy is given in the last clause of the immediately preceding verse, and is contained in the words, 'The Lord is at hand;' or, 'The Lord is close beside you.' In order, however, that this thought may help us to obey the command, we must find out what kind of Lord He is. All depends on this. If the kindest friends in the world were beside us, they might be all powerless to help us; or an enemy might be beside us, and have the power, but not the will. Both are essential, and both the Lord has. To Him has been 'given all *power* in heaven and in earth' (Matt. xxviii. 18); and can we doubt his willingness, when we read that He 'is merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in mercy and truth' (Ex. xxxiv. 6); and that 'He is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works?' (Ps. cxlv. 9.) Ah! is there not strength and comfort in the thought of having *such* a Lord beside you?

But to come to details. What is it about which you are careful? Is it about your soul? The Lord beside you has said: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out' (John vi. 37); 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool' (Isa. i. 18). Are you troubled about one very dear to you? The Lord beside you has said: 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked' (Ezek. xxxiii. 11); and is 'long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance' (2 Pet. iii. 9). Or is it that your husband is dead, and you feel that you will soon follow him, and then what is to become of your children—who is to provide for them? Hear that same gracious Lord saying to you, in perhaps the most trying circumstances in which you could be placed: 'Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive' (Jer. xlix. 11); and again: 'A father of the fatherless . . . . is God in his holy habitation' (Ps. lxviii. 5); and yet again we read: 'In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy' (Hos. xiv. 3). The meaning of mercy is, 'laying misery to heart.' You know that the Lord has power to relieve your children's misery, and He has promised to lay it to his heart. *Could* He do that, and not relieve it? Well might He say, 'Let thy widows *trust in me*' (Jer. xlix. 11). To take but one more instance. Is it because you have been misunderstood, or misrepresented, that makes you careful—fearing that your character may suffer? Listen to the Lord beside you, as He assures you that 'He will bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day' (Ps. xxxvii. 6).

Have we not, then, a most strong and powerful reason for being 'careful for nothing,' in the simple assurance that 'the Lord is at hand?'

There is another reason, however, which follows the command, and is joined to it by the little conjunction 'but.' 'But' (as if it said, *instead of being careful*) 'in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let

your requests be made known unto God.' Sure it is, that 'all things,' and therefore the things which are making you careful, 'are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do' (Heb. iv. 13). Yet we must tell them to Him in prayer. Willing as He is to grant our desires, and to satisfy our wants, still the promise is, '*Ask*, and ye shall receive' (Matt. vii. 7). And He not only permits, but invites us to do this; for He says, 'Put me in remembrance' (Isa. xliii. 26). Then, again, how precious is the little word '*every!*' The thing that is making you careful may be something so important, that on its being granted may depend, so far as you can see, the happiness of your whole life; and you think, perhaps, 'What right have *I* to ask such a favour—*I* that am so worthless, so unprofitable? Look at the verse, and you will find it says, 'In *everything*;' therefore that everything must include great things as well as small.

Perhaps, however, what is making you careful may be in itself a trifle so small, that you would be ashamed to tell it even to a friend; but still it has power to trouble *you*, and make *you* careful. Or, again, it may be a combination of little things that, on this particular day, seems to make everything go wrong. We will suppose a case. It is late in the afternoon, and, weary and depressed, you are sitting in your own room, to secure a quiet half hour for rest and thought before your husband comes home. What is it that has made the day so weary? You think over it. It was a bright sunshiny morning, and the children were restless and inattentive, longing for their lessons to be over, that they might go out, and you are afraid you were not as patient and gentle as you might have been. When you went about your housekeeping, there had been some mistake about the marketing—something you particularly wished to have for dinner had not come—and, at great inconvenience, you had been obliged to send one of the servants for it, and she did not like going, and you felt worried. Then, just as you sat down to write a letter you wished to send by the day's post, a young friend came in. You liked her, and were interested in her, and had often tried to win her confidence and lead her to Jesus; but you wished she had not come in just then. You had not time to notice her wistful look of disappointment, as, plainly perceiving she was in the way, she left in a few minutes. If you but knew that she had come to-day intending to open her heart to you, but, seeing you looked worried and troubled, went away without doing it, thinking how sadly altered you were, how grieved you would be! But you do not know it; you only suspect it, as you sit thinking. Then other visitors came in; and just as you were setting off to visit a poor sick woman, it began to rain so heavily that you could not go out at all. Now you remember the words, 'Be careful for nothing;' but you would much rather not remember them,—they sound cold and unsympathizing,—and you say, 'I cannot help being careful; no one could, who had such a multitude of little things to do and to think of.'

Again you think of the verse—of the whole verse this time—and with a sigh you say, 'Yes, certainly, if I was careful or anxious about anything great or important, I would certainly pray about it; but these things are such trifles, I should be ashamed to bring them to God in prayer.' Look at the verse, and you will see that the words are, 'In *everything*;' and does not that word include small things as well as great? Besides, if things are too small and insignificant to tell God, they are surely too small and insignificant to trouble you, and make you careful.

Would not the day, with all its troubles, have been a happy one, had you lived through it in the realized consciousness that the Lord was beside you? How calm it would have made you, how gentle, how patient! And then, how a moment's prayer about the children and servants would have smoothened your temper and theirs! Would not this consciousness and prayerfulness have made you watch to see the Lord's purpose in your young friend coming to you; and would not the answer have been sent, in your being given the right word to speak to her; while the wet afternoon might have seemed sent by God as a time for you to look after your own vineyard, instead of those of others? Think not for a moment, that the most trifling thing that concerns you is too small for your Father in heaven to care about. What could be more unimportant than the number of the hairs of your head? yet He who 'telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their name,' has numbered them (Ps. cxlvii. 4; Matt. x. 30). We think the sparrows very insignificant, yet not one of them falls to the ground without your Father's knowledge. Fear not, then, to tell that Father your cares, for ye are 'of more value than many sparrows' (Matt. x. 29).

But perhaps you may say, 'I have prayed; but I suppose I did not pray in faith, for somehow my prayers, instead of rising to heaven, seemed to fall powerlessly on my heart, and I had not hope enough to try again.'

And if you had, it would not have been any use. As the poet has truly said—

'Words without thoughts, never to heaven mount;'

your thoughts were with your cares, and you only prayed because you ought, or because you knew that sometimes, when people prayed, they did get answers; so perhaps, as God is very merciful, He might possibly do what you asked Him.

Ah! such prayers never reach God—never win an answer. You did not search the Scriptures and see what good cause you had to trust the Lord who was beside you. Neither did you try the effect of the third part of the remedy against carefulness, woven into the verse we have been considering, and which until now we have purposely avoided mentioning. You did not let thanksgiving for past blessings mingle with your prayers for present ones. And yet the injunction is: 'In everything, by prayer and supplication *with thanksgiving*, let your requests be made known unto God.' And how wonderfully the recollection of past mercies, and past answers

ɣthens and confirms our wavering
ıbling hearts!
ough to raise your 'Ebenezer,' and
› hath the Lord helped us' (1 Sam.
ı thanksgiving, as with prayer, you
letails. Not long ago, a dark cloud
;ween you and your Saviour, and
t any one to whom you felt you
ır trouble; but one day you were
rning visit, the lady of the house
ɾly engaged, and you were asked to
nutes. You took up a book that,
happened to be lying on the table;
'ou found that 'God's way of peace'
at exactly suited you, for it showed
ıad '*made* peace through the blood
Col. i. 20), and that you had only
You did accept it, and you went
ing in God your Saviour' (Luke

›e, that one, dearer to you than life,
g, as it appeared; and in an agony
that, 'if it was possible, the cup
'om you' (Matt. xxvi. 39); and it
l your loved one was restored to
ɾength again. Nay, more, life to
given, when life to the body was

ı, you remember how, some months
promised your children that, if the
ine, you would give them a holiday,
in the woods. The evening looked
ɾable, and the children were sadly
ıther would change. You remember
ɛered them all around you, and read
›me verses, to show that God was
ɣracious that He liked to see people
you read them some to show his
ıe weather, and how He could send
send it, just as He pleased; and
heir hearts had been cheered, and
›n encouraged to trust God's love,
wn with them all, and in few and
ı you told God the plan for the
why your children were so anxious
d be fine, and asking Him that, if
. for them, their desire might be
ıd it was granted, for the day was
l; and very heartily had you thanked
God, as again you knelt with your happy children, who you felt had learned one more lesson of their heavenly Father's goodness, and his love of answering prayer.

As you recall these, or similar instances, and remember the character of the Lord who is beside you, do you not feel that you *can* pray in faith, and *can* cast your care upon Him, *knowing* that He careth for you? (1 Pet. v. 7)—knowing, too, that He who delivered you in six troubles, in the seventh will not let evil touch you (Job vi. 19).

And then, how beautifully, in the next verse, comes in the promise, '*And*'—that is, *if* you trust in the Lord, who is always at hand, and in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make your requests unto Him, the blessed result shall be this: 'And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds.' What a marvellous promise! It is not *our* peace that is to keep our hearts and minds. Ah! if it was, the first cloud of care would dim its brightness. No; it is God's peace—the peace that the Lord Jesus died to gain for us—a peace which may truly be said to pass all understanding, because it may be yours under circumstances when, either because of the multitude of petty troubles that daily throng your path, or from intense anguish, nothing else, or nothing less could keep you calm. But, as it is elsewhere said, '*Thou* wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee' (Isa. xxvi. 3). If we have a strong warder to keep our castle, will he not prevent intruders from entering? and if the peace of God is keeping our hearts and minds, it will banish cares.

If, therefore, at any time we do find cares returning, we may be quite sure that the warder is absent. He never leaves his post of his own accord. Oh! if he is gone, see to it, that by using the means of which we have been speaking, you speedily bring him back. And watch that you do not do anything to drive him away again, for when you do, you grieve the Lord who is beside you. The passage closes with the words, 'Through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Oh, how it enhances the joy, to receive such a blessing, through such a messenger!

Readings for the Young.

' FOR THE DARK VALLEY.

E of our greatest statesmen lay
wrestling with his last enemy. All
his learning, all his eloquence, all
the worldly applause he had won,
were nothing to him now. Though
ɐd of no bodily suffering, yet his
restlessly upon his couch, and his
betokened an agony within, which
and power of will could not com-
asked a friend to read to him; and
poem, Gray's *Elegy*, was the con-
is dying hour!

Lately a light has gone out from the land. One of America's bravest sons, and most honoured, has left us. The record of his deeds of valour will ring down the centuries. And yet, what have his victories achieved for him at the grave's mouth? What things occupy his last moments? We may not *fully* know; but it is recorded that the last intelligible words of one of America's greatest generals (Winfield Scott) were addressed to his hostler: 'James, how is the horse?' 'He is well, General.' 'Take care of him, James;' and in less than half an hour his soul took its flight.

How different the scene when a poor converted

red man laid him down to die on his bed of leaves! Though racked with suffering, he exclaimed to one who watched over him: 'Me no have plenty book learning like white man, but Jesus teach poor Indian. He come in night time, when all is dark, and then me have light, and joy, and happiness. And now me go soon to Him. He come quickly, take poor Indian home, and then there be no more dark!'—*Sunday-School Times.*

YOU CAN'T CATCH IT.

You can't catch it, boys or girls. You may be as fleet of foot as the antelope, or you may fly as on the wings of an eagle, yet you cannot overtake it.

Cannot overtake what?

The bad word which has passed your lips! It fled to heaven, and wrote itself on the book of God. You can't catch it.

The wicked deed you performed. It soared to the judgment, and was stereotyped on the memory of the Judge. You can't catch it.

The sinful thought you indulged. Its image was caught by the light of God's eye, and photographed on the roll of your history. You can't catch it.

Beware then, O my children, what you think, what you do, what you say.

SOMETHING COMES.

Something comes of all we do. There is a little girl, she lives in the country, she has a little plot in the garden—*her own* flower-bed. There, one day, she planted a little seed. Left it there a week at least, and took no notice of it? No, no; up early in the morning after, hastening to look at the spot where but yesterday she sowed the seed, so anxious to know whether it would take root and grow. And oh! with what delight does she watch the result of her little se sowing!

There is a boy standing by the river; he ta up a stone, the largest he can find, and thr it with all his might into the water. And r away? No; but waits to watch the circles, widening circles, that follow the casting in the stone.

Nor must we forget that the something t comes of all we do is *according to what we* Foolish would that man be who sowed tares, expected to reap wheat; yet not more foo than the conduct of those who sow the se of wickedness and folly, and think, by and when the harvest comes, to reap the fruit holiness and love. God's word is plain; e keep it in mind: 'Whatsoever a man sow that shall he also reap: for he that soweth his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Sp reap life everlasting.'

'I HAVE ORDERS NOT TO GO.'

'I have orders, positive orders, not to go the orders that I dare not disobey,' said a youth was being tempted to a smoking and gamb saloon.

'Come, don't be so *womanish!* come along a man,' shouted the youths.

'No, I can't break orders,' said John.

'What special orders have you got? Co show them to us, if you can. Show us orders.'

John took a neat little book from his poc and read aloud: 'Enter not into the pat the wicked, and go not in the way of evil r Avoid it! pass not near it! turn from it, pass away!'

'Now,' said John, 'you see my orders fo my going with you. They are God's orders, by his help I mean to keep them.'

GOING HOME.

Where are you going so fast, old man?
Where are you going so fast?
There's a valley to cross, and a river to ford;
There's a clasp of the hand, and a parting word,
And a tremulous sigh for the past, old man—
The beautiful, vanished past.

The road has been rugged and rough, old man;
To your feet it is rugged and rough;
But you see a dear being, with gentle eyes,
Has shared in your labour and sacrifice.
Ah! that has been sunshine enough, old man,
For you and me—sunshine enough.

How long since you passed o'er the hill, old man,
Of life—o'er the top of the hill?
Were there beautiful valleys on t'other side?
Were there flowers and trees, with their branches wide,
To shut out the heat of the sun, old man—
The heat of the fervid sun?

And how did you cross the waves, old ma
Of sorrow—the fearful waves?
Did you lay your dear treasures up, one by
With an aching heart, and 'God's will be d
Under the wayside dust, old man,
In the graves 'neath the wayside dust?

There is sorrow and labour for all, old ma
Alas! there is sorrow for all;
And you, peradventure, have had your shar
For eighty long winters have whitened your h
And they've whitened your heart as well
man—
Thank God, your heart as well!

You're now at the foot of the hill, old ma
At last at the foot of the hill!
The sun has gone down in a golden glow,
And the heavenly city lies just below.
Go in through the pearly gate, old man,
The beautiful pearly gate! —

Miscellaneous.

alian Caricatures. — Of the hundreds of catures which we saw in Italy, none so im-ssed us as a little card which we were shown Naples. It expressed, with antithetical con-usness and power, a great truth. In two sen-ces, the respective genius of the gospel and that the Papacy was comprehensively and vividly off. The card was divided into two compart-nts. In the one compartment was a representa-n of Christ on the cross, his head encircled with wreath of thorns. In the other was Pius IX. the throne, adorned by the triple crown. Under-th Him who wore the thorny crown were the rds: 'God made himself a man, that He might e men.' Underneath the wearer of the tiara s written: 'A man made himself God, that he ght destroy men.' Pasquin is an ancient insti-ion at Rome. An invisible Rhadamanthus, he cted his tribunal in the midst of society, and rdessly summoned before it personages of every ree, and opinions and manners of all sorts. decisions were often severe, sometimes sar-tic, sometimes witty, occasionally quaint, but monly just. Seldom does he fail to hit the k. The Romans listened to Pasquin, and bowed e profoundly to the oracle of the pillar than to the oracle of the Vatican. The former generally accounted the more infallible of two. After a long silence, Pasquin has again en. Let us hear him on the present state of gs in Italy. The following appeared recently the famous column:

'The Pope wields the two powers.
The soldier defends all the two.
The citizen pays for all the three.
The labourer toils for all the four.
The priest eats for all the five.
The doctor kills all the six.
The thief robs all the seven.
The confessor absolves all the eight.
The grave-digger buries all the nine.
Diabolus carries off all the ten.'

Egypt.—It is hardly possible to imagine ater contrast than is presented between the *ments* and the *History* of Egypt. The monu-tell of a native monarchy flourishing among eat empires of the East; its kings little less demigods; its priesthood endued with a ty revered in distant lands; its chariots and s pouring out to battle under the banners of and gods; the nations of the earth bringing e; and art and luxury carried to an extent ossible to a numerous population, with abun-material resources and a high mental de-ment. On the date and duration of this did period the monuments are dumb. They as what Ancient Egypt was; they know no-of her rise, progress, or decay. Their testi-is confirmed by the position of Egypt in the Scriptures, where her rulers are found show-ospitality to the father of the faithful, or ing his descendants into bondage. Still, we know that Egypt was a great power before was a nation. It gleams out of a remote lity with a splendour that cannot be denied; e splendour is a pre-historic memory, sepa-from authentic chronology by a gulf, which ig but the Bible can span. All that we know of it is, that it existed before Moses, and perished about the close of the Old Testament. With the first page of secular history Ancient Egypt is already dead. The Pharaohs have become a tradition, the temples and altars are shrouded in mystery, the fleets and armies have disappeared, the people are reduced to inexorable servitude.—*Canon Trevor.*

The Cost of War.—Give me the money that has been paid in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child, in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of. I will build a schoolhouse upon every hill-side, and in every valley over the whole habitable earth. I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church, consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace. I will support in the pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.—*Stebbing.*

A Progressive Age.—'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord.' The march of intellect has left Paul far behind. The lofty course of modern thought has brought to light a new style of preaching. We find it thus expressed in the words of a modern divine, in an address delivered not long since to the graduating class of a theological school of 'Liberal Christians.' After assuming that the authority of the church and of the Bible has passed away, that history and criticism do not *verify* Christ, and that it is necessary to appeal to something deeper than either for the basis of authority, he goes on to say: 'Your courage is your credential. Fear not what scepticism, in the name of faith, may say to you; heed what faith says to you in the name of scepticism. . . . . You must preach yourselves—preach yourselves, honestly, simply, telling no lies, affecting no policies. Preach your best selves, and, for God's sake, make yourselves worth preaching.' Surely, more needless advice was never given. Every man of his own accord, even without Satan's suggestion, is disposed to preach himself, whether he is 'worth preaching' or not. But if Paul is not 'worth preaching,' who is, or ever can be?

Snarling.—The way not to be healthy or happy, is to keep up an incessant snarling. If you want to grow lean, cadaverous, and unlovely, excite yourself continually about matters you know nothing about. Accuse other people of wrong-doing incessantly, and you will find but little time to see any wrong in yourself. We wish, here and now, to inform all men of irritable dispositions, that they will live longer if they only keep cool. Snarling will kill about as quick as anything we know.

Moral Greatness.—Moral greatness, we apprehend, does not consist in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things with a great mind; that is, with a view to please and glorify God. 'Win and wear it,' is the motto on the crown for which the Christian is striving.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 JOHN v. 19.

THE Bible is the book of *certainties*. It gives no uncertain sound anywhere. It does not speak the language of doubt, or speculation, or conjecture, or opinion, but of certainty. Its object is to place us on the same footing of certainty—absolute certainty; enabling us to say not merely, I think, or I judge, but I *know*; enabling us to say without faltering, yet without boasting, 'I possess the true, the real, the certain, the authentic.' Our certainty from such a source is as sure as demonstration, because it rests on the authority of the God only true and wise.

This epistle is written in the language of *certainty*. 'We know,' is its motto—its burden from first to last. 'Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye *know* all things' (1 John ii. 20); 'We *know* that we have passed from death to life' (1 John iii. 14); 'We *know* that we are of God' (1 John v. 19); 'We *know* that the Son of God is come.'

In our text there are three clauses or statements, each of them connected with 'We know.' Thus we have three certainties here; to each of them let us look.

I. *We* KNOW *that the Son of God is come.*—This is the central point of earth's history; the most real, and certain, and productive of all its facts and events. On it everything turns, whether men see it or not.

(1.) *There is such a being as the Son of God.*—He is not merely a Son, but *the* Son; the eternal Son; the only-begotten Son; the well-beloved Son; one with the Father.

(2.) *He has come.*—Not merely He *is*, but He has come down to us, in very deed. The word implies remaining as well as coming. It is not, He has visited us—He has come and gone; but, He has come to us, and is with us. He has arrived, not to depart, but to remain. 'I am with you always.'

(3.) *He is Jesus of Nazareth.*—A very man is He. Born at Bethlehem, brought up at Nazareth, the Son of Mary—Jesus, who went out and in amongst us! 'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.'

(4.) *We know this.*—It is the most certain of all certainties; an event beyond the shadow of a doubt; the surest of all sure facts in earthly history. We know it on God's authority and on man's. Divine and human testimony unite here. Word and deed make us sure of this.

Ah! this is *knowledge!* The like of it is not to be found elsewhere. This is the knowledge that satisfies, gladdens, and gives us a foundation to rest on. The Son of God has come!

II. *We* KNOW *that He has given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true.*—For the meaning of 'understanding' we refer to Eph. i. 18: 'The eyes of your *understanding* being enlightened;' and Eph. iv. 18: 'Having the *understanding* darkened.' Christ is the giver of the *new mind*, whereby we discern the truth. He is (1) Renewer, (2) Teacher, (3) the Wisdom itself. He *is* the knowledge, and He gives the power of knowing. 'Who teacheth like Him?' He is the opener of the eye and ear. 'He that is true' is evidently the the true One, or true God: 'This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the *only true* God.' The Son of God has come to reveal to us the true God; to give us a mind capable of knowing and comprehending this true God. It is not a God that we need to know, but *the* God, THE *one* living and true God. There is no knowledge of God out of Christ, apart from Christ, or without Christ. Where the knowledge of Christ is not, there is utter ignorance of God; the worship of a false or an unknown God. False worship is a serious thing; a fearful *sin*; a hideous blasphemy. Falsehood touching God is infinite dishonour. Misapprehension of God is the root of all idolatry; and worship, under such misapprehension, is idolatry or superstition. It is the *true* God that is to be worshipped—none else. He will not give his glory to another. Nor will the knowledge of any false God fill or pacify the soul. It is only that God whom Jesus of Nazareth revealed, that will suffice for the human spirit. It is in 'the Word made flesh' that we find the true God.

III. *We* KNOW *that we are in Him that is true.*—To be *in* Him, is to be out of the world and out of self. We are to be in Him as the flower is in the garden, as the star is in the sky, as the graft is in the olive-tree. We are to be rooted and built up in Him. Here it is not *near* Him, nor *on* Him, but *in* Him. We dwell in Him, and He in us. We are in Him *as the true God:* as such He is our God, our habitation. Thus we are compassed about with Him as the earth is by the air: He compasses us about. It is not merely that 'in Him we live, and move, and have our being;' but much more than this; something of another kind, something that involves spiritual life, fellowship, love, and everlasting blessedness. But it is added, 'In his Son Jesus Christ.' We are not only in the Father, but in the Son, as we read (1 Thess. i. 1): 'The church of the Thessalonians which is IN God the Father, and IN the Lord Jesus Christ.' It is this *inbeing*, this *indwelling*, this participation or fellowship, that is our true standing and privilege.

(1.) *This knowledge saves.*—There is no salvation without it. It is saving knowledge. In knowing the true God we are saved.

(2.) *This knowledge gladdens.*—False knowledge of God, or the knowledge of a false god, imparts no joy; this does. It is joy to know the True One.

(3.) *This knowledge purifies.*—Error or falsehood cannot deliver from sin—cannot purify the soul. All error is impurity, unholiness. All truth is good; and all truth respecting God sanctifies, expands, elevates.

(4.) *This knowledge makes us useful.*—It is like a light or fire within us, that cannot be hidden. It is like a power within us, which cannot but work. It is irrepressible.

'Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee.' He has revealed himself in Jesus Christ his Son. Blessed the man that knows Him; unhappy he that knows Him not! Better that he had been a beast; better that he had never been born! What must be in eternity without the knowledge of God!

GOD'S WISDOM AND MAN'S.*

E apostle did not affect, therefore, as some others did, to turn philosophy to the service of the gospel, by seeking for presumed affinities of the lower and the higher wisdom. mises he well knew could lead only on of the word of God, while they an incompleteness in the testimony ssedly came forth from God. If) be the *end*, so should He likewise nning of his doctrine. He would nature ends. Of *death* he would not as a helpless confessor of its would he philosophize upon morheir own inquiring sages; but he n its meaning, and declare its cause.)eak of it in connection with *His* one had tasted without sin a sinner's would show them how by dying olished death, and brought to light 10 would by faith behold that light) l incorruption by the gospel. He among them nothing but Jesus Iim *crucified*. He would declare to 1e, and who He is that bears it; his y whom and why conferred; his 1eritorious obedience, and the much g of his grace. But especially he upon his *cross;* for thus, and thus he truth be fully told, whether of ark bondage of his sin and misery, in the abundant greatness of his)uld declare God's testimony of his

1s with you in weakness,' etc. But vell knew both the nature of his results, and while his sound spiritual 1ght him the right mode of dealing itile mind-worshippers, he could not 1ious, on that very account, of the 1aracter of the resistance which the s world was everywhere organizing truth, and which, in a city like sessed in full force and efficiency . elements of Jewish virulence and). Against the threatenings of per-, as well as the disheartening effect opposition, he both needed and repecial encouragement of the Lord.

Nor should we, in considering this verse, lose sight of the bearing which it also seems to have upon that inward and helpful, though often sorely-trying exercise of soul, which constitutes so large a portion of the 'travail,' which God commonly uses as a moral means of bringing his own children into light. They who truly work with God are made to feel continually that it is not they, but He, in whom the power dwells.

'And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words,' etc. He would neither leaven his teaching by palatable flatteries, nor commend it by rhetorical artifices to his hearers' taste. Both in manner and in substance his ministry should be 'of God.' In *his* presence no man can be otherwise than simple, and Paul fulfilled his mission as one who would persuade not men, but God. Instead, therefore, of rhetorical suasion, his gospel made its way 'in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.' In this large and general expression there is, probably, a reference to the outward miracles, which were so freely lavished at the beginning of the gospel as a demonstrative token to mankind at large of the source from whence the testimony came. But if so, they hold, in this description of his work at Corinth, but a secondary place. What he evidently insists on is the purely spiritual character of his ministry, and its effect upon the hearts and consciences of those who had received it. The Spirit of truth is the glorifier of Jesus; and both as the convincer of sin, and the revealer of divine righteousness, He had wrought effectually at Corinth through the ministry of Paul.

In verse 5 we are shown the motive which governed the apostle in thus rigidly avoiding, in his preaching, the ordinary methods of persuasion. It was, he tells us, 'That their faith might not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the *power* of God.' If the gospel is God's wisdom, the faith which embraces it is a token also, and a witness of his power. Credence may be given to the doctrines of men, and human wisdom has its votaries; for nature easily responds to what is natural. But a faith which *justifies* discerns the Person of its object, and is itself the gift of Him who sent his only-begotten into the world, that we might live by Him. Its quality is according to its origin. True faith believes God's word, and reckons on his power, regardless of the doubts or remonstrances of natural reason; for the gospel treats of natural impossibilities,

es and Reflections on the First Epistle to 1s. By ARTHUR PRIDHAM. London: 866.

while human wisdom either deals with natural facts, or wastes itself in empty speculations. But in neither of these can faith find any rest or stay; it must have a definite object before it, and can live only on a positive testimony. But philosophy does not testify. It has no message. *That* can only come from truth that is from *God*. And thus it is that every one who has known experimentally the power of the gospel, feels an instinctive disgust at artificial mannerism of any kind on the part of those who take in hand to preach the word of life. The faith of God's elect stands not on that 'rational conviction' which is the pedestal of mere historic Christianity, but by the upholding power of Him who gave it, and because it is itself a faculty of that new nature which the regenerative grace of God has conferred upon his own. Now, the work of regeneration is by the quickening word of truth. To the apostle, therefore, any artificial methods of commending his testimony would seem a sort of sacrilege. His power of persuasion was the native force of truth; its effect was to ground the willing listener upon the living Rock of Ages. Thus God is glorified in that which is his own peculiar work.

'Howbeit we speak wisdom,' etc. While the preaching of the cross is, in the manner of it, 'foolishness,' there is a wisdom which is spoken to the perfect. We have thus a clear and decisive line of demarcation established by the Spirit between those whom He addresses on the gracious invitation of the gospel, as the word of reconciliation, and those who, having by faith received the word with understanding, are now estimated according to the grace in which they stand. The latter are by description 'perfect,' because seen and accepted in the Perfect One himself. But though perfect in standing, as complete in Christ, they are not so in knowledge. On the contrary, in the true order of the Spirit's teaching, the complete justification of a sinner is the prelude to his education as a saint. To 'go on unto perfection' is the natural progress of those who have begun to know the Lord. The 'path of the just' can be trodden only by the just. The Father guides and chastens his own children, while in grace He seeks still to reconcile his adversaries to himself.

Accordingly, the *teaching*, as distinguished from the *preaching*, of Jesus Christ, is the subject of the present and following verses to the close of the chapter. And now, reversing his own language, he asserts as a teacher what a an evangelist he had disclaimed. It is no longe foolishness, but wisdom that he speaks. 'Yc not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princ of this world, which comes to nought.' Th first point of contrast to be noticed betwee the wisdom of this age and the wisdom of th just is, that the first is perishable like the fleetin time which witnesses its efforts, while the la grows on to a completion which will only l attained when the former things are pass away. They are diverse also in their origi their object, and effect. The one is from b neath, the other from above. Self-seeking the rule and aim of worldly wisdom, while th fear of the Lord is the beginning and the su of the wisdom which cometh from above. 'I much wisdom is much grief,' is the confessio of him who saw the furthest into things beneat the sun; but the wisdom that God teaches lea his children in the way of pleasantness an peace. Corruption and a fool's reward are th certain end of what the world esteems, whil the good fruits of true wisdom will be reape with endless praise when the day comes for he children, who have justified her, to receive he crown.

But besides these broad and general dis tinctions between the wisdom of the Spirit an the wisdom of this world, there is revealed no to the perfect a form of wisdom which no oth eyes can see. Of this, in verse 7, he proceed to treat: 'We speak the wisdom of God in mystery,' etc. There are mysteries of grace as well as mysteries of nature. Philosophy sti hopes to penetrate the latter, while the form are the birthright of the simple, who believe i God. At all times the secret of the Lord h been with them that fear Him; for in his nam was treasured all that He could give or sho But there is an order in the revelations of h truth, even as there are measures and degrees the bestowment of his grace. As we are taug elsewhere, a *better* lot has been reserved for who *now* receive God's calling than that of th fathers, who obtained a good report throug faith. The language of the passage now befo us is both clear and definite: the wisdom to spoken among the perfect, although ordain before the world, was hidden until its destin recipients had attained, through the revelati of God's finished love in Christ, the distincti title now conferred upon them by the Spirit.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

NO. XIV.—AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

'THE great diary of the human race is daily being written,' says one, 'and every man in every place enters his daily quota in the vast journal.'

A great variety would we find in these entries, had we only the power to read what is there so unchangeably written; and how many books could be produced, not only interesting, but also of great practical value, were we only permitted to peruse them!

But as there is no hope of obtaining volumes from such a view-point of human life, one must be content to take much lower ground, in presenting a brief account of an aged Christian, whom grace enabled to write many a fair page in the great day-book.

In describing the inward change he experienced, and the future manner of his life, only such parts can be noticed as are palpable to our limited capacities. But although the secret touches of divine power on the human spirit, with the silent but efficacious operations of grace by which it is made responsive, are quite beyond our present range of vision; yet their results, as they appear in the life, may be observed and turned to account, as practical illustrations of Christian principle, acted out to its legitimate issues.

The Bible, it has been said, finds its best commentary in the lives of its disciples; so perhaps the following narrative may help to set some of its life-giving principles in the same clear and beautiful light as they appeared in the life of Mr. A——, from the time that he was first blessed with a discovery of the Saviour's love, until every earthly thing brightened with the nearing glories of a certain heaven.

With the subject of this sketch I became acquainted in the following manner. I had, with a friend, been spending a very pleasant evening in the house of Col. B——. He usually maintained a great reticence regarding what he had seen of active service. But on this occasion he had entertained us with reminiscences of several engagements, and, as was natural, considerable admiration was expressed for the brave men who so willingly encountered the horrors of war in defence of their country.

'That is true,' said the Colonel, somewhat pensively; 'but do you know, I saw an old man today that I believe to be a greater hero than any of us; his victories, at least, will be more enduring in their results.'

'I am quite in earnest,' he again said, seeing his speech had provoked a smile. 'Do we not read that he is greater who ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city?'

'I hope,' said my friend, 'you will tell us something of this brave old veteran;' and on condition that he would be taken on our visiting list, we had the following account:

Mr. A—— had been a man of some wealth, which he had used freely in doing good, but by the failure of the E—— bank, he lost nearly all.

His near relatives were dead. The rest, with many other friends, had illustrated but too correctly the truthful, if bitter, sentiment of Moore:

'The friends that in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Can weep those tears alone.'

But happily for Mr A——, before these springs of earthly joy ran dry, he had learned to drink of the deeper well whose waters fail not; and before proceeding further, the history of his inner life may be thus briefly stated.

His youth and early manhood had been so strictly moral, that his character as a man of the world was unexceptionable. Yet, when about the age of twenty-six, a struggle commenced, and that seemingly without human agency, for there were none about him capable of instructing in the scriptural way of salvation.

The first step was a conviction that the life he was leading was far below what he was capable of. Then he began to see that his morality was not perfect, as he had supposed, but that he had sins of the heart which exposed him to condemnation. Then he was gradually led by the Spirit through that chamber of imagery, and showed its abominations, until he was well nigh driven to despair.

Then a strange bitter animosity began to rise in his heart as he inquired why he, without the concurrence of his will, should have been placed under such conditions; and for a time he battled against his convictions, and tried to persuade himself that he was not to blame.

But when the Spirit begins to work, He does it effectually; and these exercises, though very painful, were part of the effectual process by which he was brought quickly from all false resting-places straight to the rock on which he was henceforth to rest.

Gradually he was led to see that, though he could not understand why sin had been permitted to enter the world, yet as it was so, and salvation from it had been provided, it was his duty to submit to God, to trust rather than arraign his goodness, and solicit his proffered mercy.

And one day while in prayer, after this warfare with his wilful heart was brought to a close, what he experienced is well described by those lines of Keble:

'The storm is o'er—and hark! a still small voice
Steals on the ear to say Jehovah's choice
Is ever with the soft meek tender soul.'

So it was with Mr. A——; that still small voice seemed to whisper through the very depths of his being: 'Because I live ye shall live also.' Then did his happy spirit, consciously accepted, nestle itself for ever to rest on the bosom of its reconciled God and Father.

But to return to the outer life of Mr. A——. After the loss of his money, he set at once about accommodating himself to his altered circumstances—no easy matter to a man about seventy. The spirit in which he did so may thus be expressed:

'Take all, Great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give;
Thy presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.'

And resolutely he determined to live in the most sparing manner possible, rather than solicit help from any one, at least not until his own little pittance was consumed.

Soon after moving into his little lodging, a stroke of paralysis laid him low. He recovered, however; but another followed, and left him more helpless than before. This illness was a heavy drain upon his resources; yet he would receive nothing until they were quite exhausted.

I do not now remember whether Col. B—— knew him in his better days, or if he had merely ferreted him out since his misfortunes; for that gentleman had a wonderful faculty of finding out such sufferers, and enacting to them the part of a good Samaritan; whichever way, he was fully conversant with the history of Mr. A——, and deeply interested in his case.

The street to which Mr. A—— had removed was tenanted chiefly by poor but respectable people. But in choosing his lodging he had not made a happy selection. His landlady was a very dirty, slatternly woman, and though outwardly the tenement vied with the most respectable in the street, the litter and filth within was almost inconceivable.

This was true of all the apartments, but particularly so of the one he occupied.

'A little room with a rugless floor,
And the winter blast,
As it whistled past,
Piercing in at the broken door
And broken pane,
Where the light of day
Had its wildest play,
And no curtain to drive it out again.
A table bare, and one Old Book,
On which dim eyes grew bright to look;
A smouldering fire and two big chairs,
A bed for the feeble.' . . . .

Bad enough certainly for one accustomed to something better; yet a place answering the above description would, speaking comparatively, have been a palace to Mr. A——'s.

He had not even a smouldering fire. There was a table, not bare, but covered with the debris of all the edibles used by him for, I suppose, at least a month previous, and above all, a profusion of dishes, phials, etc. The two big chairs,—for there were two,—were in much the same condition. The Old Book lay on a small shelf, where it could be easily reached by the visitor, and was the only instance where the least attempt at convenience was visible.

It could not be said of this place, man said of his friend's library, th 'orderly disorder,' for it seemed a r all sorts of litter quite foreign to the r of a sick-room, heaped together in an i mass of filth and confusion.

I have been purposely minute in tion, because in that lonely chamber peared in one of its sublimest forms effectually counterpoise the horrors cess of misery, as to turn it into a ve

On entering it for the first time, with its squalor and misery, but muc the appearance of Mr. A——. A evidently passed over him, and now a noble tree torn by a hurricane fro And if there had been any of thos struggles of irritable nature incident cumstances, all traces of them had d

But for its expression, there was markable in his countenance. To fe nally large, paralysis had imparte coarseness. From his mouth, whic same cause was partly open, his tongue much swollen, protruded. His hair had fully silvered, was matted and But he seemed to have within him spring of peaceful joy; and though it exaggerated to say it, the whole of nance, so destitute of external grace, radiant with Spirit-light.

No sooner had I entered the ro spoke, but in such deep guttural could not understand one word.

When I told him that Col. B— speaking about him, and that I had taken the liberty of paying a vis spoke, and made a great effort to be but in vain. Then he looked to his had no power to extend it.

When I had taken his hand in m gazing upon me for some time very st that wondrous light kept playing over And that steady gaze, the object o evidently to decipher something of m did at the same time reveal so much that you longed to blend more full you saw—

'And share
The inward fragrance of that holy h

How I did wish that he had been intelligibly, and impart some of tho sures which his long experience co forded; for

'Thoughts in the heart of age
With deep pure radiance sh
As priceless gems deep stored
Down in some ancient min
Which time and faith have po
With beauty day by day,
Until the pure soul shineth
With almost heavenly ray!

As the poor gentleman continu fruitless efforts to speak so as to be I thought he might feel pained at not so, to put an end to it, I took up h asked if I would read for him.

Having read and talked a little m again, 'Shall I pray with you?'

'Will you do that?' he said, with such a look of mingled surprise and pleasure.

The words were spoken, as before, in deep guttural tones, yet I understood them, and was very much pleased, as it afforded ground to hope that I might yet be able to communicate with him fully.

I suppose the surprise he manifested arose from this, that the Colonel, who visited him frequently, read, and talked with him, was yet so diffident of his own powers, that he never would attempt praying extempore in presence of any one.

Next visit I talked to him freely, and did not seek to restrain his efforts to speak to me. I hoped, by accustoming myself to the peculiar sounds, ultimately to understand them fully; and to a great extent I succeeded.

One day I told him of a poor old man, who had been a professor of religion the greater part of his life, which had also been quite in keeping with that profession. Quiet and steady he had been, highly honourable in all his dealings, constant in his attendance at church and other religious duties, yet was now in a very despondent state of mind, in consequence of having, as he thought, discovered that he had never possessed the inward and spiritual grace which should have been the mainspring of these actions, and could not be persuaded out of the belief that his state was hopeless.

This account deeply interested Mr. A——. He talked, oh, so earnestly! but I could not for some time catch his words with sufficient frequency to give them much connection. Our conversation, however, greatly facilitated my progress towards understanding him, having a pretty good idea of what he was likely to say when I caught a little, and from that I could guess a good deal more. Then I would repeat to him what I thought he said, and, to our mutual pleasure, was pretty often correct.

How the sympathies of Mr. A—— seemed to flow out towards the poor old man I have spoken of! How many encouraging messages did he send to 'trust in the Lord,' to lay hold of such promises as suited his case! There was one: 'He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Tell him the Lord will be as good as his word. There's no condition but that of coming; and though he's been late of going, that will not affect God's faithfulness; he will not be cast out.' At another time it was, 'Tell him that the Spirit is now dealing with him, or he would have been left in his formality to die as he had lived. He ought not, therefore, to be afraid to come to Christ; He never excluded any, and He never will. The idea would be monstrous that a sinner came to the Saviour and was cast out, had taken God at his word and was disappointed, or had tried the promise and found it false,' etc. One day while we talked of him, the difference between their spiritual positions seemed to strike him forcibly, and he told me that it was forty years since he began to follow the Saviour, and that through all that lengthened period he had known his acceptance. 'I am *sure*, quite *sure*,' he several times repeated, 'I *know* that I am saved. But it was not always so; my starting-point was lowly enough,—*submissive trust*,—then the light came. I thought it bright then, yet it was but a feeble spark to what I now enjoy. How He has led me about, and instructed me, and up and up, and from my present position all is light!'

I suggested the scene on Pisgah.

'Yes,' he replied, 'and not only have I some glimpses of the coming glory, but also the wherefores of much in the past. And now I wish to say to you, and to others through you, that He is worthy of trust, boundless trust, implicit trust. Never cherish a doubt, or even the shadow of one, about Him or the rectitude of his government. He has *good* reasons for all He does, and in due time He'll reveal them.'

This was no common experience; but he evidently did enjoy that intimate communion and fellowship with Jehovah, which indicates the almost perfect meetness for the inheritance among the saints in light. I think he also well exemplified the statement, that there is an inexhaustible fountain of grace and life, accessible and attainable according to the measure of our spiritual appetites.

During one morning visit, which proved to be the last, we had a more than ordinarily interesting talk. What a glorious being grace had made him! His spirit seemed tuned into such harmony with heavenly realities, that his whole experience was one long sensation of bliss. It was virtually and essentially religion in full triumph. How I wished it possible that every sceptical one could see this splendid and irrefragable proof of the reality and power of religion, and the complete triumph which it had won, where every form of evil had apparently combined to crush a suffering being!

In addition to the weariness of old age, and the pain and languor of disease, there was the loss of all the comforts and distinctions which wealth bestows; and his reduced condition was accompanied by many aggravations, which, but for some supreme power, would have left this helpless man in all the agonies of despair.

That day on leaving I noticed, for the first time, a shadow cross his countenance.

'There is something grieving you, Mr. A——. What is it?'

'I can do nothing now for my Master,' he replied, with a wistful kind of expression.

'You are very much mistaken. I believe you are doing far more for your Master, suffering as you are, than any of us who are actively engaged in his service.' Then I told him what had been passing in my mind for the last half hour:

> 'Chosen to bear witness of religion's power,
> And purity, and nobleness.

'Amid such peculiar circumstances, do not think, Mr. A——, that your life is a useless one.'

The gratified look which overspread his countenance seemed to say, 'I have no further desire;' and certainly it came up quite to what I had often conceived old Simeon's to wear, when he said, 'Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

That day his landlady came out after me, quite anxious to know what was to be done, as his money was almost gone.

'Is there enough until to-morrow?' I inquired; for I regarded as sacred his objection to receive help until his own resources were completely exhausted.

'Yes; but not longer than that,' she replied.

'To have everything needful?'

'Yes.'

'Then you may keep your mind quite easy, it will be all arranged to-morrow.' And so it was, but in a manner different from what we anticipated, for during that night

'Death did o'er him creep
Like a slumber sweet and deep.'

Thus the one strong desire of his heart was gratified: he did not require pecuniary aid from any one, as a few pence still remained of his own little store, when he was permitted to enter upon that inheritance for which he had obtained such a remarkable meetness.

How truly it has been said, that 'religion is the best panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to!' A good proof of it is afforded by what I may call this sunny sketch. For though dark clouds hemmed in his outer life, what openings were made in them, and through those narrow vistas what floods of celestial s themselves perpetually into his h the frail earthy tenement was i halo of living light, and at lengt spirit was sundered from it, with that what was death seemed b that place where there is

'No need of the sun in the day
Which never is followed by n
For the Lamb is their Light a

It is well occasionally to turn such instances of triumphant fa Christian experience, as, by sho what is attainable through grace incentive towards the higher wa life. There is no doubt but, in A——, as in every other sinful r pent's trail marked his path; yet towards the close of life, was he on the necks of his enemies! his case was fulfilled: 'Thou sha lion and on the adder; the you dragon shalt thou trample under

Most of us, I believe, would j wish:

'Oh! may I triumph so
When all my warfare
And dying find my late
Under my feet at last

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

'Harp of a thousand strings,'
Swept by a mightier minstrel than the wind—
A viewless spirit, whose unfettered wings
Leave all save thought behind!

Thine is the magic spell
With widest touch the human heart to thrill;
The power outvying feeble speech to tell
Tidings of good or ill.

Peace, tumult, joy, or woe—
These, fleet-winged minstrel, we entrust to thee;
All that our frail humanity may know,
Thy harp's deep lays must be.

Thou who dost herald on
To the vast inland, stretching far and wide,
Tales of the ship whose port is not yet won,
Which still the waves must ride—

Mocking, o'er hill and plain,
The traveller spurring on his panting steed,
The engine's fiery breath and thundering train,
Outvying all their speed—

We pause and gaze on thee;
Marking with wondering eye the tiny cords,
Weaving, perchance, our fortunes yet to be,
Still unrevealed by words;

Telling of kings and thro
A nation's downfall, or an empir
Revealing, in thy weird and mys
Strange histories of earth

Of famine, fire, and flood,
The raging whirlwind, with its s
The fierce revolt, the battle's fiel
The pestilence and death:

Or tidings sweet and dear
The blissful messages of love and
The waiting hearts which yearn fi
Hope, joy, return, release

Thou who shalt link all la
Thou who, at last, shalt chain th
Binding the nations into brother
How shall we sing of thee

Thine are the magic strai
Whose triple chords shall make tl
Which east and west in closest u
Where space no more is k

'Harp of a thousand strin
Touched by a mightier minstrel t
A viewless spirit, whose unfetter
Leave all save thought bel

—*Miss E*

The Hidden Treasure;

HOW IT WAS SOUGHT, AND WHERE IT WAS FOUND.

BY M. H.,

AUTHOR OF 'ROSA LINDESAY,' 'THE STORY OF A RED VELVET BIBLE,' ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

'Object of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.'

A LARGE party are once more assembled at Amberley Park.

Fifteen years have passed away since the first gathering we wrote of took place there; and time, in its steady course, has left its marks on the faces of many we saw then. But nature is unchanged. The hills, dales, and lakes stand as of yore, glistening under the same glorious sunshine, showing forth the handiwork of the Great Creator,—speaking of Him who, year after year, reneweth the face of the earth, and rejoiceth in his work. The rosy tints of early dawn, the purple shades of sunset, and the pale moonlight, touch with beauty the landscape around, even as they did when, in the flush of youth, the party of treasure-seekers last met at Amberley Park.

Are they, too, unchanged? or, if they be, is the change for better or worse? Once more they are all met; let us look and judge for ourselves.

Yonder sits Aunt Mary, not so much changed as we might have expected. Time has dealt kindly with her—only silvered still more the once golden locks, and enfeebled the once sprightly step. Aunt Mary must be well advanced in years now,—'nearly home,' she says, with a beaming smile and an upward look, as of one who already had caught a glimpse of the 'golden city,' and longed to be there. Very peaceful and happy she looks; the peace of God keeping her heart, and legible in her face, telling to all who will read it aright that God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.

Close by her, lying on a couch under the shade of a fine old tree, is Netty Osborne. She is entering warmly into the cheerful talk around, her hands occupied in weaving some beautiful flowers into a wreath, for a pretty little girl of some ten years, who stands beside her. No need to ask who the latter is; the soft grey eyes and the striking likeness tell at once that she is the child of Lucy Stewart. Ask her whom does she like best in all the circle, and she will tell you that, next to papa, mamma, and sister Emily, she loves Cousin Netty far the best; she is always so bright and happy, and no one can tell such nice stories as Netty can.

And little Lucy is right: bright and happy are terms which best describe Netty Osborne. 'How could it be otherwise?' she says; 'only think, I have Jesus for a Friend; and who that has that can be anything but joyful? He gives me work to do for Him on earth, and then I shall have eternity in which to praise Him. Oh! I scarcely believe in a Christian who does not joy in God through the Lord Jesus, by whom we have received the atonement.'

Not far from Netty's couch another group are assembled. Lucy and her husband, Harry Wilmot and Alfred Osborne, compose it. Our thoughts go back to the last time we saw them there—the merry young group, with life before them, eager to run the race, keen to enter on the search for happiness. . . .

Lucy's thoughts have also gone back to those days. Her eyes are ranging over the surrounding scene, and in imagination she beholds it silvered with moonlight, as she saw it the last evening she spent there. Ask her now if she thinks that true happiness can be found in the enjoyment of the works of nature, as she once fancied, or amid the crowded haunts of the world's vanities, where she had striven to find it. She will tell you, No, not there. Ask her if it is to be found in intellectual pleasures, or even in the fondest love of earth, and her answer will still be, 'No, not even there.'

Where, then, Lucy? tell us where.

Silently, but with a sparkling eye, she opens a small book, and reads the words, 'Lying on Jesus' breast' (John xiii. 25). Yes, there she had found the Sangreal.

Ask her what led her there, and she can tell of no sudden event, of no striking conversion; she scarce knows how or when the light first shone, and the darkness fled. Perhaps Netty's words opened the way. Step by step she was led on, drawn by the bands of love. Two sweet baby girls—a kind, loving husband—surely God was good to her! Then rose the question, 'What shall I render unto Him for all his mercies?'

Ay, what? The world is his, and the fulness thereof; the cattle on the hills are his also. Only one thing can sinful man give to God; and that is, his heart. Only in one way can he please Him, and give glory to Him; and that is, by accepting as a gift (purchased for him by the blood of Christ) the priceless boon of eternal life.

Stooping over her sleeping babes, a Bible in her hand, Lucy read the words: 'Lovest thou me more than these?' More than these! 'Nay,' conscience spake loud, 'not more, Lord. Nay, my love to Thee is cold indeed; and in these my

heart is bound up.' Gently, lovingly the Lord had led her thus far; closer and closer He drew the bands, till the loving spirit found its true rest, in lying, like John of old, on the Saviour's breast. The vain search was over at last; the mother's prayers, offered in faith so long ago, were answered now; the true Sangreal was found; and, with humble yet assured confidence, Lucy Stewart could say: 'Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou *knowest* that I love Thee.'

And what of her husband? Has he realized the dreams of his youth? has he gained the so much coveted literary fame? or, having gained it, has it yielded him the pleasure he anticipated?

Yes, in one way the dream of Robert Stewart's young life is fulfilled; the fame he panted for is his. Not in his own country alone, but in foreign lands also, his name is known as one of England's greatest scholars—his works eagerly sought after, his opinion on many subjects deferred to. Quietly but surely is he climbing the pedestal; and men, fit to judge on these matters, point to him as one who lacks only an increase of years and work to reach the very summit.

Only one short year before the time we now write of, and to attain that pinnacle was the one aim of his life. Day and night he toiled for it. Wife and children, loved though they were, were completely subordinate to the ruling passion. A deep treatise on the learning of the ancient Greeks must be finished ere a certain day; and night after night saw the lamp burning, till the day rendered it useless; but even then the scholar rested not. In vain Lucy remonstrated; entreated him to rest. He laughed at her fears, and worked the harder,—all the more so, as a restless feeling was in his heart that even his favourite pursuits were failing to give him true happiness; and a low small voice suggested the idea, that possibly the place where the Sangreal was to be found might not, after all, be the Temple of Fame. What if the way to it should really turn out to be indicated in the book which Aunt Mary, and now his own Lucy, loved so much—that book, of which, with all his wisdom, he was so ignorant? But not yet would Robert Stewart listen to that warning voice. Speak it would; but he only toiled the harder, that he might not hear its words. Yet all the time, though as yet he owned it not, his was the experience of the wise king, who had more wisdom than all that went before him—who gave his heart to know wisdom, and to search out concerning all things that are done under heaven—that even of those things 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

But He who arrested the proud Pharisee, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and laid him a lowly suppliant at the feet of the crucified Nazarene, was ordering every event in the life of Robert Stewart, leading him by a way he knew not, till, trembling and astonished at the new strange light from heaven shining around him, he should call out, in anguish of spirit, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?'

Truly we are 'fearfully and wonderfully made,'—mind and body so closely united, that, overtask the one, and it acts on the other. Alas! many have to bewail 'a spirit of fire in a body of clay;' and Robert Stewart was no exception to the common law. True, often warned, unheeded not. He was strong; why should overwork make him ill? But the blow One sultry summer day the pen fell from his hand, the overstrained nerves gave way, and a long dangerous illness brought him to the gates of death. Long he lay there: wife, children, friends, despaired of his coming up from it; but the reaction came. Slowly, but surely, the ebbing life returned; and as weeks passed on, with returning strength, it was plain to all that a new life, even the life which is hid in Christ Jesus, was begun also. The man who had trusted only for the wisdom of this world, that he counted to nought, was now lying at the feet of Jesus, drinking in, with the simple faith of a little child, the words of Him who spake as never man spake. Dark indeed was the veil which, as he lay on that bed of sickness, hid the Saviour from his eyes; but He who laid him low sent one who was commissioned, even as Ananias was (by his Lord), to remove the darkness, and let in the blessed light of the gospel.

That messenger was Harry Wilmot. He was the one who watched long hours by his couch of pain, and, as returning strength could bear it, was the first to him words of heavenly comfort and hope. He pointed to 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.' He spoke, not in the fascinating words of man's wisdom, but simply of Jesus, and Him crucified, and spoke as from heart to the heart, and in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. As dew on the tender herb fell, and was eagerly received. The Scriptures were searched, the truth found out, old things passed away, all things became new; and from that bed of sickness and pain Robert Stewart rose a new creature—not to hide his God-given talents in a napkin, but to consecrate them to the service of his new Master, and strive to let it be seen, in all his future career, that his one aim was to exalt the name of the Lord. He gave up neither his scientific nor his classical writings—only brought the light of the gospel to shine on them and sanctify them. 'Science, held, with one of no small fame, that 'as every science has a foundation, so has religion. If these two unite their foundations, the basis will be broad enough, and they will be two compartments of one glorious fabric, reared to the glory of God.'

He, too, had found the Sangreal—not the Fame he had so sedulously sought it, in the Temple of Fame, but in Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

CHAPTER X.

'Think not, when in loved and prized throng
Sense of sin is paralyzed,
So that ne'er they sue for grace—
Think not 'tis a desperate case.
Ye that love them, join to bear
Those to Christ by zealous prayer;
Like the paralyzed of yore,
To the Saviour borne of four.'

A SUDDEN pause in the conversation of the party under the trees was broken by Alfred

ew a fine-looking man, with a brown complexion, telling of years spent in an eastern limate.

'Come, Wilmot,' he said, 'when are you going o give me a week or two's visit? Say good-bye for a while to all your patients, young and old; throw medicine to the dogs; forget there are such things in the world as fevers and headaches, and come with me to Sudbury Hall, and I'll be bound you'll confess it is one of the most splendid places you ever saw; and as for its stables and stud, I'll bet you a round sum there are none finer in all England; nor, if you come to that, a man more to be envied than the owner of all, namely, your humble servant, Alfred Osborne! Ha! Sir Galahad, with all your boasted wisdom, it seems to me I have got the true Sangreal, the only treasure worth the getting. The bright golden guineas for me! I have to thank myself for the most of them, and the old cousin a hundred times removed, who left me his heir, for the rest; but, anyhow, I'm to be envied, Wilmot, am I not—in possession of everything one can desire? Wouldn't you like to change places with me?'

The look which passed over Harry Wilmot's face at these words was one which Alfred Osborne could not understand. 'Change places with him!' it said; 'exchange the joy and peace in believing, the riches which are hid in Christ, the certainty of a glorious inheritance, an unfading crown in heaven, for the pleasures of a day, and the perishing riches of this world!' No, verily, not for all the world could give, would he exchange his treasure for that of any good of earth. Fain would he lead his friend to the inexhaustible mine where lay the heavenly treasure, and bid him gather of it.

Quietly he said, not so much in answer to Alfred, but as if he were speaking aloud his own thoughts: 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.'

Alfred gave a loud whistle. 'Not so sure about *that*, old fellow! Life without the abundance of things would have small attractions for me; it is only with them that it is worth the having!'

Kindly, earnestly, Dr. Wilmot laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. 'Nay, Osborne,' he said, 'say not so; listen to the words spoken more than eighteen hundred years ago by Him who spake as never man spake: "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."'

The words were spoken very solemnly; the drink, pleading, kindly look of the speaker's eyes making it impossible to be offended with the plainness of the address; and when Alfred Osborne tried, in his good-humoured way, to turn the conversation, and laugh down Harry as a capital hand at preaching—declaring he should have been a parson instead of a doctor—Harry's grieved look cut him short, and, shaking him kindly by the hand, he owned that all he had said might be quite true, and that some day he must really begin to think more of these things. At present he had so many things he must look after, that positively he had no time; but, after he was fairly settled at Sudbury, he was determined to begin. And so, with the 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee,' of Felix of old, he dismissed uneasy thoughts, stifled the voice of conscience, and went on his way,—hugging in his breast the fancied Sangreal, following the delusive light which, unless arrested by divine grace, would lead him down to destruction.

And Netty, what does she feel as she sees her only brother thus wilfully yielding himself up as a slave to the god of this world—'laying up for himself treasures in earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal,' and regardless of the true riches? Netty says little to any earthly friend on the subject; but she tells Jesus, her heavenly Friend, all about it. She pleads his promise, made when He was on earth: 'Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in my name, I will do it;' and doubly underlined, in her pocket Testament, are the words, 'Being fully persuaded that what He had promised He was able to perform;' and so, when Alfred jokes about the Sangreal, and even Aunt Mary shakes her head and sighs, fearing he has turned too far away from the path which leads to it ever to retrace his steps, Netty does not despair; she only whispers quietly, 'He is faithful that promised,' or sings the words of her favourite hymn

> 'Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
> One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
> But this Friend will ne'er *deceive* us;
> Oh, how He loves!'

She does what, alas! so many of us fail to do—she takes God at his word, and, like Paul, believes that 'it shall be even as He hath said;' giving glory to God by the strength of her faith. Happy Netty! yours is the true secret of peace; 'according to thy faith be it unto thee.'

Once more Aunt Mary is alone. Her visitors have returned to their homes and their duties; the summer has changed almost imperceptibly into the golden autumn, the beauteous tints of which, pleasing as they are to the eye, yet speak of approaching decay.

Dearly did Aunt Mary love these quiet autumn days; and pleasant were her meditations as she sat watching the sun go down behind the hills, encompassed with fleecy clouds of crimson, purple, and gold; and, as she gazed, her thoughts turned to that glorious city, whose gates are of pearls, whose streets are of pure gold; where the sun never sets, and where there is no night, by reason of the glory which proceedeth from the Lamb, who is the light thereof. With joy she thinks

of the loved ones who are already safely landed there, and in spirit she returns thanks to the Great Treasurer, who had led so many of those dear to her to find the hidden treasure, the true Sangreal, where alone it can ever be found—at the foot of the cross.

Dear readers, one word in conclusion. Are any of you seeking the hidden treasure in any of the paths we have written of? Stop and think. Attractive as they may seem for a while, they will fail you at last. Leave them all; come and see this great sight. Three crosses are erected on yonder hill, called Calvary. Over the centre one ye read the words: 'This is the King of the Jews.' Readers, He is dying that —that you may obtain the hidden has purchased it for you with hi Go and claim it; own Him as you Master, and go on thy way rejoici the pilgrim song:

'Vain are all terrestrial pleasure
Mixed with dross the purest
Seek we then for heavenly trea
Treasures never waxing old.

Earthly joys no longer please u
Here we would renounce the
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master cal

OUR NATION'S BULWARK.

'MY only solid hopes for the wellbeing of my country depend, not so much on her fleets and armies, not so much on the wisdom of her rulers, or the spirit of her people, as on the persuasion that she still contains many who, in a degenerate age, love and obey the gospel of Christ; on the humble trust that the intercession of these may still be prevalent; that, for the sake of these, Heaven may still look upon us with an eye of favour.'

'It is for the sake of the wheat that the tares are spared, lest, as our Saviour says, while the tares are gathered up, the good wheat be rooted up also. Every additional ear of good wheat, every new convert to Jesus Christ, is so much added to the safety of England. Were all good, the nation would be righteous, and God's favour would rest upon it. The land would be like the garden of Eden, so that all who visited it would say: "See the land that the Lord hath blessed!" On the other hand, if all were evil,—if the people had altogether corrupted itself, and forsaken the law of God,—the land would soon be turned into a wilderness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

'I repeat it: the truth that the safety and happiness of kingdoms depend solely on God's blessing, is a truth which it concerns every Englishman, poor as well as rich, to keep in mind; for this plain reason—because every Englishman can lend a helping hand toward drawing down that excellent blessing on his country. For what says King David in his fifth Psalm? "Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because Thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in Thee. For Thou, O Lord, wilt bless the righteous." To the same effect writes Solomon in the book of Proverbs (xi. 11): "By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted: but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked." From these texts we learn that God blesses the righteous in such a way, that by their means and for their sakes nations are exalted. We, as a people, need no further exaltation. In wealth, in strength, in renown, in extent of rich and cultivated dominion, in variety of possessions in every quarter of the globe,—no nation was ever equal to us. In these respects G us to a height unknown before, a us on the spire and pinnacle of g take good heed that the height d us giddy. Let us look well to ou we slip not. And how is this to b praying to God to hold up our paths; by trusting in God that h preserve us; by acknowledging th our ways, and seeking his heav whereby alone men walk safely, feet do not stumble.'

'The wicked derive great ben presence of the righteous, in the p many mercies and blessings which cated to an unworthy world for th righteous persons would have save whole posterity of Abraham, Isaa were spared and blessed through m generations, on account of the ancestors. Children inherit the pr parents—often the most valuabl can receive; and a blessing des whole family, or nation, for the sak eous contained in it.'

'There are walls and bulwarks, nation's strength, nobler than ma holds and vast armaments. The good—men of prayer, and men of of God—are a nation's noblest truest guardians of her liberties, th of defence around her hearths an us not be guilty of the impiety o nation's might, in modern times, b and dockyards, the stores of her am the calibre of her cannon. Thank we have all these to boast of to souls, ready to leap, like the sw scabbard, to do gallant defence f dear in the hour of peril! But i thankfulness that Britain has mo She has more than the bravery representative in the furious coura contemporary of Elisha, and one pointed to co-operate with him; than her "sons of Nimshi," with spurning the plain as they rush She has her Elishas too—noble, lo in the maintenance of Christian pr

aces, who count not their coronets
ause they love their Saviour, and
ashamed to avow their allegiance
of the kings of the earth. Yes,
oud to point to the annals of our
martial glory; to listen to the roll
ring drum by land, the voice of her
ea, challenging the sovereignty of
e old indomitable lion making its
ill, against fearful odds, as on the
elds of other days.'
n a nobler title to supremacy—one
es our ark in the midst of Euro-
We have not only a strong city,
on, but "salvation is appointed for
Vhile the statesmanship that, in some
risis, wielded the nation's destiny,
l extolled; while brilliant homage
the political sagacity which steered
id conflicting storms; while every
tly eloquent in the praises of the
rons that mounted breach after
ory; while science wins new laurels
shores with impregnable bulwarks,
ince on every invader,—we may do
sk Israel's king to read to us the
phy of a nation's greatness; we
voice echoing in every chamber
tian dies: "My father, my father!
Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"
14.)'
ect to national mercies, what is it
the day of visitation upon any

people, but the prayers of the elect? Or, was it human wisdom, or human power, which has at sundry times delivered this country, with so high a hand, out of all her difficulties and dangers? No; it was prayer. It was the supplication of believers, offered up in faith, to a prayer-hearing God. For their sakes alone is any country saved, or worth saving. For their sakes alone is there peace to Jerusalem; safety within her borders, plenteousness within her palaces, or salvation around her walls.

'Prayer can move the hand that moves the world. Who, then, is best prepared and qualified to save and bless his country? It is the man of prayer—the man who has interest in the court of heaven—the man who can claim the promise, that whatsoever he asks of the Father, in the Son's name, it shall be given him.'

'Mark and consider what a man may do, yea, what *one* man may do; what an Abraham may do; what a Moses may do; what an Elijah may do; what a Daniel, what a Samuel, what a Job, what a Noah may do! Some one man, by reason of his high favour with the Eternal, is able sometimes to do more for a land by his prayers and tears, than many prudent men by their counsel, or valiant men by their swords. Yea, it doth evidently appear, in the sacred volume of the Holy Ghost, that some one poor preacher, being full of the spirit and power of Elijah, doth more in his study either for offence or defence, either for the turning away of wrath or the procuring of mercy, than a camp-royal even four thousand strong.'

THE GREAT WORSHIP.

at nature's advent strung,
ver ceased to play;
the stars of morning sung
ver died away.

er is made, and praise is given,
things near and far;
a looketh up to heaven,
irrors every star.

are kneeling on the strand,
els the human knee,
ite locks bowing to the sand,
esthood of the sea!

r their glittering treasures forth,
ifts of pearl they bring,
he listening hills of earth
p the song they sing.

a earth sends her incense up
any a mountain shrine;
led leaf and dewy cup,
rs her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain;
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head, and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost,
From all its sun-lit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of its prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame,
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'They sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons.'—GEN. III. 7.

THEY are alone, yet they are ashamed. They are in Paradise, yet they are ashamed. It is conscience that is making them blush. It not only makes cowards of them, but it works shame and confusion of face. They are ashamed of themselves, of their nakedness, of their recent doings. They cannot look one another in the face, after their disobedience and recriminations against one another. They cannot look up to God now. Possibly, too, they shrink from being in view of the serpent who beguiled them. The feeling of happy innocence is gone.

They must be *covered*. This is their feeling; the dictate of conscience. No eye must see them—either of God or man. The light must not shine on them; the eye of the sun must not look on them; and the fair flowers and trees of Paradise must not see their shame. They love darkness rather than light. Covering is what they seek—covering from every eye. Thus shame and guilt are inseparable. 'I must be covered,' is the sinner's first feeling,—from the eye of God and man, even from my own. They cannot look on me, nor I on them!

Thus far they are right. But now they go wrong. Their mistake was twofold: (1) That they can cover themselves; (2) That they can be covered by means of vegetable nature. Let us look at these.

I. *Man thinks he can cover himself.*—He knows not the greatness of the evil; he does not calculate on the penetration of the all-seeing Eye. He sets to work, and makes himself a covering; and he says, This will *do*. What sin is, or what the sinner needs, or what God requires, he has no idea of. Each sinner has his own way of covering himself; he weaves his own web, whatever may be the substance of which it is composed. He wishes to be his own coverer, the maker of his own raiment. He thinks he can do it himself. He has no idea that this is utterly beyond his power. He trusts to the skill of his own hands to provide the dress that shall hide his shame from the eye of God and man. He thinks it an easy thing to deal with shame, and fear, and conviction, and conscience. He will not believe that these can only be dealt with by God. This is the last thing that he will admit. He will try a thousand plans before accepting this. He will make and try on a thousand kinds or sets of raiment before betaking himself to that which God has made. The unbelieving man's whole religious life is a series of plans and efforts for stitching a raiment for himself, with which to appear before God and before men; nay, with which he hopes to appear before the judgment-seat. It is with this man-made, this self-made clothing—this earth-made, or priest-made, or church-made religion, that he robes himself; with this he soothes conscience; with this he quiets fear; with this he removes the feeling of guilty shame. He can do all that is needful himself; or, at the most, with a little help from God!

II. *Man thinks he can cover himself with leaves.*—He supposes that what will hide his shame from his own eye, will hide it from God; that even such a frail covering as the foliage of do. He has no thought of anythi The fig-leaf will do, he thinks; need? But he is mistaken; the do, broad and green as it may be it not do?

(1.) *It is man's device, not God* covers sin, and renders the sinner must be of God, not of man. G right,—God only can prescribe to to draw near. What, then, is ritu ligion of fig-leaves?

(2.) *It is simply for the body, not t* not relieve the conscience, or s spirit, or cover the whole man. sufficient. It could not remove o one pang of remorse, or make the in the presence of God.

(3.) *It is composed of life, not* which is to cover man's sin, and d the sense of shame, must be some had the life taken out of it. Th will not do. It is no better than the fruit of the ground. The onl relieve the sinner from guilt and *ment;* the only atonement is by bl shedding of blood is no remissior the only covering must be one atonement,—one which represe which tells of the payment of the ri and the removal of the righteou The fig-leaf spoke of life, not o blessing, not of the curse. It h which told of propitiation or subst which spoke of God's anger turnec of the endurance of another.

The truths here taught us for o a few. They are of profound imp

(1.) *Man's devices for covering* They may be easy or difficult, che they are vain. They profit nothin is narrower than a man can wrap h devices are innumerable. Good de fervent feelings, self-mortification church-membership, rites, ceremo religious performances,—such are approaching God, his coverings f They are all fig-leaves!

(2.) *Man's devices all turn upon he himself has to do, not on what* Man misses the main point of in was not wonderful in Adam, to wl been revealed; but it is amazing has announced that He has don finished! Strange that man shou verting to the *unfinished*, when Go *finished!*

(3.) *Man's devices assume that G as himself.*—He can conceal himsel man, therefore he thinks he can that God shall not see him. Tha him from a human eye, he supp him from a divine.

(4.) *Man's devices all trifle wit* not fathom its depth of malignit They assume that it will be eas forgotten. They overlook its evil its eternal desert of woe. What a protection against the wrath of G of hell?

HEART SINKINGS.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

ACTS XXVII. 18–25.

THE narratives of Scripture are very different from ordinary memoirs, even when they are written by true men of God. Man is jealous for the honour of his hero, the Bible jealous only for the glory of God: 'Let God e true, and every man a liar.' The human iographer, from a natural partiality, is apt to mit or extenuate the failings and errors of those bout whom he writes. But it is never so in the rord of God. There we have the shadows as rell as the lights, the blemishes as well as the graces. It is well for *us* that it is so; for oftenimes the faintings and shortcomings of those rho have gone before us are as instructive and elpful as their virtues and excellences. We ee in this place one of the boldest and most ourageous spirits that ever lived losing hope, nd giving way to fear, when for a season he let o his hold of the word of God:—Paul's fear; its ause and cure.

We are not told in words that Paul was afraid; e does not say that he was, and there may have een nothing in his conduct and bearing that rould indicate to those around what was passing n his mind. But there is One who looks into he heart, and beholds all its secret thoughts and eelings. *He* saw the uprising and prevalence of ear, and therefore He says, 'Fear not, Paul.' low much that witness beholds, which men now nothing of! Paul had watched the disstrous progress of the voyage, he had perhaps een vexed at the refusal of his wise counsel when e warned them of coming danger, and exhorted iem to lay up at the fair havens, the *Porto ello* as it were, and wait there till a fitter ason for navigation came. He says, 'Sirs, ye ould have hearkened unto me, and not have oosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm d loss.' But he did not stand aloof from them this account; he sympathized with them in their toils and dangers, and joined them in ir efforts to manage and preserve the ship. entmaker by trade, accustomed to work with hands, he could probably render valuable in this crisis, when the sails were torn, and ired to be mended or replaced. At verse 14 —19.

we see the growing danger. A tempestuous contrary wind has arisen, and the rude unwieldy ship of those days cannot bear up into it, and so they let her drive. But now there is a gleam of hope. They get under the lee of a certain island, Clauda, where, in smoother water and somewhat sheltered from the wind, they are able to take certain precautions for their safety. They hoist on board the boat, which had hitherto been towing astern; and they undergird the ship, passing cables underneath and round it, to strengthen and hold it together, an expedient not unknown to our own sailors in former days. But the vicinity of land in a storm is more dangerous than the open sea; and so, fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, they strike sail, and drive, as it is called, under bare poles. At verse 18 it is said, 'Being exceedingly tossed they lightened the ship,' meaning, I suppose, that the crew did so. But two days later, verse 19, it seems that all on board, even the prisoners, took part in this work; for the writer of the narrative says, '*We* cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship,' that is, I suppose, everything that was not absolutely required for its management. The vessel was evidently becoming waterlogged, like the 'London' lately, and drifted at the mercy of the winds and waves. It was only a matter of time how long she would remain afloat. What was Paul's state of mind in these solemn trying circumstances? Luke, his companion and bosom friend, here tells us: 'When neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away.' Paul was a man brimful of sympathy, and doubtless he felt the influence of the growing anxiety and alarm. Like the rest, he must have been worn out and weakened by toil, anxiety, and abstinence from food, and he seems to have believed that there was nothing before them but a speedy and watery grave. Dark thoughts would come into his mind, for Satan knows how to take advantage of such seasons. Paul thought that the end of his life was come, that his light was about to go out, that his career of Christian usefulness was to be thus sadly, prematurely

terminated. He saw no ray of hope; for, says Luke, 'all hope that we should be saved was taken away.'

Such seasons of fainting and collapse occur occasionally in the history of the best and greatest of God's people. Abraham, when he went down into Egypt, feared that they would kill him. Jacob more than once had the same fear: he thought Esau would destroy him and his family; he thought that the Canaanites and the Perizzites would gather together, and slay him and his house. David feared that he would one day perish by the hand of Saul. Elijah feared when he fled from the threats of Jezebel. John Baptist seems to have had such a season of heart sinking, when he sent from his prison the question, 'Art thou He that should come?' Luther had the same at Worms, when he found himself in the lion's den, and saw the toils of his enemies all around. Even the Master, who took all that belongs to his people, saving sin, can sympathize with this. He has known it himself. When Philip and Andrew told Him about the inquiring Greeks, who were longing for an interview with Him, He seems to have got a glimpse of the coming glory, an earnest of the joy that was set before Him; He seems to have regarded them as the forerunners of that great gathering who shall come to Him from north and south, and east and west. He says, 'The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified.' But He was still in the valley, the place of change and temptation, where our liftings up are speedily followed by castings down. Scarcely has the eye of the Man of Sorrow rested on the gladsome prospect, when the cloud comes down, perhaps an exhalation from hell, and hides it from his view. He finds himself all at once face to face with Gethsemane and Calvary, and cries, 'Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour.' It was the cry of perplexity and distress, and the Father heard it, as He hears every cry of Jesus, and He did save Him, not, indeed, by turning away the trial, but by strengthening Him to bear it. Children of God, you know these things. You have been seeking what you thought an important, needful object; you have used earnestly, diligently, every means to obtain it, and you have become weary and worn with the greatness of your way. Suddenly a cold damp mist comes down on you. Your heart fails; you cry, All is lost. There is no more hope; you anticipate nothing but failure, discomfiture, disaster. Why are these things permitted? I believe it is to show the creature how weak and insufficient it is. Men thus come to feel, I am but a worm, I have no inherent power; and so they look to the 'hills whence cometh their aid;' they take a firmer hold of Him who made heaven and earth, and thus they become stronger, and ris ever they did before. This is safe success. The worm Jacob threshe tains, and makes them as chaff, an joices in the Lord, and glories only his salvation. These seasons of and collapse are very trying and p time, nevertheless afterwards we them with joy and thankfulness.

What was the cause of Paul's fe the storm and danger. True; but novice in this. He had been in greater than the present; he had wild beasts at Ephesus; he had b Lystra, and left for dead. The Ma sent forth his disciples, had said, 'I men,' they are more dangerous tha elements. Great as the peril was not have been so alarmed if he ha time forgotten or let go his life-bu a life-buoy which would have carri fully as well as safely through th might have sung in the midst of th

'Though hills amidst the seas
Though waters roaring mak
I will not

What was it? A word or promise the twenty-third chapter of t find Paul at Jerusalem, in the enemies. The storm is up, and bigotry, envy, and malice are hi Lord comes to Paul by night, an good cheer, Paul; for as thou ha me in Jerusalem, so *must* thou be at Rome.' Oh these precious Bi they are old, sure, infallible. P delivered from the rage and d countrymen, and is on his way cording to the Lord's word. But now menace him, the winds and wa combined for his destruction. Had remembered and rested on the L word, 'Thou must bear witness a he would not have been afraid. somehow forgotten this, or lost his it, and so he became like his fello prey to fear and alarm. Is it no when God's people quail, and the become unable to find their hand forgot God's promise, 'I will mak nation, a blessing to all the families and so he drew upon himself the n of a poor heathen. Jacob had fo faithful word, 'Behold I am with will keep thee in all places whith goest,' else he would not have been Canaanites, or of Esau and his Bed must have forgotten God's word of his act of anointing, else he wo

said, 'I shall one day perish.' Elijah must have slipped from his rock—his true vantage ground,—'The Lord God before whom I stand,' else he would not have been frightened into that unseemly flight by the threats of a wicked woman. And so of the others. It is the word of God that lifts his people up on high; and when they lose it, or cast it from them, they become poor, weak, and base as other men. It is their sword—a mighty weapon, fitted to fend as well as offend, to ward as well as wound. Satan's policy is to strike this out of their hand; and when he succeeds, they are at his mercy. John Bunyan notices this. Christian, fighting with Apollyon, lets his sword slip out of his hand, and Apollyon cried, 'Now I have you.' But poor Christian, groping about as he lay on the ground, got hold of it again, and dealt the monster such a wound, that he howled in agony, and, spreading his large wings, he flew away. Study the whole Bible, for you know not what you may need; keep it ever near at hand, as a soldier girds his sword upon his thigh. Passages which you see little in at present will flash forth with a new light and power when the occasion for them comes.

The *cure* of Paul's fear. The real cause of it was his forgetting and losing hold of the word of God. The remedy was bringing it again to his remembrance, with power and demonstration. The Lord came to him as he lay in the endangered ship, and said, 'Fear not, Paul, thou *must* be brought before Cæsar.' Oh the watchfulness of the Lord! He is ever near his people, and when their foot slippeth his mercy holds them up. That divine word of reminiscence was just what Paul needed to reassure and strengthen his fainting spirit; and it was enough, he became himself again. How discriminating is the Lord! how special in his manifestations of himself! There were hundreds of troubled, despairing spirits in that ship; but it was only to one that Christ spake. How true that word: 'Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me.' Not only shall Paul be safe, but all that are with him in the ship shall be safe for his sake. 'Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.' Paul had joined in the efforts to save the ship; but when all hope was gone, he betook himself to prayer. He wrestled and cried to God; but I am sure that it was not merely for himself. He sought the safety of all who were journeying with him; and you see the Lord heard his cry. How different Paul's position on this occasion from that of Jonah, who was asleep in the midst of the storm, and brought on himself the stinging reproof of the heathen, 'Awake, O sleeper, and call upon thy God!' Paul here is the shield, the guardian angel. He stands forth in the midst of the trembling crowd, and claims a hearing. He says, 'I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve.' How frank and manly is his profession of special relation to God! 'Whose I am,'—he does not say, 'Whose I wish to be,' or 'Whose I hope to be,' but 'Whose I am.' His bold, confident bearing, impressed and gained credence with those who heard him. He exhorted them to take food; and so they did, and in a little while they were all safe on land. How strangely were the tables turned! The poor despised prisoner has become the animating spirit of the ship, beloved and wondered at by all. Fainting one, be it so with you. Say with the Psalmist, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God.' Hope also in God's word; cast anchor there, and wait for the morning.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

NO. XV.—WASTED LIVES.

SOME time ago, a gentleman visiting an hospital in D——, was strangely attracted to a young man lying in one of its wards, whose very intellectual cast of countenance and dark lustrous eyes were extremely prepossessing.

Mr. A—— went up to him, and endeavoured to enter into conversation; but found him strangely reserved and incommunicative. So much so, that not until several subsequent visits could he learn anything of his history.

At length he told Mr. A—— that he belonged to W——shire; but would not be more definite, or tell his real name. His parents were pious, and took him regularly to church, had worship in the family every night, etc.

His mother was very indulgent, and allowed him a good deal of pocket-money. At first this was spent in sweetmeats, and such-like things. But, when about fourteen, some new companions he had found persuaded him to go with them to the public-house.

The first time he entered it, his conscience was so sensitive he could not remain. But when he rose to come away, his companions laughed at him, and said jeeringly—

'He's afraid of his mother.' 'So were we once,' said others. 'We were once that way too;

but now we can go home at any hour we like, and she dare not say a word to us. Set ye down there and make a man of yourself.'

He did not remain much longer that night; but it was not long until *his* mother had to let him in at any hour he liked. She endeavoured to conceal it as long as possible, particularly from his father; but it would be out, and as a result he was avoided by all his former sober companions.

That his proud spirit could not brook; so he left his early home, and went to Edinburgh. There he went from bad to worse, 'until,' said he, 'I could no longer hold up my head in my native country; so I went to England. Then I became connected with the stage, and have been strolling about with various companies until I took badly, and was put into this hospital. My manner of life has been very dissipated. Drink has been my ruin; and though at first it was scarcely possible for me to swallow a single glass, I have had so many as twenty-seven glasses of rum in one day.'

Mr. A—— asked him one day how long it was since he had written his mother. The tears gushed from his eyes as he said—

'Oh, man! I had the kindest mother that ever lived; but I have not written her this eight years.'

Nor could he be induced to give her address, or tell his own real name.

'No, no,' he always said. 'It would break her heart to know how I have been living, or where I am now.'

He was dying, and, from the nature of his disease, was allowed so much spirits per day. But so great was his desire for drink, that he bargained with the doctors to give them his body for purposes of dissection, if they would give him a larger quantity of the spirits. They agreed, and he was actually receiving the enlarged allowance at the time Mr. A—— was visiting him.

His end was a miserable one, yet he knew it was only a prelude to that

> 'Eternal misery which summed up the cost—
> Made up from the vials of wrath,
> Vials of bitterest wrath.'

Having borne his ghastly evidence as to the danger of tampering with strong drink, he disappears for ever from our view; but multitudes of others, whose evidence is equally striking, are ready to take his place. But we can only meantime hear one more.

'Have you ever been in the house richt below this?' inquired a poor woman I called to see one day.

'No. I have been several times at the door, but never got in.'

'Oh, mem, I think ye sud try an' get in the day. I doot sair there's something far wrang doon there.'

'What do you think is wrong, Mary?'

'Weel, I think Mr. P—— is deeing for want.'

'Who is Mr. P——?'

'A fine young man that's been livin' there this twalmonth. They say he was to be a doctor; but he was gey fulish, an' had to gie't up. He's been a kin' o' a clerk since syne; an' he's that prood, he wid dee afore he wid let his wants be kent.'

'What makes you think that he is in

'I met him on the stair last week. hardly believe my een it was him, for picket till a skeleton. 'Twas amazin' to the man could be aboot. An' this m wee lassie, that bides in the same house, Mr. P—— wasna weel, for he hadna na eat. Will ye try an' win in till him?' s asked, with the greatest earnestness.

'I'll try. But how will I know wher him?'

She then described the constructior house—a somewhat peculiar one, with tl opening through each other, adding, ' jist gang in till him, an' no spier if they'l

I did not know very well how to proc I found the way unexpectedly opened u going down stairs, the door stood slightl

I knocked and went into the first ap but there was no one in it. I passed second, and found the mistress of the ho seemed quite taken by surprise.

'Are you all well here to-day?'

'Pretty well, thank you.'

'I heard you had an invalid here. M go in to see him?' and ere she had tin no, I tapped at the door of the inner r went in.

The apartment was large, almost nol proportions, but its meagre furnishings very desolate look. A bed in the farthe a table, and two chairs, with a settee ab feet long, on which the young man lay up in the most uncomfortable-looking summed up the whole.

He looked up when I entered; but, pleased at the intrusion, dropped his ey on the novel he was reading.

I surveyed him for a moment in silence. had I seen anything so sadly interesting. ful fair hair still curled over a massive His eyes, to which disease lent an u lustre, had sunk deep in their sockets. lower parts of his face the flesh was so co wasted, as to give his jaw-bone and ghastly prominence. He was indeed neighbour had said, 'wasted to a skelet

'You are very ill, sir.'

'Rather weak,' he replied, without li eyes.

'Have you had any medical advice?'

'No. What good would it be?' h growled.

'You would require very nourishing scarcely knew what else to say.

'I take the most nourishing food I he replied, quite sarcastically.

It seemed a desperate case. I could not however; so I went close beside him, an

'You will pardon me, sir, for the libe taking; but you must be aware that y will soon be desperate if something is for you. I have a friend, a medical m has himself known suffering, and who very glad to do anything for you. M ask him to come and see you?'

A quick searching glance was darted then, after some minutes' silence, he said

if he would be so kind, I suppose it bad to object.'

ou cannot have things very comfort- ared here. May I not bring something or you?'

makes you care for me?' he asked, in ately softer tone.

ul for this almost unexpected success, I ıy; and not willing to intrude again , I left some things for his use with the the house.

ıy I was received with a scowl. No won- wicked people had appropriated what ıim to their own use, and he, not know- believed all my promises to be hollow. on rectified; and I remained with him S—— arrived. After making his ob- ı, Dr. S—— said he would tell me what ı done; so we went out together.

ıoor fellow's gone,' were the doctor's ls on reaching the street.

d! what is the cause?'

; perfect want.'

ıothing be done for him?'

ıay keep him living a short time, that's

sad case, a very sad case,' he again re- He then gave me all necessary directions mfort, also a considerable sum of money n carrying them out, which I did with-

ihe time he had been unable to pay for had lain on the settee night and day, ven being undressed; an old coat thrown was his only bed-clothes. What misery ıave endured! A bed was consequently ıe first things procured; all in the house lly occupied, and he too weak to be re- another lodging.

ıs much exhausted by the time these ıents were completed; but next day he h revived, and I was much pleased to ıat the novels, which had apparently ı him, had all disappeared.

hitherto avoided anything like religious ıg convinced, that in this case, exclusive the body would afterwards aid me in to his heart. The sequel shows that I quite mistaken.

are looking very comfortable to-day, —.' His reply was a very grateful one; ring talked a few minutes on various ters, I said, 'You are still too weak for suppose I read a little for you?'

ı very happy.'

; shall I read?'

hing you please.'

don't seem to have any books at hand,' oking round the apartment, 'and I have but a New Testament; shall I read part

that will do very well,' he replied.

ı the 2d chapter of Ephesians to begin Having read it, I began to say, 'I do not ·. P——, if you have yet realized the peace ns from believing in Jesus; but, do you at, since I saw you lying here so help- ve had such views of the freeness of the gospel, and its adaptedness to every case, as have been really profitable to my own spirit.'

'Indeed!' he said, looking quite interested; 'tell me how.'

'Well, my thoughts have been running something in this strain. If this man be not already saved, what could he do now to obtain salvation? Absolutely nothing. So, however easy the terms, if it depended at all on doing, his case would be hopeless. Though, for instance, the conditions were to read the Bible over once, you could not do it; or to appear even once before God in a place of worship; or perform some little act of kindness to a fellow-creature,—your case would be hopeless, you could do neither, and so would remain for ever unsaved. Then I thought of the goodness of God in requiring nothing of that nature—nothing but what is quite within the reach of the most helpless ones; and that is simply to receive the life, the peace, the love—everything, in short, that He has treasured up for them in his Son.'

'Ah!' he replied, with peculiar earnestness, 'I know nothing of that peace—nothing of salvation. I have been a prodigal.'

'Indeed! Mr. ——. Then I wish very much that you would act the prodigal a little longer.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that you should, like the prodigal we read of in this book, arise and go to your Father.'

'I cannot do that; I would be ashamed to go to God, now that I am just on the eve of perishing.'

'It was not till he felt himself perishing, that he thought of going back; but that did not prevent him from getting a warm welcome. We do not find the Father upbraiding, but rejoicing over the lost one that dire necessity had driven back to the parental dwelling. And let me tell you that his heart is now yearning over you; his eye has been upon you through all your wanderings; and now that you are come to yourself, conscious of your wretched condition, He waits to be gracious.'

'Oh, me!' he groaned.

'Do you know this hymn?' I inquired; then repeated the first stanza—

> 'Depth of mercy, can there be,
> Mercy still reserved for me?
> Can my God his wrath forbear,
> Me, the chief of sinners, spare?'

'Can you not go on with that?' he inquired.

'Yes, if you wish it;' so I repeated the rest of the hymn:

> 'I have long withstood his grace,
> Long provoked Him to his face;
> Would not hearken to his calls,
> Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
>
> I have spilt his precious blood,
> Trampled on the Son of God;
> Filled with pangs unspeakable,
> I who am not yet in hell.
> Whence to me this waste of love?
> Ask my Advocate above;
> See the cause in Jesus' face,
> Now before the throne of grace.
>
> Lo, I cumber still the ground;
> Lo, an Advocate is found:
> "Hasten not to cut him down;
> Let this barren soul alone."

Jesus speaks and pleads his blood,
He disarms the wrath of God;
Now my Father's bowels move:
Justice lingers into love.

Kindled his relentings are,
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands.
God is love! I know! I feel!
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.'

'How that suits me!' he said, clasping his hands together. 'Will you repeat it again?'

When I had repeated it several times at his request, he asked if I knew any more of the same kind.

'There's one I know partially. I'll repeat what I can of it, and bring the book with it to-morrow.'

'Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
To Thee I humbly pray;
Heal me of my grief and pain,
And take my sins away.
Wilt Thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to Thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me.'

'Oh! these are precious, precious,' he exclaimed; 'they make me feel as if I could believe in spite of myself.'

Fearing that more speaking would be injurious, I was coming away; when he took my hand, and said, with great earnestness, 'Will you not pray for me?'

From that time I read the Scriptures daily, and had many interesting conversations, which space forbids me repeating. This was not only a labour of love, but also of self-denial; for the effluvium from that wasted body was almost overpowering, and his weakness was such that he could only bear me to speak in whispers, while, in order to catch his words, it was necessary to have my head very near him.

Of the hymns he continued very fond. One day I forgot the book, and offered to go home for it.

'Oh! no, no,' he said, 'I cannot let you have that trouble. Just read me a paraphrase to-day instead.'

'Any one in particular?' I inquired.

'Yes,' he said; 'isn't there one beginning—

"Come let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return?"

Perhaps you will read it.'

When I had read the first verse, he looked as if he wished to say something.

'How often have I heard that before, and thought little about it! My father used to sing it at worship; but now I *feel* it.'

He gradually got so weak that it was difficult to communicate with him; and how touching it was to hear his bitter regrets for the past, and anxieties for the future! But one day, shortly before his death, he laid his hand upon his heart, and apparently summoning up all his strength, he said—

'I'm almost almost afraid to say it; but it's all peace here!'

'*He is my peace*,' he again said, most emphatically, in answer to a question I asked him. So one could only hope that this death-smitten one had received

'Sin's sure antidote—leaves, fruits immortal,
Pluck'd from the tree of life!'

He lingered on a considerable time after this, in a state of great weakness, unable to articulate a word, looking peaceful, sometimes even happy, and at length quietly breathed his last; and we could only hope that he had an entrance, though not an abundant one, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Much more might have been stated of this young man's history, of the unfortunate connections he formed, and habits which ultimately proved his ruin; but enough has been related to show

'How quick the meteor-flash of sinful joy
Was followed by the curse, the withering curse,
And quenched in midnight gloom; yet left
Its bitter fruits hang darkly clustering o'er
The ruin-reft creation.'

Maggie Morris:

A TALE OF THE DEVONSHIRE MOOR.

CHAPTER I.

EASTSTONE.

IT is only an April shower; and lightly it sweeps across the Devonshire moor, just sprinkling the little hamlet of Eaststone, which snugly nestles among the trees in a sheltered hollow. The cottages are dotted irregularly over the uneven ground, forming a picturesque and scattered group on either side of the high road. The rain-cloud disappears from the blue face of the sky, and the sun bursts forth once more, shedding golden light on the fresh spring green. Seeing this, a group of merry children run out from the doorway of an old barn that had sheltered them from the rain, and, with a joyous shout, resume their happy play.

On one cottage in particular the sunbeams glance and linger, darting their kindly, cheering rays into the interior. They fall athwart the lime-ash floor, and dance on the walls of that bare and scantily furnished room—even upon the old patched coverlid of a small bed, which stands in one corner, till they rest on a pale, worn face. Closed are the heavy eyelids, and the breathing is short and irregular. But something

ıts up the poor woman's wasted
ıe suddenly wakens to find her
ith sunshine.
ıow long Maggie has been gone!'
a sigh; 'she must have slipped
ras asleep.'
ent the latch of the door was softly
rl of about ten years of age entered.
ve you been awake long? I just
to Mrs. Wilton's for the milk;
she gave me besides,' said Maggie,
ng to the huge loaf she carried.
l,' murmured the widow. 'Mrs.
o kind a heart to let the poor
rve.'
d down the bread with a sad look,
self about the room, piled up the
the kettle on to boil, and 'tidied
ed it.
nan watched her child through all
ıts, her eyes filling with tears, and
ıg down the sunken cheeks. She
em from Maggie; but it would not
her side in an instant.
ıat is it? Why do you cry? You
gain, and able to work now the
e.'
t, Maggie, child, and I cannot but
What if Lord Rivers' new steward
the little home?' said she, sobs
terance.
y money in the rent box, mother?'
iping her eyes with her pinafore.
'er child, and see.'
kly obeyed; but two shillings only
ide.
ɔe made up to five before the
the poor woman; 'and how am
I thought when we gave up the
age, we might manage to pay for
But look, child, there is a horse
d somebody knocking.'
es were so full of tears, she could
ut she ran and opened the door,
d curtsied low to the gentleman
sted her:
l me, little one, the way to Farmer
ɔlne Farm, I think it is called.'
ou go straight along this road, and
:urn to the left, and you will see
ɔu a big gate. If you please, sir, I
and open it for you.' And with-
: his reply she led the way.
ur name?' presently inquired the

rris, sir.'
en, little Maggie, that your face
ıg like this April morning,—tears
h, little one?'
ɔured and hung down her head,
p, said:
'ery ill, sir; she is afraid she will
to work any more, and we shall be
ɔur home.'
ad state of things, certainly,' said
; 'but it may not be as bad as you
our mother I will call in and see
y back from the farm.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the child with a grateful look. Then seeing they were close to the gate, she ran on and held it open.

'Thank you, my little maid; there's a sixpence for your trouble. Ah! I have dropped it among the grass, just there,' said he, pointing with his whip.

Maggie, smiling, curtsied her thanks, and thought what a kind-looking face the gentleman had. She turned to pick up the sixpence, and surely it did glitter. Was it the sun shining so brightly made it look golden? Maggie turned it over and over, and wondered how it was, for she had never seen a golden sixpence before.

'I will run home and ask mother about it,' said she, and away the little feet tripped back to the cottage.

'Mother! mother! just look what the gentleman gave me for opening the gate—a golden sixpence! I never saw one before,' said she, opening the hand in which lay the glittering coin.

'It is a mistake,' said Mrs. Morris; 'the kind gentleman meant to give you sixpence, and it is a half sovereign.'

'Is that a great deal, mother?'

'Yes, it is worth twenty sixpences. We must watch for him as he returns, and give it back.'

'Mother, he said he would come in and see you, when I told him you were ill. But you won't give back the money, when you want it so much?'

'Yes, my child; I could not do a dishonest thing, though that ten shillings is what I long for more than anything. Pin my shawl round me, and shake up the pillows.'

Maggie obeyed, and then went out to the cottage door to watch.

At last she heard the horse's gallop along the road, and presently the gentleman appeared. He drew up as Maggie ran towards him.

'I can spare you a few minutes,' said he, 'if you will hold my horse the while.'

And giving the bridle into her hand, he entered the door Maggie pointed to.

A sorrowful look came over his countenance when he caught sight of that pale face.

'Sir,' she began, 'you were kind enough to notice my little girl; but you made a mistake, and gave her this half sovereign.' Here a violent fit of coughing interrupted her speech.

'Did I?' said the gentleman, laying down his hat, which was covered with deep crape, on the table. 'You seem very ill, my poor woman;' and, taking a chair by the bedside, he felt the feeble pulse.

'Is no doctor attending you?'

'No, sir, the nearest doctor lives at Chagford, three miles off, and we cannot afford to send for him.'

'Well,' said the gentleman, 'I shall be here again next week, and will see you again. Meantime, here is a prescription, which I suppose you will have no difficulty in sending to Chagford to be made up.'

'Oh no, sir; my little girl goes there twice a week with eggs and butter to Holne Castle, from Mrs. Wilton's.'

'Very good,' said the gentleman, as he took a note-book from his pocket, and tearing a leaf out, he wrote on it, and gave it to Mrs. Morris.

'Thank you, sir,' said she.

'You are welcome,' he answered. 'Nay, keep the money,' said he; 'you are poor and ill, and seem in much need of it. Good-bye till we meet again.'

The poor woman's words of gratitude were poured forth until the door closed upon him; and springing quickly into the saddle, he was soon lost sight of in the sudden bend of the road.

What joy there was in the cottage that evening! and both mother and child slept under the happy consciousness that a sore burden had been lifted from off them.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO HOLNE CASTLE.

MAGGIE awoke the next morning feeling very happy. She was up early, for it was her day for Holne Castle; and after seeing that her mother had everything she needed, and the neighbour who lived in the other part of the house having promised to look after her during her absence, she set off to the farm.

It lay embosomed among mighty oaks in the centre of a park-like domain, whose green and mossy slopes rose on all sides, with pieces of grey rock jutting out here and there covered with lichen. And every now and then the heads of the graceful deer would rise and peep through the bracken fern; and you could hear the rush and murmur of the river as it dashed and tumbled over the amber-coloured stones, through the wood that stretched far, far away down the valley. The estate belonged to Lord Rivers; and formerly there used to stand on the site of the farm a grand old mansion; but in the course of years, when it had crumbled into decay, a farmhouse had been built on to the remaining few rooms. The Rivers family then built a fine castle on a commanding point of the hill, overlooking the valley; and there dwelt the present Lord Rivers, at this time a very old man. He led the quietest of lives, for his only son was obliged to be a great deal in London; but generally in the summer his married daughter would come for a few weeks, and then the grounds and woods round the castle would ring with the merry voices of her children. But, excepting these visits, the solitude of Lord Rivers was never disturbed, and the management of the estate was entrusted to the steward. The Holne estate extended all down the valley; and the farmhouse that was now built in the midst of the deer park, was tenanted by Farmer Wilton, who also rented the outlying fields.

Maggie thought of the golden sixpence as she passed through the great gate, and walked down the long avenue that led to the farm; and, making her way through the noisy farmyard, she soon found herself inside the cheerful kitchen, with its nicely sanded floor, and table scrubbed quite white. She took her seat beside the tall eight-day clock, which ticked away lustily. In the deep window sat the only daughter a girl about sixteen. Her brow i thin, small hand, and over her sh luxuriance of light hair. The face expression, which changed almost t she turned to look at Maggie.

Mary Wilton was the source of sorrow to the farmer and his wife, seen fit partially to withhold from wondrous gift of his to mankind— parents had hoped against hope, every care and attention upon h made no difference in the poor chil

Maggie rose quietly, and laid bright primroses on her lap, wh gathered on the way down.

Mary clutched them eagerly, and you,' and then began to arrange th

'Good morning, Maggie,' said as she came from the dairy, and basket of butter and eggs upon the 'How is your mother to-day?'

'I think she is a little better, Maggie, glancing timidly up into face, for she stood in great awe dame, who was a tall, buxom-looki fifty, whose quick manner and sha all those under her do her bidding, ing any time. At this answer of turned away, and said, in a low never be better in this world;' ther 'Tell your mother I have let my lo Harcourt, whose daughter is con change of air; and I expect to be so the rooms ready, that I shall not b and see her for a few days. But anything, you must let me know. paper in your hand?'

'If you please, ma'am, it is w gentleman, who stopped to see motl told me to take to Chagford.'

'What! Dr. Harcourt?' said Mr 'I suppose so, ma'am; he spok us.' And then Maggie simply tol the golden sixpence.

'I am glad to hear it,' said the wife. 'And now, lassie, be up an castle, and if there is any message to me.'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Maggie, as into the yard, and stood debating, which way she should go.

The brightness of the day decid path through the wood; and, qu the small plank which spanned where the ducks were sailing, sh a bright green meadow, and was s of among the trees bursting fo green.

Maggie's heart was light and wonder then that her feet sped sw those primrose paths, as the birds their joyous notes around her. A st this woodland path, and Maggie, carefully lifted her burden to th sprang lightly over. There was steep lane to be toiled up, and the so hot that little Maggie wished

basket to carry. But when the happy thought came that she was earning money for her sick mother, the load felt ten times lighter. At the top of the hill she could see the houses of Chagford not far off, rising one above another, and one more turn in the road brought her facing the handsome iron gates and pillars that led to the castle.

Passing these, she walked on till she came to the back entrance, and, after winding through a laurel shrubbery, she found herself at the kitchen door. The cook spoke kindly to her, and told her to come inside; and in a few minutes Mrs. Rokes, the housekeeper, appeared—a tall, quiet-looking person, dressed in black, her grey hair being banded under the closest cap.

'Ah!' said she, 'that's right, Maggie. I see you have brought me a good supply;' and she unpacked the well-filled basket. 'Let me see,' she added, 'if I can find anything to send back to your sick mother;' and taking the empty basket, she disappeared for a few minutes, but soon returned with it well filled with scraps of all sorts.

'When is she coming for some more plain work?' said she, as she gave it into the child's hand. 'I have plenty for her to do.'

'Thank you, ma'am, she hopes to soon,' said Maggie, as she turned to go.

She did not hear Mrs. Roke's last sentence, as she closed the door: 'The poor young thing will be motherless ere long, I reckon.'

It was well she did not, for it would have cast a cloud over the little heart which was now filled with sunshine in every corner.

Onward she hastened to the town of Chagford, and soon the bottle of medicine added its weight to the basket, and then the weary little feet traversed the three miles of turnpike road home.

But the glad looks and sweet smile with which her mother greeted her, fully repaid the toil of that long day.

CHAPTER III.

AN ARRIVAL.

On the Tuesday afternoon of the following week, as Maggie was again seated in the farm kitchen, after a walk to Holne Castle, she noticed there was an unusual stir about the house. At least, Mrs. Wilton seemed more alive than usual, and her voice was heard in every direction. Presently Maggie heard her name called, and, on answering the summons, Mrs. Wilton bade her run to the little front garden and gather a bunch of spring flowers. To do this, she had to pass the door of the front parlour, and, as it stood half open, she ventured to peep in.

'The gentlefolks must be coming to-day,' thought she, as she caught sight of the snow-white table-cloth, spread with Mrs. Wilton's best china, and the bowl of Devonshire cream in the middle, looking so tempting.

And away she hastened to the pretty garden, and soon gathered a sweet spring bouquet of primroses, japonicas, hepaticas, ranunculus, etc. These she arranged in a small vase Mrs. Wilton found for her, and the flowers gave the table a bright and cheery aspect.

Suddenly Maggie heard the sound of wheels, and she lingered at the farm door to watch the visitors arrive at the front entrance, which led in by a rustic gate through the aforementioned garden.

The tired horses drew up, and Dr. Harcourt stepped from the carriage, and gave his hand to a young lady dressed in deep mourning. Maggie tried to see her face, but it was hidden by the crape veil. She was followed by a little sister, about nine years old, and a servant.

They disappeared under the ivied porch; and Maggie heard Dr. Harcourt tell the coachman to be in readiness on the following morning to take him home again, when, thinking she had stayed long enough, she took up her can of milk, and hurried home.

'Mother,' said she, that evening, after fully recounting everything about the arrival, 'I wonder if the young ladies are as good and kind as their papa.' And wondering this, she crept into bed beside her mother, and fell asleep.

Meanwhile, I must introduce my readers to the Harcourt family.

Dr. Harcourt was an eminent physician, living at Torquay, about twenty-four miles from Eaststone.

Three months before my story commences, his beloved wife had drooped and faded in rapid consumption, leaving him with two daughters. The eldest, Mabel, had been her mother's constant attendant during her long and trying illness, and after her death she became so seriously ill, her poor father thought he must lose her also. But he was spared the double sorrow; and Mabel so far recovered as to be ordered a change of thorough country air, with rest and quiet for some months. Holne Farm was accordingly resorted to, and Dr. Harcourt consented to leave his children there for the present.

They were all astir early on the following morning, as Dr. Harcourt was to leave directly after breakfast; and, amidst farewell kisses, and promises of another meeting very soon, the carriage drove off.

Maggie heard the tramp of the horses as they came down the hill, and ran out.

But the doctor had not forgotten his promise, and the carriage stopped. A minute after, and he was inside the cottage, greeting his patient with kindly word and smile.

'Do you think I shall ever get well, sir?' asked the poor woman.

'You are in God's hand,' said the doctor, gravely; 'but you are very ill. I cannot stay now to talk to you; but I have spoken to my daughter, and she will come and see you very often, I hope.'

And, after giving a few more directions, he returned to the carriage, patting Maggie's head as he passed out, and telling her to be a good girl to her mother.

On the afternoon of the next day, as Maggie sat sewing by her mother's side, a gentle tap

was heard at the cottage door. A sweet voice said, as the latch was raised, 'May I come in?' and the slight figure of a young lady glided in. 'Papa asked me to come and see you as soon as I could,' said she.

'Thank you, ma'am,' said Mrs. Morris, who at once guessed who her visitor was. 'Maggie, put forward a chair for the lady, and then take the can and step down to Mrs. Wilton's for the milk.'

As soon as the child was gone, Mabel drew her chair close to the bedside, and threw back the veil from her face; and the deep, calm, brown eyes looked compassionately on the sick woman, as she said, 'Papa told me you were very ill. Do you think you are a little better to-day?'

'No, miss; I fear not,' said the sufferer; 'this constant cough, and wasting strength, tells me I shall never be better in this world.'

Mabel hardly knew what to answer, for she had heard from the doctor that the case was a hopeless one; so, breathing an inward prayer that she might be permitted to speak a word in season, she answered:

'But I trust your face is set towards that better land, where sorrow and sickness can never enter, and where the weary are at rest.'

'Well, miss, I have always tried to do my duty in this life, and I trust God will forgive me at the last. My poor husband died when Maggie was only a few months old; and, ever since, I have struggled to bring up my child honestly, and cannot bear the thought of leaving her alone in the world. She does not know I am dying.'

'Do you feel afraid to die?' asked Mabel.

'Yes, miss, when I think of my sins; but I hope God will have mercy upon me.'

Mabel quietly drew a little Testament from her pocket, and, in a clear voice, read the parable of the prodigal son. She then applied it to our natural state in God's sight, showing that we have nothing wherewith to come before Him, and that 'all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' Then she proceeded to unfold the story of grace; how Jesus, the Son of God, had taken upon himself our nature, and suffered in the stead of guilty man; and now the door of mercy stood open wide, that all sinners might have their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb, receiving a full, free, and perfect forgiveness.

The poor woman listened eagerly to every word; and when Mabel ceased, she said, 'Then there is hope for me? I too may come for forgiveness?'

'Yes,' said Mabel, 'the invitation is: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." 'Seek him, and you shall have "the peace that passeth all understanding."'

They were interrupted by Maggie's return; and, as Mabel rose to go, she said in a low tone, 'I will leave a verse of a favourite hymn of mine for you to think about,' and she repeated the following lines:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee;
O Lamb of God, I come.'

And, with a sweet smile, she took leave to call again in a few days.

That evening Mabel had a long tal Wilton about the widow and her chi glad to hear from the good farmer's soon as the orphan needed a home, sh taking her to train for a farm servant

'She will have to rough it pretty she; 'but it will be good training, her with a home.'

Mabel assented to the plan as a one; and, after more talk, Mrs. Wil room, saying, 'Miss Harcourt, I cou my back upon the orphan.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE ORPHAN.

THUS some weeks rolled by, and as vanced Mabel's health was restored. turned to the pale cheek, and strer exhausted frame. Her father, in h visits to Holne Farm, watched j gradual improvement. He always c come out every Saturday so as to Sunday with his children, and in th they drove to the parish church of Ch

Mabel never forgot the sick woman, a day passed without her visiting her a little delicacy she prepared with her to tempt the failing appetite. But t the only cottage that was gladdened b smile. She was a general favourite the hamlet; and the poor blessed t came amongst them, and always we as a sunbeam. The little children, too for on Sunday afternoons she woul them at the farm, and, gathering them she would teach them about their S train their infant voices to sing his pr

Maggie loved those Sabbath after she would repeat the hymns and Bibl had been taught to her mother.

Even poor Mary Wilton took her class, and joined as well as she was Mabel hoped she comprehended in so the story of Jesus' love, for she would clasped hands and earnest face to e and afterwards her mother would he muring to herself, over and over again favourite hymns and texts.

It was on one of these Sabbath after Mabel had dismissed her childr quietly walking round the little garde papa and sister Alice, that suddenly gate was thrown open, and Maggie ra less.

'Oh, if you please, miss, mothe worse, and she wants to see you will you come?' said the child wi looks.

'Yes,' said Mabel; and turning to she linked her arm in his, and the t Maggie.

The poor woman heard Mabel's vo as she entered, and made a sign sh speak to her.

Mabel bent down and caught the v

'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin. I am so happy.'

Mabel pressed the wasted hand, and whispered: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.'

The dying eyes were once more turned gratefully towards her benefactors, and the lips murmured, 'Maggie,' and the child gently kissed her mother.

A few short sighs were all that were audible after that. A few moments more, and Dr. Harcourt said, 'It is all over, she is at rest.'

Maggie knelt down by the bed, and sobbed as if her little heart was breaking.

Several of the neighbours had stepped in to see if they could help, and there was not a dry eye amongst them when they saw the orphan's grief. Mrs. Wilton was there also; and Mabel, seeing she could be of no further use, quitted the cottage with her father. Soon after Mrs. Wilton followed, leading the motherless Maggie to the shelter of her own home.

The poor child was glad to creep up early to bed that night. A tiny attic had been prepared for her, with a window so high, you could only just get a peep of the blue sky. Maggie gazed wistfully through it at the patch of golden stars, and thought of mother gone far, far beyond them, and gradually she cried herself to sleep.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN'S SONG.

HARK, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Eight*, good sirs, has struck.
Eight souls alone from death were kept,
When God the earth with deluge swept.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Nine*, good sirs, has struck.
Nine lepers cleansed returned not:
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Ten*, good sirs, has struck.
Ten precepts show God's holy will:
Oh, may we prove obedient still!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour *Eleven*, good sirs, has struck.
Eleven apostles remained true;
May we be like that faithful few!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Twelve*, good sirs, has struck.
Twelve is of Time the boundary:
Man, think upon Eternity!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *One*, good sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all;
Nought can without his will befall.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Two*, good sirs, has struck.
Two ways to walk has man been given;
Teach me the right—the path to heaven!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Three*, good sirs, has struck.
The *Three* in one, exalted most—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Four*, good sirs, has struck.
Four seasons crown the farmer's care;
Thy heart with equal toil prepare.
Up! up! awake, nor slumber on;
The morn approaches, night is gone!
Thank God, who, by his power and might,
Has watched and kept us through the night!

—*From the German.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

LEV. VI. 13.

THIS was one of God's special commandments to Israel, and, no doubt, has a special meaning both to them and to us. For He speaks no random words; his trumpet utters no uncertain sound. He says only what He means, and He means all He says. His words are profoundly real, more so than those of the deepest thinker of any age; and far more enduring, for they are eternal words, embodying eternal truths. The fire, the altar, the sacrifice, the tabernacle, have all passed away; but *the truth* embodied in these remains for ever. It is for *our* instruction as truly as for Israel's.

I. *The Fire.*—Fire, in general, is the symbol of wrath. It is sometimes the figure of purifying, but more commonly of *anger*, divine anger,—anger on account of *sin;* for in no other connection do we ever read of divine anger. Not personal affront, or caprice, or pique, or partiality, or ill-humour—none of these are ever connected with God's wrath. Only SIN! The history of *fire* in Scripture is very instructive. It begins in Paradise, and ends in the last chapter of Revelation: there is the flaming sword; the fire of the sacrifice; the fire of Sodom; the fire of Egypt's plagues; the fire of the pillar; the fire of Sinai; the fire of Korah; the fire, enfolding itself, of Ezekiel; the 'unquenchable fire;' the fire that accompanies Christ's second coming; the fire of apocalyptic judgment; the lake of fire; the fire that comes down from heaven, that is to consume the world,—these are some of the memorable allusions to fire in Scripture. Most of these are connected with the Shekinah, or visible symbol of the divine presence; intimating that it is from that presence that the fire proceeds, even from God himself. Thus God intimates, most solemnly, that there is such a thing as *wrath*. Yes, there is wrath; now hidden, one day to be revealed; wrath which the wicked treasure up against the day of wrath. God is not too benevolent, too merciful to be angry. If there be no anger in God, the Bible utterly deceives us. A large, very large, portion of it is quite unmeaning, or rather *false*. The expulsion from Paradise, the deluge, Sodom, sacrifice, pain, death, sorrow, the law, the cross, the unquenchable fire,—these are very plain intimations of *wrath*—wrath against sin; wrath for the *punishment*, not the deliverance or warning of the sinner. All the ills that flesh is heir to, are originally, and in their proper interpretation (however overruled), expressions of *divine anger*. How terrible for a sinner to be confronted with an angry God! How hateful a thing must *sin* be to excite that anger,—the *one* thing that provokes his wrath!

II. *The Altar.*—The word means the place of sacrifice. It was elevated, implying that what was placed on it was lifted up to be presented to God. There was but *one* altar of sacrifice,—one spot for a sinner to meet God. It was the most essential part of tabernacle and temple; without it, there could be no place of worship for a sinner. A sinner can only worship at an altar, can only meet God there. Why? Let us see. There are two things very prominent and visible about the altar—the fire and the blood; the fire, the symbol of wrath; the blood, the symbol of the effects of that wrath, in the infliction of punishment. Thus, while the s proclaimed wrath, it also proclaimed wrath peased, in consequence of the deserved punishn having been inflicted. Condemnation and par were thus fully expressed:—hatred of sin, yet l to the sinner,—inexorable justice, inexhausti grace. No sin pardoned, without first be punished (either in person or by substitute); debt cancelled, without being fully paid. A j God, and a Saviour; not only a Saviour, *though* just God; but a Saviour *because* a just God. Th the altar was

(1.) *The place of condemnation.*—There God co demned the sinner and his sin. Condemnatio was the first thing the altar exhibited and pr claimed.

(2.) *The place of confession.*—The sinner come not to hide, nor to extenuate, not to excuse, no to deny, but to confess his sin.

(3.) *The place of pardon.*—The pardon is th result of the condemnation—the condemnation o the substitute or surety. First condemnation then confession, then pardon,—free, and large, an irrevocable.

(4.) *The place of meeting with God.*—The on spot on which God and the sinner can meet. Onl over *blood*, over *death*, can the great business o salvation be transacted, and the great questio of pardon settled between the sinner and God There only is it lawful or honourable for God t meet with the sinner; there only is it safe or com fortable for the sinner to meet with God. Ther the great reconciliation takes place.

The cross is the altar. At the cross we mee with God, and God with us. There we learn ou condemnation and our deliverance, our death an our life. There we confess, and there we are freel forgiven. There we know what sin is, and wha grace is. Our God is a consuming fire; yet Go is love.

The fire upon this altar was peculiar in many respects.

(1.) *It was kindled by God.*—At first it wa lighted directly from heaven,—from the Shekinah glory. It was God's own fire.

(2.) *It was fed with the fat of the sacrifices.*—The peace-offering is specially mentioned in connection with this. As if that which ratified the peace was that which satiated the fire.

(3.) *It was never to go out.*—Once kindled, it wa to burn always. It needed no *rekindling*. It wa kindled by God, but fed and kept up by man. In the case of the lost, the fire of God is eternal and unquenchable; and, in the case of the saved, it is only quenched because exhausted in and by Him who, as the Eternal One, endured the wrath o eternity during his brief life on earth. Good new to sinners! There is One who has borne wrath fo sin. He who accepts that one wrath-bearing i personally delivered from it all. But he who re jects it, and tries to bear the wrath himself, mus reap what he sows, and bear it for ever.

There is but one tabernacle, one altar, one fir one sacrifice, one Priest. Not two ways of a proaching God, or two ways of pardon, only on He who accepts and uses the one is safe; he wh tries another must perish for ever. Yes, there but one cross, one Christ, one Saviour. But He sufficient.

E SURE KNOWLEDGE OF SALVATION.*

)t presumption to believe God; amption is just the opposite. n Israelite, who had sprinkled)lood, were to be doubting and ng lest, after all, his first-born should at once say, There is a faith in God; he does not be- ays; he is making God a liar. at rests on Jesus to doubt that that he *is* saved, is the very)tion. It is not believing 'the ias given of his Son.' It is be- :ecord, but not the other half. nable. God says, 'He that be- asting life;' the believing soul as to the certainty of its salva- re in Jesus; but I do not think g life.' One must be wrong. God be true, and every man a see the illogical nature of such :re is no reason in it; nay, that ı?

ls, Satan turns things upside vo ways of making sinners pre- her, one way of making sinners l another way of making saints le makes sinners presumptuous :o doubt God's word that they God says, 'Ye shall surely die.' ıt is *not* true; you shall *not* nay not be believing in Christ; good hope that you will be the height of presumption. It God will not keep his word. umption of the world, which l, though it does not trust in other hand, he makes saints leading them to think that, y perish, and that God will not That, again, is the height of

ıelite was shut up to faith. He o *see:* he was shut up to bare, ɔ blood was on the *outside* of ıan was on the *inside;* and it)f you shall go out at the door the morning.' So that, if a man :hen his faith, he was not able house to see whether the blood aith had to be strengthened by the recollection of the promise of God. So it is with us; we are shut up to faith. We are to believe, not only when we see, but when we do not see. There need not be a running backwards continually to see whether the blood is on the soul; a perpetual self-examination as to whether one really believes or not. That is done once for all; and assurance is nothing but believing—staying yourself on—the *promise of God.*

But let us go a step further. You *ought to have assurance.* Every believer in Jesus ought to be perfectly assured of his salvation. I know that such is not the case; but it ought to be. It is your birthright. I do not find in the New Testament that there were such trembling, doubting Christians, as there are in these days. I do not find there that, when a man was converted to God, and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of his soul, he had a vague hope that, after all, God *might* pardon him; or that, if he did the best he could, he would be saved. I read this: He '*rejoiced, believing* in God, with all his house;' 'He went on his way *rejoicing;*' 'There was *great joy* in that city;' 'Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in *much assurance;*' 'Ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, *with joy of the Holy Ghost.*'

You cannot be *happy* without it. How could an Israelite, standing with his household round his table, having in his hand the little hand of his eldest boy, be happy if he did not believe that he was safe? And how can you? A vague hope will not do. A criminal is not happy as long as he *hopes* for a reprieve; but he is happy when he sees his pardon, with the queen's name at the bottom of it, when he knows that that name is good for his life. And so will you be happy when you know from the word of God that, trusting in the blood of Jesus, you are safe.

You ought to have assurance, because you cannot be *holy* without it. There may be a degree of holiness; but there is none of that holiness which springs from the consciousness of adoption into God's family. 'I will run in the way of thy commandments,' said David. But when? 'When Thou hast set my heart at *liberty*' (Ps. cxix. 32). Not till then. It is the holiness of a slave, and not the holiness of a son. It is not the happy consciousness of pleasing God. It is a bondage. Mark the order in this chapter. When was the Israelite to put away the leaven

low and the Substance. By S. A. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1867.

out of his house? *After* he was saved; after the word of God had conveyed to him the assurance that he was safe. So it is with you. Do you want to put away the evil things that lurk in your heart? You must *know* that you are God's child; you must know that you are pardoned; you must know that your name is written in the Lamb's book of life; you must know that your soul is 'saved in the Lord with an *everlasting* salvation.'

You ought to have assurance, because you cannot be *useful* without it. Satan knows that well; he knows well that a redeemed sinner can never serve God heartily, until he is conscious of his acceptance with God; and therefore he blinds our hearts to it as much as he can. You cannot set about your work happily and heartily, you cannot go and tell other fellow-sinners of what the Lord has done for your soul, till you *know* it. You cannot give a clear message of pardon to others, if, when they turn round and say, 'Are *you* pardoned?' you are obliged to say, 'I do not know.' What can you do? Your tongue is tied, and your very feeblest efforts at the threshold of service are stopped and rendered useless.

Therefore, dear friends, seek after assurance, and do not think that it is to be got by a round of religious duties, or attendance upon ordinances; by a certain amount of obedience yielded, or experience acquired. That was not the way of old, neither is it the way now. How is assurance obtained? By trusting in the word of God. The question can be settled in one instant. Are you content to take *God* at his word? You receive the witness of a *man;* you believe what a man tells you; why not receive 'the witness of God, which is greater?' 'This is the record, that God *hath given to us eternal life*, and this life is in his Son. HE THAT HATH THE SON Believe it. Take God at his word; done so, go on your way rejoicing, l wholly to serve Him who has boug his blood, and who promises to kee ing in Jesus till the very end, and tl late you from his kingdom in this kingdom in glory.

I know that there are some here like assurance. And why? Beca sence of assurance is a very conveni those who like to live a half-and-half know that, and they tell you, If I w sure that I was saved, I must be different person; I must live more God; the line between me and the be drawn much more distinctly; I living with one foot in sin, and an holiness; I must be altogether on t Satan knows that, and therefore he to persuade people that it is a very a very proper, and a very respecta indulge a kind of vague expectati *haps*, after all, you may be saved.

To such I would say, Have dor Christianity as that. It is not wort of it. It is a half-and-half Christi not God's Christianity. Get rid of will have done with it from to-nigh passed from death unto life, as God believe it, and live as one ought tc "alive for evermore."' Oh that enable you to rejoice in this fulness that the dark cloud which hangs mind, when they think of the time might vanish; and that you might s his mercy has shown me for ter glorious certainty, that 'he that bel Son of God hath life,' and 'shall nev

MISS RUSSELL'S THIRD YEAR IN JERUSALEM.

(A SEQUEL TO HOME IN THE HOLY LAND.)

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

OUR third year in Jerusalem as home! I do not count from my first arrival in the autumn all alone, when sorrow and illness clouded the first weeks of my sojourn; but I reckon from the following spring and Eastertide when my brother had joined me and removed all uncertainties about our plans, by the delightful idea of taking a house and settling down in the Holy City for at least two years, while he painted the 'Return of Naomi and Ruth,' which my father had suggested.

It seems so natural in Jerusalem to consider Eastertide as the beginning of a Winter, though broken into short f warm sunny intervals, still does co the time of Passover. Keen winds sometimes heavy falls of snow, are to in March. I have even seen the seve of the whole winter during that mon

Well may the Apostle Peter hav to warm himself over the fire of high priest's palace at the beginning over week, if the weather was as have known it in Jerusalem at the sa

But the winter ends here: a day o and the wind changes; the sun, alwa even in winter, melts the snow, drie ground, clothes the corn-fields in

decks every bank with anemone and iris, and covers the fruit-trees with a mantle of delicate blossom. Then the vines bud and swell, the birds are busy and sing; ploughmen finish their sowing, and men look for the coming fruits of the earth.

'This month shall be unto you the beginning of months,—it shall be the first month of the year to you,' does seem in Palestine a most natural command. Winter is suddenly left behind, and summer takes its place, but with all the loveliness of spring. Nature is putting forth the energies of renewed life, and man also awakes from wintry torpor and bestirs himself, rejoicing in the genial warmth and brightness which Orientals so dearly love.

Jews prepare for their Passover, Moslems for their pilgrimages to the tomb of Moses, Christians for Easter, their 'great feast'—so called by all sects alike; and thus the year of activity and business is begun. We had now spent two whole years in our 'hired house' in Jerusalem. Walter had been diligent in his chief work—painting Scripture incidents in the land, and among the scenery where they had occurred. 'Naomi and Ruth' finished, he had gone to his next subject, 'Abraham purchasing the Cave of Machpelah from the children of Heth.' This would still occupy him during several months, and make necessary a future visit of some weeks to Hebron.

Therefore we renewed the lease of our house, which was much endeared to us by the happy time we had spent in it. Walter continued his tuition of Nathanael with much pleasure on both sides; for the boy got on well, and looked forward, as did his father Rabbi Abraham for him, to a journey to England for thorough schooling; only, nobody could yet tell when that was to happen. His sister Rachel had made more rapid progress, and was a very interesting pupil to me. Mrs. Wills also was delighted with the success of her musical studies. Our household was not much changed. Helaneh, the Arab woman, had left me to keep house for her little new married daughter, scarce ten years old. In her stead, I first had a Bethlehem woman, who soon left me to go and look after her olive crop. After being a while without a servant, Constantine (our servant lad) found me another Jerusalem widow—a Greek—respectable, but painfully inert, and feeble in her movements—the more so as the long Christmas fast thoroughly exhausted her.

Sarah, the Spanish Jewess, had been a great help to me. She had not only improved in needlework, but one day, when she found me doing the housework myself, she went off and got her Rabbis to allow her to spend an hour or two in helping me, even though it was Saturday, and her Sabbath. So thoroughly had her dislike and fear of Christians been melted away by kind treatment.

Old Haj Omar, our groom, and the horses, still formed an indispensable part of our establishment. The occasional rebukes which his obstinacy drew down, only seemed to make him the more attached to Walter Beg; and whenever he was not under the influence of opium, he was a trusty servant, loving his horses as if they were his children.

Thus we had plenty to do; Walter with his painting and his pupil; I with my household, with Rachel's lessons, and with the Jewesses, who more than ever came to me for employment in needlework and knitting; and our steady home life continued its daily round of ever deepening interest.

CHAPTER II.

ATTEMPT TO GET UP A MASSACRE OF THE JEWS.

One morning after the Jewish Feast of Purim, which came exactly one month before Passover, Walter came upstairs to look for me. 'Sarah is down stairs, Emily, and wants you. She seems to be in some trouble, and has brought a little boy with her. She has been kissing my hands all over in spite of me; but I can't exactly make out what is the matter. Her queer Spanish is too much for me.'

I went down, and Sarah, generally grave and dignified in her manner, seized my hands and kissed them vehemently, and even attempted to kiss the hem of my sleeve, while her little grandson, about nine years old, tried to do the same.

'What is the matter, Sarah?'

'Senora, that you should help us. Mos spontamos mucho (we are much afraid). Let us come into the room and we will tell you.'

As soon as she had carefully shut the door, for fear Um Habeeb or Constantine should hear, she said: 'We are very much afraid of estos Christianos (those Christians). They want to kill us, and Jerusalem is full of them this year. What shall we do? Our hope is first in God, and next in you.'

We succeeded with difficulty in calming her down, so as to get a coherent account of what had happened to frighten her.

She said, that yesterday morning early, her little grandson here, Yakovieo (little Jacob), son of Gershon the pedlar, was in the bazaar, buying vegetables for his mother, and as he was going back, a Greek pilgrim boy cursed him and pushed him down, and took away his vegetables. 'Yakovieo was frightened, and ran into an adjoining house, and waited there until he thought the Greek boy would be gone, and then he came out. But no, the Greek was still lying in wait, and Yakovieo was afraid to pass by; so he threw a stone at the Greek to make him go away, and, ahi di mi! (woe is me) the stone hit the foot of the Gentile and made his blood flow, and then the pilgrims raised a great tumult, and would have killed my child, but some of the rich Moras (Moslems) ran out of their shops, and took him to the seraglio. The Pasha—que biva cien anos! (may he live a hundred years)—would not listen to an affair of children, and sent them all away; and one of the Moslems, to whom Gershon, my son, has sold cloth these fifteen years past, kept Yakovieo until the Christians were all gone, for fear alguna cosa negra (any bad thing or harm) should befall him, and then he brought him home to us. Ger-

shon gave him a piece of print for his kindness. What else could we do? for he saved the boy's life. But to-day, the Moro came again, and told us that we had better not let Yakovieo go out again into the streets, because the Christians are very angry. They say that the Jews want blood for the Passover, and are talking many bad words, and are going to do us much evil. We are so frightened, Senora. Oh! for the kuvod (honour) of God let the boy stay in your house till the danger is past; it will be a mizrah muy grande (very great merit). Oh! save the life of the boy.'

'Hush, hush, Sarah, that is enough. Yakovieo may stay here if he likes; but perhaps you are too much afraid, and the Christians are not thinking of any harm.'

'Oh yes, Senora, indeed they are. I went a long way round to come here, but three of the pilgrims saw me at the end of a street, and they did so (drawing her hand across her throat), and cried, Yahoody! Yahoody!'

'Your boy may stay here, Sarah; but I hope there is no danger.'

'May your lamp never be extinguished, Senora! May you live many years; but don't let your servants tell people that he is here.'

'Nonsense, they don't know that he threw the stone; and why should they tell if they did?'

'Perhaps she is right, Emily,' said Walter. 'You know what Helaneh said about blood being used by Jews.'

'Oh! but that is very different from giving a poor boy to a mob to be killed. Besides, I should like to know who would dare to take him out of an English house.'

'At any rate, it's best not to tell the servants why he is here,' said Walter. 'I have it. I'll make him sit for his picture, and that will explain his staying. He will just do for one of the boys in my last sketch.'

Sarah went away, full of gratitude; and my brother took the boy with him to the painting room, but presently came back. 'Emily, it has occurred to me that we ought to let Mr. Wells know about this affair; it may concern him as Consul; and, if there should be anything serious in it, he *ought* to be informed. First, attend to the boy for a while, and I will go up to the Consulate.'

Walter told me, on his return, that Mr. Wells had already heard of the affair, and had deputations of Jews, seriously alarmed, seeking his counsel and aid. He says he has done all he can to reassure them; but that, were it not that the Pasha is so strong, he himself would be uneasy, for there are at least ten thousand Greek and Armenian pilgrims in the city, and a sudden riot might be a very dangerous business.

The next day passed quietly till the afternoon, when Mr. Wells came to our house. The matter was becoming more serious. 'The Greeks directly, and the other Christians indirectly, are persisting,' said he, 'in having the enormity further investigated, and a Divan is to be held to-morrow of the Turkish legal authorities, before whom the case is to be fully argued. The Pasha might take umbrage at my presence; but I have come to ask you, Mr. Russell, to be so good as to go there, and witness the proceedings, and give me a report of the same.'

'How shall I understand what is going on?'

'My dragoman shall go with you—Seno[illegible] Beehor Ariyeh—and Rabbi Abraham. Seno[illegible] Beehor speaks Arabic, and can translate to yo[illegible] in Italian. Abraham will tell you what the Je[illegible] are saying, and I will also send my Arabic drag[illegible] man, who, being a Latin, rather scouts this affa[illegible] as a bit of Greek fanaticism.'

'Do you really anticipate a tumult among the pilgrims, Mr. Wells?'

'Who shall say what pilgrims may do, if the thing were once begun? The pilgrims are crowding the Jewish street more and more, using menacing language and gestures, pushing women up against the walls, and hooting children. This is not a state of things to be trifled with.'

At noon next day, Walter went to the seraglio, and I waited his return with no little anxiety. It was nearly sunset before he came to snatch a mouthful of food, before going up to the Consulate to deliver his report. I was so desirous of hearing it, that I went up with him, and heard the whole history, as told to Mr. Wells, from Walter's notes.

'The case came on at noon, before the Pasha himself, in full Divan—at least, so I thought, from the large number of white-turbaned Effendis present. Your dragoman pointed out to me the Kadi, Mufti, and various others whose names he will tell you. I was very well treated, and given a seat not far from the Pasha's left hand, and pipes and coffee were served. There was a deputation from the Greek Patriarch—several of the black-robed clergy—who formally accused the Jews of being in the habit of mingling Christian blood in their Passover cakes, and of having intended, for that purpose, to take the life of Stavro, the Greek boy, whose foot was wounded, had not he been rescued by the other pilgrims.

'The Christians pleaded that their most venerated theologians, in all ages, had uniformly asserted this accusation; and finally appealed to the Pasha, whether the Moslem doctors do not also confirm this.

'There was a large number of Rabbis present, as deputation from the chief Rabbi. They were visibly perturbed, and I could see one old man literally trembling, when the Pasha called on the Kadi and the Mufti to say what was their opinion. They asserted that their sacred books declare the same as the Greeks, indirectly, and by implication, namely, that Jews do use Christian blood.

'Triumph sat on the faces of the Christian clergy, and the Pasha had to rebuke one deacon, who cried out loudly, "Oh ye cursed Jews! hear that!" shaking his fist at them in open court.

'Finally, the Pasha called upon the Jews to reply to the accusation. They appealed to their divine law and its expositors, and quoted passages to show that, not only is such a practice not enjoined, but that the principles pervading those writings were diametrically opposed to it; that blood is an unclean thing; that they dare not take it within their lips; that a Jew would rather

die than wilfully swallow blood, "for is it not the life of a man?"

'Then they referred to the firman received in 1841, from His Majesty the Sultan, after the dreadful cruelties enacted in Rhodes and Damascus; which firman declares that strict search has been made into all the Jewish writings, and that no trace of such practice as this is to be found.

'The Pasha ordered this firman to be produced in a Divan to be held on Saturday. The Greeks looked rather crestfallen, but the Jews were evidently in great terror, and I was not at all satisfied with the looks and sentiments of the Moslem Effendis. The Pasha appeared to be impartial, and I don't think he believes in the accusation.'

'I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Russell. I will call on the Pasha to-morrow morning; for I fear something may occur if he is not very firm. Should the priests dare to give the signal, I fear we might have the fanatic mob of pilgrims proving the orthodoxy of their faith by a slaughter in the Jewry.'

As we walked home, Walter told me that he would have given anything to have been able to have sketched the scene. 'What a subject that would be, Emily! The Jewish Rabbis of Jerusalem, summoned before the Council, on the charge of mingling Christian blood in their Passover cakes, in the year of grace 1849! The judge, indifferent as Pontius Pilate himself, a "civilised" Turkish Pasha. The accusers, reverend fathers of the orthodox Greek Church, with snowy beards and grave robes of black, but with countenances unpleasing, bigoted, unsoftened by Christian charity—nay, rather flushed with eagerness to prove the vile accusation. The Effendis—contemptuous, luxuriously clad, indolent, greed of gain stamped upon their features; and the Jewish Rabbis—the venerable chief Rabbi, and Rabbi Raphael, and his old father, and the rest,—their noble intellectual countenances pale and perturbed, quoting Hebrew from the Holy Law in their defence; large drops of perspiration breaking out upon their brow, as the Mufti and the Kadi inclined to the side of their adversaries. I never was more moved in my life. I thought (who could help doing so?) of the night when, perhaps on the very same spot, a council was held, the high priest being the judge, and the Innocent One was condemned, on testimony of false witnesses, to the shedding of his blood.'

'But to think that Christians should be the accusers in this case! It is very dreadful, Walter.'

'Indeed it is. Just think of the heads of the Jewish nation being summoned to answer such an accusation at the Passover season, in Jerusalem! Eighteen hundred years ago they were the accusers; now they are on their defence. Alas that the accusers should be Christians! It is remarkable that Rabbi Abraham, a Christian Jew, should be there present to assist them.'

Next morning, Walter and I went out for an early walk, before breakfast. We returned by the Zion gate, and through the crowded streets. Suddenly Walter left my side and darted across the street. A Greek pilgrim had got hold of a Jew, and was using threats and making signs of cutting his throat. Walter drew the Jew away, and he made his escape down a narrow lane.

'I must go at once and report this to Mr. Wells,' said Walter; 'really something may happen. The Jews ought to keep at home till this blows over. Come, Emily, let us go to the Consulate.'

We found a considerable number of Jews there already; fear was visible on all their faces. Mr. Wells looked grave. Several similar cases had been brought to his knowledge; and, just after we got there, a son of the Grand Rabbi of London came in to report that a company of six pilgrims had seized hold of him in the street, exclaiming, 'Ah Jew! have you got the knives ready?'

The Consul prepared to visit the Pasha immediately, and remind him yet more strongly how much displeasure it would cause the Queen and government of England if any persecution of the Jews were allowed.

It was really impossible to foretell, from one hour to another, what fanatic excitement might be raised among the multitude of ignorant pilgrims thronging the streets.

However, that day passed off quietly; and at about two o'clock the next day, Mr. Wells came to tell us that he now hoped the danger was past, for the Pasha had terminated the affair. The Divan had been held; the Jews produced their firman from the Sultan, and His Excellency put it on his head. But, even then, the Kadi wished to argue that the charge must have had some foundation in ancient times. However, the Pasha spread out the imperial firman, and asked the Mufti, Kadi, and assemblage of Moslem grandees whether they meant to fly in the face of that document.

'God forbid! God forbid! Our lord the Sultan knows what is right.'

The Pasha then declared the charge disproved, and ordered the Jews to make payment to a surgeon for healing the wound in the Greek boy's foot.

Thus the Christian accusers lost their cause, and were, moreover, warned by the Pasha to look to it that none of their pilgrims break the peace, as he will hold the Patriarchs responsible if a single life is lost.

'You think it is really all over, Mr. Wells? Do you think there is no more danger from the pilgrims?'

'Not the least. We were all very uneasy yesterday; but the convents know the Pasha too well to trifle with him. On another subject (the Easter fights in the Church of the Sepulchre) he has threatened that if there is any disturbance this year, and he is obliged to call in the troops, he will begin by hanging up a dozen Greek priests outside the church.'

That evening Gershon and Sarah came and fetched home Yakovieo, offering us thanks most touchingly for our protection of him, and bringing us a parcel of the finest Passover cakes I had seen, and some of the rich sweet wine they make for their feasts.

The accusation that the Jews use blood was dropped; at least, we heard no more of it for that year.

(To be continued.)

'I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH.'

CANT. v. 2.

METHOUGHT I saw that all the vast assemblage of human beings were admitted through one narrow avenue into a cavern-like area; and that, as soon as admitted, they began to struggle and elbow their way up the incline immediately before them. To where, or for what purpose, did not seem to them to be definitely ascertained. Some, however, who were pressing more anxiously and eagerly than the rest of the crowd, by whom they were surrounded, had heard that something definitely to their advantage could be obtained farther on in the road they were now pursuing, viz. riches, honours, pleasures, etc.; hence their haste. From the top of the cavern hung some splendid stalactitic formations, whilst the floor was covered with a calcareous crust, which largely impeded the progress, as well as sometimes maimed, by its sharpness, the exposed feet of the eager travellers. Few heeded the unevenness of the ground; and some, indeed, seemed stimulated, by the very dangers and difficulties of the way, to press forward with the greater determination.

A strange light, or rather twilight, pervaded the whole, striking on some of the stalactite formations with peculiar grandeur, revealing also very dark cavern-like recesses, where no light seemed to enter, and into which many fell headlong, breaking all their bones.

It was only when you placed yourself at a given angle, in a stream of light which flowed through an opening in the rock to the right, that you could properly discern the circumstances by which you were surrounded. So dim was the twilight, that you could scarce, unless at the angle spoken of, discern 'men from trees walking;' and, indeed, some of the more near-sighted did actually run against, and embrace with so much ardour, the rocky formations rising from the ground, that they were impaled thereby, leaving their bones as a beacon to all who after came that way.

Far above, and over the opening in the rock from which the continuous stream of light issued, and illuminated by the same light, were the following characters:

'ROCK OF AGES.'
'WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME.'

The light streamed through the opening at right angles with the mass of the people, so that few, if any, could pass it without discovering from whence it proceeded, as well as discern the inscription over the entrance. Few, however, seemed at all to heed the matter, as a passing glance was all, for the most part, bestowed as they hurried onward.

I saw as I stood, that the opening emitting the light was in the form of a cross, and that close to its entrance stood 'One whose form was like unto the Son of man;' and ever and anon He cried to the footsore wayfarer, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' But they made light of it; and I could hear the echo of the words, 'riches, honours, pleasures,' as they struck upon some rocky prominence, and were reflected back to the spot where I stood.

I saw also that a band of young men, in the prime of life and strength of manhood, came pressing up the hill, and their jocund laugh and pointed wit seemed to set all the ordinary difficulties of the way at defiance, as each vied with each to outstrip his fellow. But the face of Him who stood at the entrance of '*the way*' grew troubled, and as they passed I heard Him soliloquizing, 'How often would I! but ye would not;' and then, with a voice that seemed to make not only the young men, but the whole, far and near, to tremble, and the very rock to vibrate, He cried aloud, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment.' At the sound of which, all turned to behold the face of Him that cried. Some glanced so hastily, that they mistook the one who cried; others mistook not, but there was neither form, nor comeliness, nor beauty, that they could desire in Him; whilst a few stood lingering, hesitating until their companions, pointing them forward, reproachfully repeated the talisman of all their hopes, 'Riches, honours, pleasures!' at the sound of which, all, with one exception, rejoined their companions, and, with a hearty cheer, were soon lost in the crowd; whilst the one came straight up to the cross-like opening, stood for an instant only, and then with a bound passed through. I observed this peculiarity, that as he passed through, he seemed to fit the opening; his arms were extended in the openings or arms of the cross, whilst his head just fitted in the opening above the arms. (This also was the case with all that passed that way). I further observed that 'the way' was 'without shadow of a turning,' so that a right line could have been drawn from the cross-like entrance, which would terminate at the other extremity; and withal the way was 'narrow' throughout, yet such as presented a convenient walking space. In the case of the young man, he was soon lost to view, as he seemed to press on with supernatural vigour, as I could see by the company who pressed hard after him, endeavouring to keep pace with him.

I stood wondering, when lo! I was startled by the sound of voices in the distance, which I soon found proceeded from a great company, pressing on far in the narrow defile. It was the voice of praise, for I heard them sing:

'Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace with thee?'

w that many in the narrow way occasionally ped down, and that, as they arose, they held heir hands a peculiar phosphorescent light, ch were rare gems, found only in the way of h and righteousness, such as Faith, Hope, rity; and as to the pearls that were therein overed, they were pre-eminently pearls of at price.

saw that it was only when the entrance end reached that the travellers could rest secure. who stood at the entrance was pleased to ruct the ignorant, and cheer those who arrived sick and faint. And for the encouragement of those who were timid, He said, 'Fear not, I am with you alway. Soon shall you hear the triumphal song of ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying, "Alleluia, Alleluia, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing;"' and every hill and valley reflected and echoed the sound; and I exclaimed, Amen, amen! and awoke.

Reader, are you in the narrow way?

H. M.

'THE SABBATH BELLS.'

HOW pleasant it is to hear the church bells pealing forth so joyously and sweetly on a Sabbath morn! and it is still more so to see rich and poor, old and young, obeying this call to to the house of God. But if it be so pleasant ee this, how sad it is to find so many idling ut within hearing of the bells, and yet paying attention, having no desire to attend their mons, to hear the word of God, praise Him his past mercy, confess their sins, pray for lon, and for health and strength to walk in narrow way, and do what is pleasing in sight! How many thoughts, both sad and sant, may the sound of the Sabbath bells g to our minds! To what a variety of places heir music borne on the wind! Could they k, what interesting accounts they would give of the various ways their sweet music was re-ed! How some listened with evident pleasure, did not seem to think the call was for them, merely listened as they would to any other d agreeable to the ear. Then they would tell ome who, laid upon beds of sickness, listened hem as to some loved familiar strain, and that r sad looks told how gladly they would obey r call were they able to do so; and perhaps would add, that the sufferers comforted nselves under the loss of their prized hours in sanctuary, by thinking of the Saviour's words: , I am with you always, even unto the end of world,' and other verses of consolation from book of life; and those who attended them anxious loving care, were reminded by them their dear ones were in the hands of Him doeth all things well, and that, after their t tones had ceased, strength, help, and com- would be implored at the throne of grace for ho were sick or in trouble in many a sacred ce. Then they would speak of some who set gladly, and who seemed to go in the spirit of David, when he said, 'I was glad when they unto me, Let us go up into the house of the ;' and again, of some who went by mere , or for credit's sake. Yet, though the bells ot thus speak to us, they may bring many ghts of the past and present to our minds, h may be of benefit to us. When we think e dark sad times of bygone ages, when few ssed the Bible, and many who did, and wor-ed the one true God, were hunted from place to place, and, if captured, most cruelly treated to make them give up their religion, their Bible taken from them, and often they were put to death; the places where they assembled together to worship God were often amongst the mountains, or some lone hut, and often the service broken up by the approach of enemies to the cause of truth;—when we think of all this, and then turn to the present age, what a contrast presents itself! In our favoured land no one need be without a Bible, which they may read without fear of persecution.

I have read of some poor people in Belgium in the time just mentioned, who, having given a sum of money for a Bible, used to hide it during the day, and go into the woods, and there, by the light of their lantern, read the book which they felt was able to make them wise unto salvation; but it was soon taken from them, and they said they would rather have had their houses burned than have lost their precious book. Should not such accounts make us ask ourselves if we prize the Bible as they did, and also cause us to value it more and more when we think of what others suffer in its cause?

Then what a contrast Sabbaths are now, to what they once were! Now we hear the bells pealing forth from various places of worship, numbers of children going from Sabbath schools to their respective churches or chapels. Old and young, rich and poor, may also be seen hastening on their way to the house of prayer. What a difference is there, in this bright picture, to the Sabbath of past times! No sweet Sabbath bells, no children returning from the schools, and few sacred buildings open to receive those who wished to serve God, and hear his holy word. Ought we not to be very grateful for the privileges we enjoy, and our peaceful Sabbath-days? But if we do not love the Giver of these blessings, they will be of little value or use to us; for if we have no desire to serve God, Sabbath will be no holy happy day for us, but wearisome and dull. Yet we must remember we shall have to account for the precious Sabbath hours we have had given to us; and also, that if they are dull and uninteresting to us, heaven (even could we enter it with such a distaste for holy things) would be still more so, for there all is holy, the service and praise of God the constant and everlasting occupation of its blest inhabitants.

Reader, can you say with truth, in the words of the hymn:

'I love the soothing Sabbath bell,
I love the house of prayer?'

If you can, be thankful that you have learned, at least in some measure, the value and importance of religion and of the Sabbath hours; then n you increase in the knowledge of their val and the consolation they can give, till you re that land,

'Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.'

Readings for the Young.

LITTLE FOXES.

'TAKE us the foxes, the little foxes which destroy our vine; for our vine hath tender grapes.'

Softly, yet in solemn tones, the words fell on the ear of that little band of worshippers, as the good pastor closed the services of the day.

It was the communion Sabbath at Ruthven, and a motley group knelt around the table of the Lord, commemorating that one great sacrifice offered so long ago, when our redemption song rung out in the 'It is finished' of Calvary. Many there for the first time: young disciples standing on life's shadowy threshold in their bright gladsomeness, hearts glowing in fresh and holy love—they saw no cloud in the summer sky, no dark horizon in the dreamy distance; not yet entered on life's battle, they thought not of the coming struggles, only the victory which must follow. Others, aged saints, feeble and dim-eyed, worn with long years' conflict, as they waited on the very brink of Jordan till the Lord should call them hence, to be partakers of a heavenly banquet and a holier fellowship. Many there, too, weary souls, bearing the 'heat and burden of the day,' but seeking rest and refreshment by the green pastures and 'still waters' their Shepherd had provided for his often-times tired flock. In truth, a motley group, each having his own heart experience and feelings unexpressed, save to Him who knoweth the hearts of all, and lends a willing ear to our feeblest cry; but to every one came the solemnly repeated warning, 'Take us the foxes, the *little* foxes.'

They had heard that day of Jesus, the 'Bread of Life,' who, in his vicarious love, had given himself a 'living sacrifice' for his people, and now as our great High Priest, yet Brother man, intercedes in our behalf before his Father's throne. They had heard words of gentle encouragement and faithful exhortations. 'Be ye not conformed to the world,' but 'set your affections on things above.' 'Watch ye, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak.' Such had been the subjects of that day's thought,—words which glowed in fervid eloquence,—words from an earnest heart, pleading his Master's love and mission,—words sinking very deep in many a heart, afterwards, may we trust, to be as good seed springing up, and bearing fruit 'yet more abundantly.'

One among that assembly listened with thoughtful earnestness and mingled feelings. Nellie Raymond, as for the first time she came to the communion table, felt she was entering upon some new life, a holier, heavenlier atmosphere,—even t straight path leading to eternal life. Very sole were the vows she had taken upon herself t day: covenanting with the Lord was no li thing, and this was a covenant for life and death. Nellie thought of the future, and alm trembled. Her Saviour, indeed, was 'the s yesterday, to-day, and for *ever*;' but—and N tried to probe her own heart yet more deep poor child, she little knew its fathomless depth would she ever forget?—forget Jesus in his w drous love, her Father's watchful care and p the home 'afar off,' which made her now as a grim journeying in a 'strange land?' Would ever forget those communion vows of a holy l separation from the world, a heart consecrate the Lord, weaned from earth in its fixed affecti heavenward? Would she ever disregard his p cepts, or stray from the path she had chos 'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fix was the answer which came in the full assurance self-confidence; but, Nellie, remember it is o when the Lord is at thy 'right hand' thou 'sh not be moved.' Blessed are they who trust Him.

It was but a short time since the Holy Sp had quickened her lifeless soul, since she l sought Jesus; and having found Him, He was very truth as the 'shadow of a great rock i weary land,' even that Rock of Ages upon wh she rested in 'quietness and assurance.' N she thought any sacrifice must be easy, a burden light, that He could impose. There co be nothing to fear when Jesus was nigh: temp tions would be overcome, trials borne with murmur, affections made holy when it was will. Why all these warnings? 'Little fox could surely do no great harm to the vineyard the Lord when the Great Keeper himself w near? Ah, Nellie! you have not yet learn the deceitfulness of your own heart, the weakn of self-confident resolutions, or the terrible pow of sin. It is easy now, in the light of t hallowed communion, to resolve nothing will i pede your onward course, nothing damp y love, or dim your faith and joy.

Wait a little. Return to the world, mingle its busy throng, bear its taunting sneer or bit reproach; wait till the hidden evil of your o heart, which now seems quenched so surely, ri rampant as before, when there are 'fears with and fightings without,' 'when crafty temptati assail, or heavy trial burdens you,—then you w learn the very nothingness of self; but, bles be God, you may also learn the all-sufficiency Christ.

The 'last soft light' of an April afternoon w

ding its quiet radiance, gilding the long dark
: of hills with the farewell beams of the
ng sun, softening their rugged outline in
nellow light, and flickering golden darts on
hick-leaved forest, as the congregation dis-
d to return to their own homes.
rapt in thought, Nellie walked home through
sweet green fields and shady lanes, now
ing into summer beauty. She gazed on
: golden bars spanning the broad blue vaults
e, and their glorious vistas seemed a fitting
nce to the still more glorious mansions be-
. Nature seemed in such close unison with
spiritual, Nellie could have lingered long
gh in those twilight musings. It was hard
to descend from the mount of communion,
eet again the world's ceaseless strife and
, and the impulsive heart longed for the
gs of a dove,' to fly away and be at rest.
he race must be run ere the prize is gained,
attle fought ere the heavenly crown is won.
ard and upward we must go, till the goal is
ed and the victory ours, till we enter the
red haven,' the land of eternal rest, where
w and sighing have fled away. 'Ah!' says
speaking of the transfiguration, 'visions of
en are not for every day. Duties await us
t the mountain foot; but Jesus in his meek
nity is with us still.' Yes, and a sweet
: of his presence cheered and strengthened
lonely girl. Trusting for Him, living for
, life could not be aimless, death could not
rrible. And as the earnest prayer of Nellie's
: was, 'Draw me, O Lord, and I will run
Thee,' the song arose triumphant, 'My
ved is mine, and I am his.'

was a quiet summer night, only the soft
ing sound of the faint breeze, as it rustled
gh the thick shrubs and fanned the closing
rs, broke the hushed stillness, except, indeed,
: last note of the bird's good-night song, as
se sweet and clear to the dim sky above.
e Raymond sat by the open casement, as if
lling to leave the fair scene, and forgetful
e fast falling night. Yet the troubled brow
dreamy eyes told of thoughts far distant.
eded, the wind tossed the heavy curls, and
gathered flowers, now almost withering, fell
esly on the floor. Ah, Nellie! those dreams
ours play mischief with quick flying time;
vas she solving some question of right or
g, as the unconscious murmur fell?
o! no! I cannot,—not even to please Harry.'
r reverie was interrupted by a hand laid on
noulder.
'ell, Nellie! wrapt in a brown study?'
e started and smiled. 'I believe I was.'
iscussing by yourself all the pros and cons
s grand ball, eh?'
am not going, Harry.'
onsense, little sister,' said her brother gaily.
r, what's the harm?'
ear Harry, I said so before. I cannot think
sistent to reconcile it with other principles.
d, I should not be happy,' yet she wavered
e spoke.
you won't go, Nellie, neither shall I. Come
just yield this once to please me.'

After all, the temptation was very strong, and again she hesitated. Quick as thought a thousand excuses presented themselves, linked not quite coherently with each other. Was it really wrong? Many good people went to balls. Even those she knew to be professing Christians countenanced such-like amusements. Might not she too? And then it would disappoint Harry! Perhaps she ought to go, when it was not to please self, but gratify her brother. (Ah! such unselfishness is very easy.) Yes, she thought, just this once she might yield the point. To Harry it might seem as if religion brought only gloominess and self-will. So Nellie reasoned, forgetting the one light, the one joy which rejoiceth the heart, the great 'mark' for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Skilful sophistries, they were 'little foxes' in disguise.

'Why, Nellie,' exclaimed her brother, wondering at the continued silence, 'what are you looking so grave about? Do you always give such very solemn consideration to mere trifles? Surely this is a very little thing?'

Little things! little foxes! Oh! what a tide of recollections these words recalled! Three short months ago since those holy vows were spoken, that covenant ratified by the table of the Lord, those resolutions so firm and stedfast determined upon; and now, almost drifted already on the strand of temptation; the warning then thought so needless, now almost forgotten. Where now all her resolutions?—broken, marred, nearly cast aside! Nellie bowed her head in meek contrition, and as the bitter tears of self-reproach sprang to the dark eyes, her decision was made.

'It is just those little things, dear Harry,' she said very gently, 'that we must watch against. It may seem to you but a trifle. You think a little conformity to the world but a small point to yield, yet our Saviour's command is, "Come ye out and be separate," and I dared not disobey.'

Harry Raymond's face clouded darkly.

'Once, Nellie, it was different; once you had, at least, some regard for my wishes,' and coldly turning away, he left the room.

Poor Nellie! those quick words left a stinging sorrow behind, and the reproach seemed almost cruel. What if she had judged harshly, wrongly? Surely she could never be called upon to sacrifice Harry's love?—that thought was unbearable. After long years of absence, her only brother had returned to his early home; and though the visit promised to be but a brief one, Nellie's heart was very full of joy. Cherished hopes and sweet dreams now realized; for in the presence of this much-loved and loving brother, Nellie had her deepest earthly gladness.

Since childhood, when left lonely orphans, Harry had watched over and guarded his little sister with such brave honour and generous love as suited a mature age; and very reluctantly had he placed the tender flower in other, though kindly hands, to seek a home so far distant. Very amply was his affection repaid; absence could not chill the loving sister-heart; but now, though dear as ever, ay, dearer, Nellie had found

a higher, holier Friend, He who, 'sticking closer than a brother,' claims our first obedience and purest love. This she knew, indeed; but the blighting shadow of disappointment fell heavily on the bright young life, and those first unkind words from a brother's lips caused a flood of unrestrainable tears. Stay, Nellie! little sister, remember, 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.'

A little longer, and Harry had again left, on his return to India. The parting had a keener pang to Nellie, for as yet there was no evidence that her brother was a child of God. True, the sneer was not so frequent when she spoke of the gospel's blessed truth, and endeavoured to persuade him to seek the Saviour he so proudly rejected. He at least respected her conscientious scruples, as he called them; and though no heart change was apparent, Nellie could only hope and pray.

'Perhaps it is for the best after all,' she thought. 'I was relying too much on my own efforts for his conversion, independent of the Holy Spirit's aid, and the Lord is just teaching me that He alone has power to change the heart.'

Ah, Nellie, take courage! In that humble self-distrustful spirit, in that meek submission to thy heavenly Father's will, believing 'He doeth all things well,' a great victory is gained. The 'little foxes' are taken 'captive,' and the 'tender' vine is yet upright.

'Letters from India! Here, dear Nellie, is your portion,' and Cousin Kate joyfully throws a great bundle into Nellie's waiting hands. Oh, how eagerly it is received, and how impatiently the seal is broken!

'Letters from India!' is echoed everywhere, and the whole household brightens under the glad tidings, for Harry Raymond is beloved by all, and they have not heard from him for many long months. But has sorrowful news only come? Nellie's tears flow thick and fast, blotting the delicate Indian paper, as again and again she pressed it to her quivering lips. No, they are not tears of sorrow, but of joy,—such intense, holy, unspeakable joy, as moves the angels of heaven over one sinner who repenteth.

Here is an extract which tells its own tale:

'And now I must say what I know will give my own dear sister great joy, Nellie, your prayers (for I know you prayed) have been answered. Now, in all humility, yet surest confidence, I can say, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*." What this great dawning of light has been I cannot describe,—"the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing on his wings;" but in his wondrous love and mercy, God had indeed led me by paths I knew not of, that in the end He might bring me unto himself. You will probably ask, Whence this change? Well, first of all, Nellie, I trace it, under God's blessing, to the influence of your own life. When I saw my little sister denying herself, overcoming temptation, pleasing Christ rather than others, seeking in all things to glorify God,—in truth, live a holy, consistent, Christian life religion could be no vague, weak se covert hypocrisy, as I supposed it. was a heart struggle, not easily ove long I was too proud to yield, too r up in my own code of self-righteo Jesus brought me to the foot of the stricken and self-abased, that He m my sin-stained soul, "Arise, thy sins a thee." And now, pray for me, d "that He which begun a good work unworthy, may "perform it until the Christ."'

Little wonder Nellie wept as she k lonely darkening twilight; and a gre up to her Father in heaven, a cry o holy gratitude, a prayer breathed fro flowing heart, yet in all meekness she 'Not unto me, O Father, not unto m thyself be all the glory.'

And her joy was not unshared. T the old minister's eyes, as, letter in l told the joyous tidings, and the st 'little foxes.'

'Give God the glory, my child,' he as he laid his trembling hand on her g 'and go on thy way, striving in his overcome. "Seek, sinner-like, distr and childlike trust in Jesus." This is which overcometh the world, and tak the "little foxes."'

WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN

A LAD of sixteen lay upon his de wasting consumption was slowly but its fatal work. He was a former pup I approached his bedside, took him b and gazed a moment on his thin, ema pale, hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes me that his sojourn on earth must be

'How are you to-day, Arthur?' I

'About as usual,' he replied.

'Do you suffer much lying here?'

'Sometimes I suffer a good deal from difficulty in breathing.'

'Do you think you will get well?'

'No, sir.'

'Would you like to get well?'

'It makes but little difference with I do or not.'

'Does the thought of approaching you any anxiety or alarm?'

'I have no fears nor care about it.'

'Do you feel willing to die?'

'I have wished I were dead a hu since I have been sick, to get rid of my

'What is your hope for the future'

'I do not concern myself at all future.'

Afterwards I asked him if I should

'I do not care, if you want to pray,

In two or three days he died. His this remark in my hearing: 'My yonder cemetery—an INFIDEL—from of novel reading!'

Parents, what do your children rea

THE STILL MOUTH.

tor of a neighbouring church was
a matter of contention among his
e was great excitement and much
on. I was acquainted with many
s of his church; and among them
superior education, excellent judg-
mble piety. So I very naturally
nat does Mrs. —— say?' 'Oh,'
Mrs. —— is a still-mouthed little
akes no part in the controversy,
I know that she is on the right
ise, how pleasant to be silent, and
consistent, so ready in every good
k, as to be known to be on the

uthed person will never slander,
esent us; will never use harsh, de-
ies in speaking of one whose views
accord with his own. There may
occasions when it may be well to
t, as a people, we are in far greater
ng too much than too little.

How often, during the last twelve months, have I listened with intense disgust to excited denunciations of the proceedings of many of our public men, and have thought, How much wiser to be silent, how much more reasonable to 'wait and see!'

Well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech. Do our children come to us, clamouring for some forbidden indulgence? a still mouth and kindly glance may reprove them more effectually than many words.

The 'wise man' assures us, 'that whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.' *Still-mouthed!* The sweet Psalmist of Israel must have known the importance of this excellence when he resolved: 'I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle.' 'I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.' And Peter, while earnestly exhorting us, says: 'He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.'—*Congregationalist.*

THE SWEETEST WORD.

t word of holy meaning
1 to me o'er and o'er,
echoes of its music
ever—evermore.
o other word we utter
sweet and precious be,
ll life's jarring discords
eavenly harmony!

thickest blackness gathered
y soul's dark sea of sin,
port of heaven was guarded
ny guilty entering in;
ie Jesus, walking to me
ie surging waves of sin,
clear above the tempest,
iat trusteth, heaven shall win!'

ough all the sacred pages,
my woe and doom had been,
ose golden words of promise,
iat trusteth, heaven shall win!'

Blessed, sure, and blood-bought promise,
Let me drink its sweetness in;
He that trusts his soul to Jesus,
'He that trusteth, heaven shall win!'

Trust—O Saviour! give its fulness
To me at thy feet in prayer;
Grant my dying lips to breathe it,
Leave its lingering sweetness there,—
Sweetness there, to stay the breaking
Of the hearts which love me so;
Whispering from my silent coffin,
'Trust the hand which lays me low!'

Loved ones, as ye rear the marble,
Pure above my waiting dust,
Grave no other word upon it
But the holiest, sweetest—TRUST;
For this password know the angels,
Guarding o'er the pearly door,—
Password to his blessed presence,
Whom I trust for evermore.

—*Herbert Newbury.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'They took no oil with them.'—MATT. XXV.

THIS parable has many sides and aspects. It is prophetical; it is also practical. It suits all ages, but especially the last days. It suits the world, but specially the church of God: 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' It is searching and sifting; it is also quickening and comforting. It suits us well in these days of profession and fashionable religion or religiousness.

It divides the church into two classes,—the wise and the foolish;—wise in God's sight, not man's; foolish in God's sight, not man's. Thus, it is not a parable for the heathen, as if they only were foolish; nor for the profligate, as if they only were foolish; nor for the infidels, as if they only were foolish; but for the church. It comes into the inner circle of Christian profession, and sifts it, divides it. Let it sift us and test us. Better to be weighed and found wanting *now*, than hereafter. Better to be undeceived now than when it is too late. Let us notice:

I. *The points of likeness between the two classes.*—(1) They get the same name, virgins; (2) They wear the same dress; (3) They are on the same errand; (4) They have both lamps; (5) They have both vessels; (6) They both slumber and sleep. They have thus many features in common. Man could not discern the difference, at least for the time. The peril of a mere *externalism* is that which our Lord points out here. No doubt, there must be externalism. Religion must have an outside as well as inside. The lamp must not only have oil, but it must burn: the external must indicate the internal. And, we may say, that our Lord intimates the necessity of a thorough consistency and completeness in the outward religious life of a man, so that, as a fair external is no excuse for internal unsoundness or incompleteness, so a sound internal is no excuse for an inconsistent life. Our Lord then here depicts: (1) A *complete* externalism; (2) A *beautiful* externalism; (3) A *deceptive* externalism; (4) A *prolonged* externalism; (5) An *unavailing* externalism. Up to a certain point in a man's life, or character, or religion, externalism may avail; but beyond that, it gives way; it breaks down; it exhibits its unprofitableness. This externalism may not always be hypocrisy, but it is *imitation*. It is not the flower, in its natural colour and growth, but painted,—artificial. Let us watch against an artificial life, and an artificial religion. What does it profit now? what will it profit in the day of wrath? The name, the dress, the lamp, the outward show, will all go for nothing in the day of universal discovery and detection.

II. *The points of unlikeness.*—Though in most respects they were all alike; yet there was a difference. It was *within;* it was imperceptible from without; it could only be discovered when the Bridegroom came. Up till then, all were completely similar. Only then the want came out in the foolish. Then was it seen who were wise and who were foolish. That day is the day of certain and unerring detection. It is the day of weighing in the balances! It is the separatic from the true.

The difference was confined to a sin lack of oil. Some have supposed tl took oil in their *lamps*, but not in th appears, however, that they did neitl were not required to be lighted groom came; and so the oil was not the wick inserted till then. For it w that the cry was made; and *then* arose and trimmed their lamps, th them with the wick and oil, and Then it was that the foolish discov need of oil; (2) Their lack of it; the the wise to beg a supply; then the refused) went to buy and returned t was 'oil in the dwelling of the *wise*' (but the foolish were without it.

The oil is the Holy Spirit. To oi throughout all Scripture,—though i to fire, and to water, and to wind or the oil of consecration (Ex. xxx. 25) (1 Kings xvii. 12); of fragrance (Esi (Ps. xlv.; Isa. lxi. 3); of healing (I light (Zech. iv. 12). The Holy Spi But it is as the *light-giving* oil that spoken of here; and the lack of Him, the difference between the foolish a 'having not the Spirit' (Jude ver. 1

Thus a man may be very like a yet not be one. He may come ve kingdom, and yet not enter in. He the outward features of a Christian, in the main one. He may have the of the saint, and yet not be one. H good life, a sound creed, a strict may be one who says and does m cellent; he may be a subscriber to a societies in the land, a member of mittees, or a speaker at all their supporter of all their plans; he n be looking for Christ's coming, and meet the Bridegroom, yet not neces tian. He may lack the oil—the H

A religion without the Holy G nothing. There is the religion of t the sense, of the fancy, of the flesh of the liturgy, of the catechism, poetry, of sentiment, of mysticism, but what are these without the S tianity without Christ; what wo Worship, without God; what would religion without the Holy Spirit; wl be?

Yet, is there not much of this a there not much of dry formalism, lif sapless routine? I do not call it simply call it *unreal religion*.

And what can unreal religion d Will it not prove irksome and vain? him happy, or free, or liberal, or zea No; it can do none of these things. and darkness, and weariness.

Yet, here is the Holy Spirit, in Christ for you. Go to them that se yourselves. Not to men, or churc or ministers, but to Christ. Go to exalted to give it; and He will. Apj it be too late.

THE SPIRIT HELPING OUR INFIRMITIES.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

ROMANS VIII. 26, 27.

THIS is the Holy Ghost. We have here an affecting view of our indebtedness to Him. What are the infirmities which He is here said to help? Certainly not the infirmities of the flesh or old nature. *That* is indeed all infirmity and incapacity for good; but the Spirit does not help it. On the contrary, He wars against it, mortifies it, seeks to destroy it. It is the infirmities of the spiritual nature, the new creature, that the Spirit helps. You say, 'How can infirmity attach to that? Is it not born of God? is it not spirit, sinless and holy?' Yes; but still it is comparatively weak and infirm. Think of Christ Jesus, the Holy One of God. At first He was a babe, with all the sinless infirmity and weakness connected with that stage of life. He had to grow in wisdom, and stature, and strength. He had 'to learn obedience by the things which He suffered.' And so with the new creature, which is born of the Spirit, which is Christ formed in the soul—Christ dwelling in the heart by faith. At first it is, from the very nature of things, weak and infirm, and so unable, without special help, to contend successfully with its many enemies. The world seeks to distract and harass it with cares, and fears, and multitude of business, and thus to keep it away from God and heavenly things. God's people feel this, and cry for help: 'My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken Thou me according to thy word.'

Look at a babe: it has not yet full knowledge; it does not know what it really needs; and, left to itself, would often ask improper or hurtful things. So it is with God's little ones: they know not fully their sins, wants, dangers, duties. They are often at fault as to the matter, and manner, and times of prayer. They often do not ask when they should, and very often they ask amiss. Elijah prayed that he might die. How much would he and the church of God have lost if his request had been granted! Paul wanted to have his thorn in the flesh removed. How different his career and end might have been, if his wish had been complied with! God's little ones do not know what their Father is able and willing to do for them. His thoughts are not as our thoughts. 'As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his thoughts higher than our thoughts, and his ways than our ways.' When at any time the light regarding this breaks in upon them, they cry in admiration: 'Is this the manner of man, O Lord God?' Sometimes they are so oppressed and overwhelmed by their troubles and fears that they cannot speak; they can only sigh and groan. As Hezekiah says, 'They chatter as a swallow, and make a noise.' But again, there are two things in the promises of God: there are the blessings promised, and there are the times or seasons when He has purposed to bestow them. He has his *set* times and seasons, but He keeps these in his own power. In their ignorance, God's people often seek things before the time; they shake the tree before the fruit is ripe, and so they are often disappointed and discouraged. They need some one, who knows the mind of God, to prompt and guide them in this matter, and to send them to their knees in fulness of hope and assurance, when the Lord is about to arise and have mercy upon them.

How does the Spirit help these infirmities of God's little ones? His help is always ready, suitable, sufficient. He has a parental interest in them. They are his own production; they are born of the Spirit. He dwells in them, never leaves them, and so is ever near to help and guide them. He keeps or garrisons their souls; He is in them as a well of living water; He is the enemy of their enemies. Does the world seek to oppress them, with its fears, cares, pleasures, and multitudinous, importunate demands upon their time and thoughts? the Spirit brings before them heavenly things, shows them things to come. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit;' and so the snare is broken. They look no longer at the things which are seen; and they get the victory over this present evil world. They say, 'The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.' They no longer grudge and envy the prosperity of the wicked; they rather pity and pray for them. You see this in Asaph. His feet were almost gone, his steps had well-nigh slipped,

as he looked on the irregularities and paradoxes of providence. But he went into the sanctuary of God, the Spirit helped him, and all was changed. He cries, 'This is my infirmity: surely Thou hast set them in slippery places; they are as a dream of the night.' Does Satan seek to oppress or beguile God's people? the Spirit puts his sword into their hand, suggests or brings to remembrance some seasonable word, and the enemy flies. Look at Jesus; He goes in the power of the Spirit, and hence his mighty works, and weighty convincing words. He says to his disciples, 'It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of my Father that speaketh in you.' Do the lusts of the flesh war against the soul,—discontent, selfishness, impatience, unbelief? the Spirit produces the opposite graces,—meekness, patience, gentleness, temperance, faith, love. God's people thankfully acknowledge this. They say, 'In the day when I cried, Thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.' Thus Christ fulfils his promise: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

But more especially the Spirit helps in prayer. He shows us our state and character; opens up more and more our sinfulness, dangers, ceaseless wants, and thus stirs up confessions, supplications, and crying, often with tears. He knows and reveals the good things of God. He took part in the counsel of peace, and knows all the blessings of the covenant. He knows the promises, for He dictated the very words by which they are revealed to us. He knows the Son, and all his benefits. Hence the Apostle Paul prays 'that we may be strengthened with might by the Spirit in the inner man, that we may know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fulness of God.' He sets the things of God before us in their reality, power, and sweetness, and thus stirs us up to seek them with earnestness and perseverance. He knows the set times to favour, the acceptable seasons, and can make us feel that we shall not have long to wait; and so we pray with more fervour and assurance. Sometimes He produces desires that are too great for utterance. The emotions are too big to find expression in human language. The channel is too narrow and shallow to give vent to all that fills and swells the heart. Elijah speaks not at Carmel, yet it is effectual, fervent prayer. Jacob speaks not at Jabbok till he has conquered. He wrestles silently, till his seeming adversary cries, 'Let me go,' then he speaks. Hannah's lips moved, but she uttered no words.

Such Spirit-prompted, Spirit-guided, Spirit-helped prayer, is always successful. Though it is often only groans, and sighs, and inarticulate moanings, yet God hears, and knows, and grants its requests. 'The Spirit himself mak cession for us, with groanings which uttered: and He that searcheth t knoweth what is the mind of the Spiri He maketh intercession for the saints to the will of God.' God's children ashamed of these incoherent, broken c chirpings as a sparrow; but they are their most effectual prayers,—humbli flesh, but honouring to the Spirit. H scending it is in the Holy Ghost to m organs and instruments in expressing t earnest, everlasting desires for redempt are common to Him with the Father an What an encouragement it is! what tion! He is willing now thus to use you not apt to forget his personality interest He takes in the things of salva Him, and He will make you Israels,- with God, and so powerful with m Him lead you through Jesus into the chamber, and there help your infirmity will return with your heart cheered, shining, to become blessings to all you

Does not this also show the benefit a of social prayer? Christ says, 'If tv shall agree on earth as touching anyt they shall ask, it shall be done for th Father who is in heaven.' Here it i Spirit in one, but in many; it is the un Spirit, separate souls brought to onen cord; it is a triumph of grace; it is th of many fires, which kindle and int another, and so blaze up to heaven in h and devotion. There is no prayer withc the only way to the Father. But the no true prayer without the Holy Ghos cold, dead, and formal, when He is How poor and empty all is, when it is on fire, the excitement of the flesh! We very careful not to grieve, vex, quench of grace and supplication. We too of the blessed fire to smoulder and be Hence arises disinclination and inability We can hardly drag ourselves to the m and when there, we have no liberty and ment, no lively hope and fulness of a '*Continue* in prayer, and *watch* in the s thanksgiving.' Keep the fire always Improve occasions and opportunities fo let them not slip heedlessly, thought They will be constantly occurring in and providence of God; watch for t diligently use them, in spite of the w flesh, and the devil. Seize them as t seizes the lumps of gold, and you wil fast rich unto eternal life. Your holy fervour will touch many a conscienc 'Come, let us pray,' will stir up many a while the supplication that follows w down the blessing from on high.

THE INDIAN MERCHANT.*

WE transcribe portions of Robert Brown's correspondence, written, as in former years, during fragments of time snatched from his busy life, and with a rapidly flowing pen :—

'BOMBAY, *25th January* 1853.

'MY DEAREST ———,—You know the prejudices of caste are strong here. Well, we lately turned off the office tiffin boy, owing to the large quantity of soda water unaccounted for (but doubtless stolen and sold); and not intending to get any other in his place, we requested one of the sepoys (chaps that go messages) to bring the tiffin up to the office and put it on the table ; but nothing would prevail on them to do this. To carry a basket which contained beef or mutton was the essence of pollution; and they would rather lose their place than become defiled. So the coachman, a man of a lower caste, has to do this degrading office ; and the other day, when he was away, Messrs. Hunter, Brown, and Ryrie had to put the tiffin on the table themselves, showing that the prejudices of caste are not strong enough with *them* to overcome the love of tiffin.

'We had a nice party on Monday evening. I had some interesting talk with Mylne, chiefly about prayer. He says, "If I am a child of God, I have a right to take every finger ache (the smallest thing) to Him ;" and spoke of the importance of doing everything with a reference to the will of God ; also of realizing our adoption, and need, at the same time, of constantly applying the blood of Christ to the conscience. On these two last points I am sadly backward, but particularly the latter ; consequently, I am often burdened with a sense of sin, which should not be, if all the guilt has actually been washed away. By constantly looking unto Jesus, however, I hope to attain this ; for I am sure we have declarations enough in the Bible to prove that God wants us to have a full sense of forgiveness, and to feel assured that all our sins are completely put away. It is a great thing to practise faith on the simple words of God, because there is a day not far off, dear, when we shall probably lose all our evidences entering the dark valley ; and if we can only then fold up in our bosom some promise that we have lived upon, and *proved* in our journey through the wilderness, we shall be able to cling with a firmer grasp to the rod and staff of the promises when we are about to cross the swelling of Jordan. I can easily fancy dear Evans, who was so nervous on his deathbed that he could not bear the sound of any one's voice, having his bed curtains hung round with Scripture texts, so that whichever way he turned, he might be reminded that his heavenly Father had not forgotten him.' . . .

Among the many friends he so easily attached to himself through life, none held a higher place in his estimation than the devoted missionary referred to in the following letter. As he still lives and labours in Bombay, we forbear to indulge in well-merited eulogium, simply remarking that Mr. Bowen is an American missionary who has literally given up *all* for Christ. His labours among the heathen are abundant, and they are emphatically labours of love, unrequited and unacknowledged by any earthly society, since he prefers to give his services without fee or reward, living upon a few rupees a month, and thereby removing one argument from the mouth of the heathen, who are slow to allow the disinterestedness of their religious teachers. Robert owed much, as he frequently acknowledged, to the high standard and deep spiritual views of this Christian brother, whose appreciation of his character, on the other hand, was also very high. In a letter received since his death, Mr. Bowen writes, 'I have known many good men in Bombay, but none like him.'

'BOMBAY, 22*d February* 1853.

'. . . I shall begin by telling you that we had Bowen dining with us last night, and I only wish some reporter had been behind the scene, to take a note of his "droppings," for I feel sure they were far more precious than the worthy Mr. W.'s. Let me try and recall one or two of his remarks, as they float on the surface of my memory. . . .

'I think I have before told you of Bowen's advice in studying Scripture,—to take a verse or two at a time, and ponder them, returning to the expressions again and again, when they are driven out of the mind. And in regard to the sufferings of our Lord, B. remarked that the account of them is wonderfully detailed—every little particular dwelt upon. He instanced the verse, "And they took Him and scourged Him," as affording abundant food for meditation,—the glory of the person thus roughly seized, then the ignominy and disgrace of the punishment, and the suffering of it. Let us try this plan, dear, and give up the old one of reading a chapter or so in the mornings. We shall get more *food*, I am sure, by taking a verse and carrying it about with us during the day. Another remark of Bowen's was, that the thing that gives dignity to one's existence, is the knowledge that so great and glorious a being as God is interested in us, and to such a marvellous extent that He never leaves us for a moment, but gives us every breath that we draw, keeping us as the apple of his eye. What unbelief ever to doubt his love, when He has given such assurances of it! and given us, besides, the greatest pledge Omnipotence could offer that He loves us better than we do ourselves.

* From a striking and stirring memoir, entitled *Passages in the Life of an Indian Merchant; being Memorials of Robert Brown.* Compiled by his Sister, HELEN COLVIN. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1866.

'Oh, I wish you had been with us last night. You would have been elevated when listening to Bowen discoursing on these wondrous themes,—a meek, lowly, despised man; but oh, how happy! living in that miserable hut in the Bazaar, holding converse with his God. Hunter is greatly enamoured of him, the more so because he is very musical. Last night, before going away, he played an accompaniment on the piano to Hunter's violoncello, "Weep not for Sorrow." You need not be surprised if you hear of both of us taking up our quarters with Bowen in the Bazaar at Rs.10 a month! I wonder what —— would say! We must try and see more of the dear man, for his society is most improving, and I know not when I have *relished* an evening so much. Still, we must watch against *creature*-worship, and bear in mind that Bowen, and C., and M., and N., are only reflectors, in a most imperfect degree, of the glory of Christ. They are but candles: He is the sun. Let us seek more acquaintance with Him, and in close and intimate communion, make known *all* our requests by prayer and thanksgiving. What encouragement have we to do so! He says to us: "The companions hearken to thy voice; cause *me* to hear it;" and again: "Let me hear thy voice, for *sweet is thy voice*." Wondrous words! but the Song abounds with such, and I am only now beginning to find it out. Let us drink deep into the spirit of this love-song, and ever listen to the Bridegroom's voice, opening the interview, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away;" "These things have I spoken unto you, *that your joy may be full;*" and again: "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

'Poor C. H.'s case is a very sad one. It is part of the "tribulation" she must pass through, for it must be bitter experience indeed those she loves hurrying to destruction though, she can surely realize the sym Jesus. Pray give her my very kind ask her to study Rom. viii. 32. She get some new light on that passage. all some cross to bear, some trial to suff is an evil heart, which has been mad fearful discoveries lately of its depravity

'You have chosen a good motto to the year with, and one that used to l deal before my mind. Now, I look m words of Jesus himself: "Let me voice; for sweet is thy voice." "Eat, drink *abundantly*, O beloved." As says, "We can't put greater dishonou master of a feast, when a grand banquet before us, than being content with a fe under the table; yet is not this the way the Saviour? Oh, how much we los asking! Let us take God at his word r we have hitherto done."

'I must now be looking out for som read to the Parelle people to-morrow I am thankful to say I have been stirred up of late, and have had some re in prayer and study of the Bible, partic Song of Solomon. I would fain *sit* shadow of Christ, and find his fruit swe taste, having the banner of love spread and drinking out of his fulness. I seem have *drunk* yet. True, I have *come*, says, "If any man thirst, let him come and *drink*." Oh, let us obey the invita enter into very close fellowship with Je invites us, assuring us that "we are in of the rock." We should not be much with doubts, if we were on such terms with the Judge."

CHARITY.

On no quality in the Christian's character do there exist ideas so erroneous as on charity. To be generous is not always to be charitable, but often to be uncharitable. Charity must not be measured by its profuseness, but by its judiciousness. There are few blessings which may not become curses by being perverted; nor is charity an exception. The refusal of a favour may seem unkind; but to grant it may be still unkinder. The stern denial may be interpreted as springing from an unfeeling and unkind heart; but is often the dictate of one wiser than our own, and of one who saw more charity in the denial than in the concession. If by being profuse in charity indigence is only engendered, it does but sap the tree it was intended to support, and create wants it was intended to relieve. On the other hand, by a discriminating carefulness in the distribution of charity, what suffering may be relieved, what care softened, what sorrow lightened! If by holding out the timely hand, by the kindly encouraging voice, one struggling though unfortunate pilgrim, who has sunk beneath the of accumulating misfortunes, is again en proceed on his journey, then indeed ha achieved a triumph. To help the stru strengthen the weak, to aid the willin true object of charity; but charity only fosters indigence. There is yet anot to be observed in charity—it must be a prayer. Little is the use of giving—lit use, indeed, of judicious giving—unless result of an heartfelt sympathy with and not the mere mechanical giving wh result of habit. Charity must be si must be given not because we think we an action which will merit applause in t and reward in the next. No, reader not charity. It must be accompanied —prayer that our feeble efforts in the a of suffering may be assisted by Him wh incomprehensible wisdom, thinks fit to and who, in his boundless mercy, may to heal. Reader, think before you pray when you have given.

WITTY PREACHERS.

class of preachers—we hope it is a who come within the descriptive line of those 'who court a grin where woo a soul;' aiming to say amusing things to move the risibles of their eemingly forgetful that their vocation s far more serious than this. A care- the ministerial epistles of Paul would over any directions on the value of tention by keeping an audience in umour. Paul himself was a model matter and manner. We hear of his ortation and persuasion—of his con- -sacrifice and zeal—of his weeping while beseeching sinners; but never to make his hearers laugh. He had sense of his responsibility in deliver- age, which was to prove a savour of to others, and of his anxiety to be e blood of all men. But where do is studied attempts to amuse? He emembered the ministry of his Master, over the incorrigible, and was even occasionally angry at their obstinate unbelief, without once being jocose or comical. The discovery was left to more modern times to visit an infirmary in a merry mood, that the diseased and dying might be diverted from their real condition. If there is a 'time to laugh,' it is certainly not in the sanctuary, or when sacred and momentous truths are to be enforced on the attention of dying sinners. Make merry over the prodigal returned, if you will; it is out of place while he is spending his substance in riotous living. A bishop should be gravely in earnest, whether he occupies the pulpit or platform; serious while he handles serious things; and tremble at the thought of putting sinners into good humour with him or themselves by the outflowings of an eccentric wit. What! it may be said, would you recommend ministers to be stupid in the pulpit? Surely this is not the alternative. He that would be in danger of becoming stupid in fulfilling God's solemn embassy to dying men, in a solemn way, may possibly have mistaken his vocation altogether.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

t the soul its slumbers break,
its senses, and awake
see how soon
its glories, glides away,
e stern footsteps of decay
me stealing on.

ile we view the rolling tide,
which our flowing minutes glide
vay so fast,
the present hour employ,
em each future dream a joy
ready past.

vain hope deceive the mind;
pier let us hope to find
-morrow than to-day.
lden dreams of yore were bright;
em the present shall delight—
ke them decay.

es like hastening streams must be,
to one engulfing sea
e doomed to fall,—
of death, whose waves roll on
ag and kingdom, crown and throne,
id swallow all.

he river's lordly tide,
he humble rivulets glide
that sad wave!

Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal.
There all our glittering toys are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break:
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away.
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came, and laid his finger there;
And where are they?

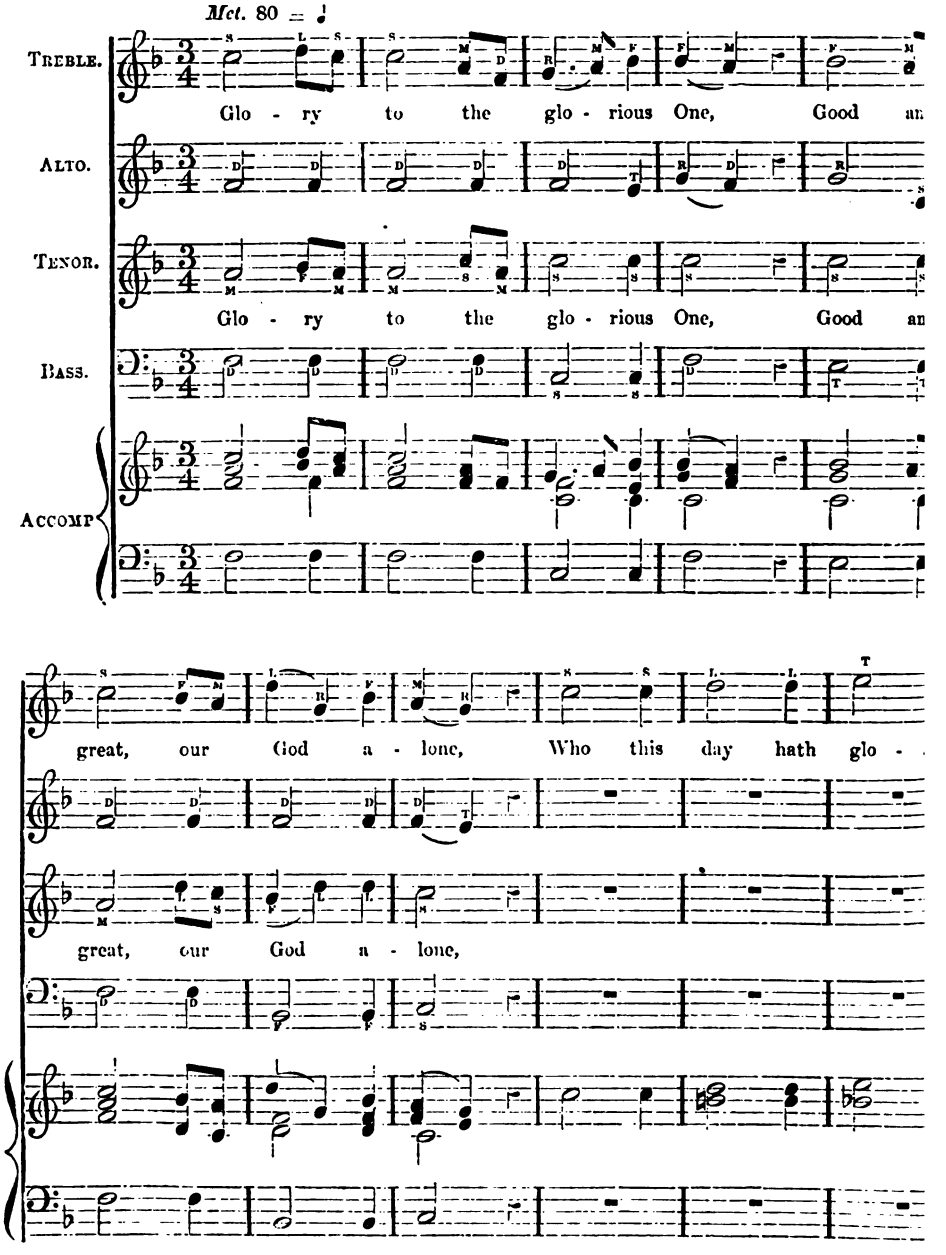
Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome; and woe
When age comes on!

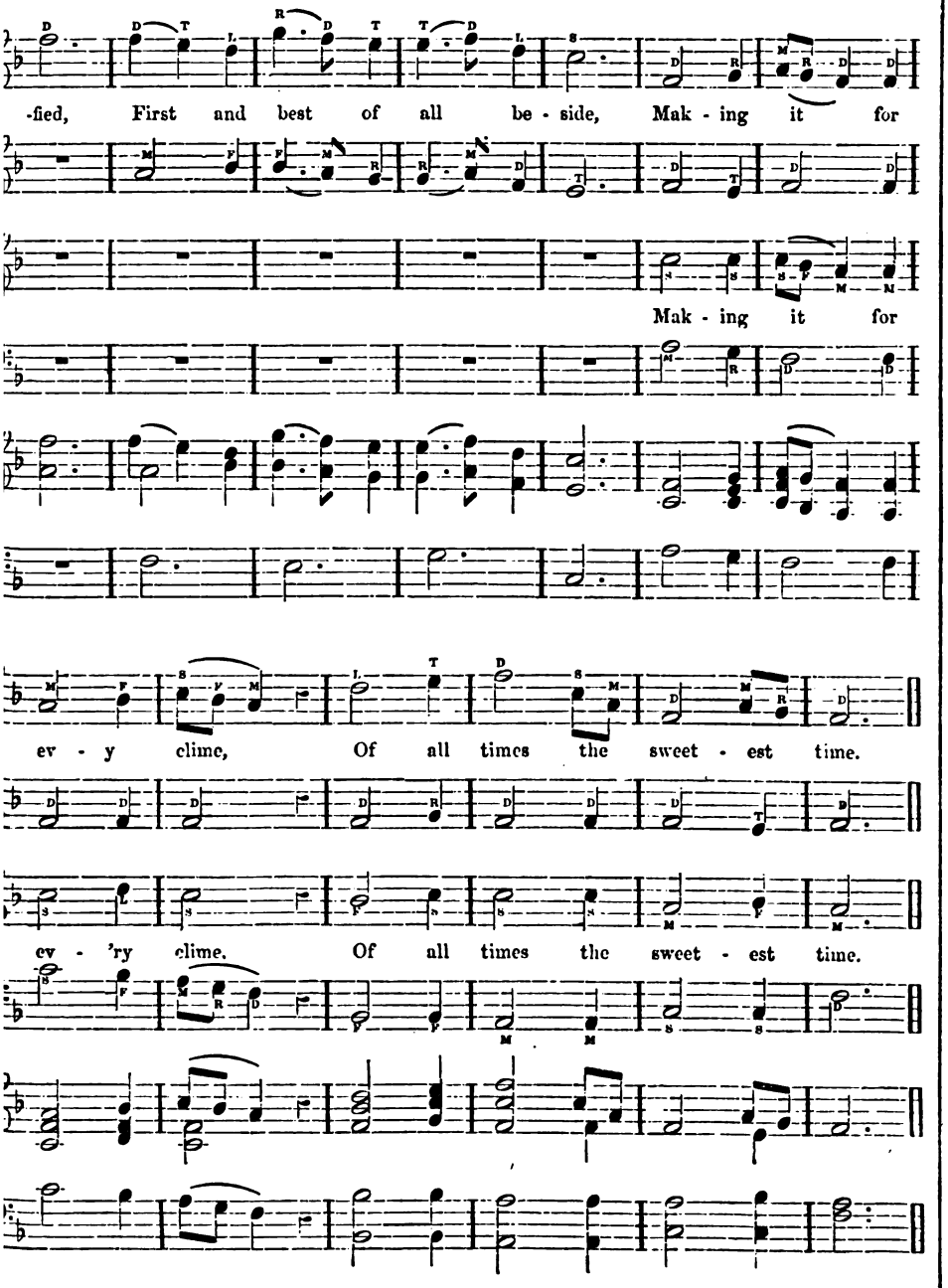
—*From the Spanish.*

The Treasury Hymnal.

The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Method musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singers

SABBATH HYMN.

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Music from* Dr. Millei

Met. 80 = ♩
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp
Glo - ry to the glo - rious One, Good an
Glo - ry to the glo - rious One, Good an
great, our God a - lone, Who this day hath glo -
great, our God a - lone,

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flatte*

-fied, First and best of all be - side, Mak - ing it for
Mak - ing it for
ev - y clime, Of all times the sweet - est time.
ev - 'ry clime. Of all times the sweet - est time.

From the beginning, day of days,
Set apart for holy praise,
When he bade the willing earth
All its hidden stores bring forth,
When he gave the shining heav'n,
Then to man this day was giv'n.

On this day the Son of God
Left his three-day's dark abode;
In the greatness of his might,
Rising to the upper light.
On this day the Church puts on
Glory, beauty, robe, and crown.

WILLIAM FAREL,

THE SWISS REFORMER.

CHAPTER X.

DURING the year 1545, Chaponneau, Farel's colleague at Neuchâtel, died. He was succeeded by Fabri, minister of Thonon.

Calvin tried to induce Farel to rejoin him as fellow-labourer at Geneva, but failed; and he now made an attempt to draw him into his neighbourhood, by suggesting to the senate, that, as he was a good Hebrew scholar, his appointment to the professorship of divinity at Lausanne would be very advantageous to the interests of the church. But though the government readily acknowledged his services, in that he had been the principal instrument in promoting the Reformation in the Valais, Neuchâtel, and Geneva, they refused to follow Calvin's advice. Farel's hasty temper, his bold, uncompromising tone in stating his opinions, and, perhaps more than all, his having refused to make the church at Berne his model for that at Geneva, probably caused his rejection. Besides, Berne was rather afraid of bringing Calvin, Farel, and Viret together, as, being actuated by one spirit, they were likely to succeed in any object they set themselves to accomplish; and this excited the jealousy and envy of Berne. This second effort, therefore, to remove Farel from Neuchâtel failed; and Beza was appointed to the Lausanne professorship.

Mathurin Cordier, head master of the school at Neuchâtel, who had been tutor to Calvin, was now removed to Lausanne, and in much anxiety the Bernese senate wrote to the council of Neuchâtel on the importance of seeking an efficient teacher to supply his place in a school designed 'for promoting the glory of God, and instructing the young in the divine word and propriety of conduct.' 'Certain tyrants,' they added, 'who undertake to suppress and extirpate the gospel, know of no better method than the abolition of the Latin schools.' Farel entered fully into these sentiments, convinced that darkness would again overspread the church, if young men were not carefully trained for the ministry. He therefore entreated the council to educate some candidates for the ministry at the public expense. To this the council agreed, and arranged that four should be thus provided for, who should be required to study Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, with a view to the more perfect knowledge of the Scriptures, and also make themselves acquainted with natural history, to understand 'how wonderful the Creator is, how weak and short-sighted is man.' Logic and rhetoric were also to be cultivated, that the students might learn to express themselves so as to arrest and fix the attention of their hearers. 'Truly,' said Farel, 'these sciences are the gifts of God, and must not be condemned or rejected on account of the perversity of men, who abuse them: in short, for the sake of public welfare, let no one in any way obstruct the c of learning, or of the arts and sciences

He especially pressed this upon t tion of parents, saying, 'If you are c worthily bearing the honourable name which God applies to you, and assum himself,—if you wish to be fathers in r not in name only,—give your children faithful teachers, or bring them up yo the nurture and admonition of the Lo

This year Farel published a small w what similar to the *Confessions of St.* . and about the same time, he wrote past for the consolation of those who were for righteousness' sake.

The Anabaptists gave him much an Peloux, one of their leaders, he wrot letter, in reply to some of his writin had been extensively circulated in He had also to contend against 'ph falsely so called,' who, while boastin knowledge, led many astray by their example.

A few of the sect of the Libertine peared in Geneva and other parts of S They came from the Netherlands, and, pretence of correcting the errors o endeavoured to undermine the foun religion. Farel had known somethin doctrines before, and now openly rebu saying, 'Beware, as of infernal spirit who say that the Scriptures contain mysteries too deep and spiritual to be For though it is true that divine t sublime and unsearchable, so that humbly ask God's assistance to learn will, to be governed by it, and to ob that which God has revealed for our s so plain, that no father can speak telligibly to his children than God spe Whether the Papists boast themselves, conquer, the Jews continue hardene lift up their heads, or innumerable around us, like swarms of gnats, let th Saviour be all in all to us. To Hi firmly adhere, and prefer his po humility to all Popish grandeur, and riches.'

The dangers which threatened the c volved him in an extensive correspon advice being anxiously sought, and fr Bucer wrote to him from England, his 'sufferings, dangers, and labours, eheered by his hearty sympathy. Shc wards, Farel thus alludes to his de friend has happily seized the prize, a struggling in the course below. We d loss, and that of the church, in being of a man so distinguished, and whose the Lord's service were invaluable. earth, his enemies persecuted this holy indeed, to the extent of their wishes, b limits which were set to the endeavou

and his agents; but now, escaped from all dangers, he lives in safety with the Lord. The same happiness awaits us; but at present we must suffer persecutions from the world, which, however, our faithful Father, according to his promise, will so alleviate, that we shall be able to bear it. Let not our courage, then, be depressed. We will persevere, in spite of Satan, and finish the work committed to us, which will in the end bring forth much fruit. *We know whom we serve.*'

In addition to the loss of Bucer, and the distressing matters of public interest connected with the church, Farel was much tried by some painful events which occurred among the members of his own congregation. Instead of the rest which his age and increasing infirmities called for, his labours so multiplied that he complained: 'I am already advanced in years, and have not sufficient vigour to urge those under my care, who require a continual spur. I am honoured with the title of "father," it is true, but my sons have little reverence for my authority.' Many refused to submit to the discipline which he felt it his duty to enforce; and even his friends complained that his censures were harsh and unreasonable, not duly considering that the low state of morality which prevailed around, called for firm and unbending reproof.

Farel wished others to treat him with the same frankness with which he treated them—to rebuke him when they considered him in error. 'I conjure you,' he wrote to one, whose judgment he highly valued, 'to admonish me faithfully of what you see to be amiss, and remember me in your prayers. Thus you will profit me and the church also far more than by your commendations, which proceed from an excessive attachment to me.'

His sympathies were now engaged in behalf of the persecuted descendants of a little colony of the Waldenses, who had settled in the mountains of Provence. In 1540 the Parliament of Aix resolved upon their destruction, unless they acknowledged their errors and returned to the Romish Church within a limited period. And because Merindol and Cabrières were considered the chief seat of heresy, they were ordered to be razed to the ground. This cruel edict required that 'all the caverns, hiding-places, cellars, and vaults in the vicinity of the town should be destroyed; that the woods should be cut down, and all the gardens and orchards laid waste; and that none, who had ever possessed a house or property in the towns, or within a certain distance from them, should ever occupy them again, either in his own person, or in that of any of his name or family, in order that the memory of the excommunicated sect might be utterly wiped away from the province, and the place be made a desert.' There was a respite for five years, and then the cruel edict was enforced. 'Everything,' says a French historian, 'was dreadful in the decree, and everything was dreadful in its execution.' Twenty-two towns or villages were then burned. The wretched inhabitants fled in the darkness of night to their rocks for shelter. They were pursued and barbarously strangled. At Cabrières seven hundred were killed, of whom many were burned in a barn in which they sought refuge. A Jesuit, writing of this dreadful massacre, says, 'Above 3000 persons were killed, and above 900 houses destroyed.' Not a vestige of Merindal or Cabrières remained.

These enormities practised in Provence were extended to Dauphiny and Languedoc, and brought to light instances of the most sublime Christian heroism. One of these is thus related by Gilly: 'Aymond de la Voye, though aware of the edict issued against his people, went with his life in his hand, from house to house, to confirm the wavering and cheer the desponding. He was soon seized and carried before the Inquisition. Being asked, "Who are your associates?" he replied, "My associates are those who know and do the will of my heavenly Father, whether they be nobles, merchants, peasants, or men of any other condition."

'On his way to execution he passed an image of the Virgin, and refusing to bow to it, the mob assailed him with utmost fury; but their malice had no effect, save to make him pray aloud: "O Lord, I beseech Thee to make it known to these deluded creatures, that to Thee only they ought to bow the head and offer supplications." As he ascended the scaffold, he cried, with a loud voice, "Be it known that I die not a heretic, but a Christian."'

In the hope of serving these poor people, Farel and Viret travelled to Berne and Bâle on their behalf. To this 'labour of love' Farel was the more constrained, as his brothers, Daniel and Claude, were among the sufferers, fast bound in prison. They were released shortly after his visit.

Under the pressure of these trials and labours, Farel's health gave way. In 1553, a severe attack of pleurisy brought him so low that his physician almost despaired of his recovery. Calvin lost not a moment in coming to him, and was the first to sign his name as witness to his will.

In this will Farel expressed his gratitude to God for the unspeakable mercy manifested to him, notwithstanding his unworthiness, particularly for redemption by the death of Christ from the curse under which 'the human race lay,' and for having been brought 'out of the horrible darkness of Popery to a knowledge of the truth.' He then committed his soul and body to Christ, in the hope of a glorious resurrection, and acknowledged with thankfulness the grace which had called him to be a preacher of 'righteousness, by faith in Christ.' He declared his stedfast faith in those doctrines which he had so long maintained as the truth of God, and hoped that this, his death-bed confession, might tend to confirm those who had learned the gospel from him. Farel left his property to his brothers, Daniel and Claude, and entreated them 'to live in peace with each other, and to continue stedfast in the faith.' He left a fourth part of his books to the library belonging to the ministers in his district, and the rest to the sons of his late brother, Walter, and to his nephew, Caspar Carmel. In his will he also remembered the poor,

and desired that his furniture and some money should be given to them.

Farel longed to be at rest, but his work was not finished, and he recovered.

When his strength returned, he assisted in publishing some regulations respecting the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and the instruction of children preparatory to receiving the ordinance; the selection of preachers and schoolmasters; baptism, marriage, the observance of the Lord's day, and forms of prayer. Parents were admonished to 'send their children to catechetical instruction;' and children reminded 'to obey their parents.'

In the remarks upon lawful and unlawful amusements, dancing was forbidden; while 'certain games and military sports' were allowed. Fortune-tellers, sorcerers, and witches were to be punished, and gypsies to be expelled the country. Ecclesiastical censures were not alluded to, though Farel regarded them, under certain circumstances (as well as exclusion from the Lord's Supper), as necessary to preserve order in the church. The question, 'Whether it was according to the word of God, that those who had given public offence to the church should do penance openly,' being about this time discussed, various opinions were given. Calvin and others of the Geneva church considered that it was so; the Bernese churches replied that, 'in general, they approved of church discipline, but that the same forms in administering it could not be observed everywhere.' 'Let every church,' they said, 'practise that to which they have been accustomed and find most useful.' The clergy of Bâle took the same view of the matter. Fabri, Farel's colleague, agreed with him, but yet thought Farel too severe in carrying out his views. Hence arose a coolness between those two friends, who, nevertheless, were really one in heart. And yet, probably the difference in their characters, which led to this disunion, was that which made their united labours so efficient. The courteous manners of Fabri often compensated for that bold, uncompromising tone which often made Farel repulsive to those who did not thoroughly understand him.

The state of affairs in Geneva continued very perplexing. Calvin longed for Farel to advise with; but yet, fearing to burden him with fresh anxiety, he did not mention his difficulties to him. This reserve pained Farel, and he went to Lausanne to consult with Viret upon the best means of affording his friend assistance. 'The origin and aim of our friendship,' said he, in one of his letters, 'is Christ and the edification of the church. Riches, honour, power, worldly pleasure, are not what we seek, but only how we may best serve the Lord. If you believe it to be for the glory of Christ, beseech, command, constrain me to come.'

The trial and execution of Servetus now took place. We gladly pass over its details. The trying office of attending him at the last devolved upon Farel, who in vain endeavoured to bring him to acknowledge his errors. Servetus underwent the dreadful sentence pronounced against him (October 27, 1553), 'show Beza, 'no sign of repentance,' 'but,' ac 'a great fear of death.' 'Servetus was e Mosheim says, 'according to the establi of Geneva, which had been enacted heretics by the Emperor Frederick II.'

The disputes upon church discipline v renewed with greater violence than citizen of Geneva, Philibert Berthelier, consequence of misconduct, been exclu the Lord's Supper by the consistory. I at this disgrace, and influenced by Berthelier demanded, and, strange to tained, absolution from the Council of T dred, on the ground that 'the usurpatio church should be resisted.' The cou passed a resolution that the final decisi cases of excommunication should in f vested in the senate.

Hearing of these tumults, Farel came Geneva, to assist his friends and rel offenders. His tone and manner so offe Libertines, that he had scarcely left the c he was recalled to answer for having the honour of the whole community.' standing the severity of the weather (wint just set in), Farel at once returned Calvin was charged not to allow him to and his enemies threatened to throw l the Rhone. Friends, however, were r in his defence, by whom Perrin, the lead sect, was warned not to touch 'the parent of the citizens,' and his accus ceiving that public opinion was turning them, secured their own safety by votin acquittal. By the command of the sen gave their hands to Farel, in token o ciliation, acknowledged him as 'their l tor and teacher,' and requested him t the Genevese in his affectionate rememb

Thus closed this stormy year (1553), 't of which,' says Beza, 'was spent either tending for sound doctrine, or for wl discipline, and with a prosperous issu sides, save for the wound which, not alone, but all Christian churches, suffere premature death of that most pious prin Edward VI.'

Farel returned to Neuchâtel, where fre tions awaited him. Pierre, pastor of attacked him as 'a savage man, a per the truth, and possessed with a devil.' trial ensued; Pierre was found guilty of and obliged to ask forgiveness of Farel, governor and citizens of Neuchâtel.

Through evil report and good report pilgrim pursued his pastoral duties. B calumnies uttered against himself failed t him, he keenly felt those by which Ca assailed. 'I must be made of wood an he said to his friend, 'if I do not cleav with the tenderest affection. Christ has wrought beyond our expectations, and w still greater things. Let us stand un The battle is not ours, but the Lord's. rather spectators than combatants. If in tears, we shall reap with joy an a harvest. The Lord never forsakes hi

ɔses against the magicians, and
'aoh with his host. And if He
the minister of the law, can you
e will withdraw his aid from you?
his adherents must be entirely
annihilated, and the ministry of
ch has been committed to you by
ine forth in all its splendour. Be
ɣou serve the Lord, and that He
ıbours and your sufferings. His
urs, be done.'

ɔstle John, Farel had 'no greater
ear that his children walked in
ɔw he received many satisfactory
ɔ progress of the gospel in Orbe,
he had sown the good seed of
ɣatered it by his prayers. Geneva,
ing through so many changing
sembled 'a tree planted by the
, that bringeth forth his fruit in
ılessed in herself, she became a
ıers, and many, driven by per-
their homes, found refuge within
riting to a friend at this time,
was lately in Geneva, and such
e I felt, that I could scarcely tear
Not that I wished to be the
ıurch so large, and so eager for
the word, but only to hear and learn as the meanest of the people. If the Lord, and love to the work committed to my care, did not forbid, nothing should keep me from coming to reside among that people to whom I have always been united in spirit.' The Genevese warmly returned his affection, treated him as a father, to whom they owed a debt of gratitude they never could repay, and more than once the senate proposed to allow him an annual income if he would remain and labour amongst them.

But in the midst of joy, sad news reached Farel from Montbeliard, the scene of his early ministry. Though not advocates of Servetus, some of those who held his sentiments had such influence over its pastor, Tossanus, that many suspected him of holding similar opinions. Tossanus, too, rather seemed to avoid his former friends, and treated them with want of confidence. For this Calvin rebuked him, and Farel endeavoured to act as peace-maker, but failed. 'How much I wish,' he said, 'that we would all consider that we do not live at Rome, but in the church of Christ; that we are not to strive for ecclesiastical preferment, but should hazard our lives for the defence of the gospel and the truth of religion!'

(*To be continued.*)

THE NOONDAY REST.

O God, I fold
breast.
ɣ, do Thou withhold,
'hee best.
e, as in some tranquil nest,
wing,
ly sing
or evermore at rest.

ɹurb this peace,
ıd deep;
ıughts and fancies cease—
to sleep.
ı ever know a full release
ess will,
ɔur fill
ɔ'ershadowed happiness!

Lord, in the high and sultry day,
Where wilt Thou lead
Thy languid flock away?
In what soft mead?
Where through broad fig-leaves, temper'd, steals the ray,
And the hot air
Is made to bear
Odour of orange and of flowers gay?

Dost thou not know, O blessed one,
Where thou should'st go?
The rocky defiles shun,
Haunts of thy foe,
The fell wild beast; and where pure waters flow,
And shepherds lead
Their flock to feed,
Beloved, rest thee too.

Rest, rest thee ever in my love,
Church of my choice;
Let nought awake thee but the pleasant voice
Of Christ thy Lord,
By thee adored;
Thy Sovereign, and the root of all thy joys,—
As gives the earth
To wild flowers birth,
And spring awakes the land to
Beauty and to mirth.

E. A. W.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

HEB. III. 14.

HERE is, (1) The privilege; (2) The way of possession and continuance.

I. *The privilege.*—'We are made partakers of Christ.' 'We' means, of course, all the saints; not apostles merely. But there may be, as frequently elsewhere, an emphasis on the word, connecting New Testament with Old Testament saints. *We* as well as Israel, and the saints of old (iv. 2); showing the identity of standing, and of privilege, among the saints of all ages. 'Are made,' or 'become'—intimating that we were not originally so, but have been made what we are by God—'created unto good works.' 'Partakers of Christ.' The expression is a peculiar one and very striking—(μέτοχος and κοινωνος are nearly synonymous. See Luke v. 7, 10.) The word partaker, or partake, is frequently used in this epistle: 'took part of the same' (ii. 14); 'partakers of the heavenly calling' (iii. 1); 'partakers of the Holy Ghost' (vi. 4). It implies that we obtain a part or possession in Christ and of Christ, that we become participators with Christ in all that He *is*, and *has*, and *gives*.

1. *In what He is.*—He makes us partakers of the divine nature; one with himself; sons of God; joint-heirs; kings and priests; lights of the world. He gives *himself* to us, as He gave himself for us.

2. *In what He has.*—The Father's love (John xvi. 27); all fulness of grace and blessing; a kingdom, a crown, a throne, an inheritance.

3. *In what He gives.*—These gifts are 'life' (I give unto them eternal life), forgiveness, salvation, strength, holiness, consolation.

Thus, our possession is Christ himself, nothing less than this; Christ, and all his fulness; Christ as the divine and eternal fulness;—a personal Christ; not a mere doctrinal Christ, or a mere theological Christ, or an ecclesiastical Christ, or a ritualistic Christ, or a rationalistic Christ, or a sentimental Christ, but a true and living Christ—the very Christ of God. This is the Christ we need; of this Christ we are made partakers. He is one with us; we are one with Him: we in Him, and He in us! We possess Him, and He possesses us! We are his inheritance, and He is ours. As He took our sin to give us his righteousness, as He took our shame to give us his glory, so He took *us* to give us HIMSELF.

II. *The way of possession and maintenance.*—'If we hold the beginning of our confidence stedfastly unto the end.'

1. *The confidence.*—This means firm, bold, unreserved, childlike confidence in God. It is not the same word as is used elsewhere for 'boldness.' 'In whom we have *boldness*' (Eph. iii. 12); 'Let us come *boldly*' (Heb. iv. 16); '*Boldness* to enter into the holiest' (x. 19); 'That we may have *confidence*' (1 John ii. 28). But it is even more expressive of *certainty*, or assurance, or substance (as Heb. xi. 1); it might be rendered, 'that assured substantiality;' the one word referring more to the actual or objective certainty (ὑπόστασις), the other to the conscious assurance of it subjectively. The basis, then, of all true religion, and acceptable service, is *confidence;* for, without faith, it is impossible to please Him. A religion of distrust and uncertainty is no religion at all. It lacks that special element which God recognises and del Whether, then, does your religion ex trust or the distrust; the confidence or th confidence? Do not say that confiden sumption, and diffidence humility. It i sumption to take God at his word, and Him in confidence, not supposing that an *us* can furnish ground for *distrust*, seei thing invites, nay, demands *trust*.

2. *The beginning of our confidence.*—T fidence has a beginning, it has certain f ciples. We were not born with it. distrust—these are the native roots of b The beginner of that confidence is the Hc Only He can eradicate the distrust, an anything of confidence. But in what wa operate? Through what media does He the trust? Through the gospel of the God; for faith cometh by hearing, and he the word of God. The natural heart sh in two ways: (1) By misrepresenting the of God; (2) By hating that which is not sented,—*i.e.* whatever of his *true* charact prehends. The Spirit works in counter both of these. Take the case of Adam. he fell, he had confidence, not a shadow trust. The moment that sin entered, c fled, and distrust came in. In what way remove the distrust, and reproduce the l dence? Not by any mere command, not not by terror and threat; but by the rev his grace. It was the exhibition of G character as the Friend of man, and the man's enemy, that reproduced Adam's l dence, and drew him back to God. Thu confidence was rekindled. Thus ours b the cross—through the right discernment true character, as seen in the gospel of hi

3. *The holding.*—We are to hold, or beginning of our confidence. In order to *ing*, there must be the *having*. We must fore we can go on to the *end*. It is no our confidence that we are to hold, but *the* of our confidence; and our confidence ca rightly held by holding the *beginning*. Th gives us confidence at first, is to give us c to the last. We do not merely *begin* at t but we go on as we began. We *began* deriving any confidence from our good simply from God's gracious character as in the cross; and we are to continue in way. How easily we forget this lesson lose our confidence altogether! And lose it, how foolishly we try to regain it, different way, or from some different than that from which we got it at first! of going back to the blood for fresh p fresh confidence, we try to find out or graces, or recall evidences, as if out of might extract confidence and peace! A contain no peace; how can they give i In spite of every temptation from within or let us hold the *beginning* of our confid for a day, but for a lifetime—to the end!

How much *happier* should we be in t We should be kept in perfect peace. H *holier* should we be! We should be stron sin and the world; for confidence toward the great preservative against sin. Ho more useful should we be! For this con the spring and stimulus of all zeal and lov

NO CONDEMNATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?'—Rom. viii. 33.

ONE of the church's names is 'elect of God;' and each of its living members is one whose name is written in the book of life from the foundation of the world (Rev. xvii. 8). Of these chosen ones the history is thus summed up: 'Whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified' (Rom. vii. 30).

The state in which each one of these is born into the world is that of 'condemnation;' the state into which each one is brought, in believing, is that of 'no condemnation' (Rom. viii. 1). Forgiveness of sins—present, conscious, complete forgiveness—is that into which faith introduces us, and out of which unbelief alone can keep us. Justification from all things—certain, immediate, and unchanging justification—is our portion here. It is respecting us, as men forgiven and justified, that the apostle asks, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?' On believing the gospel of forgiveness, they were placed beyond the reach and risk of any charge or impeachment whatsoever; they are brought by God into such a state, as to render condemnation an impossibility; for the forgiveness is irreversible, and the righteousness in which they stand is divine.

Not that they cease to be sinners. But they cease to be treated as guilty. Iniquities prevail; but there is continual forgiveness to cancel these, and a perfect righteousness to cover these, and the ever-flowing blood of the everlasting covenant to wash all guilt away as it comes up, and to prevent their peace with God from being broken. They do sin; but they have an Advocate with the Father; and who can demand the execution of the penalty in their case? Who shall condemn? Who *can* do it? Who *dare* do it? Who has *the right* to do it? Not angels. They are too glad to welcome back the sinner, and to take the side of those whose side God has taken. Devils would, if they could. But they cannot. The prey is taken from the mighty, and placed beyond their grasp. The law might have done it; but it has been satisfied, nay magnified. It has therefore no claim, and could gain no object by accusing us; for our acquittal is a righteous one—an acquittal in which law itself rejoices.

Mark, then, how complete and how satisfactory the *challenge* is; for the words of our text are not so much a question as a challenge—a challenge thrown down before the universe!

I. *It is a righteous challenge.*—It is not the challenge of one who, through might, had baffled right, and triumphed over law. It is that of one who sees all righteousness fulfilled, and all good confirmed, by that very sentence which acquits himself; who, unable to contribute aught toward his own acquittal, has recognised God's righteous way of justifying the unrighteous, and in doing so, has found deliverance from condemnation. It is a challenge so righteous, that every righteous being responds to it; so righteous, that his own conscience, even when most fully awakened and enlightened by the Holy Spirit, rests satisfied and unalarmed; so righteous, that none can undertake to answer it, save those who are prepared to reject God's way of saving the lost and forgiving the condemned.

II. *It is a holy challenge.*—It is not that of one who was seeking to sin that grace might abound, but of one who saw that this is God's way of delivering him from sin, and making him hate sin. God's way of forgiveness brings out all the loathsomeness of sin, shows it to be the enemy both of God and of the sinner. Thus the man who says, 'Who shall lay anything to my charge? who is he that condemneth?' is the man who is also saying, 'Now I have some hope of being holy; now I shall be delivered from sin; now sin has received its death-blow; and now love and a free pardon will do what terror and uncertainty, and an unsatisfied law, could never have done. Being delivered from the first and great matter of seeking a forgiveness, by having got that question for ever laid to rest, I am free to attend undistractedly to the one question, How shall I be holy, and by a holy life serve and glorify God?'

III. *It is a joyful challenge.*—The question,

and the way of putting it, show the exulting gladness of the soul. It is the joy of a soul delivered from an infinite fear; from overwhelming foreboding of wrath; from the certainty of an eternal hell, and the sore vengeance of an angry God. What gladness is this! To be forgiven all sin, and clothed with an infinite righteousness! To be as thoroughly assured of the favour of God, as formerly of his displeasure! To see the dark cloud of wrath which had wrapt the soul round rise upwards and pass away, leaving the wide azure clear and bright, with not a mist to intercept the light of reconciliation and love, pouring down from the heaven of heavens! What joy unspeakable and full of glory is this!

IV. *It is an unanswerable challenge.*—It is boldly put, and with no muffled voice. It is spoken aloud, that all may hear, and answer if they can. But no one can take it up. There is silence in heaven, and earth, and hell. It is Paul's challenge to the universe. Nay rather, it is the Holy Spirit's challenge. Who shall answer Paul? Who shall answer the Holy Ghost? Who shall condemn us? Who shall lay anything to our charge? Who shall trouble our conscience or break our peace? We ask aloud; we repeat the challenge to the devil and all his legions. But no answer is given. We hear only the echo of our own voice. It is unanswerable even now; for from the first moment that we believed we were entitled to take it up. It shall be no less unanswerable when we go down to the tomb; and we may make the caverns of the dead re-echo with it. It shall be unanswerable in the day of the Lord; so that, even when standing before the judgment-seat, surrounded with angels or surrounded with devils, we may lift up our voice and say, Who shall lay anything to my charge?

Nor is there anything presumptuous challenge. It is one of simple faith. It is for every believing man; and there is son lacking in that faith which falters here. lieved gospel ought to lead him who beli adopt this bold and blessed attitude. Fo lieved gospel is meant to *assure* the believi of forgiveness and eternal life.

It is a challenge which God himself wi He does not reckon it too bold or too d He puts it into our lips, and He will ackno it. In our believing, we set our *Amen* to timony; and in his giving us this challen is setting his *Amen* to our faith. Nay, n will He own it, but He will take it up out lips, and himself proclaim it through the u Who shall lay anything to the charge of m

Our right to take up this challenge is our having believed the gospel. It is graces or evidences that embolden us speak. It is not as holy men, or old Chr or deeply humbled souls, that we have a to do so. Our warrant is simply our havi lieved the gospel. And oh how much from not seeing the sure and high standi which a believed gospel brings us, long we have time to consider our own sel number up our graces! It would indeed sumption to rest an assurance like this, or lenge like this, upon our own graces; l no presumption to rest this on the gospel grace of God. Even the Spirit's work in u be quite inadequate as a foundation fo boldness; but Christ's finished work for us gether sufficient, without anything else, rant us in entering into the apostle's min taking up his triumphant challenge. N any amount of past or present sin preven for where sin has abounded, there gra abounded much more.

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA.

No. V.

GERTRUDE AND HER MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

CLOSELY as her shadow, had little Gertrude Playfair followed her mother all day. On the morrow that mother was to leave home for some weeks, to take care of an invalid sister; she therefore could not take Gertrude with her; so, for the first time, they were to be separated for more than a day or two.

No wonder, then, that Gertrude followed her wherever she went, fearful of losing a m of the short time they could still pass to After the usual Bible lesson, which was the first thing after breakfast, Mrs. Playfa to her room, to oversee the packing a ments, and, to Gertrude's great joy, s allowed to help, and fancied herself very —wondering what her mother would d she was returning home, and would not h little daughter to assist her.

In the afternoon they went to the libra

ɔn every servant in the house, from the house-ɛper to the kitchen-maid, was summoned in ɔn, while Mrs. Playfair gave each special direc-ns as to what they were to do and to avoid ing during her absence, and adding a few kind couraging words before dismissing them. Poor ng! she had to think of everything herself w; for her husband was in India, and she uld not live there on account of her delicate alth.

Gertrude had been a most attentive listener to . that passed, and as the door closed after the ɜt servant, a sudden thought struck her, and e said: 'Mother, will you not give *me* some-ing to do for you while you are away? I ould like it so much.'

Her mother looked lovingly at her, and said, 'ou shall have something to do for me most illingly, my child, if you really wish it; but I nnot tell you about it now, because I have tters to write, and shall be very busy. Besides, ɔu ought to go out; so run and get your hat, ıd play about the garden, and in the evening e will have a long quiet talk together.'

Gertrude was disappointed; she would much ıther that her mother had told her then what ıe was to do for her, and she did not at all like ɔ leave her and go out. However, as she had een too well trained to prompt and unquestion-ıg obedience to make any objection, she got her at and did as she had been desired.

Very little notice did she take of the flowers, ow in the early spring-time looking so fresh and ay; little attention did she pay to the gambols f her pet dog, who ran beside her, and won-ered what had happened to make his merry ittle mistress so grave and sedate. But Gertrude ould only think of one thing, namely, what it ould be that her mother would give her to do. 'erhaps she might allow her to take care of her ignonette bed, as she had done last year. But hen it was rather early for that; for, when she ıad spoken to the gardener about it a few days be-ore, he told her that the plants were too young, ıd the ground too dry for anything to be done, ıd that if she meddled with the bed she would ıly do mischief; so it could not be the mig-ıonette.

Could it possibly be that she would give her he greenhouse to manage! That would, indeed, ɛ delightful, she was so fond of flowers; and he had watched the gardener so often, she was ure she understood all about it. Certainly she ıad broken a beautiful geranium last year, when he was trying to shake off the loose leaves, as he had seen the gardener do every morning; ıut then she was only six years old at the time, ıd the pot was very heavy and slipped out of er hand. But there would not be any fear of hat now, she thought, as she was a little past ɜven—quite a great girl!

Many other nice things to do, as she expressed , were thought of; at last she came to the wise ɔnclusion that her mother was sure to choose hat was best, and that it would probably be ɔout flowers, as she knew how fond she was of em. She only hoped it might be something ry difficult and very troublesome, that she might be able to show her how much she loved her by doing it well.

At length evening came; and, seated on Mrs. Playfair's knee, Gertrude said: 'Now, mother, please tell me what I am to do for you.'

'I think I should like you to learn your multiplication table,' replied Mrs. Playfair.

'My multiplication table!' said Gertrude, in amazement and dismay. 'My multiplication table! Oh, mother! you surely do not mean that? Why, learning my multiplication table would not be doing anything for you.'

'It would, indeed, my child,' answered Mrs. Playfair; 'it would be doing what would please me more than anything else you could think of.'

'But I hate the multiplication table,' said Gertrude; 'do, please, let me do something else. I would so much like to take care of the greenhouse, and I am sure I could do it quite well.'

'I do not think you could,' replied her mother; 'but at all events that is the gardener's work, and I have given him directions about it long ago. And just tell me, darling, is it to please me, or to please yourself, that you are anxious to have something to do for me while I am away?'

'Indeed, it is to please you,' said Gertrude, half crying at the question; for, notwithstanding her disinclination to learning the multiplication table, she dearly loved her mother.

'I am sure you do wish to please me rather than yourself,' the latter continued; 'and the way to please me would be by learning your multiplication table so perfectly, that, on my return, you will be able to repeat it to me without a single mistake.'

There was a moment's struggle in little Gertrude's heart, and then she said bravely, 'I will learn it, mother, because you wish it; but I am sure I could learn it quite easily in two or three days; and then, may I do something else for you?'

Mrs. Playfair shook her head, as she answered, 'If you learned it so quickly, dear, you certainly would neither learn it perfectly nor remember it, and I want to secure your doing both. What I wish is this, that you should learn half a table quite perfectly every morning before you go out; and every day before you learn a new part, say over all that you have learned before, that will ensure your remembering it; or rather,' she continued, 'as you have not any one to say it to, write it up and down, backwards and forwards on your slate; then compare it with the book, and correct the mistakes, and remember not to begin your new lesson until you have written out the old ones correctly. I shall probably be away a little more than three weeks, so that you will be able to come to the end of twelve times before I return. And now, darling, what do you think of the plan?'

'I cannot understand what good it can do you,' replied Gertrude; 'but I always find out, if I wait patiently, that you are right about everything; so I am sure you are right now. And I shall not mind disliking my multiplication table one bit, since I am to learn it to please you; that is so different from learning it because I *must*, or to please myself.'

A kiss was Mrs. Playfair's answer; and then, after a talk of the Good Shepherd, and how He would watch over his little lamb while her mother was away from her, Gertrude went to bed, and did not awake until she felt her mother's arm round her in the morning. Then she started up, for she knew the hour of parting had come. Quickly she dressed; and then for the last time, until Mrs. Playfair's return, they knelt together, while in a few simple words the mother asked God to take care of her and of her precious child,—to keep both from evil while they were separated, and to bring them together again in health, and joy, and safety.

Immediately after breakfast, the carriage drove up to the hall door, and after a hurried but very loving good-bye, Mrs. Playfair had to leave.

Poor little Gertrude! She did not know what to do. She felt so lonely and sorrowful, that she was sure she would be miserable until her mother returned. She wandered forlorn about the house, and was just getting her hat to go out, when she remembered her multiplication table.

'I will begin this very minute,' she said; 'it would have been dreadful to have forgotten what dear mamma wished.' And although at the name her tears flowed afresh, yet she went for her book, and in a few minutes had learned the first half of twice times so perfectly that she wrote it all sorts of ways on her slate without a mistake. The thought that this would please her mother cheered her; and in much better spirits she called her dog, and went out into the garden.

The day passed more quickly and pleasantly than she could have believed would have been possible, and so did the few following ones. But when the morning came for her to learn the last half of four times, it found her in no pleasant state of mind.

The sun was shining so brightly, so many butterflies had come out, and the flowers seemed fresher and sweeter than ever. It was very hard that she might not go out. That tiresome multiplication table! she wished her mother had not asked her to learn it. It was so stupid; and it certainly could not do any one any good. Surely it would not be any harm to pass over one day, and learn a double lesson the next. But it would not do; a still small voice was whispering in Gertrude's heart, 'Will you not do it because your mother asked you? because you know it would please her? Would you not like to please her, she loves you so dearly?'

'I *should* like to please her,' said the child, as if in answer. 'I shall have plenty of time to play afterwards; *dear* mother,' she whispered, as she took up her book and slate, and seated herself at the table to learn her lesson. Her thoughts wandered a little, so she was somewhat longer than she would otherwise have been; but at length her old lessons and her new one had all been written on the slate without a mistake, and shouting out that four times twelve is forty-eight, the happy child went into the garden.

After this, she had not any trouble until she came to seven times. And seven times seven puzzled her terribly. It would come, sixty-three, or fifty-four, or even fo every number but the right one. Sl beginning to get cross as well as tirec postman's knock was heard at the hal a note from her mother was handed t

Such a tender, loving note as it w word about fearing that Gertrude ha or neglected her mother's wishes; bu ance that she knew her little daughte to please her while she was away, evei when she was at home, and concludi hope of soon seeing her again.

Ah! it was not hard to take up her after having read and kissed her lette over again. Yes, she *would* please while she was away; so, setting to v she soon mastered her difficulties, an wrote that seven times seven is foi often, that she was quite sure she c forget it. Ten and eleven times w that they did not give her any trouble twelve times, why, she knew it all ex times twelve, before she began to les rately. She had not calculated on th a pleasant surprise.

Two days afterwards Mrs. Playfai What a bright and joyous meeting i for mother and child! Gertrude was delight to have time even to think of plication table, or to wonder if her mc be greatly pleased that she had learne In the evening, however, her mother it; and then Gertrude did feel very able to tell her that she knew it pe that she had learned it exactly as she her to do.

Mrs. Playfair's look of pleasure, as her, and said, 'You have pleased me my child,' rewarded Gertrude for all l Then her mother asked her how she h learning it.

'I did not enjoy learning it at all sake,' she replied, thoughtfully; 'bu learning it because you wished it, alth times, when I forgot that, I used to of it.'

'But did being tired of it ever mal glect your lesson?' asked Mrs. Playfa

'Oh, no,' answered Gertrude. I times to be tempted to do it, but whe of you, and all your love for me, I f matter how tired I was, or how muc it, I should like to do anything in world that pleased you.'

'And you have pleased me very mu said Mrs. Playfair. 'And now I wor would like to do something else for m

'Indeed I should,' replied Gertrud mother told her to come with her to house, where all by itself, on the lo was a beautiful geranium just co blossom.

'I value this plant very much,' con Playfair, 'because it was given to Aunt Alice; but if you would like to t it for me, I should not be afraid to with it.'

Gertrude could hardly believe that she was to be given the care of anything so lovely; she could scarcely speak for joy. At length she asked what she was to do with it.

'It will not want anything but a little water to-night,' said her mother; 'but I cannot tell what it will want to-morrow; so I think your best plan would be to come and look at it the first thing you do after you are dressed every morning. Then, if you come and tell me how it looks, and all about it, I will give you directions what to do for the day.'

All night long Gertrude dreamed of her geranium, and very early the next morning she ran to the greenhouse to see how it looked. The flowers were drooping a little, and poor Gertrude thought it was dying; but her mother told her that it had only been too long in the hot morning sun, and that she had better move it to the other end of the shelf, and put some damp moss over the earth, and water it again in the evening.

An unfailing source of delight did this geranium prove; it was so pleasant to talk to her mother about it, and to watch blossom after blossom as they came into full flower. Sometimes, however, Gertrude would look wistfully at the other shelves, crowded as they were with plants, and contrast them with hers, which had only one. I am sure I could take care of more than one, she would say to herself; but then her trust in her mother's wisdom used to come to her help, and the thought that 'mother always knows best,' would settle the matter satisfactorily.

But one morning, when she went to the greenhouse as usual, to her utter dismay she found the shelf empty! She was sure that the gardener must have moved her plant to some other place by mistake. But no; she looked in vain, not a trace of it was to be seen, and crying bitterly, she ran to tell her mother that some one had taken away her plant, and what was she to do?

'*Your* plant, my child?'

'Oh, no,' said Gertrude; 'I mean *your* plant,—the beautiful geranium that you lent me to take care of. I cannot think what has become of it. Oh, mamma, mamma, I have nothing to do for you now!'

'I think you have, darling,' replied her mother. 'What did I want you to learn for me when I went away besides the multiplication table?'

'Not anything, mother,' answered Gertrude.

'I did not ask you in so many words, certainly, to learn anything else; but I knew that if you learned the multiplication table to please me, you would learn other things far more important at the same time.'

Gertrude looked up in surprise, and her mother added, 'I think you learned lessons of obedience, and patience, and self-denial, my child.'

With a beaming face, Gertrude looked up again, and said, 'I understand it all now, mother. Was it not that I might learn *those* lessons, that you wished me to learn the multiplication table?'

'It was,' answered Mrs. Playfair. 'Nothing you could possibly have done would have pleased me half so much. And now about the geranium, shall I tell you about it at once, or shall I wait a little, as I would rather do, though I will tell you now if you wish?'

Trust in her mother again came to Gertrude's help, and conquered her curiosity, and she said, 'I will wait as long as ever you please.'

'Very well,' answered Mrs. Playfair; 'and now you may run away and play about.'

For four mornings Gertrude found the shelf empty; but on the fifth there was the geranium looking more beautiful than ever, and close beside it was a pot of mignonette, filling the whole greenhouse with its sweet perfume. Could it be that she was now to have two plants to take care of? That would be almost too delightful; but then her mother was so kind, she could not be long surprised at anything she did. Away she ran to tell her about it, and found that it was all right, and that she really was to have the two plants to take care of. 'And now,' said Mrs. Playfair, 'I will tell you about the geranium. I suspected from the way the leaves looked, that some insects had got to the roots; I called the gardener to look, and he said I was right, and that the plant must be taken up and carefully examined, and after all the insects had been removed, that it must be replanted, and kept in a cool shady place for a few days. I asked if you could do it. "Oh, no, ma'am," he replied; "I would be afraid to let any one do it, especially at this season of the year, while the plant is in blossom, except myself. I will take it away for a few days, and then Miss Gertrude can have it again, and I have a nice little pot of mignonette that I can bring with it." So now you have both the plants, my child, and have been doing something else, while you had not them to take care of.'

Gertrude did not quite understand; so Mrs. Playfair went on, 'Have you not been learning a lesson of patience, and waiting, and trust, darling?'

'But I could not help trusting you,' said Gertrude.

Her mother smiled, and asked why.

'Because you are so kind, and wise, and good,' said Gertrude, 'and never make a mistake.' Mother and child then went together to the greenhouse, and had a talk about the plants. And many talks they had. Gertrude had now become so watchful and so careful, that the very least change was observed, and reported to her mother, whose directions were faithfully carried out.

Before very long, Gertrude found a little yellow tea rose-bush on her shelf, almost covered with buds. How glad she was, not only because of its beauty, but because now that she had three plants to take care of, the talks with her mother must be both longer and more frequent; and these talks were beginning to be a greater joy to Gertrude than even watching the plants, for the more she was with her mother, the more she loved her.

Very happily the time was passing on; but while the rose-tree was still in its full beauty, poor little Gertrude awoke one morning hot and feverish, and with such a headache that she could hardly speak. In great anxiety, Mrs. Playfair sent for the doctor, who thought her

most seriously ill; and, indeed, for many days she seemed to be hovering on the very brink of the grave. But she knew nothing of it, for she was quite unconscious, and never spoke except in delirium, when she used continually to talk about her flowers.

One day as her mother sat beside her, she opened her eyes, and said, 'Mother,'—that was all, and then closed them again. But her mother's heart thrilled with joy at the word, for she thought her sweet child would recover now.

In the evening, she again said 'Mother;' and then, 'My flowers, my poor flowers, they must be all dead, and I did love them so much.' The tears fell fast down her wasted cheeks, and her mother, fearing to speak, and yet wishing to save her a moment's anxiety, went to the greenhouse and brought the rose-tree, looking more lovely than ever.

The sick child smiled with pleasure. 'You took care of it, mother,' she said, 'and watered it?'

'I did, darling.'

'Ah!' said Gertrude, 'I might have known that you would not forget; they were *your* flowers, you only lent them to me; you must have loved them even better than I did. Mother, I know it all now; I am quite happy.'

In another moment, she was fast asleep, with her mother's arm under her head. When she awoke, it was in that land where the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick (Isa. xxxiii. 24), and where they who have loved the Lord Jesus here shall serve Him without sin, or sorrow, or weariness, 'day and night in his temple' (Rev. vii. 15).

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

How often, in hours of loneliness and sorrow, do our weary hearts echo the words, 'We would see Jesus!' feeling, and feeling truly, how greatly it would strengthen our faith, and brighten our hope, could we do so; while in days of gladness, we feel as if this alone were needed to make our cup of joy run over.

But although that 'fulness of joy' is not to us yet, may we not take comfort fr thought that He sees us, and therefore r near us? When we are in the drawing-r the evening, with the lamp lighted, and t tains drawn back, a friend outside the could see us quite well—could distingu from another; know how we looked, l were dressed, what we were doing, etc. could not see him well; we could just see s and know that it was that of a man, and even guess who it was, without being ab certain. If, however, we were continu the watch, a gleam of moonlight migh moment reveal the features; and thoug in an instant, we should be satisfied. W now be sure who it was, and would ag again recall the moment, and the reco would give a distinctness even to the which it could not otherwise have had.

And is it not very much the same w Lord Jesus and us? He sees us perfec 'the eyes of the Lord are upon the rig (Ps. xxxiv. 15); but as to us, *we* 'n through a glass darkly' (1 Cor. xiii. 12 believe that He is indeed close, as close as was only the window between us, but we distinguish the features. Are there not ever, times when God the Holy Spirit g such a realizing faith, that we do not nee to *know* that He is beside us? And thou brightness may fade away, yet the memo remains, and cheers, and strengthens, s courages us, when the night is so dark t cannot see even the shadow.

No, we cannot see, but even then we ca and we can *hope*. For we know that 'yet while, and He that shall come, will com will not tarry' (Heb. x. 27). Then, *t* shall no longer 'see through a glass dark face to face.' Yes, we *shall* yet 'see th in his beauty' (Isa. xxxiii. 19); 'see Him is,' and because we see Him, 'shall be lik (1 John iii. 2).

WILLIAM FAREL,

THE SWISS REFORMER.

CHAPTER XI.

THE controversy upon the Lord's Supper, which caused such dissension among those who withdrew from the Church of Rome in the sixteenth century, was a source of great trial to Farel. The question from which this lamentable division arose, was concerning *the mode* of Christ's presence in the sacrament.

In the Confession of Augsburg, drawn up by Melancthon in 1530, the article upon the Lord's Supper simply stated, 'The body and blood of Christ are truly present and distributed to the receivers.' But this exclusion of the mention of bread and wine, being understood by some to admit the doctrine of transubstantiation, the article was afterwards altered thus: '*With the bread and wine*, the body and blood of are truly and substantially present.' Thes expressed Luther's doctrine, consubstanti

Besides the Augsburg Confession, two were presented to the diet,—one, drawn Bucer, from the four cities, Strasburg stance, Menningen, and Lindau; and th by Zwingle. In the former, Bucer, who l with the Church of England that the bo blood of Christ are received by faith Lord's Supper, earnestly pleaded that, point of difference did not appear very es it should not be too obstinately contend but that, in a spirit of mutual love and f ance, all should join in one confession. Melancthon objected, and refused to a ledge as brethren those who rejected hi upon the ordinance. Zwingle consider

ment merely as a memorial, 'a sign by h the receiver gives to the church a pledge s faith;' while Calvin admitted the 'spiritual nce of Christ,—the presence which "comes faith, and exists by virtue of the Holy t."'

the hope of healing this breach, Calvin, in , wrote to Luther, and sent his letter by ncthon, who, unfortunately, fearing to make ers worse, did not deliver it.

ortly after the death of his wife, in 1549, in met Farel at Zurich, and established erences, which were blessed as a means for ring peace. With joy he wrote, 'We are eing.' His late work, *The Harmony of the etian and Rhetian Churches*,' to which all ies agreed, united Calvin and Bullinger, ch and Geneva, more closely.

his agreement appeared to Farel one step to- ls the long desired union with the Lutherans, cially as Calvin had not been condemned by ner, or any of his party. But, unfortunately, controversy was renewed with much bitter- in 1551, by Joachim Westphal, a preacher lamburgh; and in some places intemperate guage led to acts of open violence.

bout this time Farel published a tract upon sacrament of the Lord's Supper, rather with object of stating its real value than to enter controversy upon it. That to which he ed as the great means for restoring peace, a union of the Swiss churches themselves, bined with a conference between the most cious and peaceably disposed men of both ies. But Berne steadily refused to sign rin's defence of 'the agreement' with the rch at Zurich; and Farel looked to Bullinger, had succeeded Zwingle at Zurich, to support . 'The more appearances are against us,' wrote to him, 'the more we must hope and mpt everything in dependence upon God. He give us power to act wisely in this ed matter. Then shall we come forth as querors, and be instrumental in leading all e to the Lord who are at all disposed to race the truth.' Hope deferred often made heart sick, but at length, with Calvin's aid, prevailed on the churches of Neuchâtel, affhausen, St. Gall, and Bâle, to sign 'the cement,' to which also the ministers of Berne e a verbal assent. Bullinger sent the articles his union to England, and, through Calvin Farel, they were communicated to France, re they were gratefully received.

n 1560, the Vaudois, in the Piedmontese valleys Lucerne and Auvergne, were severely per- ted by the Duke of Savoy. Above 4000 ered death, under cruelties too horrible to te. The survivors sought assistance from eva and Neuchâtel, and Farel and Beza ertook a journey, to entreat the Protestant ons of Switzerland to intercede for them Francis II., king of France. For this object visited Berne, Zurich, Schaffhausen, and , and in a few weeks an embassy from these cities was despatched to France. From , Farel and Beza went to Montbeliard, Stras- , and the Palatinate. They were on the whole well received, but felt that the sacramental controversy had produced a coldness in the manner of some of the Lutherans towards them.

'No historical topic can be more instructive to every class of readers, and especially to those whose opinions may have weight in a revival of religion, than this lamentable discussion. The only question on which Luther lost his temper, betrayed his cause, injured the progress of the Reformation, grieved the Spirit of grace, and split the infant church, was that in which he was *most clearly wrong*. Let those who are in danger of magnifying points in dispute be warned by this example; let them see how prone to error are the greatest and purest minds; let them be slow in committing themselves beyond *the exact proscriptions of revealed truth;* and, above all, let them dread *erecting such points into terms of communion and creating a lasting division in the affections of Christians.*'*

A few months after this mission, Farel and Beza again visited Zurich in behalf of the persecuted Protestants in France. The king, under the belief that the loss of the battle of St. Quentin, in Henry the Second's reign, had been occasioned by the indulgence shown towards heretics, determined to wipe off that reproach and show them no mercy.

Although his time was so much occupied, Farel now revisited parts of the diocese of Bâle. At St. Leonards the people heard him gladly, also at Pruntrut; but the bishop summoned him before the council, and thus addressed him: 'You came here formerly to sow your tares, and having been sent away by the late bishop, have not hitherto renewed your attempt; you are now advised in a friendly manner to retire before any mischief befall you.' In reply, Farel said, 'That the subject of his preaching was Christ and Him crucified, and that to call that "tares" was a grievous sin against God, and contrary to Scripture.'

Fearing that the Reformer's preaching would make an impression upon the people, the Archbishop of Besançon sent a grand vicar, accompanied by a monk, to counteract it. A tumult followed, in which Farel and his old friend Emer Beynon, the minister of Serrieres, were violently attacked by the priests. Still, however, the people of Pruntrut manifested a regard for Farel, and the reformed doctrines; but the prior of the Dominicans at Besançon, a doctor of the Sorbonne, and an inquisitor, reviled Farel, Calvin, and Viret, as 'deceivers, heretics, and false prophets.'

To the great surprise of his friends, Farel, at the advanced age of seventy, married the daughter of Alexander Torel, of Rouen. He had one son, who did not long survive him.

Soon after his marriage, Farel visited his native land, after an absence of forty years. About the middle of November he reached Gap, and the Sabbath after preached. The church was too small for the multitudes that crowded to hear him. There was no disturbance of any

* *Christian Observer*, 1827.

kind; and Farel, hoping to conciliate the civil authorities, called on the mayor after service, who asked him by what authority he had preached, reminding him that the royal edict had forbidden such meetings upon pain of death. Farel justified his conduct by an appeal to Scripture, and also by the fact, that since the edict was passed the gospel had been openly proclaimed at Lyons. This the mayor could not deny; but requested Farel to refrain from preaching until he should procure instructions from the governor. Farel was then conducted back to the inn, and that evening he baptized a child.

The next morning, as he was leaving church, a servant of the mayor handed him a written paper which forbade all public meetings, and the use of the churches to the reformed party. In the evening the friends of the gospel united together in prayer for guidance in so trying a moment. As they rose from their knees, they declared their determination to continue stedfast in the profession of that faith for which so many had joyfully laid down their lives. They then requested the mayor to give them a written statement of what had occurred, that they might forward it, with an appeal from themselves, to the king.

While he remained at Gap, Farel visited the neighbouring parishes, and observing the fields 'white already to harvest,' it grieved him to leave them; and yet he must return to his charge at Neuchâtel. In his perplexity he wrote to entreat Calvin to seek a suitable preacher for Gap. At Grenoble he found many faithful servants of Christ. Pichon remained there as minister.

For some time Calvin's health had been failing; intense labour of mind and body had worn him out. On the 6th of February 1564, he preached for the last time. From that day his public ministrations ceased, except that, from time to time, to the last day of March, he was carried to church, and spoke a few words to his people, but not in any continued address. For three months he endured great suffering; but no murmur or impatient word escaped his lips. Raising his eyes to heaven, he was sometimes heard to exclaim, 'How long, O Lord?' or, 'I held my peace because Thou didst it.' When tolerably free from pain he wrote, or dictated to others; and in reply to his friends' entreaties to spare his strength, would ask, 'Would you have my Lord find me idle when He cometh?' Calvin 'went to God' the 29th of May 1564.

When Farel heard of his death, he exclaimed, 'Oh that I might have died for him!' He did not long survive him.

The Reformation made progress in Louvaine, particularly among the nobility. A longing desire once more to visit Metz seized Farel, and he set out with the energy of former days. The senate, anxious for his safety, sent c their number with him. His arrival at caused great joy. All classes of the treated him with the utmost respect. Th he arrived he preached a sermon with power, that renewed strength to fight the of faith seemed given to his hearers as listened to his fervent eloquence. But th ertion was too much for his feeble frame upon his return home he lay down to res never rose from his bed. During the few re ing days of his life many visited him, to wh spoke the old truths, never weary of warnin encouraging his brethren to approve them worthy of their calling by a faithful disc of the duties entrusted to them.

Feeling death at hand, he repeated a s confession of faith to that recorded in hi and on the 13th of September 1565, h finished his course with joy, he departed with Christ. His body lies in the churc of Metz, there to await the morning c resurrection.

A few weeks after his death, Viret was se to be his successor; but he declined the pos it was given to Fabri, respecting whom some time before, had borne this testin 'During the one and thirty years in whi has been my companion and colleague at G Orbe, Granson, Thonon, and Neuchâtel, n understanding has ever arisen between us.'

The people of Neuchâtel long remem their beloved pastor with affectionate reve Many a disputed point was arranged by, ' was in our Father Farel's time,' or, 'So F Farel would have ordered it.'

Beside the dark grave standing,
We sow in silent tears,
The seed of incorruption!
The pilgrim full of years!

His home is reached already,
We still are on the road.
Death was the gate of heaven,
It took him to his God.

He sees what we but look for,
He hath what we still lack;
The foe no more can spoil him,
Who still besets our track.

His disembodied spirit
Is with the Lord at rest,
And while we still are weeping,
He is supremely blest.

We still, poor weary pilgrims,
In this dark valley roam,
Until again we see him,
And share his happy home!

He wears a crown of glory,
And lifts the palm on high,
And swells, with saints and angels,
The chorus of the sky.

Readings for the Young.

LE AND THE VICTORY.

ıades of the setting sun were
ng their shadows along the
rded thoroughfares of the capital,
h the December fog enveloped
s dreary folds. It was Christ-
ll who had a home to go to,
orward,—thinking, perhaps, of
the joyous welcome, and the
ıwaited them. The lights shone
windows, the sun went down,
n the city.
did the Christmas eve bring
; to many it left no sign that
ıce had hovered around their
ı the evening was far advanced,
owly forth from an abode, in
og was blazing on the hearth.
w steps down the narrow alley;
sorrowful tones of a pale, pretty
d followed him to the door, fell

ıre you going out, and leaving

ie dear. I want to try if I can't
way or other, to buy you some-
t may be to you a little more
s eve of long ago.'
!' answered the little girl, 'you
)h! I wish that we were rich;
en have to work so hard.'
Alie; there's no use wishing.

quickly, and walked down the
to the next street. He stood
ıd watched the lighted shops.
impossible to get work at that
had often tried it, but in vain;
he was hard at work earn-
ittance, which provided scarcely
his dying mother, Alie, and him-
not his sister. Charlie's father
try labourer; and one morning
Alie, a child two years old, to
told his family she was their
ıd they were to treat her as if
ister. The next day they had
; and now all were dead except
ınd Charlie's mother.
be orphans soon,' he murmured
, how hard it is! Poor mother!
ıs eve!' He walked on briskly,
idle passer-by the sobs he was
ess. The shop windows looked
at he lingered every now and
ı those most alluring to his eyes.
st before one, a long, long time.
s making numerous purchases;
came so interested in watching
that he almost forgot his hunger
But the gentleman could not buy
ır too soon for Charlie's enjoy-
ment, he laid a bank-note on the counter. The shopman took up the note, and, placing a sovereign before his purchaser, turned to another part of the shop, in order to give some directions about the gentleman's parcel, as well as many others that had to be sent home that Christmas eve.

The gentleman had turned away also, to examine some articles on a shelf behind; and to the gold piece lying on the counter Charlie's eyes were riveted. He saw nothing but that one bright spot in all the shop. The thought of the comforts it could procure for his mother and cousin swept through his heart like a mighty wave, overwhelming all scruple, all better, nobler feeling, leaving no thought in his heart but the burning desire to have that sovereign. In another moment he is standing unperceived within the shop, and his hand is on the gold. Another moment, and the hand that might one day have been raised in some foul midnight crime, would have committed its first dark deed; but a merciful God intercepted it, while it was yet time, and spared the child of many prayers; for, as vividly as a flash of lightning, a scene, which the boy would never forget, came before his eyes. In the London home, on his deathbed, lay his father; and that father's last words rung in Charlie's ears, and filled his heart with a strange thrill: 'Promise me, through all your life, my child, to live honestly and honourably.'

The boy flung the gold on the counter, and, unconscious of and unheeding the eyes that were now watching him, cried aloud: 'Never! I will be true to my promise,' and bounded into the street.

Terror then lent him wings; for he heard, as he thought, the shopman calling after him, 'Stop, boy!' At last, wearied out, he leant against a wall at the corner of a lonely street, and burst into a flood of passionate sobs and tears. Some minutes passed, and he was quieter, when he heard a voice close beside him, saying gently: 'Poor child! will you tell me your grief?' He looked up, surprised; and oh! horror! he saw the gentleman who had been in the shop. Charlie would have fled again; but the gentleman laid a detaining hold upon his arm, and walked on with him.

'Tell me,' said he, 'about your promise; what was it? To whom was it given?'

'To my father; but oh! do not put me in prison; I never stole before. And oh! sir, my poor father! Oh! have mercy; and—'

'And you have not stolen now,' interrupted the gentleman; 'you have been spared that misery. Now tell me about yourself. What was your father's name?'

'Charles Lacy,' answered the boy; 'and he used to live in E——.'

The gentleman started; for the name brought to his remembrance a beautiful village girl, with whom his son had fallen in love; and when the

stern father had forbidden the marriage, the impulsive youth had left his father's house, and married the girl.

From that hour the father had forbidden him ever again to cross his threshold. But when, two years later, repentance had come to the lonely father's heart, and he sought his son, he found only the graves of that son and his village bride. He heard, indeed, that a child had been born to them; but that the girl's relations had taken it away with them when they left that part of the country. Alas! all his endeavours to discover them had proved unsuccessful.

'Boy!' cried the gentleman eagerly, 'tell me, had your father a sister named Alie? Did she marry above her station? Did she leave a child? Have you a cousin? How long is it since you left E——? and does your father still live? Quick! answer! take me to him!'

Wonderingly Charlie answered the eager questioner; and when he heard the gentleman exclaim, 'Thank God, I have found her at last!' the truth burst upon him, and he knew he stood before Alie's grandfather.

'Oh! come to my mother, sir,' he cried; 'she will tell you all you wish to know.' The two—the boy leading the gentleman—hurried along the crowded London streets, until they came to Charlie's poor abode. The boy knocked; and, when the door was opened, burst into the room exclaiming: 'Oh, Alie, I knew you were born a lady! Alie, your wish is granted; you will never know sorrow nor want any more; you will never spend another unhappy Christmas!'

What more need be told? Alie went to live with her grandfather; but, to that benevolent gentleman's disappointment, Charlie would not accept more from him than his interest in procuring him a situation, where he received liberal payment, and, through honesty and industry, won himself a road to independence. His mother did not die just then; she lived to bless her son, in his own comfortable home, on the next Christmas eve, and then 'she passed to where, beyond these regions, there is peace.'

And what would it have been had Charlie Lacy not found grace to resist temptation?

Many years had passed away, when one day a splendid carriage drove up to a house, in one of the most fashionable parts of London, and a lady and a gentleman alighted. It was Charlie Lacy; and he led into his home his newly married bride—his cousin Alie.

'COME WITH ME FROM LEBANON.'

Ah! fiercely blows the wind
From Hermon's snow;
Through mists that chill and blind,
Sadly I go!
Oh! who amid these rocks a way can find?
See, from his lair
How wild eyes glare,
Of the gaunt lion, hungry for his prey!
Amid the clouds expires the trembling ray.
Hark! on the mountains how the thunders roar
Still more and more!
Now fails the little strength I had before.

So mourns the weary one
Lost on her way;
Quickly the sinking sun
Bears off the day.
Well may the prudent shepherd shun
So sad a path
Of threatening death.
Amid these hills how many an unknown grave!
Bewildered here, oh, who can help or save!
Well may the wanderer fail
Upon her course,
Without resource!
But hark! a voice, a voice
Restores her force.

'Come from these gloomy heights,
My love, with me;
These horrid sounds and sights
Forsaken be!
To yonder valley, teeming with delights,
Let us descend,
Where wild-flowers blend
Their gentle breaths into one rich perfume,
And where pomegranates shine in scarlet bloom,
And not an angrier sound is heard
Than note of bird,
Or plash of stream, or leaves by zephyr stirr'd.

'Come, come, my love, with me;
I am thy guide.
Fix thy moist eyes on me,
Close at thy side.
Lean on mine arm, for weary must thou be,
And faint and cold;
But I will hold
Thee safely up, and in yon shining dell,
Far, far below, thou soon shalt rest thee well;
And I beside thee tender watch shall keep
While thou shalt sleep;
And waking, love, thou never more shalt weep.

E. A. W.

Miscellaneous.

thing to Say.—When a man use he has something to say, but o say something, it is not surpris- n producing any practical result. ie air; and, though the blow may livered, it is difficult to see that it There is a great consumption of flash, and a loud explosion; but is irregularly and loosely delivered, s no mark aimed at, the display more than a letting off of fireworks.

eking.—There is a growing ten- amusement and religion. In their ing, the New York Young Men's ciation propose to put up bowling ms; and other rooms for recreation d, it is said. It is estimated that ounds were spent in New York last g places of amusement. How much s like the filling up of some of the dark picture of the last days, as spired penman eighteen centuries ow also, that in the last days perilous e: for men shall be lovers of their . proud . . . high-minded; lovers ore than lovers of God; having a ss, but denying the power thereof. away.'

of Time.—The reader may have alls of Niagara. A short distance act the waters become very rapid; t of the mighty stream is called So it seems to us that we are in me; and the cataract of eternity is The eye of enlightened faith sees faith hears its dreadful roar; and sdom says to all men everywhere, eet thy God.' 'Be ye also ready; hour as ye think not, the Son of Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed eth.'

lassics.—The best classics are the I will put the story of Joseph rative in any language. The oldest t of Homer, but the book of Job. entific truths, of beautiful imagery. expressions were found in Aristotle, canonized by the philosophers. tive of the raising of Lazarus from ecorded in the New Testament— ended? I think not. There are the 12th chapter of Romans, which ld commit to memory before break- in more true principles to put us e than all the writings of heathen sages.

ity.—It is said that Michael Angelo marble, and said to his servant, ny tools. There is an angel chained l knock off his chains and set him oon wrought out a beautiful angel rld to admire. Behold the children d, not into lifeless angel forms for of a gazing world, but living angel be presented at the bar of God. must be defaced, and finally ruined, time; but ours must be for ever g the cycles of eternity.

Division.—'I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ.' To set aside this uplifting of man, and the making Christ the head of a party—of a *few*, and not the whole—Paul proposed three questions: 'Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? Or, were ye baptized in the name of Paul?' Are not these questions deeply important for our times also? If rightly understood, they would unite the saints around the cross; for an undivided Christ admits not of a divided body. If due preference were given to the cross, a thousand elements of division would be abandoned; fathers, young men, and babes, would at once meet around the cross, on one common level, to hail together their common salvation. If Christ is not divided, should his church be so? If Paul was not crucified for us, why be called after any other name, badge, or distinction, save that name which is common to *all?* If we were baptized in Jesus' name, why take another? What distinctions do Christian people require? Is it not that they are not separated from one another, though they are from the world?

The Difference.—Mrs. G—— was one day visiting an aged man, a friend of her father, and one who was associated with him in early life. Though differing widely in sentiment, the two old men still felt a deep interest in each other. Mr. S—— had been one of those who run after the world and overtake it. All that it can give, he had obtained. Now he inquired of the state of his friend, whom he knew to be in circumstances of far less external comfort than himself. As he listened to the story of his patience in suffering, and of the cheerfulness with which he could look forward, either to a longer pilgrimage in this world, or to the hour of death, his conscience applied the unexpressed reproach, and he exclaimed, 'Yes, yes, you wonder I cannot be as quiet and happy too; but think of the difference; he is going to his treasure, and I—I must leave mine.'—*Tract Journal.*

The Name of God.—I had in my regiment several men who were called 'preachers' by the coloured people, because they always took charge of their meetings, and exhorted a great deal. One of these was about fifty years old, with grey hair, and wrinkled face, and somewhat enfeebled constitution; for he had been a hard-working, much abused man. He was very anxious to learn to read, and with great effort he made considerable progress in a short time. He had learned the alphabet, and was reading words of two or three letters; and one day, as I sat by his side, going over the words with him, and pointing out to him the objects which they stood for, we came to the word, written in large letters—'God.'

'That is the name of the Being you preach about sometimes,' said I.

He dropped his book, and held up his hands in surprise, and exclaimed, with deep emotion, 'Is that the name of God? and that the way it looks when printed?'

'Yes,' said I, 'that is the name of your heavenly Father;' and I picked up the book, and found the place for him; but his eyes were full of tears of joy, which he had to brush away before he could see the blessed name again.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

REV. XXII. 14.

THE last three chapters of Revelation correspond with the first three of Genesis. Creation, and new creation; the Paradise of man, and the Paradise of God; Paradise lost, Paradise regained; man expelled, man brought back again. This 14th verse fits in with the 24th verse of the third of Genesis. Let us look at its parts:

I. *The city.*—It is the New Jerusalem. At the first creation there was no city, only a garden with one man in it; now, there is a city in the midst of the garden, and the citizens are the multitude that no man can number. It is a glorious city; well-built, well-watered, well-founded, well-paved, well-lighted—altogether perfect. 'God hath prepared for them a city,'—a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

II. *The gates.*—These gates are twelve, each one a pearl; gates for redeemed men to enter by; gates never shut; gates for both men and angels; gates which lead into the palace of the King; through which the sons of the second Adam can enter into the New Jerusalem. They are made by God's own hands. They are the everlasting gates or doors, sung by David, at which the King of Glory enters. They are the gates through which there is the 'abundant entrance' into the everlasting kingdom. Not 'strait' now, but wide; not painful to pass through, but pleasant and glorious. Divine gates, for a divine city, in the midst of which there is the palace of the King.

III. *The tree.*—It is the tree of life, spoken of in Genesis, and also specially noted in the promise to the church of Ephesus. It is the life-giving tree; not only now in the midst of the earthly Paradise, but the Paradise of God; nor only in the midst of Paradise, but in the midst of the city; for Jerusalem and Paradise are now one. The tree, which no doubt symbolizes Christ himself (as does the water of life), is doubtless a real tree, only more heavenly, more spiritual, than that which grows on earth. The tree is laden with fruit; it has twelve kinds of fruit; it has a monthly harvest; its leaves are for the healing of the nations. As there is the bread of life, and the hidden manna, so is there also this tree of life—this true plant of renown.

IV. *The blessed ones.*—It is God who calls them blessed, and they must be so whom He calls such. Throughout this book there are several noted by this name. 'Blessed is he that readeth;' 'blessed is he that watcheth;' 'blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' But here there is something more. There are three points of blessedness.

1. *They keep his commandments.*—This carries us back to the 119th Psalm, and reminds us of the blessedness in which David rejoiced. In keeping of these commandments there is great reward, and great peace. We are called and forgiven, that we may keep these. It is to a life of such keeping that we are called. By such a life we partake of blessedness, as well as glorify God. We are redeemed that we may be holy—that we may walk in the commandments of the Lord our God, and delight in his law after the inner r
light is blessedness. In so keeping
remember that we are called to s
abstain from all appearance of ev
ful, honest, kind; not slanderers,
not deceivers; to remember suc
as: 'Let him that stole, steal no
filled with wine;' 'flee fornication
ing, but showing all good fidelity;'
one with another;' attending to
morals' of the Christian life; settin
commandments of the Lord daily.
mandment is small or trivial. Th
names of a Christian is a keeper of
ments of God.

2. *They have a right to the tree o
merit*, only by *grace*; yet still a *ri*
which they can claim. The recepti
simply in believing; but the rewar
of good works. This statement as
commandments and its fruits, is r
sistent with a free salvation than s
sion, 'holiness, without which no
the Lord;' nor with our Lord's 'b
of which gives expression to the
thought as here. What joy to have
access, to the tree of life! Adam's
forfeiture reversed, and we intro
better Paradise, with the conscious
we cannot fall or be driven out
sword to guard the way! All open
feed on that tree for ever; and,
ourselves nourished and invigor
faculty! No death, nor disease, no
weariness, in sight of such a tree a
and health for ever!

3. *They shall enter in through the
city.*—They are blessed in a threefol
of the commandments; as partaker
life; as triumphant conquerors, e
cession through the gates into the

(*a.*) *The city is their city.*—Its na
Jerusalem. It is not for angels,
God has built it for them; and
ashamed to be called their God.
which the unrighteous are cast is 'p
devil and his angels;' but the city
pared for these redeemed ones. Th
just now—their citizenship is in h
they shall not enter it till their Lor
King of glory. As Paradise was
so is the New Jerusalem their own

(*b.*) *They shall enter through the ga*
over the wall, not by stealth, but
in triumphal procession; their Lo
Glory, at their head. They are the
often mentioned in this book; and
seen as such in the day of their ent

(*c.*) *They shall possess it for eve*
dently implied. Eternal possessio
go out no more. They are citize
city—of the joyous city. They shal
out. No sword of fire to fence th
as the true cherubim, shall occupy
dise, in which not only shall the
accessible, but the tree of knowle
more forbidden.

THE BOOK OF ALL AGES.*

IF the Bible is the book of the Spirit of God the Eternal, it must be a book for all ages. It cannot possibly be merely a record of the past, or a guide for the present. Emanating from Him who is, and was, and is to come, the Scripture also must be a book for all generations. All God's acts, as well as words, are in accordance with his counsel, and stand in relation to that whole plan which shall be fully manifested in the age to come. The Bible is therefore an eternal book. We breathe here the atmosphere of eternity. The author is He who is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. Hence we find in every Scripture narrative, and in every successive revelation, limited and individual as it may be in its form, an element which is universal; it contains a lesson for every period of the church's history, even as it is connected with the whole economy of God's dealings with men. The Scripture is a whole in every part, a mirror of the world, and a picture of all ages. The words of Scripture are according to the all-comprehensive view of God; and though often very limited and local, everything is of the widest application.

Hence it is, also, that Scripture does not merely contain prophecy, but that it is throughout prophetic. It is a superficial though not uncommon view, that prophecy does not constitute one of the general features of the Bible, but is limited to a few portions of the word; this opinion is refuted by a single view of the facts. We have not merely the books pre-eminently prophetical, and thus designated by common consent, as Isaiah, Daniel, Zechariah, etc., and the Revelation; but looking at the historical books, we find in the Pentateuch, and in the subsequent historical portions, continual prophecy. In that first gospel, by which the Lord himself broke the silence which sin had introduced, and opened the gate of heaven, even before He banished man from the garden of Eden, we have the most comprehensive prophecy, which still awaits its final fulfilment, when Satan shall be bruised under our feet, and the kingdom of righteousness be established. In the words of Noah, in the promises given to Abraham, in the blessing of Jacob, in the predictions of Balaam, in the song of Moses, by the mouth of Hannah, by the Lord himself to David, etc., we have prophecy. In the Gospels we have the prophetic discourses of the Lord Jesus (as well as the parables, which most probably have a secondary prophetic meaning); in the Epistles (for instance, Romans and Thessalonians), prophecy about Israel, the Antichrist, the return of Jesus. In the book of Psalms (where we would least expect it), we have, almost throughout, prophecy of the Messiah, his sufferings, his glory, and his kingdom. Scarcely a single book of Scripture which does not contain prophecy. And how could it be otherwise, when Jesus, his first and his second coming, God's kingdom, the struggle with the great enemy, and the victory, form the substance of the book?

We have also Scripture authority for viewing the history and characters of the Bible as prophetic. Thus Christ views the period of Noah as foreshadowing the days before his coming to judgment; the Apostle Paul, in describing the Antichrist, uses words of Daniel which had received only partial fulfilment in Antiochus Epimanes. The history of Joseph and his brethren is a striking type of Jesus in his relation to the Jews, etc. The Song of Solomon is also prophetic, the principles and spiritual experience it contains being, at the same time, of immediate use and application.

If Scripture does not merely contain prophecy, but is prophetic throughout, does it not follow, that any exposition of Scripture or system of teaching which is without the prophetic element, must be different from the *tone* of the Bible, and must be defective even where it is correct? Can it be said of what is commonly called 'orthodox preaching,' that it is scriptural; that it is the same as that of the apostles, who, we find, invariably taught the people from the very outset, not merely to turn to God, but to wait for the coming of the Lord Jesus from heaven? Jesus Christ, crucified and risen, as the object of faith; Jesus, dwelling in the heart by the Spirit, as the object of love; Jesus Christ returning for us, as the object of hope,—such was the simple and comprehensive evangel.

The eternal character of Scripture may be viewed in a twofold aspect. As opposed to the limitations of time it manifests itself as prophecy.

* From Mr. Saphir's most interesting, freshly thought, and vigorously written book, *Christ and the Scriptures*. London: Morgan & Chase. 1867.

Scripture contains the gradual unfolding of the counsel of God in constant reference to its final consummation. But the eternal character of Scripture manifests itself also in another way. Scripture reveals not merely the things which are future, but eternal things *which are not seen*. 'Eternal' is that which is spiritual, real, substantial, heavenly. In nature and history, in men and nations, in conflicts and victories, there is an outward, temporary, visible element, and an inward, spiritual, and essential element. The Spirit of God deals with all in an eternal way; that is, his representation of the visible and partial manifestations of God in nature and history continually seize the hidden meaning, and unveil the real and unfading substance. Thus eternity, as a characteristic of Scripture, includes two elements, the one opposed to the limits of time, the other as showing the substance under the transitory form. Scripture has thus, if we may say so, extensive and intensive eternity.

Hence it is that Scripture is throughout parabolic. It views the visible as corresponding to, and showing forth, the unseen. It explains the silent language of nature; it beholds the principles of the spiritual world shadowed forth in the manners and experiences of men. When Jesus speaks in parables, it is in accordance with the whole method of Scripture. He is the true Son of David, who read the two books of nature and of the written word (Ps. xix.); the true Son of Solomon, who saw in earthly prudence the mirror of heavenly wisdom, and who uttered proverbs—*i.e.*, parables, dark sayings—clear in their primary meaning, but suggestive of higher lessons. Jesus spake in parables, not merely because He was the Son of David and Solomon, the Israelite trained in God's school of revelation, but also because He was the Son of man. Man ought to have an eye for the beautiful works of God, for the light and the innumerable hues of wondrous beauty; he ought to have an ear to hear the thousand voices around him of deep solemnity and exquisite tenderness, even as his mouth should show forth the praises of God in response to God's message of love and power at sundry times and in divers manners. But there is a separation, through sin, between heaven and earth; and it is faith only that can see the things which are not seen in the things which do appear. Jesus was in heaven while He lived on earth (John iii. 13); the essence of all things lay before Him. God and his kingdom, Satan and his kingdom, He beheld and traced throughout. He opened his mouth in parables.

He spake of nature. He had watched the clouds and the red sky at evening; the sun in his glory; the fowls of the air in their blithe carelessness; the flowers of the field in their gorgeous beauty; the wisdom of serpent guilelessness of doves; the eagle's keen ey sudden descent; the hen gathering her ch under her wings; the wind blowing wh listeth; the vine and its branches; the good and bad; the fig-tree and its leaves mustard-seed and its development;—all th came to Him a picture of heavenly things.

He spake of man; of the relationship occupations of human life; of the eye light of the body; of the eye and hand endanger life and health, and require to off; of the sick, who need a physician; father giving good gifts to his child; mother rejoicing that a child is born int world; of the friend showing himself frien his neighbour; of the shepherd and the the king and his nation; the master an stewards; the merchant seeking goodly p the sower going forth to sow; the fish casting out the net; even the little ch playing in the market-place;—and in al He beheld pictures of eternal truth and spi relationships.

He noticed also the foolish and the evil of men: the unrighteous judge, who feare God, neither regarded man; the rich man ing in his earthly possessions; the unme servant, who will not forgive, though him debtor to mercy; the unjust steward; th who begins to build without counting the the thief and robber; the hireling;—and also He sees spiritual principles, eternal re

He noticed the common objects and around Him: salt; the light and candle the house and its foundation; the door; and water; the ways of the good househ He spake of the marriage feast and the we garment;—in all He beheld the things th real and are for ever.

And how constantly does He use the Scr symbolism—speaking of the temple as his the manna in the wilderness, the brazen se the water drawn at the feast, the vineyard bare no fruit—according to the way in God had spoken of them to his people!

This parabolic teaching is not for the p of making difficult truth more easy to a p intellect or an inactive conscience. It h its object to conceal the precious jewel fro eye of the sluggard and worldly, and to the mind and to prepare the heart of the s The chief purpose, however, is, according spirit of parabolic teaching, to impress on we are even now in eternity; that everywh are surrounded by the same God; that t visible kingdom is manifested in the visibl God, and his truth, and his righteousne the true reality and substance.

The meaning of symbolism is based on the reat fundamental fact that God is the Creator, nd that Christ is the beginning of the creation f God. Thus there must be a great parallelism etween the realm of nature and that of spirit. ınd as all things are upheld for Christ's sake, in lim and unto Him, there must be a great paral-elism between history—the events and relation-hips which arise in providence—and the history f grace in redemption. There is only one Word f God, who expresses himself in nature and in he spiritual world. Hence we have such striking esemblances. 'Except a corn of wheat fall into he ground, and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, ; bringeth forth much fruit.' This mysterious aw is true also in the spiritual world, finding s most wonderful and perfect fulfilment in the leath and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Thus ve are prepared to find in all the realms of lod's kingdom, from the lowest to the highest, ymbols of Christ. In the lowest we have Christ epresented by the *Stone*, the Rock—the emblem f strength, of firmness, of never-changing sta-ility; the foundation which cannot be moved. lut He is also like the Plant. His is life, even s He gives life. He is therefore called the Branch (or ZEMACH), simply and most generally epresenting the idea of organic life. And this n its highest and noblest form, for He is the *Vine;* and in its loveliest and most beauteous manifestation, for He is the *Rose*. But He is symbolled forth in a higher kingdom than that of the plants. He is strong and royal as a Lion; He is meck and gentle, attractive and patient, 'made for suffering,' like a Lamb. But yet higher we rise. Hs is called 'the Son of Man;' for whatsoever is truly human (according to the idea of God)—wisdom and love, strength of purpose and gentleness of submission, concentration in God and expansive benevolence to all, work and energy, and meditative rest and festive Sabbath,—all that is truly man finds in Him its perfect exponent and fulfilment. And above all, He, the true Microcosm, in whom and by whom all things were created and are upheld, and who is the very Spirit of *All*, in so far as it *is*,* is the Lord of glory, the Son of the Father, God of God, and Light of light. The Father beholdeth all things in Him, who is the beginning of the creation of God; and we, to our unspeakable joy, with adoring hearts and light-filled eyes, learn to see all things in Him and Him in all things.

Jesus speaks of himself as the King, the Shepherd, the Friend, and the Bridegroom; while the Spirit is spoken of under the emblems of Wind, or Breath, Fire, Oil, Water, and the Dove.

* Sin is not substance.

MISS RUSSELL'S THIRD YEAR IN JERUSALEM.

(A SEQUEL TO HOME IN THE HOLY LAND.)

CHAPTER III.

ILGRIMS TO THE JORDAN—MOSLEM PILGRIMS TO NEBY MOOSA.

PALM SUNDAY was a clear, fresh, beautiful morning; the air light and buoyant; the sun bright, but not hot. As we walked to church, we met multitudes, both of the pilrims and of the Jerusalem Christians, carrying alms, a few of which were left as they had been athered, simple, natural branches; but by far ıe greater number had been woven into ingenious ıtterns. Some had two or three, doubtless, to rry home to their friends in distant countries.

'There is something very impressive,' remarked alter, 'in this commemoration of an event ıich occurred nearly two thousand years ago. ry few of these people look as if they could read, d yet they have been made familiar with most the great facts of the gospel history; and now ey are carrying their palm branches along the eets of the very city which our Lord entered triumph, as on this day.'

'True, Walter; but I was just thinking of the nderful effect upon the non-Christian nations, he Oriental churches, while keeping up these celebrations in Jerusalem, were to give their children the more complete teaching which we have in our Church of England.'

'No doubt. Yet one would suppose that the reformation of the Greek, Armenian, and other Oriental churches, might rather tend to the gradual discontinuance of these commemorations.'

'Oh, I don't know, Walter. If they could be rid of the gross superstitious part, there is something very fine in the idea of these yearly Christian festivals here in Jerusalem,—gatherings of the nations, as they might be, and are even now.'

'Just so; but I doubt that the lower classes of any country would undertake so long, so painful and expensive a journey, unless they felt that their salvation in some sort depended on it. Take that away, and no other motive would be strong enough to bring them here. Yesterday, in passing the Church of the Sepulchre, two Kamschatdales were pointed out to me. They had been two years on the journey hither. Then look at the aged women we see among the pilgrims, and the peasant women, with infant children. Would anything move our English artisans or peasantry to save up their money for years, in order to make such a journey to Jerusalem?'

'At any rate, nothing does move them, Walter. I suppose you are right. They would come like the rest, if they were taught that it would do their souls any good. But English travellers do come.'

'Yes they do; and we shall find our chapel pretty full this morning, for I saw a large party arrive last night. But I am afraid, Emily, in most cases they only come as sightseers, because the journey to Egypt and Palestine has taken the place of the grand tour.'

'But surely, Walter, there are many in our country who long to come to Jerusalem, and would do so at Easter if they could, though all the sights, as you call them, were done away with!'

'There are some, of course; but, I fancy, chiefly of that class who cannot afford the expense.'

We entered the church ground, and our conversation ended. There were many travellers there, and very devoutly did they all join in the service. Yet Walter was right; the greater number were young men, travelling after leaving the university. One, however, was a clergyman, and I could see by the way in which he read the service, that Palm Sunday spent in Jerusalem would be a day never to be forgotten by him.

The bustle in the city that evening was extraordinary. Mules and camels, and horses and donkeys, pouring in from the surrounding villages, or picketed, ready saddled, in the streets, their owners sleeping beside them on the stones. Numerous as were the animals belonging to the pilgrims, they were not enough to convey so vast a multitude. Most of the Greek and Russian pilgrims had come by sea to Joppa, and had no animals of their own. The hum of preparation filled the air, and was distinctly heard even at our quiet end of the town.

In the evening, Constantine came to say that a relation of his mother's had arrived as pilgrim from Damascus, and he wished to go with him to the Jordan to-morrow.

'And your work, Constantine?'

'Haj Omar will do the marketing, and Um Habeeb the house-work.'

He was, in fact, ready to start; all had been arranged before our leave was asked. We afterwards found out that his mother was very unwilling he should go, for fear of accidents; but, nevertheless, he went; for in Jerusalem it is more usual for a son to control his mother, than for the son to obey. They are treated like men while yet children, and are soon beyond all restraint. However, many of them afterwards become attentive and dutiful, even deferential; though they will say, and feel, if the mother says anything foolish, 'Is she not an old woman? what can she know?' The mixture of contempt and reverence is very curious, utterly different from the affectionate regard with which an English son looks up to his mother.

Early, early did we both get up next morning. It was not daylight, yet the bustle and stir of the evening before had been nothing to the noise, the cries, the mule-bells, and firing of guns which filled the air. Large parties were coming down the Via Dolorosa towards our end c that they might go out at the St. Ste We swallowed our cups of coffee. had shod the horses, after their re holiday, and we made the best of ou to the Damascus gate, so as to avoi stream pouring out at the others. He met numbers who had come round fr gate; but, once out of the city, it getting into the fields, to keep clear o and we cantered round to a point could overlook the valley of Jehosha road up the Mount of Olives.

It was then only fully daylight; it was, all the paths on Mount Moria those from St. Stephen's gate, were white sheets, each sheet containin seated on the ground; and, between hedges, the pilgrims were passing in stream.

Far over, on the Mount of Olive tachment of soldiers, in marching ord coats. Certainly, a guard would b maintenance of order, if not for prote irregular host.

'Do let us get across the valley, march some distance with them. like to get a nearer view of this e scene.'

'It will not be easy, Emily; an beware of those huge wooden pa might get a broken leg if one of the too closely.'

We crossed the bed of the Kidro culty, and were soon hedged in amc But where shall I begin to portray groups, and humours of the motley

The first sensation was that of di duced by the ceaseless onward mov the eyes, the hum of voices, the jing and camel bells, the neighing of hors sional musket shots fired at random, and anywhere.

The languages spoken were those Rich and poor were all toget pedestrians, carrying tin cases slun shoulders, for the purpose of bringi dan water; others crawling in abje begging scraps of food, with squal from those well off.

The animals looked all the bet recent feasting on green barley; th the riders, on the contrary, pale an the long Lenten fast.

There were numbers of women ar all ages, singly, or in families. lady was seen astride the vast pack mule, covered by her white sheet; t of her yellow boots turned nobly c abling her to kick the beast with her were veiled; others, the Greeks, chie deep blue, had nothing over their fa

Then came two elderly ladies, equals in misfortune in more sense They were sitting, each in a pannier, one camel, and holding fast by a s pole in front of their pen-like rec extended umbrellas giving shade to

other by turn, as the camel's step see-sawed them up and down. This pitching and rolling of the huge animal was often alarming, especially where children were concerned, and reminded us of their name—'ships of the desert.' Most of the riders had cruses of water hung within reach, and most seemed to have provisions with them, while some were actually eating. Sometimes a camel would be halted and brought to his knees, to enable a mother to descend and nurse her baby with some degree of comfort.

There was a good deal of family happiness visible. In one place, the father was leading the donkey upon which his wife and child were mounted—resembling the pictures of the Holy Family escaping to Egypt. In another place, a father rode one donkey, with a child behind him, clinging to his waist, while the wife rode another, with other children in her lap; the bedding followed on a mule, led by its owner, who was singing in Arabic, at the top of his voice, and professionally indifferent to the destination of his employers; the dog keeping up as he could, and sometimes losing his master among the bewildering crowd.

There were sick, halt, and blind, mounted and led. There were negroes, Russians, Abyssinians, and Franks; several of the latter wearing red umbrellas, to protect them from the sun. Comparatively speaking, the Latins are few in numbers; still there were representatives from all the Roman Catholic countries of Europe; there were American travellers from beyond the Atlantic, and pilgrim subjects of the Czar from the farthest limits of Asia.

Occasionally a Bedouin Arab mingled with the crowd, bearing a long lance, with ostrich feathers, in a tuft, just under the iron head. He belonged to some of the Moslem companies who were wending their way, in town and village parties (each company having its banner), to the annual sacrifice at Neby Moosa, this being also the season for pilgrimage to the supposed tomb of Moses. There were groups from Damascus and Gaza, Nablus, and Hebron, and Aleppo; negroes from Africa; and wealthy-looking pilgrims, austere and fanatic, from Algiers and Morocco; dark, swarthy men from Persia and Bokhara; and others, again, whose lithe limbs, as well as their complexion and their dress, bespoke the Hindoo race.

The Moslems mixed freely with the Christians upon the same road, and sometimes enlivened the scene by scuffles amongst themselves, in which they employed the butt ends of their guns, and their clubs. Many were leading sheep for the sacrificial fulfilment of their vows at Moses' tomb, and some of the beautiful mares on which the Arabs rode, were followed by infantile colts on the trot.

It had not been possible for Walter and me to converse; we could not turn in the least aside from the path without risk of being crushed by some passing animal. So we went on, and the sun had risen before we reached Bethany. At last, about half an hour beyond Bethany, we got off the road, and crossed the valley above the fountain of the Apostles (so called), and took up a position on the opposite hill to survey the long torrent of humanity rolling forwards in graceful undulations among the hills. The soldiers, about 300, piled arms, and rested for half an hour. It was said they were waiting for some one.

'What a spectacle it has been, Emily! Oh that I could have drawn some of the groups! I got a few scratches down in my pocket-book, just to remind me. If this place were not so hot, I would sketch now. But it is not safe for you to stay—the sun is high already.'

We returned, keeping up the road among the fields. For some time the stream continued; but at the foot of the Mount of Olives we met the interpreter of the Greek patriarch and his party, admirably mounted (Greek monks always ride good horses), closing the general procession. Last of all came the Pasha's deputy, and the chief of the police, Jornhim Aga, and some irregular cavalry, with silk banners, a professional jester, and kettle drummers, whose drums (about four inches in diameter) echoed among the hills. With these was a large party of English travellers in various costumes and head-dresses—from the turban to a straw hat—chatting or laughing gaily. I recognised the clergyman who had read prayers on Sunday. He looked perplexed, as if he was at a loss to reconcile the solemn recollections and associations of the Mount of Olives and Bethany, with present circumstances, and the scenes of the moment. No wonder!

A little farther on, we found some fellahhâl (peasant women) employed in gathering the young green almonds from the trees. They offered me a handful, and Walter gave them backsheesh; but we neither of us liked the almonds as they seemed to do, crunching the green shell and all. They were gathering them for the market; and Um Habeeb considered them excellent additions to her fasting fare. In passing by the monument of Absalom, we saw two Moslem men and a woman throwing stones at it; but they could not, or would not, tell us why.

One would have expected Jerusalem to be very quiet, and the streets almost deserted, after the departure of so large a body of people. By no means. At the St. Stephen's gate we met a fresh procession of Moslem derwishes and rabble, on their way to Neby Moosa. They had just come from the temple enclosure, with drums, flags, and clapping of hands. The drums were very large, and, much as our horses had already endured that morning, they could scarcely be got to face this party, which was accompanied by dancing derwishes and conjurers—evil-looking fellows. They stopped just within the gateway, where, not being able to pass them, we were obliged to witness the performances, which they repeat every hundred yards or so, during their progress through Jerusalem. After writhing about in an extraordinary manner, by way of dancing, and waving a naked sword, one of the conjurers suddenly stabbed himself in various places, to my horror, but did not hurt himself. Then they pretended

to eat fire, and licked red-hot iron, in a manner that looked terrible; the music of the drum and copper symbols continuing meanwhile, and a large copper basin was beaten by a club, stuck with nails, to which dangling chains were attached, the men singing in chorus, and the women screaming in between!

At last they moved on. 'That is the most heathenish sight I have seen in my life, Walter; and they were a villanous-looking set.'

'It would be very interesting if one could trace back some of these customs, and find out their origin. There must be many a remnant of heathenism lingering among these Moslem villagers.'

'What a different-looking set those were, to the peasantry of this district!'

'Yes. I should like to find out where they came from. Here, Emily, if we had nothing else to do, would be a most interesting task, to seek out and identify the remnants of ancient nations still existing in Palestine. They call them all Arabs; but there must be Canaanites, and Philistines, and Ammonites, and Syrians, and others beside, all mixed up together.'

'I had not thought of that before; but it is not impossible.'

'It seems to me very likely, if not certain. What else could have become of all these nations? We know that they were not annihilated.'

'Look, Walter! it must be very late, there is Nathaniel coming up the street for his lesson.'

The boy looked pale and agitated.

'What is the matter, Nathaniel?'

'Oh, sir, I met so many of those Gentiles—Turks with swords and music, and they wanted to beat me; and one man had a great, large serpent, and I was very much afraid, and ran away.'

'This won't do, my boy. You must not come any more this week, until the Neby Moosa people are gone away. Come in now, and we will have our lesson, and then I'll take you home myself.'

My brother heard him repeat what he had learned, while he was breakfasting, and then took him home. On his return, he told me that as he was coming back through the streets, it was extremely hot. He met another of these processions, and the dancing derwish fell from exhaustion, and was found to be actually dead; and, only a very little farther on, in the square, another missed his aim in the pretended stabbing with a sword, and also fell dead. The indifference of the bystanders was extraordinary. They did not seem at all shocked, only a little surprised. True, the music stopped a while; but there was no semblance of grief. I forbade Nathaniel coming again till all this is over; it is not safe.

'Did you see Rachel?'

'Yes, she sends her "duty" to you. She was sewing, and hearing her cousin Judah read English. The young fellow has quite spoilt himself.'

'Why; what has he done?'

'Changed his Jewish dress, that became him so well, for a mean-looking English suit.'

'What a pity! Yet, I dare s
suit will be safer for him walk
streets. Rude, rough people will
to touch him in that, than in h
tume.'

CHAPTER IV.

PASSION WEEK—THE HOLY

THE next evening, Um Morkas, mother, came to me, pale, t frightened. She had heard that been drowned in the Jordan, a lest of all the thousands present, i to be her son. I tried to reassure how the news had come. 'From S peasantry had come back and t but she had not seen them. I s down to Siloam to inquire. He word that a person had been dro it was an old woman, who could the poor mother was comforted; morning her son returned safe sound. He had been thrown during the rush of the pilgrims, had succeeded in scrambling out severely bruised, in fact, trampled ever, there were no bones broke mercy.

What a strange bustling Pas was! All Wednesday morning, guns over the Mount of Olives the pilgrims were coming back masses as they had gone, but in s panies of tens and twenties. The discordant music of the derwish p the streets of the city during the

There was service in our little day, and Thursday, and Good serious, and befitting the solemn son; but the crowds that beset ev it very difficult to get to church, the buying and selling, jarred p feelings, when we recollected th solemnity in England's busy th Good Friday.

On the evening of Thursday, me on my terrace, at the top of there we enjoyed the quiet.

The hum and murmur of th city below, seemed to enhance silence which brooded over the M Was it not so on that night wh and his disciples quitted the ci overflowing, and the splendours courts, all lighted up for the festi the retirement of the Garden of

Now the sacred precincts are sh ness,—the Moslem has no sympa the Jewish Passover or the C both are alike meaningless to cold, calm, moonlight, falls on th ment, and just touches the edg crescent on the great mosque.

It must have been as on this da sat on yonder mount with hi prophesied against the temple, buildings. The season was the

must have been green then, as now; the age of the moon the same; the city, as now, thronged with rival sects, vying with each other, hating each other.

Where is now the religion of Pontius Pilate—the religion of imperial Rome? Gone for ever.

But yonder on Zion are the beams of the Passover moon playing over the walls of a new and beautiful building, raised in honour of that very Jesus of Nazareth, by messengers from the then scarcely known island of Britain.

Strange, to look on such a night as this upon the fabric of Christchurch standing on Zion, on the very verge of the crowded quarter, where thousands of still unbelieving Jews are celebrating their Passover between it and the site of their once holy and beautiful house!

The interval between Peter's denial and the second crowing of the cock must have been very short, for we heard the cocks around crow several times in a very few hours, and this is common in Palestine.

Walter had been distressed at the noise and confusion of the last few days. This was the first quiet moment we had found, and we lingered upon the terrace till the moon rode high over head. What a wonderful thought it is, that that very moon, each one of those very stars, were silent witnesses of the events of that night,—shining now, as then,—shining then, as they had done on the night of the first great Passover in Egypt, and lighted on their way the departing hosts of Israel!

I was awoke early on Good Friday morning by the incessant firing of guns and pistols; the Moslem pilgrims were returning in joyous crowds from Neby Moosa. Before I had quite finished dressing, Um Habeeb, my woman-servant, came running up to my room in great agitation.

'The fellahheen have entered the Church of the Resurrection. Oh, lady, may God shorten their days. They will take all the jewels, and kill the Christians, accursed Moslems that they are.'

'Hush! hush! Don't curse—Christians ought never to curse.'

'But they have entered our church. They are thieves, and the sons of thieves, and they will kill the Christians. Woe is me! woe is me!'

'Who told you that they had gone into the church? There are soldiers there; they could not do so.'

'My daughter, Safieh, has come running to tell me her aunt's husband was passing by, and he saw them,—five hundred men, with guns and flags. Woe is me! They will kill us all.'

I finished dressing as quickly as possible, and went in search of Walter, for the tale seemed too wonderful to be true. But he was out; however, Haj Omar was coming in, pipe in hand, with a bundle of green barley on his shoulder, for the horses; so I asked him, but the woman drowned my inquiry in a torrent of mingled questions and lamentations.

'Be dumb, thou foolish woman,' was Haj Omar's contemptuous reply. 'It is nothing—only a few fellahheen making a fantasia; they are all gone home now.'

'And did they go into our church?'

'No, they only went to the door. But why should they not see the show as well as thou, O thou of little sense?'

'Because they are Moslems. Do the Moslems let us go and look at their churches? Be ashamed, thou old man, for speaking the words of a child to the lady and to me.'

Haj Omar laughed, and turned on his heel, saying: 'Women have always but little sense.' Which Um Habeeb retorted, as soon as he was gone, by, 'All Moslems are liars.'

Walter, however, gave a more serious account of the matter, on his return. 'I was passing by the crowded entrance to the Holy Sepulchre, and stopped to look at the motley scene, when a troop of Moslems, firing guns all the way through the bazaars and streets as they came, did attempt to enter the outer court of the Sepulchre, perhaps only to pass out by the opposite door; the priests, fortunately, saw them in time, and got the guards to send them away quietly, before the pilgrims were fully aware of what was going on. But those nearest to me, among whom were some desperate-looking fellows, had begun to handle their knives and sticks ready for battle, and I was thankful to see the Mohammedans turn quietly down another street. Really, it will be wonderful if this Easter passes off quietly. It must be an anxious time for the Pasha.'

We took a long round in going to church, in order to avoid the principal thoroughfares; and after the service, passed out at the Zion gate, preferring to make the circuit of the walls, in hope of some quiet. But it was not to be; for we met several noisy parties of Moslem pilgrims, who, however, did not molest us.

Much as Constantine had been hurt at the Jordan, he insisted on accompanying his mother to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, for the Good Friday evening service.

We had finished breakfast next morning before Um Habeeb and he came to their work, fatigued and warm, by the crowd and pressure, as well as by the length of the service. The church had been scarcely able to contain the vast congregation, and many a one had been in imminent danger of both life and limb.

'It was very pretty, O lady,' said Um Habeeb; 'our Patriarch, and the Fire Bishop, and all the other bishops and priests, wore all their jewels. The Franj (Latins), what have they got? Not anything, after (*i.e.* compared with) the Dair en Room (Greek convent).'

'Was there any disturbance?'

'None. The church was full of soldiers, and the Pasha stayed till three hours after midnight. The soldiers searched every one on going into church, to see if they had sticks or arms, because of the lies of the Franj. Who would think of taking pistols to prayers? It is like their lies. And then they had their prayers *first*. The Pasha put wood over our altar, that they might pray first, and spread their covering there, and they kept us waiting. And now, O lady, I am going to prepare the dinner, and Constantine will lay the table; for in two hours we must go to the fire.'

'You will be ill, Um Habeeb; you are tired already.'

'No matter, I must go to the fire.'

'What is the fire?' (I wished to hear her account of it.)

'Come and see it, O lady. It is very beautiful. It comes from the Holy Tomb.'

'But how does it get there?'

'Do I know? The priests say God makes it; the priests know, but I am ignorant.'

'It must come from God, O lady,' added Constantine; 'for it is not like other fire—it never burns nor hurts any one. Last year I saw the pilgrims put it to their faces, and hands, and beards, and it did not burn them at all.'

'Why did not you try it yourself?'

'I was afraid.'

'Did you try it, Um Habeeb?'

'Why should I try it? It is so; it does not burn people. Every one says so.'

The servants soon finished the work which they thought necessary to be done, and hurried off to the church. Walter went out for a solitary ride, and I remained at home, having some work to do. The quiet of the city was as wonderful as the noise of the past week had been distressing. The Moslem pilgrimages seemed to be over, for the drumming and screaming had ceased, and the hum and bustle from the Christians was suddenly hushed. The effect was extraordinary; and so great was the stillness, that the voice of the muezzin, on the minarets, had an almost startling effect, when they cried the noontide hour of prayer. The city was silent. The vast multitude had congregated in the church. The streets and convents were deserted.

My work finished, I went up to my dearly-loved terrace, that I might look abroad upon the city, and think. It was nearly two o'clock, and the intense sunshine only appeared to enhance the stillness. The domes of the Holy Sepulchre, the minarets near them, and the castle, stood clear and sharply defined against the blue sky. Suddenly I fancied I perceived some thin smoke rising from the grating at the top of the huge black dome over the sepulchre. No, it must be a mistake. Yes, here surely *was* smoke now; the fire must have appeared. In two minutes there was a volume of black smoke, rising as from a furnace, towards the pure blue of the heavens above, and the faint breeze carried it across the city, towards the Temple ground. This lasted for scarcely ten minutes, and then the hum began to be heard again; vaguely at first—a low murmur; then stronger, and more distinct, till the sound of many voices again filled the air, and I knew that the mighty congregation was dispersed.

Um Habeeb was the first to return. Not only her white sheet, but her clothes had been torn, completely spoilt by the struggling, scuffling crowd. Constantine also had a battered appearance; but they said that no lives had been lost. Each of them carried the taper which had been lighted at the holy fire.

'Have you tried the fire, Constantine?'

'I have tried it, O lady, here,' pointing to his moustache, which I then saw was half singed off.

'Then it does burn like common fire?'

Um Habeeb interrupted, angrily, 'O lady, it always burns people who have little faith. Constantine did not believe with his whole heart, and therefore it burnt him.'

'Then how came the holes in your own veil?'

'Can I know? perhaps some child burnt them in. Here, Constantine, if thou art going to be a farmason (freemason, *alias* Protestant, *alias* infidel), give me thy taper to keep for my funeral.'

'I will not give it thee; but keep it for my own funeral. I am no farmason.'

The sound of Walter's horse-hoofs at the door stopped the dispute, and they set about preparing dinner.

'Why, Emily, I have met some of the pilgrims actually leaving Jerusalem for Joppa. They have not come for Easter; but are going off now that the holy fire is over.'

'Is it possible?—the very day before Easter?'

'Yes, I met several scores; and there were others at the Joppa gate, just loading their mules.'

'I had no idea that the people attach so much importance to this fire.' I then told him about the conversation with the servants.

'Well, though I was out in the country, I saw something of the holy fire too, Emily. As I was coming by the Bethlehem road just now, I met two peasants, running with all their might, carrying the sacred fire in lanterns to Bethlehem; and, immediately after, there was a man on horseback, going for the same purpose, at full gallop. I also heard a good deal of firing over the hills, towards the west. I am afraid the Aboo Goshites are fighting again. They do not seem to have been frightened a bit by the Pasha's review last week, nor by all his expenditure of gunpowder. I suppose they know that he and his soldiers are busy just now, keeping the pilgrims from breaking each other's heads, and think it a good opportunity for them to fight it out.'

Haj Omar, our newsmonger from the bazaar, confirmed this. The Aboo Gosh faction had taken advantage of the moment, and had fallen upon the Christian village of Ain Karim, the day before, while the people were at church, and thus the fight was renewed, and several more lives were lost.

In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Wells asked us to join them in going to the Sepulchre Church that evening, and see it when lighted up for the great Easter service, which begins at midnight. They told us that there was very near being a tumult in the church the night before;—but the Pasha, however, had a strong military force, and not only had the pilgrims been searched for arms and clubs, but that some clubs and knives had been taken from them, and even the English lady travellers were examined as they passed in.

'Can you explain to me the cause of all disputing, Mr. Wells?'

'Yes, it is simply this: During the processions he Greeks and Latins each place a crucifix in he hole in the rock of Calvary. The marble lab is always covered by a Greek altar cloth of ilk and wool; according to the Latins, it ought o be one of plain linen. Neither party choos- ng to give way, the Pasha had a wooden plank aid over the Greek altar cloth, upon which the atin one was placed, and when their service as done, he took it away with his own hands. There were symptoms of a disturbance at one ime; however, all has passed off well.'

'I suppose the Pasha deserves credit for that?'

'Indeed he does. It is believed that there are some fifteen thousand pilgrims here just now, and a riot must have had fearful consequences. We had an alarm yesterday morning, about a collision between the Moslems and the Christians at the church.'

'Yes, I happened to be there, and saw what passed. The guard behaved well, and with much tact; but some of the Christian pilgrims are quite ready to fight. What a ruffianly set many of them are!'

(*To be continued.*)

AN EMINENT STUDENT;

OR, SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF JAMES HALLEY.

BORN in Glasgow, on 17th January 1814, James Halley 'inherited from his parents neither rank nor wealth, yet he obtained through their means a more substantial portion — an arly education.' When a boy, he was dis- inguished by high attainments in scholarship, nd seldom has one who entered college at the arly age of twelve made a more brilliant appear- nce throughout the whole of his curriculum. The highest honours which the University of Glasgow had it in its power to bestow were won y him—all the more creditable to him, as luring his course of study he was obliged mainly o support himself by his efforts as a private rtor, teaching 'always four, and sometimes ve hours a day.' In illustration of the versa- lity of his talents, his biographer tells us that uring his attendance on the Divinity Hall, he, the summer of 1834, enrolled himself as a udent in the class for botany. Sir William ooker, through the kindness of an anonymous iend, was enabled to offer a gold medal for the st essay on *the natural history and uses of the tato.* 'A treatise extending to 172 closely ritten quarto pages was given in by Halley. ough out of his usual line of study, it was onounced the best, and the interloper carried the medal, fairly won from the medical udents on their own proper field.'

The same pen which could write on a botanical me with such precision and power as to carry the palm from numerous competitors, was elded with equal vigour on those subjects hich were more akin with the work of the nistry, to which he had devoted himself. He s a valued contributor to some of the lead- g Christian periodicals of his time; one of his icles in particular, communicated to the *Pres- terian Review*, being regarded as eminently dis- guished by 'exact erudition and conclusive gument.'

Being a very superior Greek scholar, many of journals and notes of Christian experience re penned in this language. Among his pers was found a solemn personal covenant, olly written in Greek, apparently as a more rtain means of ensuring secrecy, for at this riod he was not at all willing to speak of his own religious state. Letters written at this period to friends, and numerous entries in his diary, show, however, the intense inward work- ings of a soul with whom God himself was dealing. Leaving Glasgow for Edinburgh University, towards the close of his studies, he soon gained the esteem of all his fellow-students, as well as his professors there. He gave attend- ance to reading, gathering up every fragment of time. 'I have hit,' he says, 'on a new plan of redeeming an odd corner of time. I infuse my own tea, and it stands by the fire fifteen minutes before I drink it. During that short space I have begun committing passages of Scripture to memory.' How he could write in the way of counsel to others, appears from his statement to a near relative on the subject of attendance at the Lord's Supper: 'He may give us in the ordinance a comfort which we could not bring to it. And the great question to settle in going is, whether we see ourselves to be utterly lost without Christ, and are willing now to commit our souls to Him in well-doing. If we are not willing to do this, we have no right to assume the badge of discipleship. But although we have not warm affections,—although we have many doubts and fears,—yet, if we have hunger- ing desires after Christ and salvation, and a real willingness to be the Lord's in covenant, we may come, and the larger the expectations we come with the better.'

Again, to another friend: 'You say you do not despond enough. I would rather say, you are not humbled enough; and therefore you despond too much. You are out of humour that you can find no righteousness in yourself, and have not learned against hope to believe in hope —to submit yourself to the righteousness of Christ. Yet to this submission we must come. "Lord, help me, or I perish." . . . Your expres- sion that you are hell-doomed pierced me through with many sorrows. Believe me, it was the result of pride: hell-deserving was the right word. I want the fact expressed by this last word to be deeply impressed on you. "Father, I have sinned, and am not worthy to be called thine;" but remember the Father's answer. To use the other word is to blame your Maker. Far be this from you.'

How fully he was alive to the danger of reading the Bible merely in a professional way, comes out from the following remarks: 'Fifty times in a single sitting at practical and experimental works, I find myself reading for others rather than myself. Meantime my own soul is starved, while I am filling my barns with the choicest of the wheat for my neighbours. The same evil appears in a different form at other times,—in an attempt to *get up* some state of feeling which is *proper* to me as a minister, rather than to *cultivate* it as a thing *necessary* for me as a sinner seeking salvation.'

Overstudy, which, alas! ruins the health of so many a promising student, told on that of James Halley with fatal power. Unmistakeable symptoms of pulmonary consumption having developed themselves, he was advised to try a residence in Madeira. The expenses of such a remedy were generously defrayed by a few gentlemen in Glasgow, who came nobly forward, 'not so much to save the life of a friend, as to preserve for labour in the vineyard one to whom the ten talents had been committed by our Sovereign Lord.' Two years and nine months were spent by him in Madeira; and though the disease ultimately ran its wonted course, and he returned to Britain merely to bid farewell to weeping friends, and then fall asleep in Jesus, there can be no doubt that his residence in that highly favoured island of the sea was a means of prolonging his life, while opportunities of usefulness were opened up to him even in the land of strangers.

Of the progress of his *inner life*, the following sketches, gleaned from his correspondence while abroad, will be sufficient evidence, while the sentiments to which they give expression may be comforting and quickening to many who peruse these lines.

On the eve of sailing, he writes: 'My prevailing feeling is, that if *ever I return*, it will be under tremendous obligations to labour more abundantly.' On the subject of Christian joy, he says: 'So far from having any tendency to throw a shadow over the mind, it is the native property of divine truth, when fully received, to minister peace and joy. If Christians, then, are under the dominion of habitual and prevalent dejection, it is not because they have too much religion, but because they have too little. Indeed, if our Christianity has never been to us the spring of a sensible satisfaction, there is too much reason to suspect it of spuriousness—at all events, to conclude that it has but a very broken and imperfect sway.'

On 11th February 1838, we find him making this entry on the sad preaching to which British invalids had to listen: 'Heard Mr. Lowe this forenoon from Gen. i. 31. About two sentences of Christian doctrine, in which were contained the two errors of baptismal regeneration, and the sinfulness of our Lord's humanity.' Again, on the same subject, at a later date: 'Was confined in the forenoon; but heard a sermon in the afternoon on Jude 11—the character of Balaam—a moral discourse with various delineations of character, but scarcely a reference to th Christ.'

Later notices record how heartily with a few evangelical ministers and of the Church of England, as well as vent Christians from Scotland, to who introduced in a weekly meeting for which he had ultimately to be 'carried inability to walk owing to a swelling i The arrival of the Rev. Dr. Henderson gow, on account of his wife's health, public services which he conducted on were peculiarly refreshing to James they were among the first steps to the of a Scotch church in Madeira.

Amid all the depressing influences peculiar trials through which he wa might naturally have on him, he d sing of *mercies*, as he surveys the go God during his past pilgrimage. In a these, dated 7th April 1838, he make of the countless comforts, social and with which he has been surrounded, winds up with the following enumerati

'Deliverances at various times, in at Loch Frochy, where I was nearly from a fishing skiff in 1826; in R where I fell unhurt from the dickey o at Glasgow, where I lost my eye, bu life saved in 1827; and at Cramond narrowly escaped death by an unguar this sickness, which has thrown me hope in mercy) on my own soul; Dr. providential advice to come to Mad generous and prompt offers of Messrs. kind sympathies of all; our short vo location in a small boarding-house;—t a sum of mercies which I cannot comp to these must be added another—infin thing far above and beyond our poor co in the hopes and promises of the gospe

The buoyant hopes of the consumpti are familiar to all. Recovery is often a and talked of at the very time wher horse, with its rider, Death, is approachi Halley underwent many alternations regarding his ultimate recovery to he vere, indeed, was the blow when, in co of the advance of disease, it was p 'physically impossible that he shoul a preacher;' yet, reeling and stagger this trying announcement, he has t own promise to cling to. He draw here, and endeavours to make his fat taker of the same, in a long letter he the occasion, in the close of which he

'What He may be pleased to do f we do not know; only let us wait witl and pray without ceasing, that whatev with our hopes of usefulness or happi He may at least, through Christ, give of us one hope—and that a better- hope of an inheritance, incorruptible defiled.'

There are many questions of Chris istry, on which light is shed when viewed from the borders of the eter The following extracts from a letter

n the education of a younger brother, speak for ıemselves, and need no comment of ours:

'I should wish that he learn no more danc-ıg. It is but furnishing him with the means of ɛmptation. . . . All other acquirements are uite secondary, indeed, as the small dust in the alance, compared with bringing him up for ternity in the knowledge, and, as far as precept, nd prayer, and example will go, in the practice f true religion. I would rather have my brother he veriest dunce that ever was, if so be the pirit of Christ dwelt in him, than the most arned and distinguished of men without it. . . It is quite wonderful how much better one's ommonest pursuits will prosper, how much more heerfully and completely common duties will be one, if they are done under the impression that very one of us must give an account to God.'

The duration of his stay in Madeira had been very difficult question with him. He felt he ad the sentence of death in him; he had ardent ngings for home, he wished fervently to return) Scotland; but he was now in such a state of odily weakness, that it became a serious ques-on whether he could stand the fatigue of the oyage home. In a letter to his father on 1st une 1840, we find him balancing all the *pros* nd *cons* of the subject, going into the medical tails of his case, and all the varied considera-ons naturally suggesting themselves to one in s position, with the most perfect calmness, of hich his biographer remarks: 'It is a calm-ss chastened, not ruffled, by the fear of God, weetened and hallowed by the hope of the ospel.' Towards the close of this interesting ocument, he announces, as the result of his eliberations, that it is his purpose to start in ie next packet for London. 'So then,' he ys, 'I mean, God willing, to attempt going ome; but you must not be too sanguine in ex-ecting us, there is so much between the cup and ie lip. My disease may take some sudden bad rn, and stop us here, or, in spite of Dr. Renton's opes, it may please the Lord to remove me on ip-board; or I may be so ill when we get into annel as only to be able to land, and go to ed. So don't expect us too confidently.' On ie 30th of June he sailed from Funchal, and n the 28th of July arrived in Glasgow.

During the remaining summer months he rallied considerably, and survived the months of winter, but spring proved fatal to him, and, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, he died on 16th March 1841. His closing months were occupied in penning letters to beloved friends, full of hints as to their growth in grace, and the right discharge of their work in the different spheres of duty in which they were placed. When he felt he was nearing the valley, of his approach to which he spoke, if not with the ecstatic joy of some, at all events with the triumphant calmness of one who had through Jesus gotten the victory, he made many little arrangements as to the disposal of his books and money. A few days before his death he said, 'I am not able now, and I don't perplex myself with any laborious attempt to settle or ascertain my state. I simply look to Jesus.' On observing his sister weeping, and being told that it was on account of the prospect of parting with him, he said, 'Ah! my heart was long rebellious; but I trust it is not so now. Ah! I trust it is not so. "Be still and know that I am God." It was long ere I could be still; but since I attained it, I have never been shaken from it.'

On a later evening, he complained that he could not look to Jesus so firmly as he wished, on which his sister quoted one of the Olney hymns, ending with—

'For never needy sinner perished there;'

when he remarked with much calm satisfaction, 'Ah! yes, and we have his own words: "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."'

Eleven hours before his death, he inscribed the name of a dear friend in the ministry on a small Greek concordance which he had frequently used in Madeira, having two days before dictated a bequest to another friend of his Greek Testament, 'the book which, beyond all question, I have handled most during the last three and a half years.' Shortly before he breathed his last, he was overheard by his sister saying, 'Emmanuel,' on which she said, 'God with us.' Emphatically he replied, 'Yes, with us,' and shortly after fell asleep in Jesus.

R.

HOW TO RETURN A BLOW.

R. MARSH, of Morsul, relates of an Armenian, med John, that, when living at Constantinople, was hired by persecuting Armenians to strike watchmaker. The latter, upon receiving the ow, nobly prayed, 'May God bless you!' This markable answer was effectual; 'for,' said John, in allusion to the affair, 'I could not strike again; and at night I said to the money, "Instead of my eating you, you will eat me."' John soon gave occasion for friends and foes to say of him, 'Behold, he prayeth.' Thus was the power of a soft answer strikingly illustrated.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

GEN. IV. 10; HEB. XII. 24.

THIS cry of Abel's blood reminds us of the 'How long' of the martyrs (Rev. vi. 10), and of the injured widow's 'Avenge me.' It was a cry from the ground, where it had been hidden from every eye but God's; a cry to God; a cry which brought down a curse.

The 'blood of sprinkling' is, first of all, that blood which was sprinkled in the tabernacle; which, with all its imperfections, spoke better things than Abel's. But it is especially the blood of the Lamb of God, as sprinkled on the conscience, in believing.

In one aspect, the cry of Christ's blood is the same as that of Abel; for it is that blood that now rests on Israel. Through it the long curse has come upon the nation. But this is not the direct and proper meaning of the blood. It speaks better things than that of Abel.

I. *It speaks of love, not hatred.*—It was to Cain's hatred—a brother's hatred—that Abel's blood bore witness. The blood of sprinkling speaks of a brother's love,—the love of Christ, the love of Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood. Thus it speaks better things than that of Abel; for it speaks both of a Father's and a Brother's love. 'God is love,' is its message. Of the love which passeth knowledge it bears witness to us,—love unto death; love stronger than death.

II. *It speaks of grace, not of wrath.*—Because of Abel's blood God was angry. It was divine wrath that spoke out in his words to Cain. But it is divine grace and mercy that speak in the blood of Christ. The blood of sprinkling propitiates God and draws out grace. It says, 'Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound;' grace abounding over divine wrath and human sin; riches of grace; exceeding riches of grace.

III. *It speaks of forgiveness, not condemnation.*—The blood said, 'Father, forgive them.' It was not condemning blood. He who heard of it, and believed God's testimony to its meaning, was assured of forgiveness. The blood showed the true basis and way of pardon; pardon through the condemnation of another; pardon through the blood-shedding, for the blood-shedders themselves; righteous, true, holy, unchangeable, eternal pardon. 'No condemnation;' nay, justification through the great transaction on the cross.

IV. *It speaks of comfort, not of terror.*—Abel's blood was dreadful to all who saw it; full of terror to the murderer; alarm to his conscience, remorse to his spirit. Not so with this better blood. Its voice is comfort. It soothes the sinner's terrors. It does not palliate his sin; yet it so speaks to him concerning it, as to let him know that the blood-shedding, which brings him in guilty, and deserving of a murderer's death, assures him at the same time of the removal of all his fears. It *is* indeed nobler, richer blood, the blood of God, and so bringing on the shedder more awful guilt; yet, by its propitiatory nature, its expiatory power, it announces with divine certainty the deliverance from the infinite danger under which they who had shed it had brought themselves.

V. *It speaks of peace come, not of*
The blood of Abel said, 'Peace is go
forsaken the earth; it has left man a
of man. All is now hatred, vari
separation between man and God,
and man, between brother and
blood of Jesus tells that peace has
is our peace. His blood has broug
earth. He has made peace by the
cross. It has come. It has com
heaven. Heaven and earth are m
and the sinner are being reconciled.
hope for man and man's earth.
despair, as if peace had fled away fo

VI. *It speaks of the blessing, not*
Abel's blood spoke wholly of the cur
the curse on Cain, and on the earth
the curse which Adam's sin had b
world. Christ's blood blesses, and c
voice is the voice of blessing. It
in every drop. It meant blessing w
it means blessing still. There is n
saving to those who reject it. In it
of eternal blessing.

VII. *It speaks of nearness, not of di*
man and God.—Reconciliation, frie
munion, nearness,—all these are co
'We who sometime were afar off, are
by the blood of his cross.' No
darkness, no uncertainty of relation
cemented union, on the basis of a pur
and an everlasting righteousness.
breadth of the distance which sin ha
for ever swept away. Perpetual near
fellowship! This is our portion, sec
the *righteous* removal of all that inter
us and God, either on God's side or

VIII. *It speaks of the purged, not*
and despairing conscience.—Abel's b
Cain's conscience; it must have bee
pricking and wounding. Christ's bl
purging, healing, soothing. No m
of sins! A conscience purged fro
to serve the living God,—every woun
every trouble laid to rest, every s
over it dispelled! Not despair, but

IX. *It speaks of life, not of death.*—
seemed the seal set to the death
Brother murders brother: what is
of this? But Christ's blood speak
reversal of the sentence by the pa
penalty. There was no life through
death of Abel. There is life throu
and death of the Son of God. Life
is the voice of the blood; life to the
Prince of Life.

X. *It speaks of restoration, not of*
was Abel's blood that made Cain
vagabond. Christ's blood brings us
wanderings; restores us to Paradis
from exile; gives us possession of th
God, the heavenly city, the new heav
wherein dwelleth righteousness. It
of the Son of God that makes us fri
heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Ch

Let us receive God's testimony
this better blood, this blood of th
covenant. The reception of this div
is life, and peace, and holiness.

CHRIST, NOT THE CHURCH, THE SAVIOUR.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONCE, in talking with some High Church friends, we were told that there could not be authentic ministry in the church to which we belonged. Thinking it worth while rsue the inquiry, we asked, Could there be nistry amongst us at all? No. In setting up istry we were acting like Korah, and were of his gainsaying. But Korah belonged to riestly tribe and family; he was Aaron's ı, and therefore his rebellion could only ts likeness in some of those that belonged e 'true church,' not in us who at no time onnection with it. It did not matter. If ere not guilty of Korah's gainsaying, we chargeable with something very like it. there then be no ministry amongst us? The thing is impossible. Why impossible? re. Because you have no succession from postles. Granting that we have not, is nothing that can supply its place? Is there ıg that can give to us all that succession is ed to confer on you? Nothing. But we *d* at least to something which supplies the something which more than makes up for ant of personal succession. What is that? he direct derivation of our ministry from urch's Head. We hold that ministry is not sional, but direct; not mediate, but imte; that Christ alone can make a true er; that He does so by giving him the Spirit, directly from his own hand; that man can be Christ's minister who is not session of the Spirit, so that Spirit is not ved by any ecclesiastical mechanism or sucıal process, but straight from the hand of who has the seven spirits of God, and the stars—the universal Spirit, for his universal ı, to be communicated solely by and through lf. We say, that every true minister of gets his ministry direct from the glorified f God at the right hand of the Father, ıt any intervention of man; that ordination the church's bestowal of ministerial gifts, er recognition of the previous existence of in the individual, as already conferred by rd himself,—her solemn judgment on the lual as one already set apart by the Head church above. And, just as on the one hand, no succession, however perfect in all its links, can supply the lack of this direct commission; so, where this commission exists, there is no need of succession at all. It may or may not be true, as a historical fact, but there is no need of it; it is anticipated by something more perfect and divine.

Just so does the matter stand in the great question of a sinner's salvation. Romish or semi-Romish objectors say to us: 'There cannot be salvation in your church.' We answer, God has taught us to connect salvation, not with a church, but with the Lord Jesus personally; and, without waiting to decide the question as to which church is apostolic, and which is not, we go straight to the Lord himself as the Great Fountain-head of blessing. If I can connect myself with Him at once, then all other connections must necessarily be subordinate and unessential. A direct connection must be a far truer and more blessed thing than a successional one; and if I, a sinner, am at liberty to go directly to the Lord Jesus, and get the life eternal at once from Him, then, even granting that there may be another way, this surely is the more excellent; and is it possible that I should prefer the indirect to the direct, the ecclesiastical to the spiritual, the successional to the immediate, the uncertain transmission of the gift through mysterious channels, the labyrinths of which no man has ever threaded, to the simple, the conscious, the direct reception of it from the hands of Him who hath said, 'Come unto *me*, and I will give you rest;' 'Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out?' What! is the uncertain better than the certain? Is the far off better than the near? Is the human better than the divine?

I do not mean to set aside the question of what is a true church; nor do I think it unimportant that we should determine aright upon this point. But I deny to it the place which has been assigned it by some. I do not mean to say that a true church will not help us on our way, or that a false church will not sadly hinder us; but I say, that our salvation does not turn on our connection with a true church, nor our doom on our connection with a false one. A man may be lost in spite of all that a true church can do *for*

him, and he may be saved in spite of all that a false church can do *against* him. The question may indeed arise, 'Am I not *suffering loss* from my not being connected with a true church?' but the question cannot be raised, 'Am I not losing my soul?' So long as I confine myself to the former question, I am keeping Christ and the church in their proper relative position and level; but when I have put the latter, I have begun to substitute the church for Christ, the crucifix for the cross, materialism for spiritualism, an ecclesiastical salvation for the salvation of the Son of God, ecclesiastical righteousness instead of the righteousness of the Eternal Word, ecclesiastical absolution instead of forgiveness through the blood of the Lamb.

It is this direct and real connection with the Lord himself to which we lay claim as sinners, who have known the free love of God, and in knowing it have found the life of our souls. Is it not through intermediate steps, or agencies, or links, whether one, or ten, or a thousand, that we are trying to make good a relationship with God's Incarnate Son? Links such as these, of material texture and ecclesiastical fabrication, may establish a material union, an ecclesiastical relationship; but the living oneness which alone can satisfy the soul in quest of life, the living oneness which teaches us to say, 'I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is mine,' is something higher far, something with which the material bonds have nothing to do, something in which ecclesiastical appliances are of no avail. They may be wrong or right, they may be comely or uncomely, they may be venerable with age, or a mere new invention; nay, they may perchance be profitable in other ways;—it matters not;—on this point they are wholly useless; nay, they are barriers, not bonds; they cut off instead of conducting the descending current of the heavenly life.

It is on personal acquaintanceship with the Lord Jesus that my relationship to Him is formed. And hence my communication with Him must be direct and immediate in everything save the visible and the audible,—as direct and immediate as when He was on earth saving the lost; as direct and immediate as in the case of Matthew the publican, when it was said to him, 'Follow me;' or in the case of Zaccheus, when it was said to him, 'Come down, for to-day I must abide in thy house;' or in the case of the woman that was a sinner, when it was said, 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven;' or in the case of Lazarus, when the Lord said, 'Come forth;' or as in the case of the beloved disciple in Patmos, when the Lord laid his right hand on him, and said, 'Fear not, I am He that liveth and was dead.'

In this direct connection of the sinner with the Saviour lies salvation. Where there is t nection there is salvation, whatever el be awanting; where there is not this co there can be no salvation, whatever else present. Thus, in so far as salvation cerned, we need not name the name church. That great question, 'How sh saved?' ought to be argued independ the question of churches; for it is not ti been settled that we are at leisure to a any other.

We do not therefore mean to raise cussion as to the truth or falsehood of c Our subject does not force this on us, real point at issue admits of being legi determined upon other and more stable Nay, more, we must try the case on the h of a *true* church. We put it thus: Gran the church is a true one, rightly foun built up, will connection with it save us least, is connection with it so indispens we cannot be saved without it? does nection with the true church infer dar or is it not the case that eternal life co in a wholly different way, and through channel?

In arguing this point, the position take up is twofold, a negative and a pos We maintain, first, negatively, that nowhere ascribes salvation, either direct directly, to the church. We maintain second place, positively, that Scripture salvation, both directly and indirectly, thing else.

I. *First, then, we maintain, negati Scripture nowhere ascribes salvation, eithe or indirectly, to the church.*

It may be necessary to advert her scriptural meaning of the word chu wrong meaning has often contributed t the question, and its right meaning w rially elucidate as well as facilitate our a The word church (ἐκκλησία) means sim who have been called or gathered c church is the company of called-out company of the redeemed from among company of those who have been called world that lieth in wickedness. The w gregation or assembly would come n true sense of the term than the word and the use of this word congregatio course of a discussion, would often sufficient of itself to unravel a perplex tear in pieces a whole web of sophistry in its widest circle, it comprises the wh of the redeemed. 'The church of God' i God's congregation, the chosen and call Father. 'The church of the first-bor

congregation of those who have received the privileges of the elder sons, or of the Elder Brother. This is the great congregation of which Christ speaks. 'My praise shall be of thee in the great congregation' or church; and again, 'I will declare thy name unto my brethren, in the midst of the congregation (or church) will I praise Thee' (Ps. xxii. 22).

Taken in its narrower circle, 'church' denotes that part of this great congregation that may exist at a particular place, or in a particular land, as if this great congregation were composed of innumerable lesser congregations, of all climes and ages. Connection with any of these churches or congregations below is the result of our professing Christ. Connection with the great congregation above is the result of our really receiving Christ, in other words, of our profession being a reality.*

Using the word church in either of these senses, we are prepared to maintain our *thesis* or position, that Scripture does not ascribe salvation to the church.

That the church or congregation is not the original *fountain-head* of blessing, will be admitted by all. What is contended for is, that she is a sort of cistern or reservoir of blessing here below—a subordinate fountain; so that just as no blessings can be had, save from Christ as the original Source, so no blessing can be obtained, save from and through the church as the secondary one. Now, what we affirm is, that the church or congregation is not, either primarily or secondarily, the fountain-head of blessing, save in the sense and in the way in which each member of it is a source of blessing, as it is written, '*He* that believeth on me, out of *him* (not out of the church) shall flow rivers of living water;' 'Ye are the light of the world;' 'Ye are the salt of the earth,'—words spoken, not of the church, but of single members. In this sense, or in the sense of two or three being gathered together in Christ's name, and so increasing their individual power of blessing by prayer and by union,—in this sense we admit the church to be a well of blessing to the earth. But in any mystical sense or way, arising from priestly virtue residing in its ministers, or saving influence emanating from its sacraments, or some vague indescribable effusion of grace, issuing forth like fragrance from it as a body; in any such mystical way Scripture does not warrant us in looking to the church for blessing.

Nowhere does Scripture speak of the church as the bestower of salvation, either directly or indirectly. Nay, it assumes the opposite, for it shows us that a man is saved before he joins the church or congregation. He is to connect himself with the church, not in order to be saved, but because he has been already saved. It is as one who has got salvation that he unites himself to the saved company. He is admitted into their number, not in order that they may exercise their saving influences upon him, but because he has already been made partaker of these saving influences. Yes; let us proclaim the momentous truth. The church does not save, it only receives the saved ones; the sacraments do not save, they only seal and comfort the saved ones; ministers do not save, they only guide and teach the saved, and warn or invite the unsaved. He who affirms that the church saves, ascribes to it what Scripture does not. He reverses God's order; he misleads the soul; he dishonours the cross; he subverts the gospel; he puts into the hands of the church both the work of Christ and the work of the Holy Ghost; he identifies himself with the great essential falsehoods of the Mystery of Iniquity.

But it is objected here that the apostle speaks of the 'Jerusalem which is above,' as being the 'mother of us all;' and this seems to imply that it is by the church that we are born to God. To this we answer:

1. This is the only expression of the kind in Scripture. Men talk of 'our mother church,' as if it were a scriptural as well as a common term. It is neither. Let us beware of it.

2. This 'mother' is no earthly church, it is 'Jerusalem above,' the heavenly city, and can therefore apply to no church or churches here.

3. Jerusalem above is the mother of those who are 'free,' in the same sense in which Jerusalem below was the mother of those who are in bondage. Now, the earthly Jerusalem did not actively and directly infuse its bondage, so neither does the heavenly Jerusalem infuse its liberty. In both cases, it is the model or pattern that is spoken of, not the active potency belonging to either.

4. Abraham is called the father of them that believe; and in the same sense in which Abraham is called our father, in that sense is Jerusalem our mother. As to Abraham is not meant to be ascribed any direct or active paternity; so neither is any such maternity meant to be ascribed to the heavenly Jerusalem. Abraham does not beget, neither does Jerusalem bear children. In following the footsteps of that believing patriarch, and of the great congregation above, we become children both of the one and of the other.

(*To be continued.*)

*Nowhere does Scripture speak of there being but one true church on earth. The one church catholic, or universal, is 'the great congregation' of all the called ones, of all places and times.

Maggie Morris:

A TALE OF THE DEVONSHIRE MOOR.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT THE FARM.

THE funeral was over, and Maggie's time of service had begun. It was a very different life from the one she had led in the cottage, and the active stir and constant occupation did her good.

She was obliged to be up, oh, so early. I wonder if any of my little readers have ever spent any time at a farmhouse; if so, they will understand how early the work of the day begins there. With the first streak of dawn, the cock with his shrill clarion note wakens the surrounding sleepers. Then, as it gets lighter, the noises increase. The ducks quack loudly, as if to remonstrate with those who still sleep; the fowls cackle lustily, the deep low of the cows is heard coming nearer, and the pigs enliven the whole by a grunting chorus, while the farm servants bustle about their several occupations.

Maggie soon grew accustomed to all this, and used to be down-stairs as soon as the rosy milkmaid Polly, who was always singing at her work.

Maggie soon found there was plenty for her to do. She had first to feed the pigs and the poultry, then to sand the kitchen floor, and spread the table for breakfast, besides helping her mistress in the dairy and back kitchen. At seven o'clock they were all summoned to breakfast, and after that it was Maggie's work to wash up and put away. She was awkward and slow at first, and many a sharp slap and word she received from Mrs. Wilton; but she went bravely on, and was soon quite expert in farm work. But if she had hard work, there were also pleasures for her. Mabel would often look in, and give her a word and smile of encouragement; and when the days grew long and bright, she was allowed to go long rambling excursions with the young ladies, by the river and through the thick wood, and Mabel would give her words of advice and counsel which were treasured up in her heart through the rest of her life. But she liked her evenings best of all, when Mabel would send for her into the little parlour, and teach her to read, and write, and sew. I wish every little orphan child could have as kind a friend.

To poor Mary Wilton also it seemed quite a new life; for Mabel would be constantly providing her with some simple amusements, such as cutting out figures on paper, painting pictures, pressing flowers and ferns, etc., which the poor girl used to take the greatest delight in.

Oh, if people only knew what a number of hearts can be won by little kindnesses; how blessed it is to be shining as a light in the midst of this dark world! Mabel was this; but the secret was, she had first got that light from the Sun of Righteousness, and it was his image she was trying to reflect on those around. She servant, that the work she was and therefore it was a work and We cannot work for Christ unt given our hearts to Him. It i 'the love of Christ constraineth young readers early choose this it is the only secret of true happ

But to return to Maggie.

One day the Miss Harcourts h a call at the castle; for Dr. Har Rivers well, and therefore Mabel often to see him.

Maggie sat in the ivied po sewing for Mrs. Wilton. She taken her with them, for she fel noon. By degrees the work drop the needle got unthreaded, an intently watched the gambols Then she wished she had Miss A with the pretty pictures to l sooner had the thought entered she rose to put it into execution.

Softly she crept into the cool on the table, lay Mabel's half-fin paints. She looked up at the b there spied the red and gold bac book. Being out of her reach, chair and seized it. 'It will be n she, 'to look at it; and I can p before they come home.'

Alas, no sooner had she turne than her skirt swept over the ta bottle of ink over the pretty sket

What was to be done now?

She flew to the back kitchen of water and a cloth, and wiped tablecloth and carpet as well as the unfortunate stains could not felt very miserable, and crept u hide herself. Soon after she h ladies come in, and Miss Alice's her to bring some water to put in. She dried her eyes and ra time to see Mabel's look of dism held the state of things.

'How did this happen, Maggi

'If you please, ma'am,' said very guilty face, 'I—I was dusti the ink upset.'

Mabel sat down, and drawing her, said: 'Is that quite true, M

The child looked for a momen truthful eyes, and then burst int ing between her sobs the whole

Maggie had expected a seve punishment to follow, and wh was answered by sad looks and reproof, her heart melted, and 'Oh miss, if you will only for never tell a lie again.'

Then Mabel showed her that the sin against a fellow-creature was small compared with what it was against God. To Him therefore she directed the penitent child for forgiveness; and it was a life lesson that Maggie never forgot.

In this way did Mabel teach and train the orphan girl during her short sojourn at the farm; and the quiet influence thus exerted over her, had a powerful effect for good, which she never lost.

But the months sped on, and the time came when Maggie must part with her kind friends.

It was on an evening in the beginning of August, and Maggie had done her task of reading, when Mabel said:

'Maggie, I have rather bad news for you.'

The child looked up, and Mabel continued:

'We are going away, little Maggie, far, far away, and we shall have to say good-bye for many years, I fear, for papa is going to take us abroad to live.'

The tears came into Maggie's blue eyes as she said: 'Shall I never see you any more, miss?'

'Nay, we will not say that, Maggie,' said Mabel; '*never* is a long time. But you must try and remember all I have told and taught you. And, Maggie,' she added, taking a parcel from the table, and giving it into the child's hand, 'here is the most precious gift you can ever receive; will you keep it in remembrance of me, and promise to read it every day?'

Maggie untied the paper, and looked with delight at the beautiful Bible inside. She opened it, and there on the fly-leaf read her name:

'MAGGIE MORRIS.
The gift of her friend, Mabel Harcourt.
3*d August* 1842.
"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."'

Maggie was too much overpowered to say much; but Mabel saw how grateful she was.

Then Alice came forward and put the neatest little workbox into Maggie's hands, containing cotton, needles, scissors, and thimble.

'Now, Maggie,' said she, 'you will be able to work as much as you like.'

Maggie's delight knew no bounds, and she felt she was in some fairy dream, and after more thanks she ran off to show her treasures to Mrs. Wilton and Mary.

A few days after this, the sisters might be seen going through the hamlet into each cottage to say good-bye. Many were the regrets that followed them; for they had twined themselves round the hearts of these poor people by their winning ways.

One old farmer brushed away a tear from his weather-beaten cheek, saying: 'Well, you see, miss, we had all got so used to ye, we don't like to part.'

And on the day the carriage drove past, taking them away, each inhabitant in the hamlet stood at their cottage doors to wave their farewell, and 'see the last of the dear young ladies.'

CHAPTER VI.

HARVEST HOME.

SOME busy weeks followed the departure of the Harcourts; for it was harvest time, and Farmer Wilton was anxious to make the most of the glorious weather.

Then Maggie knew what it was to be really busy. She had to carry the men's dinner and tea to the different fields; and as she was not able to take it to them all at once, this gave her many a trot to and fro to the farm. Then she followed among the gleaners, and of an evening would return laden with her sheaf, and many a handful did she gather for the aged women who would be slowly gleaning there; for Maggie had a kind little heart, which never refused help to another if it was in her power to give it. She thought of the pretty Bible story Mabel had told her, about Ruth among the cornfields; and the bundle of heavy golden stalks she carried on her arm, made her think of the good seed which sprang up and yielded fruit an hundredfold.

Then after the reaping, the noisy flail did its work, separating the chaff from the wheat, which was then sent to the mill to be ground; for Mrs. Wilton always made a batch of bread with the new flour, and the farmer gave a great supper to all his labourers and neighbours in the hamlet, and great were the rejoicings.

But the good farmer and his wife did not forget to thank God for all his benefits. They remembered He was Lord of the harvest; and together on Sabbath, in the church of Chagford, they offered up their praises and thanksgivings, and heartily did all join in the doxology: 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

Thus the days flew past—long and busy ones; but Maggie felt happy because she was useful; and whatever time Mrs. Wilton came across her, she never found her idle. Maggie remembered that Mabel had told her that God's eyes were in every place, and that He was not pleased with eye-service, but with duty done in singleness of heart, fearing Him. And the little Bible she esteemed her greatest treasure, and it proved a lamp unto her feet, and a light unto her path.

When the harvesting was over, the rosy and golden laden apple-trees had to be robbed of their fruit. Maggie thought this fine fun; for she would climb among the old gnarled and curiously twisted apple-trees to reach some of the largest apples. Then there was the sorting; they were all put into different heaps; some were to be stored away carefully among straw in the apple loft, for winter use, but the greater part were sent to be crushed and squeezed in a great machine to make cider, and the pigs were regaled with the refuse ones.

Mrs. Wilton never forgot the poor in these ingatherings, and many a basketful of fruit found its way to the surrounding cottages.

In those long summer evenings, when her work was done, Maggie loved to stand at the farm door, and look across at the beautiful hills of Dartmoor, as the evening breezes blew refreshingly over them. Or perhaps she would saunter down into the cool and shady wood for a ramble, and Mary Wilton would generally go with her, who was often a source of great trouble to poor Maggie, by her mischievous ways and bad temper. Mrs. Wilton would never allow her to be crossed or thwarted in a single wish or desire; for if she

was ever made angry she would go into such a wild ungovernable fit of fury, that it quite terrified all around her.

One day Mary had watched Maggie weed and water her garden, and carefully fasten the little gate in the wicker pailing, which Ben, the farmer's son, had kindly made for her. No sooner was she gone on an errand to the castle, than Mary turned the pigs into the tiny plot, who soon did a great work of destruction. She watched them with greedy delight; and, when Maggie returned, burst out laughing when she saw the poor child's grief at the wilful destruction of her property. This roused Maggie's passion, and she said some naughty words, which so enraged Mary, that she had almost succeeded in pushing Maggie into the pond, had not Mrs. Wilton come to the rescue. When Maggie had recovered from her passion, she was very sorry; she determined to forgive Mary, and from that time patiently bore with all her childish whims and fancies; and so gentle and kind was she, that at last Mary grew quite fond of her. One Sunday evening, as they were sitting in the ivied porch, Mary said: 'Sing me one of my young lady's hymns—that one about the little children.'

So Maggie sang:

'Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.'

Then Mary asked Maggie to tell her some Bible stories, to which she gladly assented; and Mary sat listening until it began to get dark, when Mrs. Wilton's voice was heard from within, telling them to come inside.

Maggie's little Bible proved a blessing to the whole household; for, as the farmer and his wife were neither of them good scholars, she read aloud. And so peacefully closed each day of rest.

CHAPTER VII.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

AUTUMN was past, and the dark winter evenings grew longer and longer; but they were bright ones in that warm and cheerful kitchen. The log-fire on the capacious hearth crackled and blazed, sending showers of sparks up the wide chimney. Rover, the shepherd dog, would be stretched before it, while the cat cuddled in Mary's arms, as she sat beside her father in the great settle. The whirr of Mrs. Wilton's spinning wheel was heard; but her merry voice rose above it. The son Ben netted nets for the fruit-trees, or spelt out of an old primer with Maggie's help; while she knitted stockings and socks with coarse Scotch yarn, for the farmer and his son.

One day, just before Christmas, Mrs. Rokes was seen making her way across the meadow to the farm.

'It does one good to come here,' said she, stepping into the kitchen and taking the chair Maggie had put forward for her. 'You all look so busy and happy.'

'Ay,' said Mrs. Wilton, 'we are loss for work here. Idleness is miser say.'

In the course of Mrs. Roke's conve errand came out. 'My master,' said s to give the usual supper to all his te poor neighbours on Christmas Eve i hall, and he bade me invite all on the e ye must *all* come,' she added, 'and child, Maggie, too.'

The bright colour rushed into Mag when she heard her mistress accept fo had made up her mind she would be l She timidly thanked the good housek having many other places to visit, so leave.

What a day and night dream this tivity was to Maggie; and the days pass so slowly!

On the much-wished-for day, M earlier than usual, and was down-stai was bitterly cold, but she set mer work. The snow lay deep over ever Maggie could hardly get to the cow-sh milking. But at eight o'clock the w sun came out, making the snow s and sparkling, and tinting the icicle geous colours, for all nature seemed t in the Christmas rejoicings.

In the afternoon the expected gues seen wending their way towards the by the woodland path, others by th all meeting at the great iron gates, thrown wide open to receive them. A the number, was the party from the fa in their holiday best; and the Chris ings sounded on all sides.

At five o'clock the great bell soun sat down in the well-lighted hall to s Rokes presiding, as mistress of the ce the head of the table. A goodly f to which all did full justice. Roas plum-puddings, crowned with holly tarts, cakes and buns, besides va dishes; and above all, plenty of bread and ale. And hanging from th the ceiling was a great 'bush' of holly and mistletoe, decked with paper rose streamers of every colour, with pen and oranges.

When the supper was concluded, an ment growing higher, the oaken doo of the hall opened, and Lord River leaning on the arm of his son, and Mr. Middleton, the young clergyma not long succeeded to the vacant livi ford.

A murmur of welcome ran round and all rose, bowing respectfully, as entered. His steps were tottering w his cheeks pallid with suffering; bu the same kindly light in his eye as he spoke cheery words of welcome to

'Friends and neighbours,' said he, am I to see before me once more so m faces at merry Christmas time. Su are pleasant things, and may God g be his will, many more of them. But

nust ever remember that this is not our *rest;* re we have no continuing city, but we seek to come." God grant that we may all have faces set Zionwards, so that, when Jesus s us, we may enter into "the rest that reneth for the people of God." "May the d God, who giveth us richly all things to oy, bless you, one and all." And now, young s, proceed to the sports.'

Quickly, at this signal, were the great tables ared away; and, when this was done, three or r of the strongest youths fetched in the huge ien fagot, bound with its wooden bands—the de of all Devonshire Christmas hearths. Then, the fire snapped each band, all joined in sing- some curious old rhymes, dancing a peculiar, zy dance to the tunes—while, in one corner, e children were gathered round Mr. Herbert, ambling for sugar-plums, oranges, and nuts. en he exhibited his magic-lantern, to the great light and astonishment of all.

At the close of the festivities, Mrs. Rokes went and to each, and distributed the usual Christ- s gifts of flannel garments, and packets of tea d sugar, and a shilling to each child.

So all departed to their several homes, and ayers were breathed from every heart on be- lf of the good and kind old lord; and in the ght, Maggie heard 'the waits' singing, and it ingled in her dreams with the story of the angels' ng on the plains of Bethlehem.

And a pleasant sight it was the following day, see the well-filled parish church, gaily deco- ted with evergreens and holly, and to hear oclaimed from the pulpit 'the glad tidings of eat joy' by the lips of their beloved young inister. And, as all met and parted in the urch porch, it was universally agreed they had ver spent a happier Christmas.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TEA PARTY.

X years have rolled away since the events re- ed in our last chapter. Let us see if time has ade any changes at the farm. Peep into the acious dairy, and I think you will hardly re- gnise in the tall buxom lass of seventeen our tle Maggie. A picture of neatness is she, in r plain, dark stuff gown and white apron.

Follow her into the kitchen, and you will find e seat in the window is vacant. Mary lies in the urchyard at Chagford, having died peacefully, simple trust in Jesus, about three years ago. ng and bitterly had the poor mother grieved r her, and the old farmer was quite bowed wn with his grief; but it drew them to Jesus, give their whole hearts to Him, and become oroughly his. He had taken their lamb into l fold, and they sought now to follow where e had gone before. Mrs. Wilton had always ed an honest and upright life, and feared God her way; but her heart had been too much on the things of this life, and her religion d been a thing almost entirely restricted to bbaths and church. But now she had learned 'glorify God in her walk and conversation,' and 'to do all things as unto God, and not unto men.'

Maggie had been indeed as an angel in the house, for God had made her a blessing to the whole family. She had been 'trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;' and Mabel's instructions had been carried on by Mr. Middleton, who, on coming to Chagford, had established a Sabbath school, where, ever since, Maggie had been a regular attendant. She was quite as a daughter to Mrs. Wilton, who loved her as if she were her own; and often did she bless the day when the orphan was brought under the shelter of her home.

But Maggie seems unusually busy to-day—let us see what she is doing. She has just put the thick layer of cream on the top of a large junket, and away she carries it to the parlour, and places the great bowl in the centre of the table, which is covered with a white cloth, and spread with the best china. Mrs. Wilton is to have a tea party, and the little guests are expected from the castle; and, as Maggie arranges the spring flowers among the dishes, her thoughts go back to the time when, as a timid little girl, she once peeped into that same parlour when the Harcourts were expected.

In the midst of these recollections, the merry shouts of children come up from the wood below, and Maggie runs out to meet them. She sees, here and there, white frocks and straw hats appearing between the trees, and presently the six children emerge from the wood and run up the field to the farm house. They are Lord Rivers' grandchildren, the children of his married daughter, Lady Edith Somerville. They are followed by Mrs. Rokes, and the nurse carrying the baby.

It was a great pleasure to see the delight of these little Londoners, as they chased one another over the beautiful park slopes, selecting the rocky points for castles, and peopling them with the knights and ladies they read of in their fairy tales.

It was one of their greatest treats to come down to Holne Farm; and Farmer Wilton said to his wife, as he watched them, 'It seems but the other day Master Herbert and Miss Edith were playing under those trees.'

When the children caught sight of Maggie, carrying her bright milkpails, their games were forsaken, and they clustered round her as she entered the shed. How they enjoyed those warm, frothy tumblers of new milk! and, as soon as this ceremony was over, they all went into the farm to tea.

When this had been duly discussed, and the children had run off again to their play, Mrs. Wilton and Mrs. Rokes settled themselves in for a good long chat.

'I want to know,' said Mrs. Wilton, 'if the report we hear going about is true, that Mr. Herbert is going to be married?'

'Ay,' answered Mrs. Rokes, 'it's true enough; and my Lord Rivers is going to London next week to be present at the wedding. But who the young lady is, we cannot find out; and all I know about her is, that she is of a good family and very pretty; and I don't like to ask too many questions, as the matter is kept so close.'

'I thought there was something,' said Mrs. Wilton; 'for Mr. Herbert has not been down here for so long.'

Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the sound of wheels; and looking out, they saw the castle carriage and greys at the foot of the avenue. It was occupied by Lord Rivers, Lady Edith Somerville, and Mr. Herbert. The latter jumped out quickly, and ran to look for his little wandering nephews and neices, leaving the others to talk about the visit to London, as the farmer and his wife stood by the carriage. But who the bride was to be they did not hear, only that she would be in every way worthy of the love and esteem of all who knew her.

Mr. Herbert soon reappeared, carrying a child on his shoulder, while two or three of the others were struggling for possession of his other hand. He was much amused at the homely congratulations with which the farmer and his family greeted him; and, after packing as many children into the carriage as it would hold, they drove off, leaving the nurse and Mrs. Rokes to follow with the rest.

CHAPTER IX

A SURPRISE.

THE wedding was over, and Lord Rivers returned to Holne Castle; and the good news spread through the hamlet that in a few weeks Mr. Herbert would bring his bride among them, and anxiously were they looked for by the villagers. Great was the excitement when, late one Saturday night, a close carriage and pair drove quickly past the outskirts of the hamlet towards Chagford; and, as Maggie had been up at the castle that day, and heard the bride and bridegroom were expected, they knew it could be no other. It was raining fast, and too dusk for any one to see distinctly into the carriage, which was a great disappointment. However, they had not long to wait.

Sunday dawned—a beautiful June morning, with every leaf sparkling and glittering in sunshine, and the merry bells in the church tower summoned the worshippers at the hour of prayer.

The congregation had nearly all assembled, and Farmer Wilton, his wife, Ben, and Maggie were in their pew as usual. Maggie had turned many a wistful glance towards the castle pew, with its crimson cushions, wondering who should occupy it that day; when, just as the service was about to commence, the little side-door opened, and there was a rustle of silk and a glimpse of a white bonnet. A few minutes after, and Maggie could hardly believe her eyes. The white veil was raised and the face turned towards her—the calm, sweet face of Mabel Harcourt, now Mr. Herbert's young bride, and the future Lady Rivers.

A bright blush overspreads her features when she sees she is recognised, and her eyelids droop over her book.

At the close of the service, they walked down to the principal entrance, where they were greeted and welcomed by all. 'Only to think,' said they, 'Mr. Herbert should have back our young lady!'

'And this is Maggie,' said Mabel Ri she shook hands with her. 'I think if not been sitting in the old farm pew, I not have known you.'

Maggie felt so bewildered at the une meeting, that she hardly knew what to sa gladness, and blamed herself afterwards having inquired for Dr. Harcourt and Mis But she soon had plenty of opportunitie doing; for, during her visit of some week Herbert Rivers paid many a visit to the fa cottages of Eaststone.

It was a long story she had to tell c had happened during the years she ha away. They had lived in the south of for two or three years, and had been tr to many different countries since. On th turn to London, they had again met Mr. Rivers at his sister's, Lady Somervill after a short engagement, Mabel had bec wife.

Dr. Harcourt was now in London, a promised to bring Alice down the fo year.

Till then, we must take leave of Mr. a Rivers, who, as soon as their visit had e returned to London.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

A YEAR, with all its changes, has sped and Lord Rivers has his family once more him, and the castle walls resound with the ing of little feet and merry voices. I great attraction to the little ones seems t the nursery, where their baby cousin i dressed for his christening. I don't kn many times in the course of the toilet th nounced him a lovely darling, and the s little baby they have ever seen, nor hov kisses are imprinted on his soft cheeks! was the lace robe on, when the carriage up to the door, and soon after deposited th at the church, which was well filled tenantry.

Mrs. Rokes swept majestically in, carry infant; and round the font were gather Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, Lady So and her children, Dr. Harcourt and Al latter now grown into a pretty girl of six

Mr. Middleton came forward, and the commenced. The name, Herbert Harcourt was falteringly pronounced by grandpa prayers were offered from every heart, t beloved infant might indeed 'be a so Christ, and fight manfully under his And as the blessing was being pronou rosy sunbeam streamed in through the window, followed by a flood of golden s which lighted up the whole church. I solemn and a happy service, and it prov the last christening Lord Rivers was to for, before that year closed, he was gathe shock of corn fully ripe into the heavenly

ll, and leaving an honoured name lown to posterity.

Maggie's time was divided between the castle, and she spent several Rivers' family when they visited ıe winter months. Lady Rivers ermanent situation as her own per-ıt; but she would never consent to ı home, and, in the course of time, mer and his wife had the happi-her united in marriage to their only .. Here we will leave her in her diligently fulfilling her humble duties, and being the comfort and stay of her parents' declining years. They who had sheltered her in her helpless childhood, now received a ten-fold blessing in the daughter they possessed in her, and Maggie found the beautiful promise sweetly fulfilled, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.' Hers was a heart at peace with God; and in the enjoyment of this sweet rest and confidence in Him, she was able to go on her way rejoicing, comforting others 'by the comfort wherewith' she herself 'had been comforted by God.'

R. M. L.

Readings for the Young.

ΓLE YELLOW-THROAT.

is said that we have over forty lifferent species of the warbler, that lit among the branches of our ıorthern forests. In a certain gar-len, surrounded by trees, there was ese songsters. Among the thick inden-tree the little nest was built, ; tiny eggs were laid, and there ; nestlings were very small at first; they grew till the four little birds, reighed just one ounce. No mother re anxious and careful than the r more joyful than she, on the day ıuld leave the nest and try their rst they could only flutter a little ılling on the ground; but by de-ıthered strength and courage, till t from tree to tree anywhere in Here they had their home, and them were very happy. The old hem how to sing, how to fly, and the best food. But the youngest whose name was 'Yellow-Throat,' ıirest and most beautiful of all the seemed to have a discontented ras difficult to please; her food was the dews of the morning were too of the day was too great, the songs were not in chord, or something rrong. Of course this spirit grew l her life was unhappy, and her e others unhappy. At length she ıdrew from society, and lived more ne. In vain her friends tried to ck into society, but poor Yellow-ade up her mind that she ought to ınd she would be. She now began ops of the trees, and look out over e how the world looked beyond the day, as she sat thus peering about, ırently not very far distant, a large eautiful-looking island in its centre. ; a beautiful lake!' cried Yellow-v delightful it would be to fly over water and see one's self reflected rom a great looking-glass! And ıl to be on that island, all alone, a song so sweet that even the mer-maids would come up from the lake to listen! How I wish I was there! I *can* be there! I *will* be there!'

She then laid her plans how she would get up early next morning, and without stopping to eat, would fly away to that sweet island. The morning came, and as soon as the sun was well up, little Yellow-Throat turned her back upon mother and home, despising her beautiful garden; and without a farewell word to any one, or even a kind look, she lifted herself up on the wing, and in a few minutes was on her way to the lake. Alas! when she got to it, instead of being smooth as a mirror, the waves were tossing and dashing; the wind blew hard from the island, and it looked a great way off. But the poor thing was ashamed to go back; for she knew that ere this they would all know her folly, and so she flew forward. Cold and strong blew the wind, and on darted little Yellow-Throat, till at last, almost dead with fatigue, she reached the island, and dropped down on it, panting for breath. But instead of finding the beautiful spot she expected, she found its shores all rocks, nothing on it but clumps of Norway pines, through which winds sucked and whistled. Not a bird nor a happy thing lived on it. Poor Yellow-Throat! how different from what her imagination painted! So she nestled down in the crevice of a rock, and waited and waited till the next morning should return. At last it did return, but the wind had shifted, and now, to get back to the mainland again, she had to go far from the place she came from. But she felt that she must get there, or die here. And so, picking up a few sour ants that were creeping over the rocks for her breakfast, she again made for the shore. The wind helped her now, and she was not so much exhausted by the journey. She entered a large orchard, where the trees were large, and it seemed like going into the very land of plenty. But on the first tree on which she alighted she came near losing her life; for, on going to sleep a few moments to rest her, she barely awaked soon enough to escape the spring of a monster cat creeping towards her, with his great gray eyes wide open.

'Oh,' said the poor bird, 'how I wish I was again at home, with my dear, dear mother, and brothers, and sisters! But I don't know which

way the garden lies, and cannot find it. What a foolish thing I was! And now I must die with hunger, for I find none of the sweet millet seed so abundant at my home.'

At length she noticed a large flock of little birds coming and going to and from a farmer's granary. They had found a place where they could enter and steal as much food as they pleased. Yellow-Throat knew it was wrong to steal, but thought she might do as others did. So in she rushed with the rest, and filled her crop; but, alas! just as the great flock were coming out, a farmer's boy fired his gun, loaded with very fine shot, directly among them. One shot struck poor Yellow-Throat, and she had strength only to fly and drop over the fence to die. And these were her dying words:

'Alas! I am dying here, away from home and friends, and all for my folly. Oh that I could warn every bird, and every boy, and every girl to be contented with what God hath given them, and not try to better their condition by wishing and longing for change.'—*Rev. John Todd, D.D.*

IT STINGS.

'How pretty!' cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking, 'It stings! it stings!'

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful, and sweet smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A jolly little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blosso was sucking nectar from it most heartil Sammy's fat hand disturbed him. So vexed with the child, he stung him. Th Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound wit horn, and when the pain was gone, s 'Sammy, my dear, let this teach you *th pretty things have very sharp stings.*'

Let every child make a note of this *pretty things have very sharp stings.* It n them from being stung if they keep this mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pre boy once went to a circus because th were pretty, and their riders gay; but h to swear there, and thus that pretty th circus, stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a prett He drank it, and learned to be a drunkar wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious Bartlett p a basket, and ate it.

'Have you eaten one?' asked her mot Fearing she should not get another if s Yes, she said, 'No,' got another pear, a felt so stung that she could not sleep tha

Thus you see that sin, however pretty *stings.* It stings sharply too. It stings The Bible says, 'The sting of death is sin

If you let sin sting you, nothing can wound but the blood of Jesus. If you smart of the sting, go to Jesus with it, will cure. After that, never forget th pretty things have very sharp stings, careful not to touch, taste, or handle suc —*S. S. Advocate.*

THE THREE BARGEMEN'S DAUGHTERS OF PADDINGTON:

A PLEA FOR SERVANTS' INSTITUTIONS.

PREVENTION is, at all times, and under any circumstances, better than finding remedies for evils already existing; and this must be apparent to any one who has taken an interest in the management of Reformatories, or who has occasionally visited our prisons.

Many young creatures, of both sexes, are at present inmates of such places of discipline, who, if helping hands had been held out to them as they entered life, might now be earning an honest livelihood, instead of living for months, or even years, at the expense of their country, or of private benevolence; in too many cases returning to society, at the expiry of their allotted term, far more hardened in wickedness than they were at first.

Want of education, and the entire absence of early training, are the primary causes of much of the wickedness that surrounds us; and the writer, who, through divine mercy, has been privileged for the last seventeen years to take a part in the management of one of the oldest and largest of the Female Reformatories in London, trusts, by relating a few of the distres plications for admission, which come be committee at their weekly meetings, th of the readers of the *Christian Treasury* stirred up to provide a remedy for the ig that so largely prevails.

Before relating these, it may be stat these Reformatories are established for th tion of young women who have strayed paths of virtue; that they are there tr everything that may fit them for dome vice; that they are taught to read a the Scriptures; and, after two years training, situations are found them in spectable family, where, under God's they may in future lead decent and godl

There are other institutions to which may be sent, who have been criminally c before a magistrate, where they are sub a similar probation.

Both these classes of Reformatories most comfortable, nay, to what many o mates have been accustomed, almost of a l description, thus holding out a positive

lo wrong; while those applicants who are ty of no other crime than that of being poor ignorant, are, alas! sent adrift, until they actually qualified by their sins to be received one or other of these houses of mercy.

'ery recently two young women applied on same day for admission into the institution rred to. The applicants are seen separately, in the order in which they come. Neither hem could read, or had been at school; but r previous mode of life having made them *fectly eligible* for admission, they were at e received, and are now undergoing the train- to which I have referred, which, we trust, he blessing of God, to be instrumental in yet ing them useful members of society.

ıs a contrast to this, I shall relate the fol- ing.

ı fortnight later we had an unusual number pplicants for admission. The first whom we was a girl aged seventeen. She was neither ged nor depraved looking: her tale was simple ugh. Her father was a bargeman on the ;ent's Canal at Paddington; her mother died ın she was young, leaving one brother older, two sisters younger than herself. The children w up as they could; not one of them could l, never having been at school; not one of n had ever been within the door of a place worship. This poor girl only knew of God's r name by having heard it taken in vain; heard of Jesus Christ, but did not know) He was; in short, was as ignorant as a then: yet she had not strayed from the ıs of virtue, and had never been in prison.

he next case was almost similar. A stout, nice- ing girl of eighteen presented herself. She equally ignorant; she had a drunken mother; father, too, was a bargeman, who was often y for days at a time, navigating his barge ugh the canals which intersect the interior the English counties; she had never been ught up or taught to do anything, but rked about,' as she termed it. She also not qualified for the benefits of the institu-

he third case which I will describe, was the t distressing of the three. She was a pretty, cent-looking girl of sixteen, wearing toler- decent mourning for her mother, only re- ly dead; but she had been taught no more ı the others. She had not done wrong, she ; her father worked at the canal wharf, also addington.

e detained these three girls till the close of usiness, and had some further conversation them. They were all three friends and bours; and, as they expressed it, being tired nning about idle, they had set out with the tion of trying to get something to do.

at could we do for them? They could not be admitted to the benefits of an institution, for which a terrible qualification was necessary. There were Servants' Homes, it is true; but these poor girls had, from their ignorance, no claim for admission into any of these; and, being utterly untaught, it was very unlikely that they could obtain service in any respectable family. We gave them some pecuniary assistance, and much good advice; the address of one or two Homes in which they might possibly find a vacancy (though not at all sanguine of their reception), and begged them to go, at all events, to a ragged school, where they would gain some instruction, and perchance find some kind friends to help them. All of us present felt very, very sad; and many a trembling prayer was offered up in their behalf, that they might not fall into such temptations as would entitle them to be received into such homes as even our comfortable asylum.

Cases such as these three poor girls are not confined to our busy London, with its three millions of inhabitants; poverty and ignorance are to be found, alas, in all our large cities, and even our villages. Children are born and grow up to years of understanding, without training, without education, without the knowledge of a gracious God and a loving Saviour. There are many industrial homes, training ships, and other institutions for boys, though by no means so many as are needed; but it is a lamentable fact, that for destitute girls there are few such asylums available. Means of employment for them are scarce; the introduction of the sewing machine is fast depriving many of the scanty pittance they were wont to earn as sempstresses; and the state of matters loudly calls for some energetic measures to provide employment for this interesting class.

A supply of good domestic servants, especially for families of moderate means, has been long felt to be a great desideratum. How many hundreds of girls and young women (were the means of sufficiently training them for domestic duties to be obtained) would be enabled to occupy a position in life, which would not only qualify them for service, but fit them for those orderly home duties which their present position as daughters, and their future prospects as wives, so urgently demand! In this way many a miserable dwelling would be made a comfortable home, and the evils which we have attempted to describe, would, in an incalculable degree, be remedied, to the great social advantage of our beloved country, and to the growth of vital godliness in the land.

May God grant that this humble suggestion, springing from a heart terribly sensible of the growing evils around, may have the effect of inclining some of the great and good of the land to haste to the rescue of girls as poor and as destitute as the three bargemen's daughters of Paddington.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'Er, the first-born of Judah, was evil in the sight of the Lord, and He slew him.'—1 CHRON. II. 3.

HERE we have, in one brief sentence, a statement of the way in which God deals with sin and the sinner. It is the repetition of a verse in Genesis, in a very unlikely place—in the midst of names and genealogies; God thus giving us to know the stress He lays on it. It is not for nothing that He thus repeats it. Such clauses as this, flung in apparently by chance, or what is called the transcriber's taste, are full of meaning. *This* certainly contains a very distinct and awful utterance.

Looking at it generally, we may say that it brings out, in a very outstanding and unambiguous form, such things as these:

I. *God's estimate of sin.*—It differs widely from man's. It is the *Judge's* estimate; not the Physician's merely, or the Father's. It is one of condemnation. It is not simply disease, or misfortune, or an accidental deviation from the straight line; but *guilt*, which must be reckoned for according to inexorable law. Sin, in the divine judgment, is not something vague, and loose, and shadowy, but well-defined and substantial. It is not a thing of sentiment or feeling, but a thing to be determined by the sharp test of unchanging law,—law interpreted by an inflexible tribunal, and applied by an infinitely righteous Judge, without respect of persons; without fear, or favour, or partiality; without the remotest risk of mistake, or possibility of miscarriage of justice.

II. *Gods treatment of sin.*—He does not merely pronounce a sentence or verdict, without meaning to carry it out. His deeds correspond with his words. He hates sin; He tells us this; He treats it accordingly. His treatment of it is—

(1.) *Prompt.*—Though He does bear with the sinner, yet this *patience* is not at variance with the *promptitude*. He is both patient and prompt; yet is He not hasty. It does not take Him unawares, nor show Him as if at a loss how to deal with it. He is always ready to meet it and deal with it, whether open or secret, greater or lesser.

(2.) *Decided.*—He does not trifle with it, as if undecided how to proceed, or hesitating as to what sentence to pronounce. There may be, for wise and gracious reasons, some delay; but the delay does not arise from any want of decision, any changeableness or instability. He is altogether decided in words and ways. 'He is in one mind, and who can turn Him?'

(3.) *Severe.*—'The Lord slew him;' that is, struck him down, cut him off by a violent death. He did not die the death of men, but perished like Korah. God made a fearful example of him before the eyes of his brethren; though what it was we know not. When God arises to smite, He is infinitely terrible in his vengeance. He is in earnest; and He punishes in earnest, when his wrath is kindled but a little.

(4.) *Watchful.*—His eye is on the wicked, his eyelids try the children of men. Nothing escapes Him. No sin, however small, is overlooked. Though fury is not in Him, yet His eyes are as a flame of fire.

But it is not *sin* merely that Go consider here. It is *the sinner* spe non-information as to *the sin* (we a the sin was) seems to be for the pu prominent *the sinner*. And then to the personal history of the sinn on the other circumstances thus relief.

He is a first-born son.—To hin peculiar honour, and in him would expectation. Yet he is slain—slai often do we thus find the natural upon, and human hope frustrated Cain; it was so in Esau. *Sin* bre and disappoints all hope. Were i river of human order (family an flow on undisturbed.

He is the first-born of Judah.—' he whom thy brethren shall pra God's purpose, is already the roya sinner, slain by God for his wicke of the royal line, the first link in chain. As Esau and Reuben had because of their sin, so is Er. Sin and the blow that severs it is dealt 'Jehovah slew him,' because 'he the sight of the Lord.' And if an doth He yet find fault, for who will?' our answer is: 'Nay but, thou that repliest against God?'

Yes, God is not afraid to break He can rectify the breakage in his rather than that sin should go does not hesitate to break that li Judah's first-born. So infinitely sin!

But there is something yet m The broken link was to be re-faste mission of sin as great as that wh it; the triple sin, first of Onan, then of Tamar! How mysterio searchable are his judgments, an finding out!' What a strange fra history is this breaking and this n siah's royal line! 'Oh the dept both of the wisdom and knowledg how He hates sin; how He smites He does not spare even the first-b tribe! Yet see how his purpose st how He can make use of sin fo breaches which sin makes! Wha So righteous, so wise, so powerfu gracious!

But how terrible the lesson rega cannot pass it by. On whomsoev be punished. Even when God' remedy it, it must be punished before it can be remedied, lest m light of it, or think that God is tri

Yes; and when sin is at last fo by imputation) upon his well-belo be punished. He must die. Yet live; and He lives that we may li royal Son, David's Lord, is our sin.

CHRIST, NOT THE CHURCH, THE SAVIOUR.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Continued from page* 279.)

IT is the habit with many, in different communions, to speak of 'our mother church,' thus designating that particular church with which they are connected. I do not judge others in this respect; but for myself, I feel no liberty so to speak. Our mother church is above; and it is one which may be far more fitly gloried in than any here below; not wrinkled and grey, not scarred and seamed, not torn and bleeding, not broken and disordered, not divided and discordant, but truly *one;* 'a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.' And not till we are caught up into the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, shall we look upon our own mother's face, the face of the true Sarah, the princess; mother, not of the bond, but of the free; mother, not of Ishmael, but of Isaac—Isaac the child of gladness; mother, not of those who pass along with gloomy aspect, and unassured, uncertain footstep, trying by prayers, and penances, and sacraments to earn a hope of deliverance from hell; but of those who, having tasted that the Lord is gracious, and having learned the love that freely pardons, and having known the blood that washes the conscience, are hastening on with bonds broken, and darkness dispelled, and sin forgiven, and gloom exchanged for gladness, to the inheritance of the saints in light.

But it is objected that Scripture assigns salvation to the church: 'The Lord added daily to the church such as should be saved' (Acts ii. 47); and no less a person than Bishop Pearson quotes it in support of his statement, 'That Christ has appointed the church as the only way unto eternal life.' To this I answer—

The true rendering of the words is, 'Such as were saved,' or 'The Lord added daily the saved ones to the church;' thus proving the very opposite, and showing that it was as those already saved that they were added to the church, taking that word as meaning either the church at Jerusalem or the whole church of God. There is no other passage of a like nature to be found; nor does the above-named author cite any other, merely placing alongside of it one which seems to have no bearing at all upon his assertion, save

23.—25.

to confute it: 'There is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved.'

But it is asked, perhaps with some surprise, Can a man be saved who does not belong to a true church, or *the* true church? I answer, a man might be saved though there were not a true church on earth at all, nay, though there were not another believer but himself. To what church was Abel indebted for salvation? By what church was the thief upon the cross saved?

It may be said, This only proves that a man may be saved without connection with a church on earth; but can he be saved if not belonging to the one great congregation—the church of the first-born? I answer, there is a fallacy in this question, if not sophistry. I will show you how. If I affirm, a man is not saved by his prayers, would you turn on me and ask, What! is a prayerless man to get to heaven? Or, if I affirm, a man is not saved by his holiness, do you taunt me with denying that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord?' No. We maintain that neither the prayerless nor the unholy shall enter the kingdom; and yet we affirm that a man is not saved by his prayers or his holiness. The things that *accompany* salvation are very different from the things that purchase and secure it. Or take another illustration. Noah's sons were saved in the ark; now, was it their being alongside of Noah, or their being *in* the ark that saved them? Was it their connection with Noah, or their connection with the ark that saved them? Or, in other words, was it *Noah*, or was it the *ark* that saved them? We may say, that unless they had been with Noah they could not have been saved; yet, still it is no less true, that it was not to Noah but to the ark that they owed their deliverance. And just as we would say, not Noah, but the ark; so we say, not the church, but Christ. To say that I belong to the true church, is simply to say that I am one of the saved multitude; no more. To hold, then, that I cannot be saved unless I belong to the true church, is merely to transmute into ecclesiastical phraseology the plain statement, that I cannot be saved unless I am one of the saved company. Let those who love such ecclesiastical verbiage

use it if they prefer it. But let them know what it is worth. In using it they mean to propound to us this singularly original and profound proposition, worthy of Mediæval scholasticism: that a man cannot be saved unless he is saved; and that in order to obtain salvation, you must be one of those who obtain it!

II. We now come, in the second place, *to maintain, positively, that Scripture ascribes salvation, both directly and indirectly, to something else than the church.*

Directly, Salvation is ascribed, (1) To the *Father:* 'God, who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling' (2 Tim. i. 9); (2) To the *Son:* 'In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins' (Eph. i. 7); 'Out of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace' (John i. 16); (3) To the Holy Spirit: 'renewing of the Holy Ghost,' 'sanctification of the Spirit,' 'born of the Spirit.' Such are some of the passages which show how directly each person of the Trinity has to do with our salvation. But it is specially the *Son*, Christ Jesus, the Word made flesh, that is spoken of as saving us —saving us himself—saving us, not by proxy, or through the intervention of another, but by his own right hand. Take such passages as the following: 'Look unto *me* and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' 'In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory.' 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ' (Rom. v. 1). 'Found in Him,' 'rooted and built up in Him' (Col. ii. 7). These are a few out of the many passages which present salvation to us as the result of *direct* connection with the Saving One. They show us Christ and the sinner brought together, without distance, or medium, or veil, as closely and directly as in the days of his flesh, when He sat beside the woman of Sychar, and said, 'If *thou* knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water' (John iv. 10). It was thus that He ever presented himself to the sinner when here. 'Come unto *me*, and I will give you rest' (Matt. xi. 28). 'Ye will not come unto *me*, that ye might have life' (John v. 40). 'Him that cometh to *me*, I will in nowise cast out' (John vi. 37). From declarations such as these we learn the *nearness and the directness* of those communications with Him which result in salvation. In the great question of the soul's immortal welfare, there must be this personal intercourse with the Saviour. We must deal with Him face to face. We must deal with Him *directly*, we must deal with Him *alone*. We cannot too often or too strongly proclaim the mighty truth, that salvation is the result of *direct and personal deal the Lord.* It is a transaction in which r no priest, no church, can have a part. and the soul must meet, all others standin as in the case of the woman taken in s in the absence of all other ears and must hear his own gracious voice saying 'Neither do I condemn thee: go, and more.'

While salvation is thus ascribed *directl* Lord, so as to be a personal and private t tion between Him and us, it is *indir mediately* attributed to other agents and a

1. It is ascribed to *grace*, as it is 'Being justified freely by his grace;' 'B ye are saved;' and how can the church i with this grace, so as either to add to from it?

2. It is ascribed to *faith*, as we read: justified by faith, we have peace witl (Rom. v. 1). So that salvation is the result of receiving God's testimony con his Son; and we are saved in believi testimony, even though we stand wholl and there be not on earth a church at all.

3. It is ascribed to the *word:* 'Of h will begat He us with the word of truth i. 18). 'Being born again, not of cor seed, but of incorruptible, by the word o so that the *word* is God's channel for pou salvation; his instrument for begetting u What additional virtue can the church infu that word, what saving efficacy?

4. It is ascribed to the *gospel.* 'I unto you the gospel which I preached un which also ye have received, and whe stand: by which also ye are saved.' In words salvation and the glad tidings are s together, that to believe these glad tidin be a saved soul. The church may, or m be the instrument of bringing us into with them, it matters not; whoever or w may have brought them to our ear, we ar in simply believing that glorious gospel.

5. It is ascribed to individual saints, times ministers, and sometimes not. In iv. 15, Paul speaks of himself as the s father of the Corinthian believers, and ad Christ Jesus I have begotten you throu gospel.' But while individual ministers s spoken of, the church, as a body, has ne language applied to her. Nowhere do w that the church begets us; nowhere are to be born to Christ by the church; and very begetting, this better birth of the s Bible does attribute to the one individual whose instrumentality the change was e It is remarkable that the apostle should *himself* the very names and offices whic

ribe to the church—father, mother, nurse. *Her* in the verse already cited; *mother*, when says, 'My little children, of whom I travail birth again' (Gal. iv. 19); *nurse*, when he s, 'We were gentle among you, even as a se cherisheth her children' (1 Thess. ii. 7).

Thus, then, salvation is ascribed to such in- uments or agencies as the above; but nowhere, ter directly or indirectly, to the church, as if to vent the possibility of such an idea arising, as t connection with a church, or with the church, ld save. In the prophets, indeed, Zion is said beget children; and this has been interpreted he church, and used as an argument against

But (1) if Zion is figurative, it must be a re of the church universal, above and below, ich would destroy the argument. (2) The sages referred to point forward to future es, and are, as yet, unfulfilled. (3) It is the ral Jewish nation that is spoken of, and its argement in the latter day. In no way can h predictions be so contorted as to furnish en the shadow of an argument for salvation or through the church, instead of salvation and through the Lord Jesus Christ alone. erywhere we find salvation ascribed directly Him who is 'mighty to save'—'able to save the uttermost them that come unto God by m.' He is the Giver, we the receivers; no one ming between. He is the Quickener, we the ickened ones; no church interposing between m and us as the channel of life. He is the lightener, we the enlightened; no priesthood ing needful to dispense that light to us. In owing Him we are saved; for the knowledge Him who was dead, and is alive, is truly life rnal. Receiving the Father's record concern- Him, we take our place in the family of God is adopted sons and daughters. In believing have joy and peace; in believing we have hteousness and acceptance. In continuing to eve we are purified and made to grow in ness to Him who is the object of our faith. church can pardon, or justify, or quicken, purify, or secure our acceptance. All these sings are ours as the immediate and assured ult of believing in the Son of God.

t is then Jesus Christ that saves! It is HE t quickens, and pardons, and justifies, and ls, and blesses. Neither is there salvation in r other; for there is none other name, be it rch, or priesthood, or sacraments, given under ven whereby we must be saved. Hence such ssages as these: 'Look unto ME and be ye ed;' 'Be strong in the grace that is in rist Jesus;' 'I counsel thee to buy of ME gold ed in the fire.' There is salvation for the t, not in the church, not in sacraments, not apostolic succession, not in priestly power, but in the Son of God alone. He openeth, and none can shut; He shutteth, and none can open. He justifieth, who can condemn? He sets free the captive, and who can forbid the liberated one to go forth in the joy of his heavenly freedom? What church on earth shall grudge him his liberty, or seek to reimpose the broken chain? He speaks peace, who then can disquiet? What earthly priesthood shall attempt to mar or stint that peace, measuring it out in scanty meagreness, or casting clouds of gloom above it, as if envious of the joy, or as if the peace of God, 'the peace that passeth all understanding,' were too rich a boon for man? When He says, 'Draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith,' what church, even the most apostolic, shall step in and say, Nay, you cannot have assurance, that would be presumption; you must be content with a vague uncertainty, a mere peradventure, and even that peradventure you cannot have without me? as if assurance were too bright a flower to blossom on such a waste as this—too rich a gem to sparkle on the forehead of any sinner on this side of heaven.

Yes, it is Jesus Christ that saves! Not the church, either in whole or in part. It is connection with Christ, not connection with the church, that saves! Anything whatsoever, either in the earth beneath, or in the heaven above, whether saints or angels, church or priesthood, brought in between us and Christ, subverts and frustrates salvation. At the best, in such a case, we get an uncertain instead of a certain, an incomplete instead of a complete salvation. But in truth, where anything comes between, where we get salvation at second hand, through an imperfect medium, where an earthly priesthood undertakes to save us by its ecclesiastical magic, by the electric potency of the apostolic fluid transmitted by a chain or wire of eighteen centuries; then we say that God's free love in the gift of his eternal Son is set aside; eternal life becomes the result of a mere mechanical process, and the certainty of our divine adoption depends upon the endless genealogies of lying traditions, and the very possibility of salvation becomes a question of historical research, instead of being what Scripture represents it, a matter of simple faith in God's testimony concerning Jesus and his cross. By processes such as these, which men have devised, we may easily become sons of 'the church.' But to be sons of the church is one thing, and to be sons of God is another.

Oh, if the church of God had a voice, and could speak to us as it has often been supposed to do (as we often are told, 'hear the church'), it would say, 'Do not magnify me, magnify my glorious Head; He must increase, but I must

decrease. What am I that I should be able to absolve or to condemn, to kill or to make alive? Look not at me, but to Him on whom I am looking; lean not on me, but on Him on whom I am leaning; admire not me, but Him whom I am admiring; and, losing sight of every being, making no mention of any other r join with me in ascribing "salvation to ou which sitteth upon the throne, and unt Lamb."'

ENTERING INTO LIFE:

NOTES FROM THE DEATHBED OF A BELOVED FRIEND.

EARLY in December of 1846, about three months before her death, a beloved sister came from a distance to attend upon her sick-bed. Regret having been expressed that some such arrangement had not been entered into at an earlier stage of her illness, she did not acquiesce in the remark, but said: 'I did not miss them. I had every temporal comfort; and I have for six months past, with my weak, diseased body, enjoyed so much of the sweet companionship of the blessed Jesus, that I would not have given it for the sympathy of all my friends together, dearly though I do love them.' About this time the appearance of certain favourable symptoms encouraged her friends to hope that she might yet be restored; and on this fond expectation being expressed to her, she replied: 'Well, I am quite willing to live or to die. I love the service of Christ for its own sake. I have felt it delightful to serve Him on earth.' By the end of the second week of December, however, she again became worse; and on referring to the hope of her recovery previously expressed, she acknowledged 'having felt somewhat better,' and as 'well enough pleased to live for the sake of others; but,' she added, 'at that very time these words came to my mind with so much power: "For ever with the Lord;" "For ever with the Lord." And when I considered what was implied in being for ever with the Lord, it seemed to me I should be such a fool if I did not grasp at it.'

On the Saturday morning of this week, after a sleepless night of great suffering, she said, 'I can get no other passage this morning but this: "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."' Again and again did she repeat the words, as if deriving the sweetest refreshment and support from what she saw comprehended in them. On the following Sabbath morning also, after having passed a night no less distressing as to bodily suffering, she said, 'It's rather strange my mind cannot take hold of another word this morning than that again: "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." I do not say,' she continued, 'that believers should not in this world attain to the comfort which is conveyed by such words, when spoken to the heart by the Redeemer; but I feel as if now they were to me an invitation to go beyond death.'

One day, about this time, she remarked: 'I have at times, when under acute pain, experienced wonderful reality and power in that passage: "Fear not, for I am with thee: I help thee; yea, I will strengthen thee." It veys to my mind the idea as if I were oppr with a great load upon my shoulders; and a hand coming behind, raising and holding i relieves me of the greater part of my bur The same blessed consciousness of divine str and consolation imparted to her spirit, she quently expressed in the most significant t 'The blessed Redeemer,' she would say, 'is near me to comfort and to help me. Wi an effort, I am comforted with his rich pron They come to me with a power which makes me feel as if they were audibly addr to me. The world may characterize my il as sore trouble, but I do not feel it to be so. mind is so graciously upheld, that I canno my severe pain is distress.'

Her medical attendant on one occasion, k sympathizing with her ailments, spoke of as 'miserably bad.' She answered, 'Ob doctor; few of the miseries of this life ever come my way.' And on another occa 'Were it not that it might be selfish in n choose what I would like, I might truly say notwithstanding all my pains, I have had blessed experience since I came to this be might make me very loth to leave it.'

The lines sung by Bunyan's Christian a cross, when he had there been relieved c burden, she often repeated, as appropriatel scriptive of her own experience:

> 'What a place is this!
> Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
> Must here the burden fall from off my back?
> Must here the strings that bound it to me crac
> Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest rather be
> The Man that there was put to shame for me.'

And when means were multiplied, with the of effecting a change for the better, she not unfrequently say: 'What great trouble put yourselves to, only to keep me a little l from languishing into life!'

In the beginning of January, her sister obliged to return home. On her place supplied, in a day or two after, by another s she said to her: 'The evening that M—— I thought I should miss her much, not ha been without one of you for five weeks; an first I felt a little dull; but very soon the Jesus drew so near to me, manifesting hi in a way so attractive, that all night I could nobody.' During this month her sufferings much increased. She was now altogether u

line in bed; and not unfrequently she re- l to be upheld in a standing posture, as the ne she could occupy. But amid all her listress of body, the consolations of her abounded towards her yet more and more. lessed sense she experienced of his gracious ce with her in all her afflictions, continued tain and strengthen her spirit; and the er manifestations now borne in upon her of the fulness of grace and glory which in Him, replenished and satiated her in- soul. Often, about this time, were these repeated by her with touching emphasis lemnity:

'The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode;
He dwells with men, his people they,
And He his people's God.'

those who ministered to her could not n from frequently tendering expressions of thy, she would answer: 'Oh yes; but I el this:

"The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode;"'

ling the whole verse with indescribable on, and adding, 'In such company, what suffering!' On one occasion, when a nger had been sent to procure some medi- hich had been prescribed to alleviate the ty of her pain, she remarked with much : 'When a cure of man is recommended, ires to be sent for; and sometimes, in my ity, I have had to send for a friend; but r need to send for the consolations of his for it is in me like a well of water, spring- into everlasting life.' On another occa- when her distress was great, she said to ster: 'Oh! when one thinks what is to be d—the glorious issue of all this pain—that othing less than to be conformed to the of God's own Son, although the poor body l be brayed, as it were, in a mortar—who not submit to it?' Referring one day to fects which disease had produced in certain of her body, she remarked: 'My poor it is quite a deformity; but I am assured will yet be quite fair in the resurrection ng. I feel as if I shall then be quite fond

After a night of extreme distress, she o her sister: 'This is *scourging*, M——; scourging. "Whom the Lord loveth He neth, and scourgeth every son whom He eth." We are in danger of not attaching roper meaning to the words of Scripture. ging is a mark of sonship, and it can never easy process. How awful a thing sin is! he cause of all suffering; but it is only in fe that God can let a believer feel any of the effects of sin.' And, addressing her servant, she continued: 'When you look on me, you should think how awful a thing sin must be, when you see its effects to be so dreadful in one who has every reason to conclude that she is a pardoned sinner. Oh! how poor should I be this morning, if I had salvation to seek, and had not a God I can call my own!'

The dropsical accompaniment of her disease had now increased in a very great degree; and all other means having proved ineffectual, it was resolved that her limbs should be punctured. From certain special causes, this painful operation involved in her an unusual amount of suffering—indeed, such as she was scarcely able to endure; and while it was being performed, her cries were most piteous and heart affecting. When her sister entered the room, however, immediately thereafter, the first words which fell upon her ears were these: 'Still I can say, "The Lord our God is merciful," and it is his own sweet hand.' On being asked how her mind had been supported during the distressing process, she looked up and said, with chastened meekness: 'At first I was rather stunned, not having anticipated that I should feel it to be so dreadful a thing; but immediately, when the pain became so awful, I felt that saying: "The plowers plowed upon my back; they long their furrows drew. They pierced my hands and feet." And this: "Then Pilate took Jesus, and scourged Him: and the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head;" and I just thought, if these things were done to the blessed Surety, what about the piercing of my limbs!'

A little after she said, with impressive earnestness: 'Oh! it is stupid nonsense for believers to think that they will be dandled into life; to fancy they will be conformed to a glorified Saviour in heaven, if they are not conformed to a suffering Saviour on earth!' And when receiving the little kind offices so affectionately rendered by those around her, she said: 'I wonder what the poor do in my circumstances, without my comforts; and I wonder what the rich do, with all their comforts, when without my portion. How differently am I treated from the blessed Surety in the hours of his deepest agony! All his disciples forsook Him and fled. "They gave Him vinegar to drink, when as his thirst was great."'

In the evening, referring to the suffering during the operation, and the cries which had been wrung from her, she remarked: 'The women in the kitchen would be alarmed to-day when they heard my cries; but oh that it would be the means of making them consider how precious my portion is, which can support and uphold me in trouble like yon!'

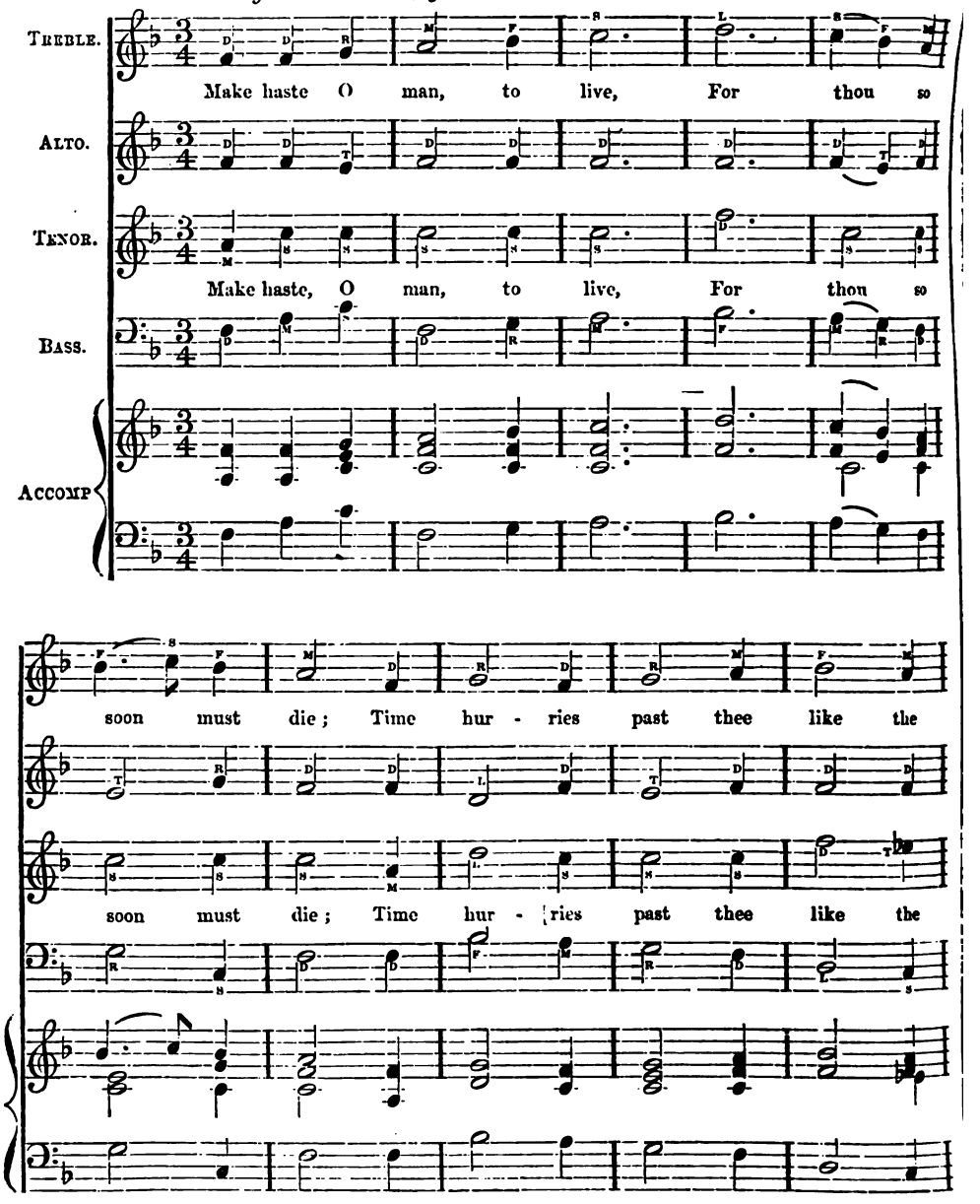
(*To be continued.*)

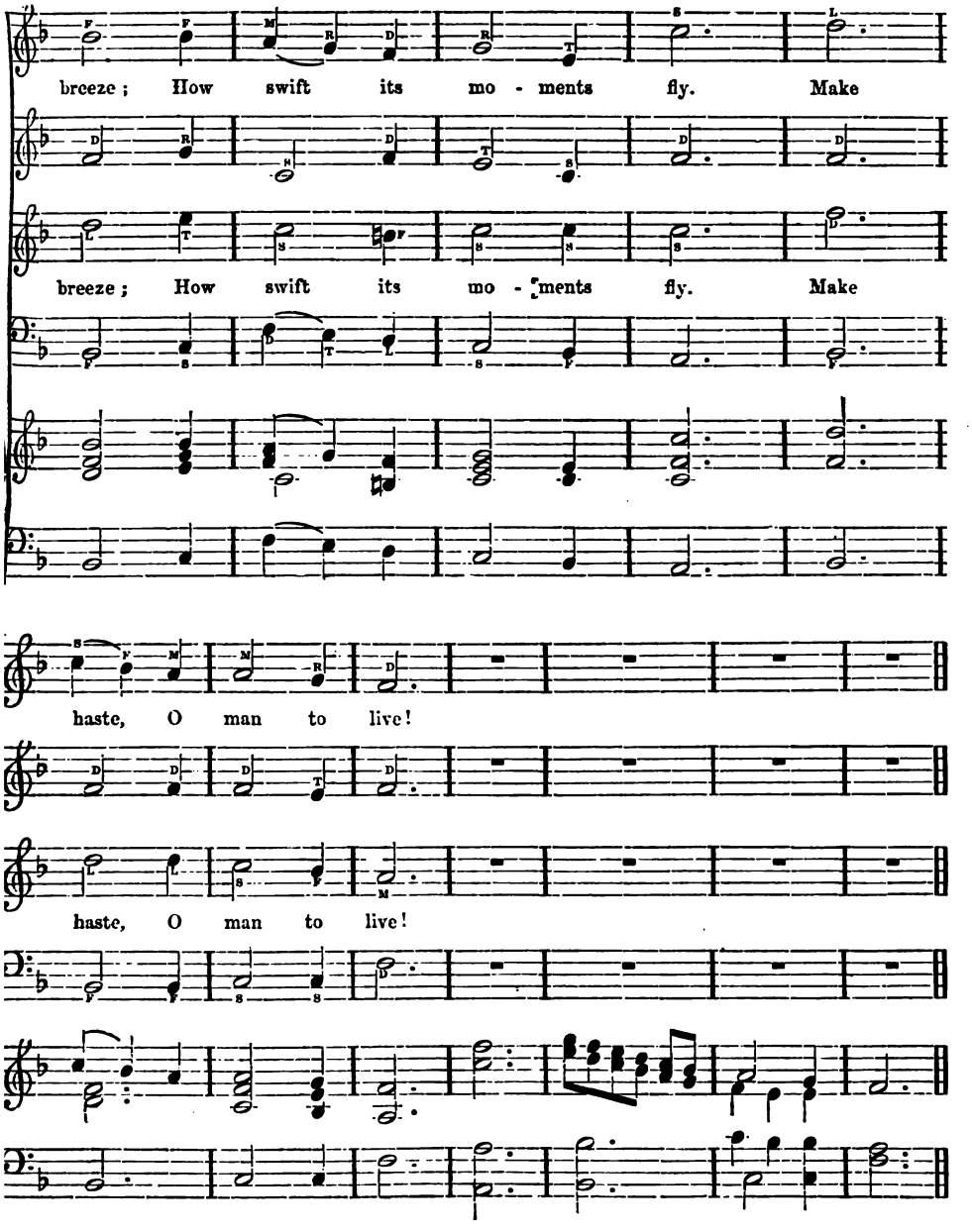
The Treasury Hymnal.

The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Method of musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singers.

LIVE.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. *Music from* HANDEL.

With vigour. Met. 80 = ♩

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP.
Make haste O man, to live, For thou so
Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so
soon must die; Time hur - ries past thee like the
soon must die; Time hur - ries past thee like the

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live!
Make haste, O man, to live!

Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
Make haste, O man to live!

Up then with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch and work and pray!
Make haste, O man, to live!

The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies;
The silent toil that is not lost,
Set these before thine eyes.
Make haste, O man, to live!

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

NO. XVI.—GEORGE AND HELLEN PARKER.

IN the following sketch of George and Hellen Parker, the happy-looking couple mentioned in the December paper, were I to relate the history of their early life, it would be simply a repetition of the old story—the danger of tampering with strong drink. For both had been respectable, and began their downward career by taking a little—just enough to do them good,—and ended in complete thraldom to a passion for strong drink. There were, indeed, points of interest in their sad story; but waiving them, I turn to the more pleasing theme of their reformation.

When I called on them for the first time, their home was in a large building, swarming with tenants. The men seemed brutalized by vice and ignorance, most of them being Roman Catholics; and if their stolid looks were relieved by any other expression, it was that of low cunning. The women, equally coarse and low, drank, smoked, and quarrelled to perfection.

The Parkers occupied a small room to the back. It was extremely miserable. The week before I found them out had been one of unusual debauch. Everything was sold. The last available article was a small loaf; and Hellen having tucked it under her arm, marched through the street in which they lived, seeking a purchaser.

The day I called, George had begun to work, and sat busily plying his needle, for he was a tailor. Hellen was in bed, 'not very well,' he said; in reality, not very sober.

There was little of importance that day. My only object was to get into his good graces. In that I succeeded. Next visit, Mrs. Parker was out. Intentionally, or otherwise, I forget which, her character was spoken off; and George assured me that she had only one fault,—she was not, as he phrased it, a teetotaller.

I knew very well that he was not one either. But without seeming to notice that, I suggested that it might do her good, were he to take a more decided stand on the subject.

'I would be willing to do anything to get *her* richt,' he assured me. So, in the most friendly manner possible, we formed our plans for *her* reformation, all of which necessarily included his own.

This over, drink and its consequences formed the subject of our conversation. While thus engaged, Hellen came in.

'Do not let me interrupt you,' she said, drawing towards us a rickety stool, seemingly quite anxious to listen.

'That is the truth,' she said, after some time, with evident feeling. 'God knows that's true enough in my experience!' Then she began to tell me something of her past history,—what a slave she was now to drink, and how she long to be delivered.

'Only this morning,' she said, 'it was earnest cry to God to send some one, or some thing, to help me out of this terrible condit for I seem to have lost all power to help mys

It was arranged that she was to take pledge. 'And, George,' I said, addressing husband, 'you of course will not stand in way,—you will take it too?'

'With all my heart,' replied George. 'I anything for her sake!'

In getting such people to give up drink, always endeavoured to prevent them lookin upon that as an *ultimatum*, merely a single ste in the right direction, but one absolutely neces sary, as it removed an insuperable barrier betwee them and God.

I promised to call with their cards in the afternoon. On doing so, I found three men wait- ing for me,—two of them prepared to take the pledge,—the third one also; but as he was still under the influence of drink, I could not have anything to say to him until he was perfectly sober.

It was a scene of no trifling interest, as these four persons—George and Hellen, and the two men,—moved by strong impulse, took each other by the hand, and solemnly vowed, as in God's presence, never again to touch intoxicating drink and then, as if deeply conscious of their inabilit to perform their vow, they did most humbly an earnestly implore help to keep it.

The work of reformation went on in good earnest. To my surprise, I found they were un married. There was a reason for this. Helle was in the receipt of a considerable sum of mone yearly, while she remained single. That was s once put right; and henceforth they becam regular attenders at church, and every othe means of grace. And what was still better, the did not rest until they became really possessed o 'the pearl of great price.'

Soon after, they applied for admission a members; and now, for a series of years, the have proved themselves to be worthy ones. Wil ingly do they contribute of their hard won earn ings for its support. They also labour earnestl by personal effort, to further its schemes of use fulness. George has not, indeed, the courage t address a meeting; but he is indefatigable i his efforts to bring people to hear those who ca As for Mrs. Parker, she has become a pow in the neighbourhood where she lives; and t me she was invaluable for the efficient he she rendered, while endeavouring to raise othe sunken ones.

It is not to be supposed, that while this w being accomplished, their path was a very smoot one. On the contrary, they met with much opp

ı from their neighbours, who evidently ex-
ɔd that their reformation would not con-
ɔ; so they did not spare persuasions and
lishments to win them back to their own
s. One evening George was seized, carried
a public-house, and offered *anything* he
d drink. He stood firm, however, and
rminately refused to taste anything. A
ggle ensued; and the poor man could only
ɔut of their hands by leaving a considerable
of his coat. Foiled in this attempt, they
ɔted to other measures. One night shortly
ɔ, a number of them, infuriated with drink,
ɔked their door with a hatchet—an old Irish
ɛ holding a candle. Their intention was
to break open the door, and then murder
Parkers. But the God whom they now
ed interposed. It was put into the heart of
ɪitor to call upon them. Help was procured,
they were delivered.

his hostility on the part of their neighbours
overruled for good; for, while it brought
their new principles most manifestly, it
e them, at the same time, walk very circum-
tly; and in more than one instance, hatred
turned into love.

ter a considerable time of passive endurance,
spirit acquired a degree of momentum that
d no longer be kept in check; they began,
fore, aggressive operations on their neigh-
. Still there was a degree of wisdom in
efforts, not usual to such zeal.

ere was one woman in particular, on whom
Parker set her heart. Several things
ed her out as the most eligible person to
with. She was a hard drinker; the only
ɛstant in the tenement; and Mrs. Parker,
ıg in many ways been helpful to her, could
the better grace seek her spiritual improve-

r a long time there were no favourable
ts—quite the reverse indeed; for a spirit
ıncour seemed stirred at what she termed
ldling.' Self-interest only kept her in any
ee friendly, as she afterwards stated in so
y words, when God was pleased, through
Parker's persistence, to touch her heart.

)h, but it was me that hated you!' Bridget
ld say; 'an' if it hadna been that ye were
only one that would do me a turn, I would
never come near you. There was always
ɛthing that galled—a bit of this tract, or a
f that lecture, or a poke about my own ways,
ısna I angry at ye? But now,' she would
with softened voice, 'I come because I love

s. Parker's powers of repartee were of a
order. That, among such a people, added
ı to her influence. Of that the most ample
could be given; but one example may be
ient. I may first state that, after giving up
, she never passed the door of a public-
e if it was possible to avoid it, but invari-
crossed to the other side of the street. 'I
l not,' she said, 'pass the places where I so
sed myself, without shuddering and wonder-
also at the grace which rescued me.'

But on one occasion she had to pass a hard ale shop. The mistress, an Irishwoman, stood in the door, and thus accosted her:

'Well, well, Mrs. Parker, how *beautiful* you look to-day! With your new dress and your new cap, you *do* look so nice!'

'Thanks be to *God* for that, Mrs. Dougherty, and not to the public-house. I thought I was long enough helping to put the new dress and the new caps on you; so now I'm trying to put them on myself.' And, without another word, she walked off.

'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' was now truly her motto, acted out on the most trivial as well as great occasions.

Being much pressed for time one morning, she went for breakfast rolls to the nearest provision shop, where drink was also sold. The shop-woman had just been serving out whisky to another customer. In handing the rolls, a drop either from her hands or the measure had fallen upon one of them. Mrs. Parker noticed it, and asked another. The woman refused, laughing at the same time at her strictness; but Mrs. Parker insisted, and ultimately gained her point.

By persisting in such a course, she unconsciously became a power among the people; for she was equally fearless in the avowal of her principles, as she was strict in maintaining them. I remember asking her one day if she never felt ashamed speaking like that.

'Ashamed!' she said, 'no. I was not ashamed to be the devil's scut, and why should I be ashamed to be Christ's servant, whose work is honourable?'

I have often heard it remarked that the poor are ungrateful, that they are even incapable of gratitude, that their dislike, etc., to their benefactors increases in proportion to the benefits received.

There is much truth in these remarks, especially when the efforts to benefit them are confined to their mere physical wants. But only succeed in stirring their spiritual nature, and they prove themselves capable of the most genuine gratitude and devoted affection.

Of this, Mrs. Parker and her husband afforded very pleasing examples. After being privileged to bring them into the good way, and having helped to guide them for a considerable time, I went to reside in another part of the country. Though they had acquired strength sufficient to stand alone, they were extremely sorry when I left them; and, as nearly as I can remember, expressed themselves in the following manner:

'Had you gone sooner, what would have come of us? for we leaned upon you, our trust was in you. It is not so now. Our trust is in the living God, and *He* will make us to stand; but we love you as we love no other human being, because you were the means of leading us to *Him*, and we will never cease to pray for you,' etc.

This was no mere passing feeling. On the contrary, as years pass away it only seems to deepen. As I could not but feel interested in their welfare, I wrote them occasionally. These

letters were quickly responded to, although writing a few lines was no easy matter to them. To me their simple, unaffected heart utterances were always welcome. And I think you will not be displeased to see a few of them here.

'*December* 23, 1863.

'My dear ——,—I would have written to you sooner; but Bridget has had a great brash of illness, but is now better. The temperance meetings are re-opened on Friday night. George and Bridget and I still go to the Sabbath evening meetings. We would not think the Sabbath night blessed to us if we did not hear Mr. ——, the dear man that God has sent. We always think and pray for you, especially on Wednesday night (a few of them meet then for prayer), that the Lord may bless your meetings where your lot is now cast. Although absent in the body, you are still present to us in spirit.

'George joins with me in kind love to all your staunch teetotallers. May the Lord keep them on the evil day that is drawing on! I hope you will tell them from me, that I will pray night and day for them that the Lord may strengthen them.

'I am happy to have to tell you that I had the honour upon yesterday of putting a *temperance bill* in that hard ale shop of ——, which is now a provision shop. What a blessed contrast—a temperance bill instead of a whisky bottle and hard ale! I wish you were here to see it; how I would rejoice! Tell your people to be firm, and they will bless the Lord for sending you among them as we do. The first meeting you have, read those few lines to them. I wish you a happy Christmas. God bless you.—I remain, your humble servant,

'Hellen Parker.'

'*December* 18, 1864.

'My dear ——,—It is with much pleasure that I write these few lines to you. I am happy to let you know that my boy is keeping better; but George is ill with rheumatism, and not able to work at the present. I am not well myself since Wednesday, by a great fright I got with . . . .

'. . . I prayed to God that He might send somebody to comfort us; when Mr. —— rapped at the door and came in. Never did the Lord send one more needed, only yourself when you came.

'I have not spoken to Mrs. —— about her evil speaking on us. I thought it would be the best way to leave it to God. I have no more to say at present, but wish you a happy Christmas. That God may bless you and your people is the earnest prayer of your faithful servants until death,

'George and Hellen Parker.'

'*August* 8, 1865.

'My dear ——,—George and I are still keeping well; thanks be to God for all his mercies to us. But Bridget is keeping very poorly, but holding out in every other respect faithfully.

'Our meetings are all closed at present. Tell as many staunch people as you have, that we send our kind love to them, and hope that th will be faithful until death. And God bless also! Long may you be spared to go out come in among your people, and win many s for Christ, is the earnest prayer of your faith servants! Bridget and Dolly join us in t kind love to you.—We are your faithful serva until death,

'George and Hellen Parker.

'*February* 22, 1866

'My dear ——,—We were sorry to hear t you were not so well; but trust you will soon better. My dear ——, I return you many tha for your kindness, and Bridget also; she pr earnest for you. George and I is in good heal and still holding out as usual, and intends to until death, with the help of God. The boy gets on well. All the rest of the servants table beer at dinner-time, but my boy nev His master is very kind, and gave him a shilli to buy stamps to be writing me, and other kin nesses besides.

'I send my kind love to all your people. G bless you and them. If they prized you as I they would always pray for you. God bl you! George and Bridget joins me in their ki love.—Your obedient servant,

'Hellen Parker.'

'*March* 30, 1867.

'My dear ——,—It is with pleasure I w you these few lines, hoping they will find you w as we all are at present. Bridget is still keepi firm, and often prays for you. I hope you remember me to all your faithful people. G grant that they may prize you as an instrum in God's hand, of winning souls to Christ! dear ——, I feel a greater loss for you this d than the day you left us. Mr. —— is going leave us; and you away too—we feel lost. our hope is in the Lord. I ask your prayers, your people's, for us.

'We had a sorrowful meeting last night, b for speaker and hearers. Mr. —— had to s several times. There was hardly a dry eye in meeting, when he spoke of those who opened meeting, and had done so much good, but been removed from us by providence. You m think what my feelings were, and George's, w you were thus brought to our minds. Mr. G— was at the meeting, and felt grieved too. Pl write as soon as you can; I would wish to h from you. God bless you.—From your faith servant, 'Hellen Parker.

There is one other phase of Mrs. Park character which I may briefly notice—that mother. She had an only child, 'the boy' m tioned in her letters; and very anxious she indeed to instil her own principles into his m I cannot enter upon the details of her traini but may glance for a moment at their result far, at least, as the following incident brou them out.

They were all at church together one Sabb Before the services were concluded, Henry and went out. They went home, expectin

d be there before them; but no Henry was
e. They inquired at most of the neighbours;
no one could give them information.
ıey became very anxious, as he was never
ved to go out on Sabbath. At last they
lved to inquire at one neighbour, whose door
had passed—the old woman who held the
; when their door was broken to be open. A
ıken, besotted creature she was, and a most
lent Roman Catholic. And, to their utter
nishment, there sat Henry, Bible in hand,
ing to Kate.
ıe scene in the temple suggested itself strongly
ıoth the parents. George, quite overcome,
t to their own room and wept for joy.

is time, however, to bring this sketch to a
e. This I may do by giving some account
ıy last visit to them, at a somewhat recent
.
ur meeting was a happy one. I could not
inwardly contrasting their condition this
rnoon with that on which I first found them.
hen, the walls were bare, except when be-
ıed with smoke and adorned with cobwebs.
rything else was quite in keeping—not a
ige of comfort. In every respect it was a
sample of a drunkard's home.
ow, it was a seat of neatness, comfort, and
e. It was about their tea-time. A small
e stood in the middle of the floor, covered
ı a cloth, coarse enough, but pure and clean.
n there was a tray, with all the requisites for
neatly arranged. As for the tea itself, it
ned for the time forgotten.
Do not let me keep you from your tea,' I said
r a while.
There's no hurry for tea.'
Of course not; but it will spoil. So, unless
take it, I'll go away.'
here was no more hesitation. But, as Mrs.
ker went about it, I observed peculiarly in-
igent looks pass between her and George. I
not at the time understand their purport;
all was soon explained by Mr. Parker asking
would take a cup with them. But it was
done in a manner that showed his consciousness
of taking a liberty.

'No, thank you,' I said, without thinking, and really feeling unwilling to deprive them of their tea.

The shade which passed over their bright faces revealed the disappointment I had given; but I at once corrected it by saying:

'The reason why I said no, was that I did not wish to deprive you of your tea, otherwise I should enjoy a cup very much.'

Then sundry packages were produced; and when the wrappings were undone, a goodly display of cake, etc., made its appearance. And, as slice after slice was cut down, I could not help laughingly saying:

'Now, I know that is for me; but do you really expect me to eat all that?'

Both joined heartily in my laugh, for the quantity was not a small one. Then Mrs Parker said most feelingly:

'Who should it be cut down for but you? Who has a better right to it? But for you, it would never have been there. To you, under God, we owe all the comfort we enjoy to-day; and I am sure that your heart does rejoice as well as ours, to see what God has made you the means of doing. And I can tell you something more: not *one* day has passed since you left us, but, morning and night, we have prayed that God would bless and reward you.'

Some time after, I learned that Bridget and they had met for the same purpose on the last night of the year.

'And had we not good reason,' said they, 'to bless God for sending you? for at such a time we used to be just like the rest, behaving like devils; and how could we forget the one that was the means of saving us? You should be happy,' she continued, 'for God does not despise the prayers of the humble.'

Soon after, I left those happy and grateful ones to the enjoyment of their comforts, wondering at the amount of happiness that could be condensed in the home, however humble, when God's presence and blessing were really engaged.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

'OUNG man in California, whose mother re-
d in Maine, wrote pressing letters to him,
ing his attention to the salvation of his soul,
l he wrote to her requesting her not again
ıention the subject of religion in any of her
rs to him. She then wrote: 'My son, if
you will acquit me when we stand in judgment before the throne of God, I will not trouble you again upon the subject of religion.' This letter was the means of melting his hard heart; and he sought and found forgiveness from God, and is now a devoted Christian.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 Sam. xvi. 14–23.

Of Saul we may say, 'Thou didst run well, who hath hindered you?' He began well, but ended ill. His first days and works were better than his last. So with Demas; so with the church of Ephesus; so with the Jews, whose following Jehovah at first was belied by their last apostasy. So is it still with souls, churches, nations, ages.

I. *Saul's sin.*—For the root of all was *sin.* This sin was simply disobedience to a command of God. He was bidden slay Agag and his people. A cruel command, some would say, to which the disobedience was better than the obedience. But it was a *divine* command, whether the wisdom, or the justice, or the mercy were visible. God had his reasons for it, and that was enough. Saul's sin was not misrule, nor oppression, nor wickedness, but simply *disobedience* to a command which some might call arbitrary, if not harsh and stern. Such stress does God lay on *obedience*, simple obedience, unreasoning obedience. His will must be done; for He is Sovereign, and He is the God only wise. Saul's sin was the preference of his own will and wisdom to God's. Let our consciences be tender as to this; and let us beware of acting on our own reasons or ideas of fitness, or doing our own will. 'To obey is better than sacrifice.'

II. *The consequences.*—(1) His crown is taken from him; he is rejected from being king. (2) Samuel leaves him (1 Sam. xv. 35). But the two special things mentioned here are these:

(1.) *The Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul.*—I do not take up the question as to whether Saul were a true child of God; this passage does not determine the point. He *might* be so; and these words might be like Paul's: 'Whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme' (1 Tim. i. 20); 'deliver unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh' (1 Cor. v. 5). But certainly 'the Spirit which departed from Saul' was good, not evil. It was the reversal of what is said: 'God gave him another heart,'—a heart for governing, which He now takes away. The good Spirit is grieved, and departs. Saul's last act of disobedience has quenched Him; he is left without heavenly guidance.

(2.) *An evil spirit from the Lord troubles him.*—He is not left alone; for as one Spirit departs, another enters. *a. He is troubled.*—His soul is now the abode of darkness and fear. He becomes moody and sad; he is vexed, perplexed, despondent. This is the fruit of sin! *b. He is troubled by an evil spirit.*—The clean spirit goes out, and the unclean spirit comes in,—comes in to torment, and sadden, and vex. *c. He is troubled by an evil spirit from the Lord.*—God lets loose Satan upon him. The unclean spirit returns with others more wicked than himself, and his last state is worse than his first. These words are very awful: 'I will choose their delusions;' and, 'God shall send them strong delusion!'

Thus is his chastisement double—negative and positive; a departure of the good, and the arrival of the evil. And this infliction is Jehovah's doing. Not chance, nor disease, nor natural depression of spirits, but a visitation from God: judgment for disobedience; judicial punishment.

III. *Human appliances.*—Here it is music, religious music,—the music of the harp, David. This was soothing; but it di the seat of the disease. It is someth something external, something that ma nate and apply. It is effectual to a cert it drives away the evil spirit, and restore tranquillity—thus possibly deceiving In like manner we find the human spi in every age, sometimes more and som And in all such cases man steps in with and external appliances. I do not r grosser forms of dispelling gloom,—d and profligacy,—in which men seek to sense of want, and make up for the God. I refer to the *refined* appliance art, science, music, gaiety, by which minister to a mind diseased. What is and ritualism, but a repetition of Saul's The soul needs soothing. It is vexed with the world; its conscience is not is troubled and weary. It betakes itself something for the eye and ear; to c vestments, and postures, and performan sounds and fair sights; sentimental an religion; which is all a mere refine worldliness. By these the natural man the spirit tranquillized; the man brough that a cure has been wrought, because has been alleviated by these religious these exhibitions, which suit the unrege so well. They but drug the soul, fillin sort of religious delirium.

IV. *The results.*—A partial and temp It is said that the evil spirit departed, b the good Spirit returned. Saul's troub viated, but not removed. The diseas there. The results of David's harp superficial and negative. So is it w There are many outward applications, like spiritual chloroform upon the s soothe, and calm, and please; but t They do not reach below the surface, the deep-seated malady within. Me sacraments, pictures, music, dresses, and attractions of ecclesiastical ornament; t leave the spirit unfilled, and its wounds They cannot regenerate, or quicken, fill with the Holy Spirit. They may k self-satisfaction and self-delusion of th that is all. They bring no true peac rest to the weary. They do not *fill;* t hide our emptiness.

Our age is full of such appliances, l religious, all got up for the purpose the troubled spirit of man. Excitem balls, theatres, operas, concerts, ecclesias dresses, performances,—what are all thes appliances for casting out the evil spirit ing the soul's hurt, without having God's one remedy? These pleasant sounds may 'take the prisoned soul an Elysium;' but what of that? They dc it nearer to God; they do not work or produce faith, or fix the eye on the They leave the soul still without God, a reconciliation. The religion thus p hollow, and fitful, and superficial, and s It will not save nor sanctify. It may sort of religious inebriation, but not that calls godliness; not that which apost out as a holy life, a walk with God.

THE WORLDLINESS OF RITUALISM.*

THIS love of the sensuous and the pictorial is evidence of the growing power of the senses and the fancy over the intellect. The religion of the gospel is as far removed as ble from a sensuous system. Water to re-ent the purity of Christian life, and bread wine to represent the source of its nourish-t, are the only elements of which the senses take cognisance. The religion of Jesus has place for 'art or man's device:' there is ing for art to imitate. Water as being ap-l in baptism, bread and wine being eaten drunk, are incapable of being painted or ptured. And these are the only objects of e in Christianity. To change their natural earance, or to use them in a way which their nature does not suggest, is, under whatever ence, to dishonour the institution of Christ, to overbear his authority as sole Head of church. The religion of the New Testament eals to the human intellect, and engages its lest powers. An unseen Saviour engages the of the heart, its deepest reverence, its purest ibilities. The aids to faith come by the erstanding, and not by the fancy. No sym-appeal to the senses, except those of water, bread, and wine, of familiar everyday use, therefore, in themselves having nothing sing or impressive about them to captivate senses. It is manifestly the design of the el system to discourage the material and the ous in divine worship, appealing to the er nature in man. When our Lord was on , by attracting and attaching the hearts len to himself, He drew them from all other le objects of religious significance and reve-e. And after his resurrection He was seen s disciples only occasionally, and under such ged conditions as must have made them feel the same kind of intercourse which they had red with Him before his death would not esumed. He taught them that it was ex-nt for them that He should go away, that might not be dependent upon any visible t of reverence or trust for the maintenance eir faith or of their religious affections. t is to be no longer 'known after the flesh.' They must realize the truth that 'God is a Spirit,' invisible; that hereafter, when Christ withdrew himself, no sensible manifestation of God would be made to man, and that 'the true worshippers must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' When our Lord ascended, He left no visible representation of any divine thing; He was the last as well as the greatest and best, and by man the most intelligible, of all manifestations of God. 'He hath declared Him,' his nature, and character, and will, in image and action, in operation and effect, in a manner best suited to the intelligence of man, best calculated to convey true ideas of God, and to exalt Him in the estimation of man. And upon this knowledge of God, testified in written record, man's religion must now rest. The Shekinah no longer glorifies a golden mercy-seat. No pillar of cloud or flame indicates a present God. The whole 'law of commandments contained in ordinances,' the symbolical ritual of worship which maintained religion among the Jews, has passed away never to return. And nothing of similar sensuousness has been instituted to replace it. There are now no helps to devotion which are not first helps to thought. With Christ all visible objects of religious reverence have disappeared from the earth. There is nothing for the world to gaze upon. Christ promised to send a substitute for his own presence,—a substitute whose presence was more expedient for the condition of his people than his own continued in bodily form. That substitute is the invisible 'Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him.' The world's religion, a religion conformable to the world's taste, must present a visible object of worship, and its worship must be elaborate bodily exercise in the midst of the ornate devices of artistic genius, in gorgeous symbolic robes of symbolic forms, and symbolic colours, in a symbolic structure fragrant with symbolic perfume. All is symbolic, nothing real. Any object of worship, material and visible, since the ascension of Christ, is an idol, and its worship idolatry. The true object of worship is invisible. He must be worshipped in a way suitable to his nature, that is, 'in spirit and in truth,' with the understanding and with the heart. The day of Pentecost, following immediately upon the ascension of our Lord, introduced the dispensation of the Spirit. A new era of religious life was then solemnly

rom an able work entitled *Representative Respon-*. By the Rev. HENRY WALLACE, London-Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

—26.

inaugurated. All sensuous display was henceforth to cease. 'The beggarly elements,' 'the rudiments of the world,' the pictures suited to childhood, were to be put away and to be replaced by the intellectual and the spiritual, as became the manhood and maturity of the human mind. For some centuries before the coming of Christ, the speculative philosophy of Greece had stimulated the human mind, and trained it to the highest pitch of intellectual culture, so that there was a constant thirst for new themes of abstract thought in all the great centres of mental activity. At no former period in the world's history, could a religion appealing directly to the intellect of man, and challenging the severest scrutiny of the human mind, find such entertainment as was prepared for it when 'the desire of all nations' at length appeared. The Jewish mind had largely partaken of the prevailing cultivation, the dispersion of that people having brought them into contact with the speculative philosophy. Before their dispersion they were shut out from intercourse with the rest of mankind, from collision of thought, maintaining a typical existence in religious seclusion, to preserve the knowledge of the true God, when the nations of the earth had forgotten Him, because they did not like to retain Him in their knowledge. The system of religion committed to their keeping permitted no speculation. Every observance was rigidly prescribed; and whatever was needful for the people to know was authoritatively taught by living prophets. They had one great hope, almost the only stimulus to imagination, to cheer the burthensome round of ceremonial, the coming of the Messiah. This hope, kept alive by the sure word of prophecy and promise, was to every thoughtful Israelite a proof that his religion was not perfect or complete in itself, but provisional; that it was not suited for universality if the God of Israel were also the God of the whole earth. While God was preserving the knowledge of himself by depositing it in the custody of a single people, hedged within narrow limits, He was preparing, by a different process, other nations to receive the precious deposit in another form, a form fitted for universality. When the Messiah should come, He would be 'a light to lighten the Gentiles,' as well as 'the glory of his people Israel.' The true religion for mankind was not to be enshrined in temples made with hands, but in human thought and in human hearts. And a temple of loftiest thought was being raised, in the providence of God, in the cultivation of the human mind by learning and philosophy, by speculation upon all things in heaven and earth, so that, when Christ came, the human mind seemed to have reached the utmost limits of speculative thought. And a descent high altitude of attainment would l inevitable, had not the new element o gion of Jesus come at once to susta purify the noble capabilities of the l tellect. And now, let any though capable of appreciating the Gospel of the argument of the Epistles to the Galatians, and Hebrews, say whethe to the Jewish ritual would not be a the scale of thought. The mind whic high converse with Paul, would feel i demned to a lower level of intellige tied to a religion of ceremonies, maki account of places, and of points of th and of furniture and dresses. It coul imbibed the teaching of Paul respecti righteousness, grace and truth, con and justification, carnal-mindedness an mindedness, with all the manly senti mind habituated to high and reverent upon themes involving the nature, the and the ways of God, and the natur destiny of man, without a recoil from garly elements' of copes, and chasu cottas, and crossings, and thuribles, a boats and spoons, and smoke, and p insult to the human understanding, a honour to the religion of Christ. N not such a religion render useless an the whole training and culture by mind had been strengthened and elev natural powers, to receive and entertai having their origin in the mind of Go Would it be possible for the mind been liberated from the control of n and materialism, and had attained a n hood, expanded and invigorated by sp upon life and mind, their origin and truth and the nature of morals, upo and God, to accept a religion which honour upon thought, and mental aspi progress, and doomed human life to dramatic pantomime with such scen paniments as are only adapted to stage of human thought? There ma whose previous cultivation and streng able to withstand the deteriorating mechanical ritual for a time; but to th mass of minds, untrained in the in gymnastic of high and conservative the influence is enfeebling and corru such, the profound contemplation and apprehension of the great doctrines of are impossible; and apart from these, an æsthetic delusion, an indolent no a corrupting superstition. It must b as a significant fact that no ritual fi under the gospel,—that in the New it is only referred to with condemnati antagonist of the system of the gra All religious ceremonial professing t bolic, can only claim the authority of trines and commandments of men;' b 'will-worship' without authority from

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA.

No. VI.

UNCERTAINTY.

THERE is no denying it: uncertainty is a great trial. Of course, there is a sense in which everything is uncertain; in which the most carefully and wisely arranged plan—hich has succeeded in hundreds of cases—ail, through some little event occurring, no one could either have foreseen or nted,—the uncertainty, in fact, which is on to man at all times, and in all positions. s not of this, however, that we are thinking, ather of times of special uncertainty, when nnot, as we say, see one step before us,—making a plan for even to-morrow would possible; for we cannot form any idea of our condition or our circumstances may e.

, as we said before, uncertainty is a great and a very humbling one. It makes us ur ignorance, our powerlessness, our dence. For these reasons, very probably, it ial constantly sent by Him, who sees the discipline that we need, in order to make and perfect and complete in all the will of (Col. iv. 12).

lowever, uncertainty is a state of trial, is also a state of blessing? Does not the edge of our ignorance teach us to rest more on Him, 'in whom are hid all the treaof wisdom and knowledge' (Col. ii. 3),—of werlessness, on 'Him to whom has been all power in heaven, and on earth' (Matt.),—our dependence, on Him who has said, I never leave thee, nor forsake thee' (Heb.)? And are there not precious promises, he depth of whose meaning we can but penetrate, until we read them by the light ertainty?

ink, also, that our gracious God often sends ial of uncertainty to prepare us for the yet r trial that may lie beyond it. In times certainty we do not realize this, and are think, 'it is this uncertainty that is so o bear: If I only knew the worst, I could up my mind to endure it.' But is it really One very dear to us is ill—very ill—hover- fact, between life and death, and neither nor physician can tell how it may end. spense is very trying, very hard to bear; it pleases God to take that friend home to lf, will not the trial of suspense have ned, not the sorrow, it may be, but the which it would have been, had we known, first moment of his illness, that he would cover?

the uncertainty may last much longer. has been a panic about the banks, such a panic as there was in May 1866. At that time, some persons knew at once that everything they had was gone. In affluence in the morning, they were in poverty in the evening. May God help and comfort all such! With others it was different: for weeks, nay, for months, everything was uncertain; they *might* be as well off as ever, they *might* be penniless. No one could even guess how matters would end. Oh, it was a great trial!—how great I am sure none knew but He who permitted it, and the sufferers themselves. They could not form any plan, they could not decide on any course of action; the wisest friend could not advise, the most loving could only lighten the burden by sharing it.

It was indeed a trying, searching, solemn time. Those to whom others had been wont to turn trustfully for help and guidance, were then utterly unable to help or guide themselves. They could not tell what a single day might bring forth (Prov. xxvii. 1). That night of trial was a very dark one; but to those who looked for them, many a bright star of hope and promise appeared, lightening its gloom, and constraining them, though perhaps with faltering voice, to say:

> 'And sorrow touched by *Thee* grows bright,
> With more than rapture's ray,
> As darkness shows us worlds of light,
> We never saw by day.'

Yes, there was much to comfort them. Did they feel, 'We can do nothing but wait?' Could they do anything better, provided that they waited on the Lord; for is it not said, '*Blessed* are all they that wait for Him;' and again, 'Wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee?' (Isa. xxx. 18; Prov. xx. 22.) Did they say sadly, 'We cannot see a step before us; we are utterly blind as to the future?' What matter, when He 'who is light, and in whom is no darkness at all' (1 John i. 5), has said, 'I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight: these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them?' (Isa. xlii. 16.) Ah! they need not fear to follow where the Lord Jesus brings and leads them, making darkness light, and crooked things straight, lest they should stumble and fall. Has not man's inability to help, made them trust the more simply in God's power? How home to their hearts come the words, 'Have faith in God' (Matt. xi. 22); for, 'with Him nothing is impossible!' (Luke i. 37.) They must look to Him for strength, or they would faint; but they now learn that those who do wait on Him 'shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint' (Isa. xl.

31). Their continual need requires continual prayer; and the constant intercourse with the Lord Jesus that this involves, keeps them living so near Him, that, imperceptibly indeed to themselves, but very perceptibly to others, their hearts' desire is being granted, and they grow like Him,—so like, that all who come in contact with them, 'take knowledge of them that they have been with Him' (Acts iv. 13).

And do not the precious lessons they have learned, and the experience they have gained of the love, and the patience, and the power, and the faithfulness, and the all-sufficiency of the Lord Jesus, in this sore trial of uncertainty, help and comfort them in the endurance of the poverty, or comparative poverty, in which the uncertainty may end? May they not have found that they can do or bear all things through Christ, who strengtheneth them? (Phil. iv. 13.) May they not have learned to count all that they have lost but as dross, in comparison of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord (Phil. iii. 8), which, through their trial, they may have gained?

Their happy home may be broken up, and many a pleasant thing may pass into the hands of others. It troubles them little; they know that they are but strangers and pilgrims; they desire a better, that is, a heavenly home, in that city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God (Heb. xi. 13, 16, 10), and where Jesus has gone to prepare a place for them (John xiv. 2). The *home* is certain; so it does not make them uneasy, that the path by which they are to reach it is unknown. Trustfully and simply they can say:

'I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide;
With a child-like trust I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side.'

But there are other cases, again, where uncertainty seems to be the appointed discipline, it may be, for life. I knew a lady who, although a great invalid, could yet reckon upon the future almost as surely as a person in health could do. At particular times of the year, she used to be more or less ill; and when she rallied, it was so slowly, yet so steadily, that she could generally tell pretty accurately, a long time beforehand, how she would probably be, and what she would probably be able to do, at such a time.

She had a great delight in arranging plans in all their minute details, a long time before they were to be carried out. And many a plan which she suggested, and which, from her state of health, seemed wild and visionary to her friends at the time, was afterwards really carried out, just as she had arranged it should be.

But a new symptom was added to her illness, which completely changed its character. She could no longer look forward a month, or a year, nay, not even a day, for she might be as well as usual in the morning, and, before evening, might be most seriously ill. It was a great trial, and one that she keenly felt. It entirely broke up all her ways and habits. She could no longer say, I will do this at a certain time, and that at such another. She had thankfully to do things when she could; but it was very long b turned to do them thus thankfully: her own way much better than God often she used to say, 'If I only kne would be, I would not mind it half so I knew that I should always be a grea then I could arrange all my plans for a life, and I dare say I should be very h if I knew that I was to get well, it wou nearly so trying, having to be so idle would only do the more when I got now, I cannot even ask a friend to visit on a particular day, lest I shoul able to see him.'

But God loved her too much to giv own way. One night she was ponde change in her life, and the thought oc her, 'Is not this uncertainty as much by God as any other part of your illne not just the discipline you require, t your own strong will, and make you y to God, a *willing* sacrifice? Take the u as your *certainty*, and ask God to teac live by the day, and to leave the future

It was, indeed, a message from G soul. Strange as it may appear, she thought of the uncertainty as being trial sent by God as chastening, but being, as it were, the natural *result* o Now she saw her mistake—saw that trial, for which, indeed, there was a 'r (1 Pet. i. 6); and most earnestly did that God would give her grace and st '*take up* the cross daily' (Luke ix. learn the lesson He would teach her th instrumentality.

Very imperfectly, I am sure, has s either done the one, or learned the oth am also sure that, in proportion as she so, she has been possessed of a peace, an ness, and a rest, to which she was a st the days when the trial was comparat known; for she can feel and say:

'Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wai

But, independently of the lessons th learned in times of uncertainty, and ings that may be gained through it, is even, while it lasts, wonderful comfort ing that, although all is uncertainty t certainty to God? He sees not only, the end of our journey; but every step o is mapped out before Him in unerring ness. When, therefore, we do not way, let us remember that '*He* knowet that we take' (Job xxiii. 10); and knows, but has ordered it, for we read steps of a good man are ordered by and He delighteth in his way' (Ps. x Would He have ordered them if they right? Would He delight in them if not safe? Not a snare, not a pitf precipice lies in our onward path, th known to Him who has said, 'I will g

with mine eye' (Ps. xxxii. 8). But in order to take advantage of this promise, we must look, not down on our path, but up to our Guide. A lady was once walking with a friend on the top of the ruins of Carisbrook Castle: suddenly she felt quite giddy. 'Give me your hand,' said her friend, 'and look up:' she did so, and passed the dangerous place in safety. But when *we* look up with the eye of faith, we see, not the blue sky, but the face of our wise and loving Guide, the Lord Jesus Christ.

There is no uncertainty with Him. He says, '*Certainly* I will be with thee' (Eph. iii. 12); and that, not now and then, or for a short time, but, 'I will guide thee *continually*' (Isa. lviii. 11). Through all places, too, however painful or trying, He will be with us; for He says, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee' (Isa. xliii. 2); and again, 'This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide, even unto (or *over*) death' (Ps. xlviii. 14). And even then, in heaven itself, we do not lose sight of our Saviour in this blessed character of Guide; for we read of the great multitude whom no man can number, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, that *there* 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; FOR the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall *lead them* beside the living fountains of waters.'

'I BELIEVE . . IN THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.'

Yes, I am sure you do, for you do not doubt the inspiration of the Bible; and there it is so plainly declared, that none who profess to believe the Bible can deny that they believe in the forgiveness of sins.

But how do you believe in it? As a mere abstract truth with which you are not in any way concerned? or as a blessed, living truth with which you have so much to do, that whenever you hear or repeat the words, your heart thrills with thankfulness and joy because you can say, 'I believe in the forgiveness of *my* sins?'

Ah! there is all the difference in the world between these two beliefs. For if you only believe in the forgiveness of sins in the former sense, you are either still dead, 'dead in trespasses and sins,' or else so fainting and trembling a child of God that you dishonour Him, and are miserable yourself. Whereas, if you believe it in the latter sense, on the infallible authority of God's word, then you 'have passed from death unto life,' a life that can never end, because it is a life which is 'hid with Christ in God.'

But perhaps, although you cannot truthfully say, 'I believe in the forgiveness of my sins,' you are longing to do so; you know that you must be a stranger to the 'peace that passeth all understanding, and the joy with which the stranger intermeddleth not' (Phil. iv. 7; Prov. xiv. 10), until you can say it; and as you read of God's power and God's willingness to save and to forgive, you wish you could appropriate the promises, and take them home to your heart. But you cannot; you dare not: it would be presumptuous.

Stay a moment; *would* it be presumptuous? A friend tells you that there is £50,000 in the Bank of England. You do not doubt it, but you do not take any interest in the intelligence; it is not of any importance to you; you do not care or think about it.

But he tells you that there is £50,000 in the bank for every one who wishes for it. That is quite a different thing; that concerns you. £50,000! You ask if he is really sure that the promise was made in good faith, and will be kept? Yes, he is quite sure, for he has got, actually *got*, the £50,000 himself, and many of his friends also; in fact, he does not know one single person who has applied at the bank since the promise was made, who had not got it.

Still it seems too good news to be true. Why should the banker do so? And to that there is but one answer, 'Because he pleases.' And surely not any other reason could be so satisfactory. It does not depend on your merits, ay, or your circumstances. No; it depends simply and entirely on the banker's power and willingness to give, which has been proved in thousands of cases already; and on your willingness to receive, which you can now prove, by going to the bank and asking for the money.

Would the banker upbraid you for your presumption at coming? Would he not rather be gratified at your trusting his word? If you yourself had promised a gift to a friend, would you like him to refuse it on the ground of presumption or unworthiness? Would you not much rather that with thankful heart, and sparkling eye, and beaming face, telling of the joy within, he accepted the gift you had offered, not because he was worthy, but because you loved him?

And can we possibly imagine that it pleases the God of love when we refuse to appropriate the promises He has so freely made, because we feel that we are utterly unworthy of them? Is not this pride, rather than humility? Humility forgets self; and, thinking only of the greatness, the goodness, the power, and the love of God, gratefully accepts the gift. Pride would fain be worthy; but if worthy of forgiveness, then forgiveness is not any longer a gift; and truly, except as a gift, a free gift, it can never be enjoyed. It is promised, not because of any merit or worth on your part, but for the very same reason that the promised land was given to Israel of old, of whom we read, that 'they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them, but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, *because* Thou hadst a favour unto them.'

Do not, then, trust God less than you would trust man. Do not dishonour Him by doubting his word. Do not say you are willing to be forgiven, but that you do not know if God is willing to forgive you. What! do you think it possible that of his own free will He sent his only-begotten, well-beloved Son to die for sinners,

and should then be unwilling to save them? Such a possibility is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. Or do you say, I know that He sent his Son to die for sinners, but only those whom He effects in his sovereign love shall be saved; and how can I know that I am one of the elect?

I will tell you. God, who cannot lie (Tit. i. 2), has said, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely' (Rev. xxii. 17); and again, 'I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely' (Rev. xxi. 5). Are you willing to drink of that water of life? Are you athirst for it? Athirst, with a thirst that nothing that earth can give, be it health, or wealth, or fame, or joy, can satisfy? If so, then you have the only proof you can have as yet that you are one of the elect. The willingness to be saved from your sins did not arise from the promptings of your own evil heart. Your thirst for the water of life had not its source from within. No; they are only proofs, blessed proofs, of the truth of the words, 'My people shall be willing in the day of my power' (Ps. cx. 3).

But it may be that you who are now reading these pages might once, by the grace of God, have been able, in most full and well-founded assurance, to say, 'I believe in the forgiveness of my sins,' and yet may not be able to say it now. No; there is a thick, dark cloud between you and your Saviour, and you go on your way sorrowfully, saying, from the very depth of your heart, 'Oh that I were as in months past!'

There may be various reasons for this. Perhaps the lamp of faith may burn dim, because you have not fed it so constantly as you were wont to do with the oil of the promises. Perhaps Satan is taking advantage of physical infirmities to add spiritual depression, and make you think, that because you cannot enjoy communion with God in prayer, or in the reading of his word, as you used formerly to do, that therefore you are not, and cannot be, a child of God! Or, again, perhaps you have yielded to temptation and fallen into sin—grievous, wilful sin—such sin as you had not perhaps ever committed before you knew the Lord; and Satan tells you that if you were his child, you could not have so sinned.

Suppose that any or all of these reasons are true in your case, you need not, nay, you must not, therefore, despair. Suppose, for a moment, that all the past, with its hope, and joy, and peace, was a deception, and that you have not any right to take comfort from the recollection of past experience: be it so, our past experience *may* deceive us, but God's word *never*. Come to his 'exceeding great and precious promises' (2 Pet. i. 4), as if you had never come to them before. Listen to the thrice blessed assurance, 'He is able to save to the *uttermost* all that come unto God by Him' (Heb. vi. 25). No amount of sin, no aggravation of the circumstances under which you have sinned, can place you beyond the boundary line to which that 'uttermost' extends. Yes, 'though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool' (Isa. i. 18).

And do not let the words, 'that come unto God,' make a difficulty, for 'coming u 'believing on Him,' 'looking unto Him ing for Him,' are all included in the bein He who is willing to save you has made ing to be saved, and nothing more is Take, then, the cup of salvation, and dr fountain of the water of life, freely, ful dantly, and as often as you please; never exhaust the spring whence th flows.

And when you have done so, fear your sins shall ever rise up in judgme you. Image after image is used to entirely, once and for ever, forgiven away. True, if we have sinned again friends, even though they may forgi not all know how hard it is to forget not all know how often, when we are w the thought that they may be thinkir remembering what we have done, wc pains us?

But it is not so with God. He not gives, but forgets; for does not He hi 'Their sins and their iniquities will I no more?' (Heb. vii. 12.) Nay, furt elsewhere said, 'Thou wilt cast all thei the depth of the sea' (Mic. vii. 19). is a sea so deep—the sea of God's sove changeable love—that Satan has no line that can sound its depths, and bri sins again to view. There is yet anoth You have watched a white cloud sail the sky; presently the sun shone out and you looked again, and the cloud not a trace of it remained; the sun h it out. And so God, 'the Sun of right says, 'I have blotted out as a thick transgressions, and as a cloud thy s xliv. 22). But best of all, I think, 'Thou hast cast all my sins behind (Isa. xxxviii. 17). Oh trembling sir the Lord Jesus Christ himself as a s impregnable tower between you and how could they ever come back to you

Fear not, then, to trust yourself to J not come as if it was just possible that be saved, saying, as so many have faith foolishly done, 'I will come to Jesus perish, I will perish at his feet.' You that no one ever perished there, for 'faithful and true?' and He himself 'Him that cometh to me I will in nc out' (John vi. 37).

Come, then, and take fresh courag fact, that the very faintest desire to c have been implanted by that Holy S whom proceed 'all holy desires,' quite as 'all good counsels and all just work the first step in the salvation of a sin last, all is of free, sovereign, unmeri And well that it is so, or I should not hope or any comfort to offer. But n both; for 'the Lord retaineth not his ever, *because* He delighteth in mer vii. 18). And it is as true of God's p as it was in the days when Moses Lord did not set his love on you, you, because ye were more in numbe

were the fewest of all people; *but* ord loved you, *and* because He oath which He had sworn unto Deut. vii. 7, 8). And again, 'I, that blotteth out thy transgressions *for mine own sake*, and will not remember thy sins' (Isa. xliii. 25).

Blessed, most blessed reason, for He himself says, 'I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed' (Mal. iii. 6).

'FOUR NEGLECTED DAYS.'

as a calm still evening in the ring of 1849. The almost hori- ntal rays of the setting sun lit a small but neatly furnished artment. We approach; but ah! is the chamber of death. Can it t emaciated form reclining there that 'bourne whence no traveller you ask, How does she face death? those beaming eyes, that radiant speak no familiarity with death Terrors. Worldling, come and see n can die! Look at that scene— ed eyes, eagerly, joyously, gazing -and tell me, does not your inmost words, 'Let me die the death of nd let my last end be like his?' speaks! Round her dying bed p of friends; an aged mother, a heart wrung with grief, over er dying child; beside her, two ss children, soon to be deprived nder care, and thrown as orphans rld. On them the dying mother's d. 'William,' at last she mur- ie boy eagerly bent forward to est whisper. 'William, have you nat was *it* in these words that the boy's whole frame, making it mble? Ah, my reader, it was a st, neglected and forgotten! Four it widowed mother had called her side, and charged him to meet her eat day at the right hand of the nplored him with all the earnest- ught but a mother's love could off the concerns of his immortal , but to consider his state, and e stood in the sight of a holy God. nother's last gift, she had given and a small note-book, in which to transcribe his own feelings as with God and his soul. The lad but grief for his mother's loss had other feeling. He had neglected had not surrendered himself to now, when gazing with tearful red mother's dying agonies, what have given to have been able to moments with the assurance that her injunction, that he had re- er the world's vain pleasures, and follow her to the home above? ould not, he dare not answer in ; he was silent.

y son, have you done it?' was re- ,' burst from his lips. A shade of assed over her dying features— hitherto so radiant and unclouded—painful indeed for the lad to witness. A death-like stillness again pervaded the apartment, till, once more turning to her son, she said: 'William, bring me the book and a pencil.' The lad hastened to obey, though fearful of quitting his station at the bedside. He came back, and put the book and pencil into his mother's feeble hands. 'Raise me up,' she said to her sister who stood by. It was done; and as the boy bent over her, he saw his mother's dying hand trace, tremblingly and with difficulty, the scarcely legible words, '*Four neglected days!*' Silently, but with a look of deep meaning, she handed the book to her son, and sank back exhausted with the effort. But ah! the boy's bitter sorrow at receiving his mother's last reproof, may be better imagined than described. The closing scene approached. Death's icy hand was already upon her. Her eye rested once more lovingly, lingeringly, on her darling boy and his weeping sister; then, upraised to heaven: '"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,"—perfect peace,' she murmured, and death sealed her utterance. All was over. Reader, has it ever been your lot to stand by a dying bed, to witness the swift progress of the ravages of disease, to watch the advance of the waves of the river of death, rolling onwards, whilst life is swiftly but noiselessly ebbing away; to hear the last sigh heaved, to feel that the pulse has ceased to beat, and that the soul of the loved one has winged its flight to the land where sorrow and sighing are unknown? Ah! what is the world, with its store of pleasures, at such a moment as this? Reviewing the past pilgrimage of one who now has reached the goal, and entered into the city of habitation, into the many mansions, what does life seem, with all its fitful fever, but a vapour which appeareth for a little while, and then vanishes away? There and then all veils are torn aside, and things are seen *as they are*. Then what has been your life since you witnessed that solemn scene? Have you been dragged back again into the whirlpool of sin, gaiety, and worldliness? Has the prince of this world regained his ascendancy over you, and led you to think of death, judgment, and eternity as mere phantoms of the brain, and unwelcome thoughts? Have you placed your portion and your all on that which is passing away? Then, ah! remember once again these awful words: 'It is appointed unto men once to die.' It is appointed, it is fixed; *your* dying day is already *fixed*, you know not when; but you do know that every day, every week, every year, as it rolls its onward course, is bringing you nearer to it.

. . . . . .

It is a Sabbath eve; and after the lapse of

years, we revisit the same apartment. There is but little change in the old-fashioned furniture; all is as we left it. The externals are the same. But ah! time has not been idle in its course! That tall, manly form, pacing restlessly to and fro, is with difficulty recognised as the slender boyish frame we once before saw in the same chamber. Heavy voluminous tomes are piled on his table; but for the present they are pushed aside. He is evidently buried in thought. At last he stops in his feverish walk, pausing before a chest of drawers, and hastily, nervously unlocking it, he takes out a Bible, and a small note-book. We recognise them—his mother's dying gifts. Handling them gently, and as it were with sacred awe, he lays them before him on the table, and opens the note-book. The solemn words, the last his mother wrote, were there on the fly-leaf, and caught his eye: '*Four neglected days!*'

Thoughts and scenes of other days were crowding through his memory. That bed—he sees his mother there—he sees himself a boy standing by her side, hearing her warning words, receiving her parting counsels, and listening to her solemn injunction to meet her at the right hand of the Judge. And then the last closing hour passes before him, when his mother's heart was wounded in her last moments, by the thought that her warning voice was still unheeded, neglected, and despised.

And the young man bent his head and wept bitter tears of agony. Catching up his pen, he wrote on the first page: '*Four neglected days*—ay, *four neglected years*, since my mother's dying hand traced these trembling letters here.

'*Four neglected years!* Oh how much is in these words! How many sermons profitlessly heard! How many offers of mercy let slip! How many good impressions faded away! And still the hard heart—the deadened soul—conscious of nothing but its own deadness, and scarce conscious of that. Oh that my head were waters! Oh that I but felt what I write, and felt it not for a passing hour, but felt it as one should feel in the thought of eternity! Afflictions unimproved; death of friends and relations unfelt; visited by all but bodily sickness, and by all unmoved. O Lord, have mercy! Nothing can save me, nothing can awaken me, but such power as can raise the dead. But, bless God, the dead have been raised; and He who raised Lazarus and the widow of Nain's son, can raise me from a deeper death than theirs.

'*Four neglected years!* Oh how that will sting in time, and God grant that it may not sting in eternity! 1853! To think that it is 1853, and me unsaved,—without hope and without God in the world.

'1849! 1850! 1851! 1852! Oh, are they all but shadows of the past years of memory, and not of anticipation? And yet they seem but as yesterday! Alas! alas! but they will never return; but their remembrance shall meet me at the judgment-seat of Christ. Ah me! they are recorded in the book of God's remembrance, as well as in mine; and, alas! it is a record of debt, a record of sin, a record of unbelief, and yet, strange to tell, scarcely a record of misery! sad that the soul should so delight in should find such pleasure apart from its Not so much a record of particular and out sin, as of heart-sinfulness, practical ungodli less the life of sin, than its deadness and po lessness. Lulled as it were in a trance, b with the things seen, and heedless of the un

'And, oh, the years before! Oh for the so Sabbath evenings, when the sun shone b through the window on the polished dr as we sat at our mother's feet and learnt things of salvation! Oh! that recollection never part, that sunshine I can never fo Linked with my mother's image and my mot voice, it must live in my memory for ever. to hear that voice again! But, oh! rath hear the Saviour's voice and to obey it. Lord, forgive me! And, oh! have merc my poor Sabbath class, doomed to the ins tions of a prayerless teacher. Oh I have to arouse them with such views as arouse self; would that it were more earnestly! what blessing from God can be expected to scend on the godless class of a godless teac But, Lord, in the midst of wrath remem mercy. Oh remember thine own words: was found of them that sought me not.' Good Shepherd, seek and find us! And grant that these impressions—that irresistib fluence that made me, even unwilling, to r this here—may not pass away without ac plishing some higher end! Oh grant that words may not stand against me in judg to aggravate my condemnation; but may l membered as the beginnings, the first drop of thy mercy. Oh let them not be a morning cloud and the early dew, that away, as they have hitherto been—springi in a night, and withering in a night! begin the work and finish it! Oh may the of the Spirit blow, cleansing, purging, r ing, and breathe into my nostrils the l of life. Oh! write my name in the book o O Father! Father! Thou hast been my e Father—the orphan's God—and well hast performed a father's part. Oh be my hea Father! As such, I dare not call Thee F but Thou hast been my earthly Father Guide of my youth, unseen and unacknowl Oh be my Guide still; but not in the sha the cloud! Let me see Thee as my Guid spiritual Guide!

'Oh may thy word be a light unto m and a lamp unto my path!

'Give understanding, give feeling, giv Above all, give life! Oh the dry bon rustling; but they are but dry, dead, fl bones. Once it seemed as if they were m and full-fleshed; but, ah! there was no there, no life there, only the heavings an vulsive beatings of natural feeling, not of sp life. And all that semblance of inward ness has wasted away, and the bones are d dead, as of one who hath been long dead for the power that can raise the dead! the Spirit to excite, and strengthen, and stir natural feeling by supernatural grace!

ate a right spirit within me! I can do hing; but help me to be found in thy way, as he pool of Bethesda, waiting for the troubling the water. Let me be as the blind man by wayside, begging as Jesus passes by! Lord, me be no more prayerless, no more a mere rer of the word, no more a heedless listener thy courts, a lounger at thy gate! Oh give nestness to seek the things that belong to my ce! Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast not hid them from mine eyes! Even this hour ontrition, this hour of feeling, I would regard token of good from Thee, that the gate is yet closed, that Thou hast still another ck to give at the door of my heart. Lord, n the door thyself; or help me, enable me, e me power to open it! Lord, give the will the strength to stretch out the withered arm! Lord, then hear! Bring me by thine own r, though it be a way that I know not, and paths which I have not trod; but bring me to self; and to Thee be all the glory, for Christ's e, who died on the tree. Amen.'

The young man's eyes were opened. He saw self under the wrath and curse of a righteous wgiver. His whole life rose up before him—a time wasted; his energies expended on objects time and sense; no preparation made for rnity, for standing at the bar of God, for ing in his account of days, years, and oppor- ities. He reflected on his position: the head l pride of his university; the favourite of his fessors; beloved, admired, and envied by his ow-students. But such thoughts could yield no complacency now—to him, a sinner, lty, and condemned in the sight of the God of ness. Well might he tremble—and you, too, onverted reader—at the yawning abyss at his . But God had purposes of mercy in regard im. A mother's prayers, which, long years re, had ascended to the throne of the Majesty high, were about to descend in showers of sing on his head.

fter a hard conflict—fightings within, and s without,—he was led to lay down his intel- ual treasure at the low footstool of the Crucified One, and accept pardon, peace, and salvation, free gift of divine love. And now, hence- h, the whole bent of his life would be changed. studies, hitherto prosecuted for selfish ends, for self-gratification, would now be conse- ted to higher and nobler purposes, stimulated higher and holier motives. Such were the hopes for the future which he entertained, as he rejoiced in his new-found happiness, and as the change became manifest in the bosom of his family. Christian friends were wont to look forward to the time when he would shine as a bright light in the church. But ah, they were again to learn the lesson, that God's ways are not as man's ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.

William was not privileged to work in the vineyard here below. Just as he was entering on life's work, with new aims, new aspirations, and new vows of devoted service in his Master's cause, his heavenly Father, who doeth all things well, summoned him to a more glorious work in the church triumphant on high.

Now, reader, this is no fanciful sketch. The writer has seen and handled that sacred little book, gazing on it, as on a precious relic, containing the record of the thoughts and feelings of one who now has passed away; and the solemn words on the fly-leaf and subsequent pages, traced by hands that have long been mouldering in the dust, still speak to us. '*Four neglected days! Four neglected years!* Ay, a *neglected lifetime!*' Such was the remorseful exclamation of William. And he was not permitted to enter upon a career of active service here below, to undo and redeem, if that were possible, the past. No, a neglected lifetime would doubtless embitter his dying moments, though standing securely and safely on the Rock of Ages. And so will it be to you, reader, whose hands are hanging down, nursing yourself in the lap of death. Though saved, as it were by fire, at the last moment, a neglected and misspent lifetime will be a rankling thorn and a pang in your dying pillow. Are you a Christian? If you are, what are you doing? What are you living for? What is your aim in life?

Are you content to journey on alone to your home beyond the sky, without bringing in one precious soul, to be your joy and crown of rejoicing, to lay down at the feet of the Lord who bought you? Will you be content to wear a starless crown? Do you not reflect that the opportunities He gives you of working for Him are so many priceless gifts, for which you will have to give an account? Oh, then, be up and doing! By the shortness and uncertainty of time, by the love the Master bears you, by *his love for perishing souls*, be up and doing! Do not trust and look to an uncertain future for opportunities of serving your Master.

CHRISTIANS AND AMUSEMENTS.

SPECTING amusements, we are not inimical to kinds, nor to the most of them. We cheerfully accept the principle of recreation. But, this world of sin, we know there must be straint. In some things we must touch not, ste not. There are many evils that cannot be nverted to good. Amusements are of three nds: such as are positively sinful; secondly, ch as have evil tendencies, and therefore ought ver to be practised; thirdly, those that are harmless in themselves, but which cannot be sinlessly used as an end, only as a means; for all things should be done for the glory of God. It is not the chief end of man to be amused, though it may be the chief desire of some. While some in this day may lack in taking sufficient recreation, some weary, distract, and exhaust themselves more over amusements than anything else. Such are transgressors.

Theatres contain positive impurities and cor-

ruptions, and therefore should never be visited. No matter though the moral corruption be excluded from the first or the second play, if introduced in the third or the last, the theatre is positively condemned. No matter, even if the evil be shut out for a single night or week, the institution that will ever foster corruption, that will rehearse or insinuate any impurities, that will for once descend to the excitement or gratification of base and sinful passions, should be utterly forsaken. It can never be patronized without violating that divine injunction: 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.' Besides, there seems to be something in the theatre or histrionic art itself that tends to debasement. A Christian theatre never existed. We lament that some professed Christians bring reproach upon the cause of Christ by attending the theatre; we are pained ever to see the name of a church member in a call for a benefit to an actor or actress. The opera we condemn on the same general ground that we do the theatre.

Dancing, we hold, has evil tendencies, and therefore should not be practised. Even parlour dancing tends to frivolity and dissipation, which are utterly opposed to that sobriety which is especially enjoined upon the young in the gospel. It also sanctions the dance in other places and among all classes,—even among those where, it must be admitted by all, it is used as the occasion and means of downright crime. Dan even of the most select kind, supposes a fre personal contact (if no more than that o hand), and an attention of the opposite sex the physical rather than the mental being, sooner or later results in more or less wherever allowed in society. Besides, it i deliberate conviction, formed after much o vation, that they who practise the dance not at the same time attend to the hi spiritual religion. This of itself utterly cond that amusement.

Card-playing we condemn on the grou evil tendencies, and because it is especiall tool of the gambler, and fosters the cri gambling.

In regard to lotteries and raffling, we r that they are forbidden by the laws of our the spirit of which also condemns gift co and gift-book stores; but we lament tha laws are not executed. We hold that all chu orphan asylums, soldiers' homes, and othe nevolent institutions, that permit the s their articles by raffling, sanction the pri of gambling, and by a righteous God will b more or less accountable for that vice; a our opinion, if they continue the same, it w the duty of the Christian public to withhold them their patronage, and seek other instit for the promotion of benevolence and religi

'BE OF A GOOD COURAGE.'

Two young men had gone to spend their fortnight's holidays, with other two companions, in one of the most beautiful parts of Perthshire. They spent the day in fishing or driving, and the evenings in merry conversation and singing; but during all the time of their stay there, they never once had evening or morning worship, although each was accustomed to have it regularly at home with their parents.

On the morning of the second Saturday, according to agreement, those two set off to see the Trossachs, and night found them cheerfully recounting the sights of the day in one of the Glasgow hotels.

Before going to rest, one of them took his Bible and said, 'Shall I read a little?'

'Certainly,' said the other; 'we should have had a chapter every evening.'

What a home thrust this was! for, during all their stay at C——, he had striven to overcome his backwardness, but could not, from a false fear. And yet, now he found how gladly such a proposal would have been received. For a ful observer would have seen the one rema behind, while all the rest had retired, in that he might read from an old pocket l a loved legacy of a but lately departed mo and the other, retiring earlier, that he n pray to Him who had but a short time b taken away a loving and beloved father. So the two were at the same time supplicati common Father, while neither dared to ackn ledge their common relationship to Him.

Reader, do you ever refrain from a kn duty, from a false fear of others? Refrain longer; for there is a happiness springing fr the duty performed which more than repays overcoming of the obstacle. At first you find it as difficult to acknowledge God bef your brothers or companions, as it was for t little boy, whose example reformed his shi crew; but there remains the same promise both, 'Whosoever shall confess me before m him shall the Son of man also confess before t angels of God.'

FEED MY LAMBS.

THE celebrated Gerson, although Chancellor of the University of Paris, and the theological leader of the reformatory councils of Pisa and Constance in the early part of the fifteenth century, felt that he had a greater work to do. After taking a prominent part in all the leading questions of the age, he retired to a convent Lyons, and found his chief delight in the i struction of little children, saying that it w with children that the reformation of the chur should commence. And on his deathbed he s for the little ones, that they might pray for hi

Miscellaneous.

Purer Air.

my attic room. Sit down, my friend.
wallow's nest is high and hard to gain;
irs are long and steep; but at the end
The rest repays the pain.

e are peace and freedom; room for speech
lence, as may suit a changeful mood:
's hard by-laws do not reach
This lofty altitude.

ipless dwellers in the lower rooms,
nly bricks, and sand, and windowed walls;
'e, above the dust and smoky glooms,
Heaven's light unhindered falls.

r in the street the shadows creep,
night begins while yet my eyes behold
rpling hills, the wide horizon's sweep,
Flooded with sunset gold.

r comes earlier here. At morn I see
g the roofs the eldest sunbeam peep;
ı daylight, limitless and free,
While you are lost in sleep.

ho walk steep ways, in grief and night,
'e every step is full of toil and pain,
, when they have gained the sharpest height,
It has not been in vain,

ıey have left behind the noise and heat;
though their eyes drop tears, their sight is
lear:
is purer, and the breeze is sweet,
And the blue heaven more near.

—*Elizabeth Akers (American).*

ıine Sabbatarianism.—It happened, one ı, that King Olaf sat in his high seat at the :able, and had fallen into such deep thought did not observe how time went. In one ı had a knife, and in the other a piece of l, from which he cut splinters from time to The table servant stood before him with a his hands; and seeing what the king was and that he was involved in thought, he It is Monday, sire, to-morrow.' The king at him when he heard this, and then it nto his mind what he was doing on the ı. Then the king ordered a lighted candle rought him, swept together all the shavings made, set them on fire, and let them burn is naked hand; showing thereby that he ıold fast by God's law and commandment, t trespass without punishment on what he o be right. Does not this record, taken ı old Saga, show that Sabbatarianism did ıe into the church with the Reformation?

Sheep know his Voice.—Not long since, in India was accused of stealing sheep. He ought before the judge, and the supposed of the sheep was also present. Both claimed ep, and had witnesses to prove their claims, it was not easy for the judge to decide to he sheep belonged. Knowing the customs shepherds, and the habits of the sheep, the rdered the sheep to be brought into court, ıt one of the two men into another room, e told the other to call the sheep, and see if it would come to him. But the poor animal, not knowing the 'voice of a stranger,' would not go to him. In the meantime, the other man, in the adjoining room, growing impatient, and probably suspecting what was going on, gave a kind of a 'chuck,' upon which the sheep bounded away toward him at once. This 'chuck' was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep; and it was at once decided that he was the real owner. Here is an illustration of John x. 4, 5: 'The sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers.'

A New kind of Tract—What I was, and what I am.—Dear reader, I once resided with 2 Tim. iii. 4, and walked in Eph. ii. 2; and my continual conversation at that time is still recorded in Eph. ii. 3. I heard one day that an inheritance had been purchased for me, and a description of it reached me; you will find it at 1 Pet. i. 4. One who resides in Heb. iv. 14 had purchased it, and paid an extraordinary price for it; but, to say the truth, I did not believe this report, as I was entirely unacquainted with this Man; and long experience had convinced me that strangers *never* gave favours through love alone, and friends seldom gave any favours that cost much. However, I called at 2 Tim. iii. 16, as my own prospects at Eph. ii. 12 were as bad as they could be. I found the house I sought for at 2 Cor. v. 1; and the invitations to it, which you see put up at Isa. lv. 1, 2, and by John at vii. 37, are wonderfully inviting to the poor and needy. The house has only one door; and it was some time before I saw the door at John x. 9. My permanent address will now be 2 Cor. v. 1; but if you call any day at Heb. iv. 16, you will meet me and many others; we are daily in the habit of meeting there. If you call, attend to what the servant says at Luke xiv. 22, and you may *depend* upon what the servant says.

The Image of Christ.—Four men, who loved Christ with a love stronger than death, wrote his life, but left no hint of his height, complexion, features, or anything that could help the mind to a personal image. Others wrote long epistles, of which He was the Alpha and Omega; but his form was as much kept secret as the body of Moses. The Christian relics of the first centuries show no attempt to make an image of Christ. Too deep a sense of the divine rested upon the church to permit any attempt to print the human as it appeared in Him.

Madagascar.—I do not think there can be any fear respecting the future of Madagascar. It is true there are some members of the Government who would be glad to see all the Christian churches razed to the ground, and all Europeans sent out of the country; but there are others who take the Christian's part; and the fact that there are not less than 4400 Christians (members of churches) in and around the capital, besides others at a distance, together with the important fact that nearly all the young men, sons of the highest officers in the capital, have either been baptized or are regular attendants at our services, is sufficient ground for believing that the days of heathenism are numbered, and that, after a few years, Christianity will be the ruling power in Madagascar.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

GEN. v. 28, 29.

THIS is the utterance of *faith;* it is the voice of a believing man that we hear in Lamech's words. Lamech speaks because God had spoken to him. It is not mere parental yearning; it is not mere selfish weariness crying out under toil; it is not the expression of a dark and vague hope; it is faith speaking out the revelation which God had made to it regarding creation's deliverance; and it is the first intimation we have as to the removal of the curse—as to the 'rest' and 'consolation.'

It is a *double* prophecy. By this I do not mean a doubtful or a conditional prophecy. There is no such thing as a conditional prophecy. If it be prophecy, it is not conditional; and if it be conditional, it is not prophecy. A *double* prophecy is one which takes in two events, or persons, or places, in one description—the near and the far; predicting *both*, while seeming to predict only *one*. As David, in the 72d Psalm, points both to Solomon and to a greater than Solomon; as Isaiah points to the Babylon of his day and Babylon the great. The prophet sketches a scene or person before his eye, but in language which intimates that a far greater is coming. The near or miniature sketch is so drawn as to bring out the full features of the larger and more distant.

So is it here with Lamech. God reveals to him the future of two persons and two things: (1) His own son, and a far greater, of whom his son was but the shadow; (2) The alleviation or removal of earth's curse, partially under Noah, fully under the greater than Noah. There are two remarkable prophecies before the flood: first, that of Enoch, concerning Messiah's coming with his saints to destroy the wicked,—which was a double prophecy, relating both to the deluge and to the judgment at the Lord's coming; the second is that of Lamech concerning the rest of the saints and the removal of the curse. Let us look into this second prophecy.

I. *The curse on the ground.*—When man sinned, the first stroke of the curse fell. It had now lasted about fifteen centuries unabated. It was something real; its results were both barrenness in what was good, and fruitfulness in evil. The whole creation groaned; the blight and sadness were felt everywhere. It was a record of human sin; God's visible testimony to the greatness of the first sin,—the *one* sin of primal disobedience. 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake.' It is not yet removed. Creation is still subject to vanity. Corruption, mortality, decay, death, are here. It has been a long curse, yet it is the memorial of a *single* sin.

II. *Man's toil and weariness.*—The whole verse breathes weariness and heaviness of spirit—almost despair. The world was growing more wicked and more luxurious. It was increasing in population. Men were not allowed to eat flesh, nor to kill animals, save for sacrifice. These animals, increasing rapidly, would require an immense pasturage. Man's toil would thus be greatly on the increase; it would become quite oppressive and overwhelming. He knew not what to do, nor which way to turn. Toil, toil, toil! This was his daily lot. In the sweat of his face he was made to eat his bread. The curse on the ground grew no lighter, and his labour grew heavier. What with barrenness in good, and fruitfulness in evil, it presented him with endless labour and w He groaned under it, along with a groani tion. He was compelled to sympathize groaning and travailing creature. Such be our feeling. Our toil may not be quit pressive; we do not so wholly depend on the appliances of art, and the permissio animal food, have alleviated our labours. creation groans, and man eats his bread sweat of his face.

III. *Man's longing for comfort.*—The the verse are those of the hireling lookin shadow, and longing for the rest. These p were aged men; some nearly a thousan thousand years of toil! What a life! score and ten be so wearisome, what would sand be! Lamech, when he uttered thes was 182. Surely he had known toil and w beyond what we can! Do we wonder longed for comfort, that he sighed for r that he breathed out these deep longings liverance? Are we not longing too? I sweet, that we wish its continuance? or is terrible, that we do not desire it, and sa long?'

IV. *Man's expectation of deliverance.*—I that the case of earth was not hopeless. H gather, from the first promise, that God some time or other, to undo the curse; a he sympathized with the 'groaning and tr of creation, he joined in its 'earnest expe He sustained himself under his toil by the tation of rest. He was not satisfied to re ever toiling and sweating. It was part of h to look for rest—to grasp the coming com Man laboured and was heavy laden; but l the voice of the true Noah saying, 'Come all ye that labour, and I will give you REST

V. *Man's expectation was connected with individual to be born in due time.*—Lamech h taught of God to expect something in co with *his* son, whom he named Noah, in cons of this expectation. And in his time re granted—the alleviation, though not the of the curse and the toil. (1.) Noah re confirmation of the first blessing given t before he fell. (2.) In his time man's li to be shortened. (3.) Permission was gr kill animals and eat their flesh. (4.) Sp tention was directed to husbandry: 'Nos to be a husbandman.' These partial alle given in connection with Noah, were fi the complete deliverance of creation in co with a greater than Noah; and in the d Son of man,—in the day of the manifestati sons of God,—of those of whom Enoch pr 'The Lord cometh with ten thousand of h

Thus we anticipate the deliverance of the removal of the curse, in the day of of man, when He shall say, 'Behold, I things new.' The greater than Noah is and with Him the manifestation of th God; and with that the rest which rema the people of God,—the times of the rest all things, when barrenness shall be exch fruitfulness, and the wilderness rejoice an as the rose; 'for we, according to his pro for new heavens and a new earth, wherein righteousness. Seeing, then, we look things, what manner of persons ought w all holy conversation and godliness!'

READY TO FORGIVE.

BY REV. J. COX, IPSWICH.

THIS is a certain *fact* concerning God. HE who is the great, the holy, and the just ONE, is ready to forgive. He has *said* that it is so, and He has *proved* it. Millions can testify to its truth, and we may confidently depend upon it as a 'faithful saying.' It is more true of Him than of any other being in the universe besides. It is true of Him as regards those who have sinned against Him for many years, who have done nothing else but sin, and who have committed sins of a most aggravated nature.

But, though this glorious declaration is so true, so largely revealed, and so plentifully confirmed, it is a fact but little known, and, when heard, generally doubted. Men do not *believe* that God *is* 'ready to forgive.' Yet this fact must be known and believed before sinners can be safe and happy. It may be known now. It should be believed and acted on this very hour, by every one who hears it. If you, reader, have hitherto neglected this great truth; if you have done so for forty or fifty years, yet if you will believe it *now*, this hour will be to you the birth-hour of eternal happiness. Come then, and study right earnestly the forgiving love of God. Cry to Him to open your heart to receive his own testimony. Do not say, 'It cannot be true.' Do not think of God as such an one as yourself; do not measure his thoughts by your thoughts. He says, 'Return unto me, and I will *abundantly pardon*;' and then adds, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts.' 'My thoughts in this great affair of pardoning sinners are not like yours; but above them, as the heaven is above the earth.'

You must know, if you think at all on this subject, that God and you are unlike in *some* respects. You are a creature; He is the Creator. You are sinful; He is holy. You are weak; He is almighty. You are dark and ignorant; 'God is light, and in Him there is no darkness at all.' There is another contrast, which is quite as true as the rest,—true of all men by nature, and so true of *you*: you are at enmity against God, and 'God is love'—love towards you. As a proof of this, He says that He is '*ready to forgive*.' You think that He is not; God says that He is. You may be wrong in your thoughts; God *must* be right in his; and his *words* must be true, for He always *speaks as He thinks*.

23.—27.

Sometimes we mistake our fellow-creatures, and imagine that they are against us when they are not. We get, perhaps, into a miserable state of mind, and look at every one through a wrong medium; our evil and harsh hearts judge others by ourselves; and thus we commonly judge of God. We feel wrong towards Him, and we think that He must feel the same toward us; and we shrink from Him as from a being to be dreaded. But if our fellow-creatures are sometimes better and kinder than we expected, how much more is it so with God! And if *it is* so, should we not think so, and act upon such thoughts?

A kind Christian man, who knew this full well, who realized in his own heart the forgiving love of God through simply believing God's words, and who, because he was forgiven, loved much, found, in one of his visits of mercy, a young female, about twenty years of age, living in sin, wretched beyond all description. He soon learned her history. She had left her home some months before, fallen into sin, and had ever since been sinking down lower and lower. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, with bitter grief, 'that I was at home once more! but my father will not receive me. I am sure that he will not; he cannot love me *now*; he will never forgive me. I am quite sure that he must always hate and despise me; I have lost his affection for ever!' 'Have you ever *tried* him?' inquired this Christian friend. 'No, I have not.' 'Does your father know where you are?' 'No; I have never written to him since I left home.' 'Then I will write to him at once.' 'It is no use, sir—no use.' 'Well, we shall see about that; we can but try.' A letter *was* written, and well prayed over. By return of post there came such an answer back as made the good man greatly rejoice, and the wanderer weep abundantly. 'IMMEDIATE,' was written largely on the outside; and the substance of all within was '*ready to forgive*.' 'This,' said the father, 'is what I have been earnestly praying for. I have longed to know where my poor wanderer was, and yearned to hear that she was willing to return. Let her come back at once; I will forgive all and love her still.' Now, observe that the readiness of this father to forgive his child, and to receive her back, was a *fact* before any letter was written to him; a *fact*, all the

while the sinning child thought so hardly of her father, and judged his heart by her own deservings.

I have known several such cases; but this and all other proofs of human kindness, fail to set forth how ready God is to forgive, and how rich He is in mercy to all those who call upon Him. He is an *infinite* Being; none of his perfections can be measured, or their actings limited. The eye of man may as easily take in at a glance all God's works of power, as the thought of man conceive the extent of his mercy. The enemy of God and man is constantly labouring to contradict this precious truth. Sin is Satan's work, and forgiveness is God's great prerogative and most glorious act. If Satan can magnify his work above that of the Most High, by inducing delight in sin, or despair of pardon, his end is answered. But we should remember that God is a jealous God,—jealous of the honours of his mercy as well as of his holiness. Let us ever fear to sin against so holy a God; but let us also fear lest we provoke Him by denying or doubting his *words* of mercy.

Yes; we are not left to comparison and inference to learn the greatness, tenderness, and willingness of God's mercy. In his word He repeatedly tells us how He feels, and what He thinks; and thus this fact, that He is 'ready to forgive,' stands out above all others in the Bible. God has taken infinite pains to reveal this, and to assure us of its truth, so that not the shadow of a doubt might rest upon it. If He had only said so *once*, we ought to believe it and be very thankful; but who can count up the number of his declarations of pardon? Do not let us be like a young man described by Dr. Hamilton, who, in sickness and misery brought on by his sins, on receiving a letter from his father, only read *half* the first page and then cast it aside. The letter began with a little faithful reproof; but further on it was full of love, containing an invitation to come home, with a promise to pay all debts and expenses. In his guilty haste and anger, all these loving words were *overlooked*, till a friend pointed them out to the astonished youth. Thus many treat God's book. Let us take God's letter of love, search it well for ourselves, and *see* whether God is not ready to forgive, and ready to forgive *us*.

To bring forward a tenth part of the proof which the Bible furnishes of this blessed fact, would make a book of some considerable size. Invitations, expostulations, arguments, promises, crowd upon the mind. Individuals stand up to bear their testimony; they increase till they become a great multitude; and some of them were the worst sinners that ever lived. We can hear the voices of David, Manasseh, Paul, and Peter, shouting above the rest, 'GOD IS WILLING TO FORGIVE.'

When Christ came into the world to save sinners, his declarations, his parables, his actions, all proclaimed and revealed God's mercy. His last actions on the cross, in breathing out 'Father forgive' on behalf of his murderers, and in pardoning the dying thief; his first words and acts after his resurrection; and his direction, just before He went to heaven, to begin the good tidings of mercy at guilty Jerusalem,—all prove that the God who sent his Son to say and do *all this*, is indeed 'ready to forgive.'

A sufficient reason may be assigned for all this willingness on God's part. *God is willing to forgive, because Christ hath died.* Not that the death of Christ *made* God merciful, or *first* moved his love to sinners—no; but it opened a channel whereby that mercy could flow down honourably to guilty man, and thereby love and embrace him with delight. God can now get to himself eternal glory, by 'forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.' Those, therefore, who reject God's mercy in Christ, rob themselves of salvation, and rob God of his glory. This makes unbelief such a damning sin.

And now, what say you to all this? Can you deny it? Surely, not in the face of so many witnesses to its truth. Do you desire this mercy, and yet doubt whether it can be extended to you? Do you say: What! will God forgive *all*, forgive *freely*, and forgive *now*? Yes, yes! If God were only to forgive *some* of your sins, what would you do with the *rest*? If He required something at your hands as a plea for his mercy, what have you to give? If not *now*, then *when* better than *now*? You will never have less sins than you have now. Therefore God says 'NOW.' A full, free, present pardon, is what God proposes to give you *now*. Are you willing to be forgiven? Surely, you will not, after this, say to God: 'Depart, I desire not the knowledge of thy ways!' God is near to you; He reveals himself. Seek to know Him, then you will be sure to love Him, and, loving Him, you will be happy. But, if you persevere in saying 'Depart,' He will at length take you at your word; and woe unto you when He departeth from you. '*There is a remedy for everything but the loss of God's favour.*' To lose *that*, and lose it eternally, is to lose eternal life and find the second death.

Ponder, I pray you, one solemn scripture: 'God is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, He will whet his sword: He hath bent his bow and made it *ready*.' But, even *while* doing this, He *proclaims* mercy; but if the arrow is once launched from his dreadful bow, then mercy will plead no longer, but will stand aside, and let judgment be laid to the line, and right-

cousness to the plummet; and then the 'despiser of God's goodness,' the neglecter of his mercy, will find it to be 'a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.'

If God is so ready to forgive, surely He must be also ready to give his forgiven children an assurance of the same in their own souls; nor should those who hope in God's mercy go on without this comfortable persuasion of 'acceptance in the Beloved,' and that their sins are all forgiven them, for his name's sake. We must be careful lest we make our pardon seem to hang dependant on something which we feel, rather than on God's testimony; but, on the other hand, it is desirable not to mistake knowledge of a doctrine for possession of a blessing, or to rest satisfied with mere conviction and weariness, without finding rest. He who really depends on Christ's power to save, and simply clings to God's loving warrant, though he may sometimes doubt God's willingness *to save him*, shall not be left to perish. 'The acting of faith in Christ,' says an old writer, 'is no other than suitable thoughts on Christ, and a hearty choice of Him as God's appointed way of salvation.' With this agree the words of Dr. Owen: 'There may be a saving persuasion, a discovery of forgiveness in God, when there is no assurance of particular interest therein, or that our own sins in particular are pardoned. This is that which hath a promise of gracious acceptance with God, and is therefore saving.' But these doubts and fears dishonour God, and rob the soul; and therefore the writer last quoted, while not treating such harshly, or putting them among unbelievers, does not fail to reprove the unbelief, and to point out a more excellent way than a life of doubting:

'For the most part we are, as it were, ready rather to steal forgiveness of God, than to receive it from Him, as one that gives it freely and largely. We take it up, and lay it down, as though we would be glad to have it, so God did not, as it were, see us take it, for we are afraid He is not willing we should have it indeed. Go with your half-forgiveness, limited conditional pardons, with reserves and limitations, to the sons of men, it may be it may become them; it is like themselves: that of God is absolute and perfect, before which our sins are as a cloud before the east wind and the rising sun.'

In another place he says: 'To take up mercy, pardon, forgiveness, *absolutely* on account of Christ, and then to yield all obedience in the strength of Christ, and for the love of Christ, is the life of a true believer.'

There are two things which should constantly engage the attention of distressed souls: these are, the character of God as rich in mercy, ready to forgive; and the infinite efficacy of the blood of Jesus. Forgiveness has been frequently considered in three points of view: as grace in God, propitiation *by* Christ, and remission *in* us. If, then, we would realize the last, it must be by the belief of the two former, as set forth in the free proclamation of that '*word* which is nigh unto us.' The Psalmist was brought up from the depths by the precious consideration, 'There is forgiveness *with Thee*.' He could not say, There is pardon *in* me, and the enemy might question whether it was *for* him; but this one thing he knew and firmly grasped: 'THERE IS FORGIVENESS WITH THEE;' and here his troubled, tempest-tossed soul resolved to look. Fixing his soul's gaze intently on this glorious fact, he rose from the depths, he gained the heights, his hope soared up toward God and glory, and, exulting in God's forgiving love and fatherly favour, he sent a glad song of praise down the ages of sorrow, which tens of thousands have helped to swell.

It should be our aim to be fully persuaded of the fact that 'God is love,' that He is 'rich in mercy,' and delighteth in exercising forgiveness. This is his prerogative (Dan. ix.), and He will act in character; let us expect it. 'It is,' says one, 'to no purpose for him to strive to fly, who cannot yet go; to labour to come to assurance in himself, who never well believed *forgiveness in God*.' Again, let the soul who is tried with such perplexities, think much on the channel through which mercy flows: 'Through this man is preached unto us the forgiveness of sins;' and God does not intend to mock us by making this exhibition, nor will He fail us if we take Him at his word. In the preaching of the gospel, the name of Christ is laid as the foundation of our immortal hopes; *dependence on that name gives the worst sinner an interest in all the glories which it contains*. His voice to the ends of the earth is: 'Look unto me, and be ye saved.' On Jesus, on God in Him, and on the free invitations and promises of God's word, let the hopes of mourning souls rest, and they shall not be ashamed nor confounded, world without end.

MISS RUSSELL'S THIRD YEAR IN JERUSALEM.

(A SEQUEL TO HOME IN THE HOLY LAND.)

CHAPTER V.

EASTER—A JEW IN THE CHURCH OF HOLY SEPULCHRE.

IT was nearly eleven o'clock at night when we left the Consulate, to go to the Sepulchre Church. The streets were silent, dark, and empty, until we got very near to the great centre of interest. There all was bustle and life. Blazing cressets of pitch fire lit up the approaches, and cast a lurid glare upon the strange scene. Everybody was hurrying to the church.

Within the great court the square was occupied by soldiers in great-coats, sitting and lying, smoking and gossiping around their piled arms, which gleamed in the red light thrown over them by the dancing, flickering flames, flung high upon the buttresses and turrets of the quaint old pile of buildings.

Venders of hot coffee and tea, and even spirits, were busily plying their trade. In every corner, and at the foot of arch and buttress, lay human beings, snatching a few moments of repose before they should be summoned to the service.

On a bench at the entrance of the church sat the Pasha and his train of officers and Effendies, laughing, drinking coffee, scanning each passer into the church. His Excellency half rose to return the salute of Mr. Wells. But for the Consul's kawasses, we should scarcely have got into the church, it was already so crowded.

The scene which now met our eyes was the most extraordinary that I had ever beheld. Not only was a mob of all sizes and ages pressing into the church; but within the building, even around the sacred tomb itself, were innumerable multitudes of the pilgrims lying on the pavement, fast asleep, evidently tired out by the ceremonies and watchings of the past week. Not all the noise of the crowds coming in, and literally stumbling over them, nor the Pasha's kawasses and single soldiers going about, nor, every now and then, the tramp and clank of the guard marching with fixed bayonets around the church, —nothing of all this, nor all this put together, moved the weary sleepers. There they lay, old and young—men, and women, and children, even infants with their parents. In many places the people were actually piled upon each other. Where there was not room for one to stretch himself, he could lie or half sit upon his neighbour. Very many held in their hands the long tapers which had been lit that morning at the holy fire, and we saw not a few who appeared, like Constantine, to have been wanting in faith, when they had tested the virtues of the flame. Their beards and moustaches were singed unmistakeably. But they were asleep and unconscious of our remarks, and deaf to the tumult around them.

The noise was fearful. All the adjoining convents seemed to be ri two or three bells in the church furiously rung all at once. Up al Armenian gallery, a huge wooden n used as a bell), and somewhere else were being beaten with hammers.

The Copts and Abyssinians seem begun their service in the little chap the sepulchre itself, and were cla cymbals with festival energy.

During and amid all these noises, the Latin part of the building pealec which scarcely appeared to be sacr it was from some secular composition. that subsided a little, the chanting clergy mingled with the other sound cessions of Greek monks passing by fearful nasal chant to the confusion

Meanwhile, the lighting of the gre being rapidly completed by an army The effect of this was magnificent. blaze of jewelled lamps around the and of countless wax tapers in eve there were hung from the top of the both coloured and white, in beaut round the galleries to the very in long swinging lines to gallery —wreaths of light from the ground across, up to the very top of the vas

But the most gorgeous display was church, whither we made our way culty. By this time the congregatio assembled. The sleepers were wak themselves, and preparing to take the coming ceremonial, and many cried on being aroused from its tapers were being lighted and distri Greek priests at the stone called t the World. These tapers were devo with many crossings by the worship

The profuse gilding of the Greek with redoubled splendour in the many lamps; and just as we got th cession of the patriarch and clergy the full magnificence of their gra richest velvets, gold and silver tissue blazing with diamonds, rubies, and

The patriarch—a fine and vener stood on the steps of his throne, blessing to the congregation, wit fingers of the right hand lifted manner as to be emblematic, accord doctrine, of the persons of the The congregation, many of whom pilgrims, bowed with touching an devotion to receive the blessing.

The Pasha and his train were now their places—a narrow lane being troops for his passage. As we did remain the whole night, it was a tunity for us to retire, and we m

he entrance, just as the Pasha was

was keeping the pressure and crowd well as he could, and I was taking in s possible of the strange spectacle, when start. 'Emily, look! There is Judah! brought him to such a place? Is he

d in the direction my brother pointed, ht a glimpse of a face that might cer- Judah's; but his beard and Jewish cap , and I should scarcely have recognised e red tarboosh he had on his head.
mad to come here?' repeated Walter. s brought him?'
oing to answer, 'Curiosity,' when there dden sway of the mob towards him. ied, 'They have recognised him as a l tried to force his way in that direction, caught the words, 'Yahoodi! yahoodi!' e of the pilgrims.
ells turned his head, but could not ng wedged in by the crowd. However, y hand, and dragged me forward. I glitter of knives being aimed at the te Judah; and Walter was in danger g the blows.
r. Wells, my brother! he will be killed!'
ells made signs to his kawasses, who ady trying to reach the spot; another g a way for us.
rightful, demoniacal expressions I saw ces of some of the Greek pilgrims! a was near enough to perceive the nd while he and his suite pushed us l Mr. Wells out of the church, some emed to be rescuing Judah from the another moment we were in the open stantly afterwards Judah was dragged dead, by Walter. I was so glad to see er's face again! The furious pilgrims ing out after them; but the soldiers in e closed round and drove them back hurch with their bayonets, while others d Judah, and hid him from sight in t. He was unhurt; but Walter's hand upon it.
othing, Emily—at least not mine. A t a stab from the knife of one of the He threw himself over Judah and . Here he comes.'
or fellow was not seriously injured—a in the arm was all; but he had risked d saved Judah's in parrying the knife him.
ou surgeon enough,' said Walter, turn- r. Wells, 'to bind up this wound? I nd see after that mad fellow Judah;' in a low voice to me, he added, 'Rachel ghtened to death if the soldiers carry n home in that state. Get Mr. Wells ou home. I'll come when I can,' and

cers and other soldiers did not allow Mr. bind up the wounded arm, they did it s; but he stayed to see it done. The ppily was not serious.
esh air and a cup of coffee did away with the effects of our fright. I happened to cast my eyes up towards the old belfry tower: the cool, beautiful moonlight fell upon it in such blessed contrast to the red blaze in the court below.

Next day the sober, refreshing Easter service in our own church reminded me of this: calm gravity after the ostentation, noise, riot, and evil passions we had seen displayed the night before.

But I must not forget Judah. It was almost three o'clock before Walter came home; and the silent hours appeared very long to me after the exciting scenes we had left. At last the barking of the street dogs announced his arrival.

'Is Judah much hurt?'

'No—not half so much as he deserves. He got a good beating and shaking, that's all. What business had he there?'

'I suppose he would say he had as much right to be there as we had.'

'No, certainly not. The Greeks and Latins don't allow Jews into that church; and he ought not to have risked his life for mere curiosity.'

'How did they find him out to be a Jew? I should not have known he was one unless I had known him before; and, as it was, his dress changed him so, I could scarcely believe it was Judah when you said so.'

Abraham explained that when their first fright was over. 'Did you think a red tarboosh and a Frank coat would disguise you when you kept your *peahs*? (*i.e.* ringlet curls on each side of the face). Why, you are dressed exactly like a Smyrna or Stambool Jew. Do you think the Greeks never saw any but Polish Jews, you foolish boy; and that leaving off your kaftan and fur cap would hide you from their knowledge?'

'Then they recognised him by the ringlets?'

'Of course. Vain fellow! he did not like to cut off his handsome curls, and they nearly cost him his life. He might have at least got rid of them before going among a mob of Easter pilgrims.'

It was odd, certainly, that Judah should have kept these ringlets while adopting European dress, and wishing to be regarded as a Christian. However, this also was explained by Rabbi Abraham on his next visit.

'We are so glad for Judah, my nephew. He will now be able to earn his own living. He is going to stay at the English hospital, and they will teach him to be a doctor. He has had to give up watchmaking. He is too old for that trade; his hands are heavy, and he breaks the pieces; but now he is to learn to make the medicines at the hospital.'

'You mean, to become a dispenser?'

'Yes. I am so glad; for he is clever, and he is like a son to me. And he is going to be married.'

'Indeed! Has he so soon forgotten his wife and child?'

'Oh no! He is to marry her; and for this he kept his curls.'

'His own wife! Where is she?'

'In Russia I suppose.'

'Then how can he marry her?'

'You know, Miss Russell, when the Rabbies

made him divorce her, they sent her away to Russia; but she contrived to send him a message from Jaffa, to say that she would never marry any one else until after she hears that he had cut off his curls; and this is the reason that he keeps them. Judah says he can be a good Christian and wear curls also. Mr. Anderson (the clergyman) at first wished him to cut them off, because the law about them is only from the Rabbies;* but when he heard the reason, he said he would baptize him even with curls.'

'How will his wife know about it?'

'He sent her word to Odessa by a friend. I think she will soon come back, for she loved him very much.'

"'Poor young thing! What a journey to make all alone!'

'Oh, my dear lady, that is nothing. The people of our nation know how to make long journeys.'

This was true enough; but it was a strange story. The next morning, though Sabbath, was full of noise and bustle. It was *Eed el Kabeer*, the Great Feast—Easter day,—and all Jerusalem was astir from an early hour. In fact, the Christians had scarcely slept at all.

As soon as we made our appearance in the breakfast room, our servants came to kiss our hands, and wish us a happy year. Um Habeeb offered me a basket of Easter eggs, tastefully marked in patterns of white on a crimson ground. Haj Omar, Moslem though he was, had donned his scarlet jacket and best yellow turban, and offered his congratulations with the rest. Sarah, the Jewess, came also, bringing flowers, stocks and bunches of sweet basil; and her son Gershon, all clean and handsome, in his festival suit, came to thank Walter anew for his help when Yakovieo was threatened by the pilgrims, while the child himself brought me a huge pot of clove pinks, covered with buds and blossoms. Their brilliant tint contrasted well with his little jacket of turquoise blue, and white trousers. 'Cad'año mechorādo' (may your every year be better), was their form of salutation, and after receiving our little present, 'May you live many years—may all good things be yours.'

In passing through the streets to church, we caught the primitive salutation, as it was exchanged by Arab friends meeting each other: *Kâm el Messeehh* (Christ is risen), *Hhokkan kâm* (He is risen indeed); and Walter heard both Greeks and Russians salute each other with the very same words in their respective languages.

Everybody was in holiday dress. Everybody looked bright and cheerful. The gloom of Lent was past. The feast had brought gladness to all hearts. Their church services for the day were over, and nothing was now to be done or thought of but visiting each other, feasting together, or going out into the country to sit under the trees and enjoy the spring sunshine.

We had no small difficulty in getting through the streets; and the square was throng of pilgrims leaving Jerusalem camels, mules, and asses, made it almost able. Each one carried, slung over h vessels of Jordan water, or long tin taining palms and the tapers which kindled at the holy fire. One man up a rude painting of St. George and

As we endeavoured to return afte was almost as bad. Departures see over for the day; but every availabl occupied by beasts waiting to carry multitudes at early dawn on the mor

There is no need for me to describ happy Easter Sunday. How we he little chapel on Zion the well-know Mary and the disciples at the sepul we joined in the familiar psalms; an Easter hymn, 'Christ the Lord is ris was sung with heart and soul by ou gregation, until the words arose as wi

'Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hal
Hail! the resurrection Thou,
Hall

CHAPTER VI.

SHOPPING IN THE BAZAAR.

How quiet and pleasant Jerusalem h come! Moslems, Christians, and Jews and feasted, made pilgrimages and de everything returned to its usual routi

Walter resumed his painting. acquaintances came to me as before ment. They had spent every para in the feast, though guilty of no manne poor creatures, and they were now greater poverty than before. Howev and rain had disappeared, and thus t ings were not so distressing as in the

Gershon, the pedlar, supplied m my work-women, and took a pleasur them as good and as cheap as possibl of dried flowers had been very suc I soon converted the money into stou knitting cotton.

One day I required something whi had been unable to procure. It be he could not come for three days mo was in a hurry, I sallied forth myself ping expedition. Um Habeeb reco shop near the entrance of the baz stantine being busy, I took Haj C escort. He walked before me, pipe i out of respect to me kept it down clos making believe it was a stick, onl then taking a stealthy whiff—of cou it from going out.

I could not help thinking of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* go make purchases, only I was unv about an unromantic errand, and ha instead of the porter she hired; bu by plenty of shops containing the wares which she bought, and porters ing about, any one of them an exact of her porter, speaking the same la

* The Rabbies teach that the command of Moses, 'Thou shalt not cut off the corners of thy beard,' is to be obeyed by every Jew in letting long ringlets (*peâhs*) grow from the temples.

likely to have done just as he did under similar circumstances. There were also among the throngs which, as it was Friday, crowded the bazaars, plenty of one-eyed people, to remind one of the three brothers.

True, one's ancient ideas of the 'gorgeous East' were inconsistent with some of the sights around—for instance, the dirty, unhealthy men, fagging away in the braziers' and dyers' bazaars. But yet kettles and lamps must be mended; and some of the huge copper vessels were most orientally covered with beautiful arabesque inscriptions and verses from the Koran. Then there were kabâb makers, cutting up and frying their dainties over little charcoal fires, for it was now noon, when people must eat.

A year ago I had passed through the bazaars, understanding nothing of the language. Multitudes of eager people were talking around; but it was only so much noise to me. Now all was different. As when light is suddenly poured into a dark room, which had before been empty, suddenly one sees it is furnished with a variety of pleasing objects. Thus it was to me. All the buyers, and sellers, and passers had been transformed into living people, instead of so many moving dolls; and the broken sentences and disjointed phrases which continually reached my ears, gave so many glimpses into the circumstances and history of the speakers.

Here came a man selling variously formed cakes, crying out, 'Delicate morsels; buy, O ye children!' next a seller of liquorice water, crying, 'Damascus ware!' or, 'Liquorice water, come and see!' A woman, sitting on the ground with some roses before her, the first of the season, cried, 'Roses, roses of many odours!' A man sitting cross-legged at his fruit-stall, cried, 'Dates, dates of the heart, but not for the avaricious—"daughters of Damascus"' (*i.e.* stoneless raisins). Another, 'Cucumbers, cucumbers from Engeddi.'

Meeting Mr. Anderson in the bazaar, I remarked to him upon the poetical cries of the vendors around. 'Yes, but last summer, in the grape season, I heard one which struck me more than all these: "Lovely grapes, lovely grapes. Oh how often have the doves made their nests among them!" And then he said, "Look, they are as good as those of Damascus, which men call, 'Maidens' cheeks!'" 'See,' added he, 'that Moslem selling his Jericho Nebik fruit in exchange for bits of old iron and brass. There, did you hear what that Holâweh-seller* was crying:

"Oh! how sweet must that night be,
When a man is at peace with his friend?"'

Before I could reply, a peasant woman, who had a heap of first ripe mulberries spread out before her, took up the word, 'Sweet, sweet and black are my mulberries! Now shall Holâweh-sellers die!' *i.e.* because no one would care to buy Holâweh when mulberries were to be had.

A man with a wooden tray, full of fresh-baked loaves, now pushed his way through the crowd, vociferating: 'O Thou All-bountiful! O God! Fresh bread! O Thou Bountiful!' and a beggar woman, asking alms, cried: 'Charity, charity! God will repay it!' and then, 'May thy throat be always filled with sugar!' to which Haj Omar replied, according to the form usual in refusing a beggar: 'Pass on! God will give thee!'

The shop I visited was, like all the rest, a mere stall, and while buying we had to stand in the street. Ceremonious compliments were exchanged before we asked for what I wanted.

The shopkeeper was an elderly man, with grey beard, immense turban, and wearing a pair of goggle spectacles large enough for three.

The bargaining commenced. 'What will this cost, ya sheikh?'

'Two and a half piastres the draa' (literally arm, *i.e.* cubit).

'I bought such as this for one and three-quarters a month ago.'

'For thy favour's sake, I give it for two and a quarter.'

'I will only pay one and seven-eighths.'

'God increase thy prosperity, say two—'

Here Haj Omar interrupted, '*Ya sheikh, kilmet Ingleeze yeh.* It is the English word; thou knowest they won't change when they have spoken it. Wilt thou sell the stuff or not?'

'Patience, O Haj. Haste is from the devil; but patience comes from the All-merciful. For the lady's sake I will sell;' and he measured off the required quantity.

The paying was as curious as the buying. I offered an English sovereign. The Arab knew the coin well; but then came a dispute as to its value.

'I changed one yesterday for one hundred and five piastres.'

'Truth, O lady! but to-day it is only one hundred.'

'Why?' cried Haj Omar.

'Because the Pasha is going to cry down all the coins.'

'Wait till he cries them down, O thou greedy man; and now take this at one hundred and five piastres, which is its value, or I will complain of thee to the sheikh of thy quarter, and thou wilt have to give him a large backsheesh before thou shalt be able to finish with him.'

Haj Omar was not to be trifled with. It was not every day that he escorted ladies shopping. The shopkeeper submitted, and drew out of his bosom a little bag, whence he poured out a collection of Spanish, French, and Austrian dollars, some Egyptian silver, and a few Turkish piastres and paras.

Then came a fresh argument as to the value of each coin, until our patience was exhausted; and I got less change at last than I ought to have got. It was pleasant, however, to notice how my groom had stopped the bargaining at once, by telling the shopkeeper that I had given the unchangeable 'kilmet Ingleeze yeh,' *or English word.*

Presently I heard the expression again. Two Arab women were wrangling over a pair of fowls, and one of them cut the dispute short by naming a price, and saying, 'That's the English word.'

* Holâweh, a sweetmeat made of honey, resunce seed, etc.

The other actually ceased disputing and began to count out her piastres.

A gay green and red inscription, painted in flowing characters, outside one of the shops, caught my eye. 'It was: 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;' and presently another: 'In God, my Creator, have I put my trust.' They were shops belonging to Christians.

In going home, I passed round some quiet streets in the Christian quarter, where I wanted to buy some Damascus silks. Very respectable little places were the shops, mostly rooms on the ground floor; the door open, for there were no windows; and the grave, sober-looking merchants sat cross-legged among their wares. In some of them were small looms at work, weaving plain stuffs to sell to the peasantry.

In the Moslem quarter, near our house, we met a stout, jolly-looking man, carrying home his child pick-a-back, with a couple of cucumbers stuck in his girdle beside the inkhorn; and then a Durweesh, clad in plain undyed stuff, a tall sugar-loaf cap upon his head also of undyed wool, and ornamented with cowrie shells, below which streamed ragged locks of uncombed hair. Three pieces of chain and a guard were hanging from his girdle. He was very devoutly eating raw herbs, and looked as if he might have been uncivil to us but for Haj Omar's presence. Haj Omar thought he might be from Bokhara, from his appearance, and because the Tartars' convent was not far off. Another one, but dressed rather differently, was carrying a skin of water and a cup, crying: 'Drink from God for the thirsty; for the sakes of Hassan and Hassein!' (Moslem martyrs specially reverenced by Persians and the Sheijah sect.)

I wished to see Rachel about something, and therefore took her father's house on my way home. I met Mrs. Wells near the door, and she accompanied me. The house was very small indeed, but beautifully clean and neat. Mrs. Wells was delighted.

'How active Rachel must be to keep it so, all by herself! What lovely flowers—a myrtle, and those glorious stocks, and the blue larkspur! How is it that flowers grow best in broken pots and shabby jars?' I have often noticed it in England. The cottage flowers—geraniums and auriculas—were sure to be finer than the carefully arranged flower-stands of the rich people; and here were Rachel's stocks and pinks ten times more luxuriant than mine, and yet mine were in good pots and carefully tended, while hers grew in a broken water jar. The heavy masses of blossom seemed to like this contrast with the miserable potsherds that held them. So it was with Yakovieo's carnation; and I often noticed it in the Jewish quarter—beautiful flowers thriving in wretched vessels. We made our way to the little sitting-room, and there found Rachel, her cousin Judah, and—Mrs. Smith! The latter very important, and fussy, and grand; but Rachel looked flushed and uncomfortable. Judah also looked annoyed, but timid and rather puzzled, as if their visitor had been too much for him. Our arrival was evidently a relief. Mrs. Smith scarcely gave time for us to exchange good mornings before she began: 'You know, Miss Russ we ought not to have any unpleasa towards people who do wrong; there to see Rachel, and I brought her the w she was too proud to fetch herself. it is very unchristian to be proud.'

'There are many things which are u Mrs. Smith; certainly pride is one of

'I meant it all for the young wo when I spoke to her at my house. Mrs. Wells, truth always offends p said yesterday to Mr. Anderson.'

'I think Mr. Anderson can speak sometimes without giving offence.'

'Then it makes no impression, M people must be made to feel. But come only for that. I am sure Rach a great burden to her father, and it w good for her to learn to make herself thought of taking her to help my The Arab woman I had left me yeste was willing to let Rachel take her would have to make the beds, and rooms, and wait at table, and help th sew in the evenings. So very nice f know, to get into a respectable fami have not explained all this to her yet,

Rachel was going to interrupt and thing, but checked herself, and Mrs. S on, addressing Mrs. Wells and me:

'I was very much astonished to fi woman in her position sitting with and here she looked at Judah. 'Of c ignorant; but I was explaining to he not proper. And reading, too, at this day, when active employment is so suitable! When she comes to me I think of encouraging her to spend h unprofitably.'

At last Mrs Wells got in a word: Mrs. Smith, you don't know who this is? He is a nephew of Rabbi Abrah

'Indeed! Then you see, my dear improper of Rachel to keep up acquai her father's Jewish relations. Now, R willing to engage you; but you m reading and visitors.'

Rachel's colour mounted to her ver and her voice trembled, but she sa 'I thank you, Mrs. Smith; but I an my father's house, and therefore I ca where else.'

'Your father must learn that he c his children in idleness about him. him more good by leaving him.'

I could keep silence no longer.

'Really, Mrs. Smith, permit me people can usually judge best for th such matters. Rachel is necessary She keeps no servant. You see how neat the house is. It does her infi Rabbi Abraham and his family c account spare her.'

'But it is for her good.'

'We may differ about that, Mrs. S duty to her father is the first thin society is likely to be more profita than that of Arab servants.'

'But she is doing nothing,' persisted Mrs. Smith; 'she is idling her time. Look at those books.'

'I cannot bear it,' exclaimed Rachel, rising; she had tried hard to keep her temper till this moment.

'Come here, Rachel,' said Mrs Wells, and she drew her out on the terrace. I turned to Mrs. Smith, but, before I could speak, Judah broke out in his imperfect English: 'Madame, when Rachel shall be your daughter, you will teach her; but now she must hear her father—that is the commandment, and she is a very good daughter.'

'Oh, I have no doubt that is your opinion. No, Miss Russell, allow me to say that if these people are encouraged in such mistaken notions, they must end in beggary. I would have provided for the young woman in a respectable manner; but as it is, she must be left to herself. She is too young to marry, and a useless wife she will make.'

So saying, Mrs. Smith swept out of the room, no doubt to tell her friends that Rachel and Judah were getting up a match.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST DAYS OF A WORKMAN IN THE VINEYARD.

CHRISTIANS journeying through this wilderness towards the promised land, should delight in conversing one with another about the way. The experience of those whom it has pleased God to afflict is particularly valuable to us all. 'Born to trouble as the sparks fly upward,' we are sure sorrow must come to us one day; and we should desire to hear how the love of Christ has supported his tried servants in the 'cloudy and dark day.' 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name' (Mal. iii. 16).

It is good to encourage one another by the way; it is good to tell of the mercy which meets us continually upon our daily path; it is profitable to speak of the sorrows God sends, and of the comfort He affords us under them. We discern Christ's love in all the circumstances of our Christian course; and our cold hearts are quickened by telling our neighbours what that great love has been to us, and hearing how it has supported them. We recall our miserable backslidings, and remember how often we were on the point of deserting our Lord, but He would not let us go; and we trust Him to hold us still throughout our prosperity and our adversity. And in the time which must come to each of us, when we shall lie down in our last sickness, and every earthly support must fail us, we trust He will be our stay.

Since it is so good to hear what Jesus has been to others, I am going to relate what He was to one whom I knew and valued. I knew him in his great suffering: he is now among the happy multitude of the redeemed. If I follow Christ as he followed Him, I shall meet him again, and we shall rejoice together. I cannot think, without deep emotion, of the short time I was privileged to know him, and witness his noble testimony for Christ.

It was on a beautiful evening in May 1861 that I first went to see Robinson Crockett, having accidentally heard that he had been a long time ill. The road leading to his home lay through a very fertile country, bounded on the left by a line of far-away blue hills, corn-fields, and meadows, interspersed with snug farmsteads lying between. To my right was a rising ground, also highly cultivated. There was a carpet of white clover on either side of the road; it was coming into blossom, and filled the air with a delightful perfume. Woodbine and gay wild roses were coming out in the hedges. I traversed that same path on many subsequent evenings. I love to recall the time.

The sufferer was a young man, apparently about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, of most interesting and intelligent appearance. His face bore the impress of long suffering—hope deferred through weary days and nights; but I shall never forget the patience and resignation stamped upon it. We talked for some time, he and I, about the beginning of his illness; and he told me how strong he used to be—how his leg grew very bad, and he was obliged to take to his bed, which he had never been able to leave since. Now, he said, he could not move in the very least, as the slightest motion gave him severe pain.

'How long,' I asked, 'have you been lying here unable to move?'

'Nearly fifteen months.'

'Poor fellow, what a time! How have you been able to bear it? you must have suffered so much.'

'Yes, I *have* suffered, especially at night, when they are all sleeping; and I have had such racking pain the last three weeks; but I do not complain, for I have so sure a stay.'

'Have you? What was it?'

Robinson looked at me for a moment in surprise before he replied, 'The love of Christ. He has supported me through all my pain in a wonderful manner, and has given me so many kind friends; I would ha' fainted many a time if He hadna sustained me. The Lord afflicts in love. "Whom He loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Oh! I trust my Saviour loves me. There was a little hymn the children used to learn in the Sabbath school,' he continued, his clear blue eyes brightening as he spoke, 'and every verse ended with the words, "Oh, how He loves!" It's gone out of my memory, all but those words; but I've often tried to mind the rest of it, for that part is so true—"Oh, how He loves!"'

'And have you found his dealings with you to be all love, Robinson?'

'Yes, all love; but at times I do find it hard to be resigned as I ought. Our Lord never changes; I find Him very merciful. When He scourges with one hand, He upholds with the other.'

I listened with ever-increasing wonder. How far was this young man before me in the heavenly race! I had never even imagined such sufferings as seemed to have fallen to his share; yet he not only bore up patiently under them, but could extol his Saviour's love in them. Even while he was speaking, a look of sharp pain spread over his poor face.

'Oh, Robinson,' cried I, 'you have taught me a lesson to-day. You are glorifying God by your cheerful submission to his holy will, more than you could do by years spent in speaking for Him in the world.'

He answered me very earnestly: 'I would gladly suffer ten times as much as I have done, if God could be glorified thereby.'

Poor sufferer! No—I am wrong; rather let me write, happy saint! His hours of pain have been long since swallowed up in the exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I asked him if I might come again to see him.

'Please do come,' he replied; 'I like so well to have any sensible person to speak to. But you cannot have any pleasure in coming here; it can only be mercy that brings *you* to visit *me*.'

'I assure you it gives me great pleasure to come. I have no greater pleasure than visiting the sick; besides, there is that to be learned here which, with God's help, I shall not forget.'

'Mother,' said Robinson, 'do you hear? This young lady says she likes nothing better than visiting sick people.'

'Well, son, you will be glad to see her when she comes to you.'

I think it was on this first visit that I pointed out the lily of the valley among some flowers I had brought him. He said he was glad to see the flower, for he had always wished to know what it was like, since he heard a sermon preached by Mr. Guinness, in which he spoke of our blessed Lord as the Lily of the Valley. Robinson admired my lilies, and said they smelled very sweet.

'Their fragrance,' I observed, 'is pleasant to our sense, as the sweet love and forgiveness of Jesus to the penitent sinner's soul.'

'Oh that love!' cried the sufferer; 'oh that pardon! How sweet it is! He to whom much is forgiven, should indeed love much.'

Robinson told me he had spent many peaceful days lying in that bed. He had been able to read to himself nearly the whole day before the pain became so excessive; and as his kind minister kept him well supplied with books, the time was not heavy on his hands. The neighbours, too, were so kind to him; he thought no one had so many kind friends as he. God had surely been very merciful to him: were not his ways wonderful?

I walked slowly homeward by the same flowery path; but the sunny summer's evening had lost all its brightness for me. Here, at no tance from my home, was one who had for fifteen months in dreadful suffer I might have cheered and comforted ways, and I had never even heard For some time I gave way to the murmuring occasioned by this thoug length I remembered that God had o event, as He orders all things for wisely and well. His afflicted servan to Him. He had upheld him durin with the light of his countenance, and him so many faithful friends that h needed me; and, for myself, should gret be soothed by the remembrance God's will?

We have the blessed assurance that work together for good to them that Robinson loved God. I trust I love Let Him do as seemeth Him best, H things well. Do we desire any ear very ardently? What we wish for m withheld, because our Lord knows thing would be injurious to our souls Dear friends, is it not a delightful th the least thing which happens to us by our wise Father in heaven? Wor talk of chance and fate: Christ's peopl neither chance nor fate.

I was interested now in learning about Robinson Crockett. I learned t been a follower of Christ from his ear He was first a pupil, then a teacher i bath school attached to the Presbyter to which he belonged; and at the t Revival, which was so great a blessin among us, he began to speak of C who would listen to him. He was in of assembling his young companions an with them in prayer; and, from the illness, the prayer-meeting was held i room, and he talked to them and p his bed. Robinson had also borne re Christ's sake. Some said a poor man should not set up to teach them; were offended because, they fancied, himself better than they were; but to all was, that he had found Jesus, a not rest until the neighbours found H

For some time I was privileged t nearly every day. Sometimes he was to enjoy a little reading; but in gene not able to listen to more than a very of Scripture, or a hymn. He delight of the work going on in the country. his saying one evening, that they m be happy who could help in the work.

I knew he was thinking how gladl help to advance our Lord's kingdo asked him if he remembered how S the time of his conversion, when his Master, whom he had persecuted, was to glow, asked Him, 'Lord, what wilt me to do?' (Acts ix. 6.) It may b apostle, in his great zeal, thought on to be done by him for the beloved c Lord required more from him than read in the 16th verse of the same ch

oke to Ananias concerning Saul: 'I
im what great things he must suffer
e's sake.' 'Your Master knows that
vork, Robinson, if He permitted you;
been pleased to give you the far
of suffering for his sake.'

I might glorify Him! How gladly,
should I endure! his tender mercy
has been so very great.'

Robinson, when the pain ends, what
They that suffer with Christ, shall
vith Him.'

promise is that! My minister was
ening, and he spoke a long time to
iat verse, "If ye suffer with Christ,
so reign with Him." He gave me
ragement to endure unto the end.'

comfort it must be to you to see

yes! I have a good right to love
e it was who first, through God's
l my feet into the way of salvation.'

time I saw poor Robinson he was
it his face brightened a little when I
he room. 'My dear friend,' he said,
soon be swallowed up in victory.
a long, long pain; but I think it will
few weeks more.'

i be sorry when the call comes?'

I do not care how soon it comes. I
his world without a regret or a tear.
re to be to-night.'

adly changed since my last visit. I
d not do to let him talk much.

st,' he cried, 'my breast, it's pained,
f you felt the burning heat that's

to her to raise him a little, for he
were suffocating; and a terrible fit
shook his poor tortured frame. His
d him against her breast until the
ubsided; then laid him, faint and
on the pillow.

'Oh, my son, my son!' she cried, 'that is dreadful! Does it hurt your poor leg?'

'Rather ask where it does not hurt me, mother. I'm all one pain.'

I repeated the third verse of the 23d Psalm: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' 'The Lord Jesus will be with his own people in the dark valley, and his love will make it bright.'

'I have not found it dark hitherto,' he replied. 'It has been a rough valley to me, but not dark.'

It had indeed been rough; but his dear Saviour, who had borne yet greater pain for him, had sustained him by the way.

'Oh, how He loves!' continued Robinson. 'He must have loved me through my affliction, for He has sent me so many mercies, and I am so undeserving.'

'Dear Robinson, which of us can say we are deserving?'

'Oh, no, no! I do not mean that. But surely the Lord has given me more comforts than He gives others. I know I have no righteousness of my own.'

'But you will be clothed with Christ's righteousness.'

'Yes, that is my hope—my hope! "an anchor of the soul, sure and stedfast."'

As I went home, I turned at the top of the hill where his cottage first comes in sight, and (wiping away my tears, which gathered fast at the thought that our earthly friendship was so near an end) took one more look at the little window of the room where lay this afflicted Christian, this heir to the kingdom, this bright jewel which was being polished for Jesus' crown. Some lessons had been taught me in that room by the voice which would soon be no more heard there, but would be joining in the sweet anthem: 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and has redeemed us to God by his blood.'

(To be continued.)

THE RIVER AND THE TIDE.

c of a river was seated one day
ld man, and close by his side
, who had paused from his laughing
y
he stream, as it hurried away
ne sea, with the ebb of the tide.

'ou, my child, in the stream, as it flows
ne ocean, so dark and deep?
ching how swift, yet how silent it goes?
our lives, till they sink in repose,
are lost in a measureless sleep.

, my boy! You are young, I am old,
yet like two rivers are we;
flood-tide of youth from Time's ocean
d,
all too soon, and its waters grow cold
; creeps back again to the sea.'

'But the river returns,' cried the boy, while his eyes
Gleamed bright as the water below.
'Ah! yes,' said the old man; 'but time, as it flies,
Turns the tide of our life, and it never can rise.'
'But first,' said the boy, 'it must flow.'

Thus, watching its course from the bank of the stream,
They mused, as they sat side by side;
Each read different tales in the river's bright gleam—
One borne with the flow of a glorious dream,
And one going out with the tide.

—*Anon.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

JOB XXVII. 8.

THE word 'hypocrite' here means the 'ungodly;' and corresponds to the 'wicked' and 'unrighteous,' of whom Job was speaking. To this passage, probably, our Lord refers when He asks, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul?' Job asks, What becomes of the vain hopes of the ungodly when this life is done? Whatever they may have of *gain* here, all is *loss* hereafter. This may be their 'time to *get*;' but that shall be their 'time to *lose*.' And their loss is not for a day, but for ever.

It is not all gain with the *godly* here. Paul says, 'For whom I have suffered the loss of all things.' He who casts in his lot with the people of God, must prepare for *loss* as well as *gain*. He must count the cost beforehand, and be ready to pay it when the day comes for payment. There is the taking up of our cross, and the denying self, and forsaking all. He loses, (1.) *This world.*—Whatever may be in it of pleasure, or satisfaction, or pomp, or gaiety, he loses; for he cannot have both worlds. (2.) *His name.*—Perhaps he stood high in reputation with the men of the world, and had a name for many things. This he loses, for his name is cast out as evil. (3.) *His religion;* for the likelihood is, that he had a sort of religion, or religiousness, like Saul of Tarsus. All this past religion of his must be left behind; it will serve him no more. (4.) *His goods.*—This may not always be demanded to the full extent, as in days of persecution; but still he must be prepared to part with everything—counting it no more his own.

But his 'hope' is never lost. He is 'saved by hope;' his eye is on the 'things hoped for;' he 'abounds in hope.' This well never runs dry. This treasure-house is never exhausted. Whatever of darkness there may rest on his present, his future brightens with 'hope;' and that hope 'maketh not ashamed;' it contains the incorruptible and everlasting. And even *now* he has abundant compensation for loss and trial.

Not so the 'ungodly.' He has, indeed, a 'hope;' a hope of being saved, or at least of not being lost; a hope of going to heaven, or at least of not going to hell. But his hope is not 'the good hope through grace.' It is a self-originated hope; an unscriptural hope; a groundless and unreasonable hope; a fallacious hope; a hope that will not be sickness-proof, or deathbed-proof; or, if it be so, it perishes at death; it is wrapt up in his shroud, and buried in his grave; for it there is no resurrection.

Thus the one thing which seemed gain to him, goes from him at death, and all is *loss*,—utter, infinite, irreparable, eternal loss! For him there is no morning, but only night; night without a star, or even a meteor-gleam. His losses cannot be enumerated or estimated, they are so many and so terrible. He loses such things as the following:

I. *His soul.*—I might say his *body* too; for if the man be lost, then soul and body are gone. But it is the *soul* that is the special and supreme loss. The loss of that which moulders in the grave is, after all, subordinate; but the loss of that which cannot die is great beyond measure. He wl lost his *soul* is poor indeed. Yet, in the c the ungodly man, that fearful loss is incurre loses his soul. Not that the soul perishe annihilated. That would be some relief poor doomed victim of sin. The soul is *lo* cannot *die*. The loss of the soul consists in condemnation and ruin. All is gone for whi soul existed. It exists now, only for woe. is no longer life, for the soul cannot enjoy it that constituted *life*, true life, in time or et is gone. Life is now become worse than for the soul is lost,—lost in darkness, woe, an and an endless hell,—lost from God, and goo and blessedness, and from all holy beings, fo and ever!

II. *Heaven.*—The future state and place o sedness has many names: a kingdom, an in ance, a city, a new heaven. All of these are of joy. 'Heaven' is a noble and glorious embodying in it all that is excellent, and d and perfect. Its joy is perfect, its light is pe its holiness is perfect. Its songs are perfe service is perfect. It is day without night; the blessing without the curse. All this is *lo* the ungodly. What a loss must a lost heave To be shut out from such a kingdom, dispos of such an inheritance, nay, made the he such sorrow and darkness—how infinitely wo Think, O man, amid all thy losses, past or spective, what a lost heaven must be! A kingdom, a lost city, a lost inheritance,—who measure such a loss?

III. *Christ.*—Yes, Christ is lost; and this i heaviest loss of all. None like it, so infinite so irreparable; the loss of losses, the woe of A lost Christ! what can equal that? This i loss of the ungodly. This loss is great—(1) cause of what Christ is in himself—the glo Emmanuel; (2) Because of what He has don the cross; (3) Because of his love; (4) Bec of his sympathy, and fellowship, and consola (5) Because of his reward. This loss is in unutterable. Men do not see this, or think Yet it shall one day be felt. In hell it sha realized as the loss of losses; that which m the place of woe so unutterably awful. 'I n have had Christ,' will the lost sinner say, 'I would not have Him; and now He is gone for I cannot have Him now. Instead of Christ, I Satan; instead of heaven, hell!'

Consider your losses, O ye ungodly! The unspeakable and eternal. Look at them now, prevent them. There is some little compens now, for such losses, in the world's pleasur lust, or wealth. There shall be no compens then. It will be unmitigated woe; a cup of diluted, unsweetened gall and wormwood.

What a disappointment to you who have hoping and hoping! To lie down with a hope, and go up to the Judge expecting to be ceived! How dreadful the agony of such a appointment!

It is not too late. Your soul is not lost; her is not yet lost; Christ is not yet lost. All may be won. The gate stands wide open; go in, go God's record stands still true concerning his S believe it, and be saved!

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

hteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets.'—Rom. iii. 21.

of sin and righteousness that apostle speaks so fully and so utely throughout this whole tle. Up to the verse from which text is taken, he has been it, that man is a sinner, and ness, else he cannot stand before on cannot give a righteousness; that a righteousness is needed, aw cannot give a righteousness; claration of what righteousness e unrighteous shall not stand condemns, it cannot justify. ie knowledge of sin, and thus stopped, and the whole world y before God. But notwith- re is a righteousness—a right- ieets the case of the unrighteous righteousness which can reverse of the law against the unright- ness on the footing of which we oldness in the presence of the ; either shame or fear. It is of s that he proceeds to speak in r text. Let us hear what he it.

, *he shows that it is the right-*

It is a divine, not a human hat righteousness which we had , after all, but a human thing, ho lost it; but that which we righteousness, and by being infinite compensation for that for us, and we, in receiving it, rs of a most glorious exchange. ghteousness of God, because it provided by Him; a righteous- onceived by Him, set on foot, in every part by Him, entirely e; a righteousness, in the pro- we had nothing to do, even in re, far less in execution; a right- in and accomplishment of which purely God's, not man's at all. ed the righteousness of God, righteousness founded on the sufferings of the Son of God. It behoved Him who is the only-begotten of the Father, to take flesh and suffer, ere the very first step towards the providing of that righteousness could be taken. And He has suffered, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God; and thus the foundation of a divine righteousness has been laid.

Again, it is called the righteousness of God, because it is a righteousness made up of the *doings* of the Son of God. It is not merely with his sufferings that this righteousness has to do, but it is with his *doings* as well. These two things enter into its composition, so that, without both of them, it would be imperfect. What He did on earth in magnifying the law and making it honourable—what He did on earth in obeying the Father's will in every jot and tittle, makes up this righteousness. These doings of his were infinitely pleasing to the Father, infinitely glorifying to the Father's holiness, and infinitely honouring to that law which our unrighteousness had violated and dishonoured.

Further, it is called the righteousness of God, because it provides such a compensation for human unrighteousness, that it not only takes it all away, but brings in a new and far higher and surer footing for the sinner to rest on. It introduces a new standing of acceptance, so that the man who becomes a partaker of this provided righteousness becomes divinely accepted, divinely righteous, divinely blessed. It is not a mere simple righteousness that God sets forth; it is a superabounding one, an infinite one, one which can leave no room for doubt on our part at all, one that is most amply sufficient to meet our case were we the very guiltiest on whom the sun has ever shone. Such, brethren, is the righteousness of God.

II. *The second thing which the apostle affirms respecting this righteousness is, that it is a righteousness without the law.* He does not mean that it is in any sense an unlawful righteousness—a righteousness not based on law—a righteousness, in providing which law has been set aside in any sense; but it means a righteousness which, in so far as we are concerned, has nothing to do

with law at all. It is not a righteousness which asks any doing, or working, or obeying on our part in order to complete it, in order to make it what it is—'the righteousness of God;' for did it require anything of this kind on our part, it would cease to be what it is here represented to be, 'the righteousness of God,' and would become, to a large extent at least, 'the righteousness of man.' This righteousness does not send us to the law in order to be justified; it does not throw us upon our own works, either in whole or in part; it proceeds from first to last upon such principles as these, announced elsewhere in this epistle, and in the Epistle to the Galatians: 'By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.' And again, as it is written: 'To him that worketh not, but believeth in Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' In no sense, and at no time does it say to us, 'Do this and thou shalt live; do this and thou shalt be saved.' In no sense does it give us the idea of a thing far off, but of a thing nigh at our very side; not of a thing to be toiled for, a thing to be waited for on our part. In no such sense has this righteousness anything to do with *law*, or with our doing of the law. And what, brethren, is the whole of the Epistle to the Galatians but a protest against the idea that this righteousness of God has anything to do with the law in so far as the sinner is concerned? In so far as God is concerned, in so far as the Son of God is concerned, it had everything to do with law; but in so far as we are concerned, it has nothing to do with it—it is a righteousness without the law. Let us, brethren, hold fast then this truth of the gospel, this foundation truth—righteousness without law, righteousness founded in no sense upon our keeping of the law; but wholly and absolutely upon this fact, that another has kept the law for us, and that other no less than the Son of God himself.

III. The third thing which the apostle affirms regarding this righteousness is, that it has been 'manifested.' 'Now,' he says, 'the righteousness of God is manifested;' it has been clearly brought to light, so that there can be no mistake concerning it, and no mystery in it. It is not a thing hidden, wrapped up, reserved, held back, veiled from our view. It is a thing clearly brought out to-day, and shone upon by God's own light, so that the difficulty seems to be not how to see it, but how to miss seeing it, how to keep ourselves from apprehending it. It has been clearly manifested. God has been at infinite pains to bring it forward to view, both on our own account, and on account of Him whose righteousness it is. In every way He has sought to guard it against the possibility of being mistaken by man. In every way has
cautions against this being hidden
darkened by the words of man's wis
set this righteousness as a star in t
above us, that every eye may s
mountains of earth may come be
the heavenly vision; He has mad
bright, that every eye may be a
He has removed other stars from s
it may not be mistaken, but stan
brilliance. It is to this star we pc
each sinner here; the Star of B
brightest in God's firmament, th
morning star, the star which God
as his light to the world. He pres
one of you, that on recognising i
walk in darkness, but have the lig
that, knowing it as it has been n
may no longer stand in doubt a
lationship with God, as to your p
ance. He so puts this righteousne
posal that you may come to Him
using it as if it were entirely your

IV. The fourth thing which the
regarding this righteousness is,
righteousness 'to which the law an
bear witness.' By this expression
the whole of the Old Testament.
thing (he means to tell us) now
for the first time, not understoo
gone by; it is something which
claimed from the beginning hithe
oracles the eye of every saint, fro
ward, has been directed; on this
the feet of every saint from the l
stood; of this righteousness ever
spoken; to this righteousness e
borne witness; and this righteousn
fice has set forth. It is this Sta
down upon the pilgrimage of all
worthies, and in the light of whic
It is this Star which sheds light or
their history; it was to this Star
one consent, age after age, pointe
around. They knew none but th
for none but this; to them, as
believe now, Christ was 'all and i
righteousness they rested, in it th
is no new righteousness which
is no new foundation of which
the old one, the well-proved one
abundantly sufficient in past ag
lost none of its efficiency now in
It was enough for the saints in f
is enough for us now. They who
ages and generations ago found i
who finds salvation now finds it a

(*To be continued.*)

MADAME ELIZABETH.

'The perfect victory is,
To triumph over ourselves.'
THOMAS A KEMPIS.

AUTHENTIC memoirs of the great Revolution having of late become subjects of deep and increasing interest to the people of France, letters and papers have been brought ght, which have tended to redeem more than noble character from obscurity.

here are few of our readers who are not well ıainted with the private life and public mis-unes of Louis XVI., and his beautiful, highly ed queen. Pens without number have dwelt he touching story of their many virtues and r cruel woes; but, until very lately, another ıber of the royal family—one who suffered ı them, and suffered for them—has been wed to remain comparatively unnoticed. A e while ago a beautiful memoir of her life ınated from the French press; and from it we ture to make a little sketch, just to show r the grace of God, and the influence of his ctifying Spirit, may so act upon a disposition ıature apparently untractable and rude, that, n as the delicate tints and glowing colours t lie concealed beneath the pebble's rough er surface, may be brought out by the skill of polisher; so imperfections vanish, hidden by new beauties that become revealed, when e the Holy Spirit commences its workings in human soul.

When Marie Antoinette, scarcely sixteen years ıge, left her Austrian home, and the tender ı of her wise and loving mother, to become the ı of the young French Dauphin, among the ıy relatives whom she found ready to give welcome, was one of whom the beautiful ng bride writes: 'She attracts me par-ılarly.' Was it the finger of destiny? Say, ıer, it was the hand of God that led the ıphiness to discover traits of character in a e girl, only six years of age, hitherto remark-only for her want of personal attractions, her que manners, wilful temper, and impatience ll control; indeed, to ordinary observers, she utterly void of those charms which naturally ct a stranger to admire a child. Yet the of this little untamed being was a casket of less gems,—uncut, indeed, and unpolished, n that account all the more ready to re-quick and vivid impressions; and, from the ıut that the little Elizabeth first gazed with sh admiration on the rare combination of y and grace which presented itself in her relative, she conceived for her the most t and devoted attachment; while, no doubt, Antoinette's lively, affectionate disposition. her with her quiet firmness and decision of cter, must have done much to rivet that of affection which was destined to last for

e Dauphiness, carefully and religiously nur-l by a wise and virtuous mother, found her-self, in the early morning of her spotless youth, suddenly placed in an atmosphere of moral impurity, of the extent of which, in the innocence of her nature, she was for a long time utterly unconscious. The life in her new home was (like her marriage-day) at first all flowers and sunshine; but very soon dark clouds loomed over her head, and the foreigner found she had many enemies in the French palace. Their ways were not her ways; they were jealous alike of the beauty (which was her least attraction) and the perfect decorum which uniformly marked her conduct. They contrived to annoy her in many ways; and even for a time succeeded in alienating her husband's affections from her. Those were dark days for the young queen—days in which she must have often thought of her mother's words: 'My daughter, in adversity remember me.' But, alas, the mother was far away, and the daughter, surrounded as she was by court intrigues and petty court cabals, must have often turned with pleasure to the child, on whose sincere affection she could rely. Probably she and the little Elizabeth were then more than ever drawn together; and Marie Antoinette herself, imbued with the deepest sense of religious duty, may, in that season of heart-sorrow, when 'though no murmur escaped her lips, the tear oft fell from her eye,' have led her sister's thoughts to the source of her own comfort, and shown, by her example, the beauty of ardent charity and self-denial, and so, unconsciously perhaps, increased the intensity of that religious feeling that seems to have grown with the child's growth, and strengthened with her strength.

In brighter days, when the queen had become a happy mother, and from that time a happy wife, for ever secure in the possession of her husband's love, all the long-repressed gaiety of her disposition returned, and we find her led, by the buoyancy of her spirits, to mingle with (perhaps blameable) eagerness in the gay amusements of the court. For these gaieties the young Elizabeth never seems to have had any taste; she only cared to accompany her royal brother and sisters in their missions of mercy to the poor and afflicted. Perhaps, too, the strictly religious lives of her aunts may have had an influence over her; for, when her sister Clothilde married, she, then fourteen years of age, began to feel herself lonely and out of place in the gay French court. Conceiving the most ardent desire to devote her life wholly to the service of God, she believed that she could only do so by entering a convent, and there, apart from the world and its temptations, giving her every thought to the duties of religion. In all sincerity she believed this idea to be a right one; but He who shapes for each of us his path in life, had chosen her for a far higher, holier mission than could ever be found within a convent's walls. Happily for themselves, Louis and his queen used all their influence to prevent their young relative from carrying out her intention; and inasmuch as

she then, yielding to their entreaties, gave up the cherished desire of her heart, so, in after years, when, at the approach of danger, they besought her to leave them and go with her aunts to Rome, she refused to listen, though flight at that time would have ensured not only her personal safety, but the gratification of her strongest religious instincts. 'No,' then she cried, 'entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, and where thou diest I will die.' Right nobly she kept her word, clinging to them through all the changing fortunes of their eventful life, to be their sustaining comfort and support even to the end. Surely the ways of Providence are wise as they are mysterious. It was not his will that the Princess Elizabeth should live out her life shut up in a convent; He chose her rather to be one of his favoured instruments, sent into the world as a witness of his grace in the human heart, and as an angel of consolation to a suffering family, whose trials have scarcely a parallel in the history of nations.

As a child, the subject of our sketch had an obstinate, determined temper, impatient of control, and wanting in docility. Perhaps her sister-in-law first discerned, and then drew out the germs of feeling that lay hidden in her nature; then, when the Holy Spirit shone into her soul, those very traits that were faults in the child, became developed into all the beauties of an active, energetic mind, and an almost masculine courage, combined with everything that is most lovely and loveable in woman's tender nature. To us, one of the most brilliant gems in her character is her total abnegation of self—self-forgetting, self-sacrificing, having a humble opinion of herself, and a conviction, even to the last, that nothing in her could ever win the favour of God. She tells us this in one of her letters, when she says: 'I know not *how* God will save my soul, *I* do *nothing* towards it.' When the clouds of misfortune rose around the royal family, when the storms of the Revolution—that seems to have been presaged by the terrible thunderstorm that darkened the sunshine, and shook the palace on their ill-omened wedding-day—burst over their devoted heads, Elizabeth might have found safety with her brothers, by sharing their flight to foreign lands; but her simple, yet brave, determined, yet gentle character, found itself incapable of such a 'barbarous desertion.' She was too loyal, as well as too loving, to forsake her friends in their distress; indeed, loyalty is a prominent feature in her character, for she loved Louis, not only as her brother, but as her king. And though her energetic, courageous disposition, would have urged him to wield the military power, which he had in his hands, for crushing the revolutionary outbreak while it was yet capable of being crushed, still she could not have the heart to blame him—nay, she loved him all the better for those very virtues of tender humanity and good nature, which, though admirable in the man, became faults in the king, combined as they were with a torpor and indecision of character, that lacked the courage of a hero, even while the firm resignation and enduring martyr.* On that terrible 20th o find the Princess Elizabeth not c leave, but willing to sacrifice her l loved. Having friends in the pala lives she had saved in 1789,—s easily escaped to a place of safety not; and when, in a moment of e she, clasping her arms round the taken for the queen, loaded with threatened with instant death, v averted by some one crying ou Madame Elizabeth,' instead of e. her deliverance, she turned a mil countenance on the speaker, say you tell them?—their mistake ma queen.'

An affectionate relative, Ma was no less true and loving as had two friends to whom she w tached, showing her attachment she took in their happiness and one of these ladies she secured marriage, making herself resp marriage portion; and to raise th she induced her royal brother t years of her own allowance, or which she was accustomed to rec every New Year's day. As yea round, *she* only of the royal nothing; but none looked happi while she gaily remarked, 'But I Alas for that tender loving nature in every fibre! Having throug obtained a court appointment friend, she felt happy in the th should have them ever near her; the days of trouble came, the tid bore them away, and then the lov itself deserted and alone. Yet Pr good to spring from the very cir to us appear the most untoward; correspondence between Madame her absent friends, that we are for an insight into those secre feelings which show the beauty ordered mind. That mind left its countenance. In childhood, w was considered plain and unattra her heart was touched, and her the light of her spirit shone ove she became lovely, not so muc in the habitual happy serenity sion. Those who do not know th happiness, may wonder that one be anything but miserable. 'But l as she rises day by day to gre

* 'There were many epochs,' says A sitting of the first assembly, after i dency began to be perceived by the people, when an intrepid monarch, a army and resolute nobility, might l tempest, turned the stream of innovat tional channels, and established, in wishes of the great majority of the monarchy, similar to that of the E ALISON'S *History of Europe.*

morn with earnest prayer, humbly, trustfully placing herself and all connected with her in *his* hands who *must* do all things 'well;' then tuning her spirit by the study of her favourite volumes: *Gospel*, containing the story of *his* life and sorrows; *Tribulation of Christ, Lives of the Saints.* No wonder, with such glorious ensamples continually in her mind, that she should feel well fortified to do and to suffer,—in short, to enact any part that might be hers in the changing drama of her daily life. Whenever a ray of light seems to break through the dense clouds which darken her horizon, we find her spirits rising with the occasion,—she is cheerful, almost gay. But hers is not the mirth that, like the lightning, flashes for a moment, to leave a deeper gloom behind; it is rather a warm 'daylight of the soul,' shedding a serene and steady light around her. This perpetual cheerfulness under all circumstances can only be attributed to one cause,—her habitual reliance on, and sense of, the divine presence, which gave her the satisfaction of feeling that even when surrounded by cruel foes, even when alone in the midst of enemies, she was still in the company of her dearest, her best of Friends. Of herself she never thought, for herself she never sorrowed; but her gentle heart ached for the woes of others,—for her royal relations, deprived of their throne and liberty; for those sweet children, whose weary captive hours she cheered by her lively instructions; and above all did she grieve for the insults offered to religion by the infuriate infidels of the democratic mob. She could sometimes afford an amused smile at the slights put upon worldly titles and prerogatives; but she was filled with horror and distress when she heard of the desecration of the Sabbath, of the churches—in short, of the complete overthrow of all religion. Then, indeed, did she earnestly, and with tears, wrestle in prayer, humbling herself before God, for the sins of her wretched, but still beloved country, from which the Almighty seemed to have turned away his countenance, leaving it a prey to reckless ambition, depravity, and bloodshed,—to rulers who disdained even the outward form of religion, and who, neither believing in God nor regarding man, had nothing to restrain them from those mad, brutal excesses that have stained every historic page wherein the story of the French Revolution is recorded.

Through all the sorrows that followed the royal family, we find Madame Elizabeth ever present, though seldom prominent; always the same quiet example of humble virtue and sustaining piety; strong-minded, but always *womanly;* having such a happy influence on those around her, that, in the year 1790, in the midst of deep distress, Marie Antoinette says: 'The serenity of Elizabeth sustains and raises us all.' Kind and forgiving even to her enemies, in that fatal drive from Varennes in 1791, during which the cruel, perfidious Pètion, together with Barnave, occupied a seat in the royal carriage, we find her offering him wine, though she knew him to be her deadliest, most implacable foe. Then her uniform gentleness, her wise, touching, noble remarks on the woes of France, together with the melancholy, sorrowing majesty of the queen, made an impression upon Barnave which was never effaced, and which so worked upon his generous feelings and enlightened intellect, that he had afterwards courage openly to espouse the royal cause, and to plead for the captive king, in that able speech which he made to the assembly on the 17th of July in the same year.

From the first moment that Louis XVI. fell into the hands of his enemies, he seems to have had a conviction that he was destined to follow the same fate as that which befell Charles I. of England; so also Madame Elizabeth had an early presentiment that she, too, was doomed to wear a martyr's crown. She does not profess to glory in the thought; she is not ambitious for public distinction, either in life or death; she says, 'I am undesirous to become a martyr.' Yet she is resigned to the inevitable, and talks calmly of what she believes to be her 'destiny.' Who can read unmoved of the daily, hourly trials to which this noble woman was subject? Yet in the midst of all she is able to say, 'The thought of God prevents my murmuring;' and again (when anticipating the worst), 'God will give me strength, He is so good, so good.' When her royal brother was gone—when as yet in ignorance of her royal sister's fate, though enduring all the agonies of fearful suspense—she subdues her own feelings, and bravely continues to devote her time to the loving task of educating her little fellow-captives—the unfortunate Dauphin and his sister (who lived to become known to many as the Duchess of Angoulême). Her sole remaining object in life was to cheer and comfort those dear children, and to that end she even mingled music with her other instructions; and surely their stern jailers' hearts must have sometimes felt a qualm when those gloomy Temple walls echoed the sweet, childish notes of the little royal captives. Though the spirit may 'be willing, the flesh is weak;' and if Madame Elizabeth sometimes felt inclined to be cast down at the contemplation of her misfortunes, surely we cannot wonder at it. In reference to such feelings, when pouring out her thoughts to her friend, she says: 'There are times when I feel my position more acutely; but, on the whole, *God gives me grace* to bear it very well.' At another time, when fully enjoying the sustaining help of that grace, she is able to write: 'I am not at all unhappy.'

When the world seems to be fading from her—when her own inevitable doom seems to be drawing near—she kindly prepares her friends for the sad event. Then she writes her farewells, makes her touching little bequests. To one dear friend, she says: 'I leave thee my hair. Make not thyself unhappy by regretting me.' To another: 'Make thy little ones pray for me. God tells us their prayers are pleasing to Him.' Again: 'I must tell thee myself—pray for me.'

Alas! while consoling others, her tender heart never had the satisfaction of receiving those touching farewell words of appreciating love, penned to her by her royal sister at half-past four o'clock of the last morning of her life, October 16, 1793: 'You, my good and tender

sister, you who sacrificed all to remain with us, in what a position do I now leave you!' Then, again: 'Adieu! my good and tender sister. May this letter reach you. Think ever of me. I embrace you with all my heart, as well as those poor, tender infants.' Such are a few sentences selected from that loving, farewell letter, the last written words of Marie Antoinette—words that never reached her for whom they were intended.*

At last we come, unwillingly indeed, to the closing scene of this brief and lovely life. It was on a night in May—May, that charming month of singing birds and flowers — that Madame Elizabeth, sleeping the peaceful sleep of innocence, was aroused from her slumbers, and ordered to make ready to appear before the revolutionary tribunal. Her little niece was sleeping beside her; and we can well imagine the terrified grief of the child, suddenly awoke to the knowledge that her tender protectress was about to be taken from her. There was little time allowed for parting words. Madame Elizabeth tenderly embraced her beloved charge, and soothed her with a promise that she would soon return. If angels are indeed allowed (as we would fain believe) to watch over those they loved on earth, no doubt that promise was faithfully kept; but Madame Elizabeth's mortal form never again embraced her niece, and the eyes of the young princess never again rested on the sweet face of her good and loving aunt. It is the remark of a learned historian,† that when she was brought before the tribunal, the judges and jury showed an unusual degree of impatience for her condemnation. Probably they dreaded the effect that a long trial might have, in allowing such an example of virtue and saint-like courage to appear too often before a people who were already beginning to repent the murder of their king and queen.

Few were the accusations that the malice of her enemies could contrive against her, and even they were of a nature that tended rather to exalt than to sully her character. The first offence laid to her charge was her having assisted some men who had been wounded in the Champ d'Elysées, on the occasion of the revolt in 1789. To this she replied: 'Humanity alone led me to dress their wounds. I needed no inquiry into the origin of their sufferings to feel the obligation to relieve them. I never thought this a merit; but I cannot see how it can be considered as a crime.' 'Admit at least,' said the president, 'that you have nourished in the young Capet the hope of regaining the throne of his father?' 'I devoted myself,' said she, 'to the care of that infant, who was the more dear to me as he had lost those to whom he owed his being.' When accused of being an accomplice o she, with calm nobility, replied: ' had been a tyrant, neither you have been where we now are.'* H already determined on, innocence with those before whom she sto condemned to die, with several o rank and exalted virtue. When room where those sentenced wi assembled, her noble courage neve —nay, rather then did she let the lig faith and holy hope so shine befo prisoners, that they, seeing the beau were encouraged by her counsels an to meet death without fear; and in that crowded prison room learne

> 'Raise the hands and pray
> To Him who smooths the w
> Through the dark vale.'

Even when sitting bound in t vehicle which bore her to the place the granddaughter of a king could self degraded. Even then she felt of kings was beside her; and h thought, self-forgetting as ever, l 'at leisure from itself to soothe an with the woes of others. Twenty- beside Madame Elizabeth, occupied death chariot. Of these, by right of course ought to have taken pre last sad hour; but (if possible) tc punishment, it was arranged that the last to suffer. We can well that tender heart must have felt pelled to witness the cruel death of of her fellow-creatures; yet, thr courage never gave way. As she scaffold her countenance had a glc sion of high and holy hope; her prayer for those who were about life. Already her thoughts wer already, 'in the red morn,' she hear song,' and, with the serenity of awaited the death-stroke. The gra of her form, the placid beauty of he had such an effect on the assembl that many tears fell, and words heard, when that vast revolutiona came aware that their vengeance w savage work accomplished, and t of their victim far beyond their r its way to eternal rest. 'The Rei had many victims; hundreds of t great, and the good, had ascende the gory guillotine; yet among the not find one more worthy than Mad to be selected as a witness of the grace of God, and the power of his solation and support, both in the t life, and in the dark vale of death.

* This letter was taken as soon as written to Robespierre. It was found after his death among his papers by Courtois, and discovered among the latter's papers in 1815, when they were searched by order of the Government.

† Sir Archibald Alison.

* See 'Trial of Madame Elizabeth.' *of Europe*, chap. xv.

ENTERING INTO LIFE:

NOTES FROM THE DEATHBED OF A BELOVED FRIEND.

(*Continued from p.* 293.)

ON the Wednesday preceding her death, she felt as if her end was very near. Towards the evening of the day, she said: 'His word to me now is, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."' During the night she was much distressed in body, and seemed to be deeply exercised in mind. Early in the following morning, she said that 'the accuser of the brethren' had been with her all night, and that she had obtained discoveries of the being and tyranny of Satan which were quite new to her; 'but,' she added, with touching emphasis, 'he is gone; and the language of the Redeemer to me now is, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."'

In allusion to the severity of her bodily trouble, she soon after said, 'It is well it is driving homeward.'

On the Thursday, when her medical attendant was standing by her bedside, she opened her eyes upon him, and, with deep solemnity, said: 'Dr. ——, it is a blessed thing to be able to look eternity full in the face, and feel, when about to enter it, that one is going home!' She continued: 'When —— was dying, I remember of hearing that these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin," were all she got to rest on in going into eternity. I have all the comfort of them this day.' In reply to an inquiry, addressed to her soon after, as to how she felt, she replied: 'I feel just as if I were entering into life.'

During this week—her last on earth—she expressed herself as having had much precious experience of the faithfulness of God,—remarking, that since she had come to her sick-bed, she thought that every word of God, on which she had been made to hope, had been made good to her; adding, 'I would willingly tell you how this has been done, but I am not able.' 'When you remember me,' she said again, 'bear in mind that, although I have suffered a great deal of pain, it has been made the sweetest blessing that ever was sent to me.'

On the Friday she spoke but little. Once or twice she expressed her views on passages of the Word, on which her soul seemed feeding. In the evening, on being asked whether she felt some cordial refreshing which was being given her, she said: 'Oh yes; but if I were not even now getting draughts of the river of the water of life, it would be very little to me. His love is better than wine.'

Early on Saturday morning, her sister having said to her, 'I fear you are soon to be taken from us,' she replied: 'I don't feel as if I were dying at all. You know it has been my life, for some years past, to serve Jesus; and that work is not at an end, for it is written, "His servants shall serve Him." Serve you Him on earth; and if I am now going to serve Him in heaven, it will be all the better for me.' When asked by a very dear friend, as the morning advanced, whether she thought she should now be long with her friends here: 'Do you know, I am never asking myself about that. I feel it is so sweet to be in his hands, that I am quite contented, if it is to be for your comfort and that of the others, to remain here for some days yet. I don't need to depart to be with Christ; for my gracious Lord has come to be with me, and spends with me all the day. When I depart, it will only be a change of place, not of company.' At one time, when lying perfectly still, she suddenly burst into tears. On a dear friend gently inquiring what so moved her—whether it was a sense of her sin and unworthiness,—she replied, in the midst of sobs: 'It is not so much that, as the thought that He should have set his love upon such a one as me.'

In the evening she was told that her brother and sister had arrived. 'It is all very well,' she said; 'but I must go through the dark valley alone; and yet not alone, for his rod and staff they shall comfort me.'

On Sabbath she lay calm, but spoke very little,—the highly inflamed state of her mouth and throat rendering every attempt at articulation very painful. On the words being repeated to her by a friend who had called, 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' she, in broken accents, replied: 'That's not just what I am thinking of. The presence of Christ makes heaven, and I may enjoy that on this sofa.'

In the evening she suffered much from the accumulation of phlegm in her throat,—the discharge of which, from the state of her mouth and her exhausted strength, was accompanied with much pain and difficulty. On one occasion, when this was particularly the case, her sister, who stood by, looked alarmed. On observing this, she looked up tenderly in her face, and meekly said, '"Tis the voice of my Beloved; behold, He cometh!' This was the last sentence which she was enabled distinctly to utter.

And it is now only necessary that we refer for a moment to the closing scene.

On the night of Sabbath her much-valued minister called,—one who, from the time of his first appointment as her pastor, had been to her an object of the highest interest and regard, and whose intimate friendship and confidence she was, from the first, permitted in large measure to share. On her indicating a desire to know the subjects on which he had addressed his people during the day, these were mentioned, and she remarked upon them, although in a manner that rendered it impossible to ascertain her meaning. Her minister repeated part of Zech. iii.,—a passage of the divine word which had for long been to her peculiarly dear and

precious,—and asked whether she remembered the portion. With much earnestness she replied: '*Do I not?*'

It has already been mentioned that, from the greatly enfeebled state of her nervous system, she could not bear conversation or reading of any description in her room. The invariable result of listening even to the reading of a few verses of the word of God, was to excite violent action at the heart; and it often happened that the repeating of a single verse, even if immediately connected with the train of thought with which her mind was at the time engaged, disturbed rather than soothed her spirit. As she now seemed in no way disturbed by being spoken to, another Christian friend repeated verses of a hymn which she thought suitable to her case. The verses she expressed a wish to have again repeated; and, shortly after, signified a desire to hear others also. Indeed, from this time on Sabbath evening, till the final release of her triumphant spirit, she seemed unwilling that any interruption should occur in h the word of life, which so often sola Passages the most fitted to sustain an her spirit were, with but the short sion, repeated in her ear; and the which she relished them, as well as and consolation which they impa soul, were shown in the imploring gave when any cessation occurred cise. Frequently, when such passa addressed in Rev. ii. and iii., 'To hi cometh,' had been read, she would utter, with peculiar earnestness, 'Again, again!'—thus intimating that the portion should again be And in this way many of the most suitable of the words of Christ times in succession repeated. Th till about six o'clock in the follow (Monday, February 8, 1847), when h spirit was introduced into the unc sence of her Lord.

THE CURSE, THE COVENANT, THE CROSS.

OF all dreadful things, nothing is so terrible as the curse of a holy God, when realized by lost souls in eternity. To be shut out from all good, to be shut in with all evil, and that for ever and ever, without help, and without hope; how fearful even to contemplate! And what will make this doom all the more terrible is, that this heavy and eternal curse will be a righteous curse. This will be felt by those on whom it abides. The miserable soul will have nothing really to lay to the charge of God, but will feel that his awful doom is his just desert. He chose the path which led to all this misery; loved those sins which had God's curse plainly appended to them; and refused again and again to be saved from them in God's appointed way.

God has also shown in his dealings with men, occasionally even on earth, what a terrible thing his curse is; that He means all He says, and can do all that He threatens. A deluge has swept our globe, fire has fallen from heaven on wicked cities, the earth has opened its mouth, and swallowed up those who defied God. Thus men are not left in ignorance as regards God's curse; they have warnings both in words and acts; and if they will go on in sin—go on rejecting a Saviour, and meet God's curse in eternity, after all the warnings and invitations of time,—they must be left 'without excuse.'

There is nothing so blessed as God's *covenant*. It is a covenant of peace and grace; it is full of blessing, overflowing with the favour of God. The Lord Jesus, who is the Mediator between God and man, is also the Mediator of the everlasting covenant, 'and He will give out all blessings to those who first come to Him to be reconciled to God, and then come by Him to God.' Peace with God, the friendship of God; to have all sin forgiven and remembered no more; to have God's laws written in the heart, and for God himself to become the soul's portion, are blessings of the wondrous covenant

All men deserve the curse of G can merit the blessings of the cove then can any of the lost family of m one state to the other—from the covenant? The simple and sufficien 'BY THE CROSS.' There the curse borne, as it is written: 'Christ has from the curse of the law, being m for us; for it is written, Cursed is e hangeth on a tree.' On the cross, knew no sin, was 'made sin for us, th be made the righteousness of God i this ground, the gospel, as the minis ciliation, says to God's worst enemie conciled to God.' 'He who bore si body on the tree,' now says, 'Incli and come unto me; hear, and your so and I will make an everlasting co you, even the sure mercies of Davi blessed change takes place as regard give heed to this gracious call! On do so who really believe God's testim ing the curse and the covenant, w danger, and fly to the only refuge.

Have we not often seen in the hei mer, after a long season of fine wea cloud overspread the sky, and eve token a heavy thunder storm? around is parched, the pastures a That dark cloud contains the need but it also contains the arrowy li those arrows strike, they are fatal riven, rocks are splintered, and ma by the terrible bolt. If those show earth will smile in beauty, and frui soon follow. But how many, under stances, look up and say, We are af bolt? There are many things roun attract it. Oh for something that

lown the lightning harmlessly to the earth, that hall touch the clouds and make them discharge heir 'showers of blessings!' Science has its ightning conductors for ships and buildings; ut science is impotent to bring down rain upon he earth.

These lightnings may represent to us the curse f God; and those waters floating under the irmament set forth the blessing of his covenant. The cross can save from that curse, and bring lown that blessing. Christ crucified is the averter f wrath, and the channel of blessing to all who believe in Him. But there is this point of lifference between the natural figure and the piritual fact. The lightning-rod is not shattered y becoming the conveyer of the destructive luid; but Jesus was smitten, stricken of God, nd afflicted. 'He was wounded for our trans-ression, He was bruised for our iniquities; the hastisement of our peace was upon Him, and vith his stripes we are healed.' Whatever of enal evil He took away from us, He had first imself to bear; and whatever of good He be-tows, was at an amazing cost to himself; yea, He gave himself for our sins,'—gave himself even to the cross and the tomb for us. But He rises—He ascends! All things are now in his hands; all power in heaven and earth. All stores of blessings for sinners who have merited the curse. He says to such, 'Come unto me and rest. Come unto me and drink.' His blood is the seal of the everlasting covenant; his resurrection and ascension to glory the full proof that God has accepted his sacrifice; and to all who believe in Him, his cross shall be the shelter from wrath, and the fountain of blessedness. Then let the heirs of the curse hasten to the cross; trust in Him who died; trust in God as revealed in the death and resurrection of Jesus,—and they shall become heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ.

Ere long shall the voice be heard: 'It is done.' 'There shall be no more curse;' 'but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve Him.' Who shall enter into all these blessings? Those 'who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in his temple.' J. C.

THE YOUNG MAN'S LESSON.*

IF you search the records of all history, I believe it will be found that the noble army which have fought the good fight of faith with the valour of giants, and won the most glorious ictories, are not the men who have spent their arly days in indolence and vice, serving divers ists and passions, and only surrendering them-lves to Christ when their mental powers were nfeebled, and their earthly course was drawing o a close. Such men, like comets, may have artled the Christian world, either by their erratic ovements, or even by the blaze of sudden light hich they have put forth ere passing away; nd I do not deny that the conversion of a sinner t the decline of life, and the good which he has hereby been enabled to accomplish, are to be eckoned amongst the greatest miracles which it s possible for divine grace to achieve.

But I maintain, notwithstanding, that the men ho, of all others, have been most eminently use-ul, are those who have been born from above in arly life, or who, by the Holy Spirit, have been anctified from the very womb. These I reckon o be the great magnitudes in the spiritual rmament; the lights that have been shining om the very outset of their Christian course; hining continuously, unobscured by any dark louds, and shining onwards and onwards, with ncreasing lustre, till they have gone down, and assed within the veil. That, I believe, was the ase with James Nisbet. He died full of years, nd full of good works; and he has left behind im a noble name and a fragrant memory. But his heart was given to the service of Christ when he was very young; and all the habits by which he was distinguished were formed, not amid the decrepitude of age, but in early life. Everything in his character that was excellent or praiseworthy, had its origin in habits that were begun amid the brightness and freshness of his youth. His prayerfulness, both in the closet and the family; his rising at an early hour in the morning; his strict observance of the sanctity of the Sabbath; the regularity of his attendance on the services of the sanctuary; his distribution of tracts, and of good books; his love for the fellowship of godly men; his tender care for the widow and the fatherless; his warm and passionate love for little children; his close and faithful attention to the business of life; his exemption from the gross vices of a world lying in wickedness; his genuine and large-hearted liberality; his temperance and moderation in the use of the bounties of God's providence; and his earnest zeal for the salvation of souls, and for the extension of the church of Christ,—in all these we discover the distinctive features of his character, and the prominent movements of his everyday life. But he did not need to learn them when his business transactions were crowned with abundant success, and, obtaining a name and a place amongst the saints, he was chosen and set apart as an office-bearer in the church of Christ. The little seeds which yielded so large a harvest, were all sown in the days of his youth; and the first lessons, which have led to results that have made thousands to wonder and admire, were all carefully learned when he was little more than a mere boy.

What a lesson does this teach to the young! May the impression of it abide for ever in your

*From *Lessons from the Life of the late James Nisbet.* y the Rev. J. A. WALLACE. Edinburgh: Johnstone, lunter, & Co.

hearts; and, instead of wasting your earliest days in idleness and frivolity, may you have grace given from above to learn, amid the brightness and freshness of your youth, the lessons I have been seeking to draw from the life of James Nisbet, that, emulating his holy example, and consecrating your every talent to the service of the Great Redeemer, your path through life may be like the light of the morning sun, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and that, when your earthly course is finished, and you go hence, the lustre of your holy example, and memory of your righteous deeds, instead sinking into endless oblivion, may long rem lingering with their blessed influences beh you; even as the great sun, when it passes ou sight, and the eyelids of the evening are clo still continues to gild the gathering clouds v glory, while the dark earth and the heaving are made radiant with the light, all pure and defiled, that comes down from the golden g of heaven.

WHAT THE LORD JESUS DID NOT REVEAL AND TEACH.

It has been often said that the very silence of Scripture is suggestive. May we not profitably apply this thought to the words of Jesus when He was on earth? The four Gospels are selections from what the Saviour said; but let it be observed that they are selections made by the Holy Spirit himself. No doubt they contain the *substance* of all that the Saviour taught. No important truth is omitted; yet, what a silence is there concerning many things which have, in all ages, caused much contention and controversy!

We will just refer to a few things, about which all must agree. There are persons who will find baptismal regeneration in John iii. 5, and others who think they see a complete system of church order in Matt. xxviii. 20; and these make Christ say things contrary to his usual teachings, or else beyond his design.

But we do not refer to such things as these. The points we mention as specimens of the silence of Christ are beyond debate.

Christ was silent respecting the sublime science of astronomy. What the stars are; whether inhabited, or to be inhabited, He never says. He ever aimed to carry his auditors far beyond the stars, up to the heaven of heavens.

He is silent as regards the *origin of evil*. How many have disputed on this point age after age! Christ does not utter a single sentence on this awful theme.

He is silent as regards any attempt to *reconcile man's responsibility and God's sovereignty*. He freely and fully preached them both, and would have us believe both, and imitate Him in loving and fearless testimony and filial submission.

These remarks are not made with a view to deter from contemplating God's works with an admiring eye, or to hinder from scientific investigations. No book encourages devout meditation on creation more than the Bible, and happy are those who study the book of nature and volume of revelation together. We are all de indebted to science, and some of her best have been humble learners at the feet of Je but, certainly, the silence of the Lord Jesu the points referred to, and other similar teaches some important lessons.

We learn how much more important th invisible are, than those which are seen. heaven beyond the stars is much more to us the starry heavens. It is much more desi that we should acquaint ourselves with t thoughts and purposes, which were before foundation of the earth, than to know ex how and when the foundations of the earth laid. We should do well to learn to turn a ear to the utterances of professed scientific sons, when they not only leave out Him by w all things were made, but contradict that which is full of Him.

How sadly does such scientific and often tradictory garrulity contrast with his sile and how silent will such hasty impugner revelation be when brought into his prese Surely, too, we should learn from Jesus t *silent* more frequently than we are; yea, le even aim to realize silence in the very thou when the wisdom of God declares divine doct and human duties.

Oh for more of the silence of adoring and then may come humble asking in f 'The meek will He guide in judgment; meek will He teach his way.' Look, lis learn, while the wisdom of God acts and spe 'Jesus called a little child unto Him, and him in the midst of them, and said: Verily say unto you, except ye be converted and come as little children, ye shall not enter in the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefo shall humble himself as this little child, the sa is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.'

Miscellaneous.

Cracked Clergyman.—There was a far- wife in Ystradffin, in the county of Carmar- who had a sister living in the vicinity of itho. This woman came at times to see her and on one of these occasions she heard trange things respecting the clergyman of rish—that is, Rowlands. The common say- s, that he was not right in his mind. She, er, went to hear him, and not in vain; but d nothing then to her sister, or to anybody bout the sermon; and she returned home to mily. The following Sabbath, behold, she gain to her sister's house, near Llangeitho. ,' said her sister with great surprise, 'what matter? Is your husband well, and are your n well?' 'Oh yes,' was the answer, 'nothing kind is amiss.' She asked her again, 'What matter then?' She replied, 'I don't well what is the matter. Something that your clergyman' (meaning Rowlands) 'said last th has brought me here to-day. It continued mind all the week, and never left me either night.' She went again to hear him; and ntinued to come every Sabbath, though her as hilly and mountainous, and her home than twenty miles from Llangeitho. After continued to come there about half a year, t a wish to ask Rowlands to come and preach radffin. She made up her mind to try what uld do; and so, after service one Sabbath, nt to Rowlands, and saluted him somewhat manner: 'Sir, if what you say to us is true, are many in my neighbourhood in a most rous condition, going fast to eternal misery. e sake of their souls, come over, sir, to preach m!' The woman's request struck him with se; but, without a moment's hesitation, he n his usual quick way, 'Yes, I will come if an get the clergyman's permission.' This she ed. Next Sabbath she went very joyfully ngeitho, and informed Rowlands of her suc- According to promise, he went over and hed at Ystradffin; and his very first sermon was wonderfully blessed. Not less than *thirty* s were, it is said, on that occasion converted. *n's Life of Rowlands.*

king Upward.—Pray frequently, and wait r, and the Lord will make your way plain. trains up all his servants to waiting; and if e called to the ministry, He will exercise oul beforehand with sharp conflicts. Joseph e cast first into a pit by his own brethren, nto a prison by his master, before he rules gdom; and David must be hunted as a flea he mountains before he gets the sceptre. an you tell what others feel, unless you have e same yourself? How can you sympathize prisoner, unless your own feet have been the stocks? How can you comfort those re cast down, unless you have been often r wit's end? Expect nothing but conflicts, ter day, to humble and prove you, and teach speak a word in season to every one that ry. This is, indeed, the high road to the m for all; yet a minister's path is not only r and stony, like others', but covered also ushes and brakes; and if you labour to re- them by your own hands, they will quickly tear your flesh, and fill your fingers with thorns. Let your Master remove them at your request; and remember it is always his work, as it is ever his delight, to clear our way and lead us on, till sin and death are trodden down. Undertake nothing without first seeking direction from the Lord; and when anything offers that is plausible and inviting, beg of God to disappoint you, if it be not according to his mind. You cannot safely rely on your own judgment, after God has told you, 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.' This advice relates to all important changes in life. Go nowhere, settle nowhere, marry nowhere, without frequent usage of this prayer.—*Berridge.*

Christmas Evans' Poverty.—It may not be generally known that Christmas Evans, during a large part of his pastorate in Anglesea, received for all his labours only seventeen pounds per annum. During the later years it rose to thirty pounds—a miserable support for a man who gave himself up with such singleness of heart to the work of the ministry. His biographer, himself a Welshman, says: 'It must be numbered among the anomalies of Welsh religious life, that it combines an insatiable appetite for sermons with a marvellous disregard for the temporal comfort of the preacher.' It is a pity that this anomaly is not peculiar to Welsh religious life. It too often characterizes American religious life also. On one occasion a woman said to Mr. Evans, as he came out of the pulpit: 'Well, Christmas Evans, *back*, I hope you will be paid at the resurrection; you have given us a wonderful sermon.' 'Yes, yes, Shan, *fack*,' was his quick reply, 'no doubt of that; *but what am I to do till I get there?* And there is the old white mare that carries me; what will she do? for her there will be no resurrection.' This was a richly merited rebuke of a sanctimonious niggardliness. We trust that it was not without some effect. But he might have said more, and with great justice. He might have added: 'Yes, yes, I know that for my labours and sacrifices I shall be paid there. But what will *you* do? What pay will you receive then for your stinginess now?' That is the practical question which should come home to the hearts of all who combine an appetite for the labours of the servant of God with a marvellous disregard for his temporal wants and comforts. There are two ways in which congregations sometimes display this niggardliness. (1.) In their shabby contributions to their minister during the days of his activity. They take all they can get from him, and give as little as possible in return. (2.) In their miserable provision for him in the days of his infirmity and old age. An 'infirm ministers' fund' claims *generous* support from Christian men; nor can anything be more heartless than the pittance on which he is often left to starve. The pretext of leaving him to be repaid at the resurrection, as in the case of Evans, is a barefaced hypocrisy, which must be utterly abominable to God.

To a Young Minister.—Count the cost, and give thyself wholly to thy work. One calling is enough for such a war; and half a minister is almost worse than none, for the devoted half is never but little better than a quarter.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'Go in and possess the land.'—DEUT. x. 11.

ISRAEL passed through many changes in their history; but here we have its termination or culmination—the possession of the land. They were bondsmen, wanderers, outsiders, borderers; but they were not to remain such; they were to possess the land. Here their earthly history, which began with Abraham, comes to a point. Let us learn from this something as to ourselves and our history.

1. *We are not to be without a land.*—We are to have a country and a city. When in the world, we have these in a certain way, but they are all carnal; they pass from us, and we from them. The world's cities and possessions will not do for us. They will not fill us, nor satisfy us, nor abide with us. Hence, even when in the world, we are truly strangers; landless, cityless, homeless. And after we have left the world, we are strangers, though not as before; for now a land, a city, and a home have been secured to us. Sinners, God offers you the better Canaan as compensation for this present evil world!

2. *We are not to be dwellers in Egypt.*—The house of bondage is not for us. Pharaoh cannot be our king. We must, like Moses, refuse to be called the sons of Pharaoh's daughter. We must go out, not fearing the wrath of the king; counting the reproach of Christ greater riches than Egypt's treasures. Egypt may do for an Egyptian, but not for an Israelite, a son of Abraham.

3. *We are not to be dwellers in a barren land.*—The wilderness may do for a day, but not for a permanent abode. Ishmael may have the desert, Israel must have the good land—the land flowing with milk and honey. Esau may have Seir, Israel must have Jerusalem.

4. *We are not to be borderers.*—To be out of Egypt is one step, to come up to the borders of Canaan is another; but that is not to be all. We are not outsiders, never crossing the boundary; or borderers, belonging to neither region, ever crossing and recrossing the line, as if we had no wish to stay, or no portion in the land. The border-lands are not for the church, or for any one calling himself a Christian—an Israelite indeed.

5. *We are to go in and possess.*—Out of Egypt, out of the wilderness, across the borders,—into the very heart of the land—Judah's hills, Ephraim's vales, Issachar's plains, Manasseh's pastures, Naphtali's lakes and fertile reaches. We go in and take possession, leaving all other lands and regions behind. It is the God-chosen, God-given land; let us possess it. It is rich, goodly, well-watered; let us possess it. Not merely let us survey it, or pitch our tents in it; but build our habitations there, to dwell in it for ever.

What I gather specially from our text is, that we are not to be *borderers*; not merely not Egyptians, nor Ishmaelites, but not *borderers*. The place to which God invites us is the land, the kingdom, the city. Just now, of course, it is but the *promise*, for the kingdom has not yet c But I speak of the promise as if it were the t itself, for the promise is God's, not man's.

There are many borderers in our day; half- half Christians; afraid of being too decidedl intensely religious. They are not Egyptians; are not, perhaps, quite outsiders, for they c sionally seem to cross the line, and take a loo the land from some of its southern hills. But are *borderers*. They have not decidedly take their abode in the land; they have not entere nor possessed it. They are hoverers, vacilla worshippers of two Gods,—trying to secure kingdoms, and to lay up two kinds of treas Let me speak *of* and *to* these. Why should be borderers?

1. *It is sin.*—It is not your misfortune merel is your guilt. That half-heartedness and indeci is about the most sinful condition you can be Borderer, you are a *sinner*; a sinner becau borderer! You are a despiser of the pleasant and of the glorious city; nay, a despiser of King of that land and city.

2. *It is misery.*—You cannot be happy in half-and-half state. You don't know *what* you nor *whose* you are, nor whither you are go You are sure of nothing good—only of evil. W you dying in that state—were you cut off *on borders*—you are lost; and does not that make truly wretched? Your border-ways may save some outward trouble or reproach, but they m you an unhappy man.

3. *It is danger.*—You think, perhaps, that beca you have gone a little way, that all is well, or least that you are out of danger. No; the dan is as great as ever. Were you to die on borders,—only almost a Christian,—you are sure of hell as if you had died in Egypt. Do suppose that to be half-way to heaven is to be half-way to hell; it is to be *whole-way* to hell.

4. *God abhors it.*—It is abomination to God. is an insult to Him. It says that you do not c for Him or his goodly land. That half-heartedn is abominable to God. It is like Laodicea, or p haps worse. Borderer, beware of thus provoki and insulting God!

5. *It is loss to yourself.*—Even just now, h much you lose! You might be so happy! If cided and sure, you might have such peace! A then the prospect of such a land! What a lo Yes, your own interests, as well as God's hono demand decision. It is such a goodly, glori land! It is so foolish and so cowardly to h back! Oh, *decide!* Be a borderer no more. En in and possess the land at once. Love not world. It will do nothing for you. It will o mock you, and land you in eternal woe. You m try to enjoy its pleasures now, but they pass aw There are no sin-haunts, no lust-chambers, theatres, no ball-rooms, no revellings, no volup ous music, no ungodly mirth, either in heaven in hell. If you lose Canaan and Jerusalem, y lose everything, and you gain nothing. Tarry n on the frontiers. Cross over. Enter in. Press to Jerusalem.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Continued from p.* 326.)

V. THE fifth thing which the apostle affirms respecting this righteousness is, that it is a righteousness which is by the faith of Jesus Christ: 'Even the righteousness of God, which is by the faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference.' He means to say by this expression, that it is a righteousness which comes to us by believing in Jesus Christ. It is not our faith that is our righteousness; it is not our act of believing that justifies. If your faith were your righteousness, then faith would be just reduced to the level of all other works, and would be itself a work. If it were our faith, our act of faith, that justified, then should we be justified by our own acts, by our own deeds. The expression, then, 'the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ,' means simply this—it is a righteousness which passes over to us and becomes available for us by believing in Him whose righteousness it is; that is, by believing the Father's testimony concerning Jesus Christ. It is by believing that we are identified with Him, so that his doing becomes our doing in the eye of God, and in the eye of the law; his suffering becomes our suffering; his fulfilling of the law becomes our fulfilling of the law; his obedience to the Father's will is our obedience to the Father's will. Such is the position into which we are brought by being made, in believing, one with Him. Thus 'the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ,' is presented to us, that in believing on Him, He might become ours. Righteousness is here laid down at our feet. It is there, whether we receive it or not. It is there, whether we believe it or not; whether we reject it or receive it. Your receiving it does not create it; your receiving it does not complete it; it is all created, it is all completed, it is all free, it is all at our feet, whether we take it or thrust it away; and our condemnation hereafter, if we be lost, will be not that there was no righteousness, not that we refused to complete the righteousness which had begun, but that we rejected the righteousness which was completed, and which was so presented to us by God himself. It is in believing, or, as the apostle expresses it, by faith in Jesus Christ, that this righteousness with all its privileges, and with all its results, passes over to us. For in believing, what are we saying but just this: 'I have no works to bring to God; I am a sinner, but I take this work of the Son of God, and I ask to be dealt with by God according to its value, and just as if I had done the work, and not He.' Or, it is just as if we were saying, 'I have no righteousness, seeing I am wholly a sinner; but I take this righteousness of the Son of God, and I draw near, expecting to be treated by God, just as if I and not He were the righteous person. I cannot present any suffering to Him in payment of penalty; but I take this suffering of the Son of God, and I claim to have it reckoned to me as payment of my penalty.' Thus it is, 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.'

VI. The sixth thing which the apostle affirms regarding this righteousness is, that it is a righteousness for the unrighteous. It 'is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' It is righteousness for the unrighteous. It is not righteousness for the good, but for the evil. It is not righteousness for the worthy, but for the unworthy. It is our *unrighteousness* that fits us for this righteousness. It is the evil that is in us that fits us for the excellency that is found in it. How foolish, then, to say as men, when convinced of sin, or when going back into former iniquity, are sometimes found saying, 'I am too great a sinner to be forgiven.' Why, if you were not such a sinner, you would not need such a righteousness. It is the extent of your unrighteousness that is the very thing that fits you for a righteousness so infinite, so divine. If the righteousness were not the righteousness of God, if it were a human and not a divine righteousness, if finite and not infinite, your fear would be natural; but seeing it is divine not human, infinite not finite, can anything be more foolish, more presumptuous, more profane, than to say, 'My unrighteousness is too great for the righteousness of the Son of God?' This righteousness for the unrighteous is said by the apostle to be 'unto all.' It is a righteousness which is like the sun in the heavens. It is one sun; yet it is enough for every one, it is free to every one. God works

out a righteousness, and then sets it down on this fallen earth, that every one may avail himself of it. We are, therefore, not to say, Is this righteousness provided for this one or for that one, for many or for few? but there it is, there is the righteousness, go and take it. That is the gospel. Looking at the natural sun, do you ever think of asking, Is it for me, for this man or for that, the many or the few? you open your eye and enjoy its beams without asking any questions. Your making such inquiries would indicate a very unhealthy state of body; and so your asking such questions regarding God's intention as proposed in this righteousness, indicates an unhealthy state of mind. To every sinner here, we preach the good news of this righteousness; a righteousness not only suitable and sufficient, but glorious and free—righteousness for the unrighteous—righteousness for the most unrighteous of the children of men. 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' 'The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which is lost; for the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.'

But then, again, it is a righteousness which is '*upon* all them that believe.' It is '*unto* all;' but it is only 'upon' them that believe. The moment that we believe through grace, we are accepted in the beloved—redeemed from condemnation and from wrath. Till then the wrath of God abideth upon us. It is in believing that this righteousness is put upon us; and in believing—what? In believing what God has testified concerning this righteousness, and concerning Him whose righteousness it is.

But again, the apostle affirms regarding this righteousness for the unrighteous, that 'there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' There is no difference as to its fitness for the sinner, whatever his sin may be; and there is no difference as to the fitness of the sinner for the righteousness. There is this twofold fitness: the fitness of the righteousness for the sinner, and the fitness of the sinner for the righteousness. 'There is no difference;' there is no one man more fit than another—all are equally fit or equally unfit, equally qualified or equally unqualified, for 'all have sinned;' and it is this that brings down all to the same level, and down to this level it is that the righteousness comes. For it is not a righteousness which has only come down to a certain level,—which has lighted upon earth, but only upon some of its highest peaks; it is a righteousness which has come down to the very lowest valleys, a righteousness which may be found out without climbing, and even beside our very dwellings. No one then can say, 'I deserve it, therefore it is for me;' and no one, on the other hand, can say, 'I do not deserve it, is not for me.' There is no differe have sinned and come short of the gl Thus it suits the case of all; so that put it away and say, 'It does not s but it may suit others.' Nay, frien not an unrighteous man it will not grant; but if you are an unrighteous suit you. There is no question as to your unrighteousness, the length amount, or degree—there is no qu that, the simple question is, Are righteous man? Then it suits your it is a righteousness near to each on is not afar off: it is not in heaven al you have to climb to the seat of G it; and it is not down so low that y to earth's centre to find it: it is n your very side; and if you reject it, because of its distance. God has near. He tells you it is near. 'I my righteousness.' God says that; you that you should say, It is far more, it is free—'Without money price.' There is no payment asked; can be taken. The very idea of pay sulting to the righteousness, and Him whose righteousness it is. Ye to buy it,—not by their gold and would buy it by their penances a some by their confessions; some wou their repentance, some by their pray their self-mortification and privation ways do men who profess to believe seek to buy that which cannot be bou that which is free. And this righ suitable, so near, so free, we proc one of you now, that those of you w it may understand and realize mo acceptance with God into which tha ness has introduced you, and that who know it not may receive it and b is righteousness for the unrighteous to you, the very righteousness of G eousness which has come down fro earth on very purpose that it may t to you and pressed home on you. wish that you should take it. Do yo He hinders not. Where then lies the In you, not in Him. The refusal, will not be on his part, it must be o if you perish, you perish not becaus not be reconciled to you, but becaus not be reconciled to Him; not becau not a provided righteousness, but rejected it; not because there was love in God to give you that righte because you wilfully put away fro the righteousness and the love.

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA.

No. VII.

FRAGMENTS.

ıp the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.'—John iv. 12.

IS it not very wonderful, or, as I should rather say, is it not very blessed, the way in which God the Holy Spirit—He whose office it is to guide us into all truth, and to take hings of Jesus, and show them unto us vi. 13, 15)—brings a passage or a verse ture to our remembrance, at times when ıan teaching would be utterly impossible, en we may be altogether incapable of ır own powers of memory?

re not all recollect such times, when, with hness and the vividness of a message om heaven, a verse has, as it were, been ı us,—the very verse in the whole Bible st exactly suited our need,—though not erhaps, the one we would have selected ble, had it not been interpreted for us by rit, in a way, and with a power, that not kes it fresh as if we had never known, d, or read it before, but also makes it er after to be especially and peculiarly ı?

erse that I have chosen as the motto for ɔer was once thus given to a lady, and ince then been so associated with her in d, that I never meet the passage without ting the circumstance. She was very ill, seriously so, and her head was so much that thought was impossible; almost ble thirst sorely aggravated the other ns, and brought the sufferings of our Saviour on the cross very vividly before

ıot only suffered far greater thirst for ıt, great as that suffering was, it was as compared with the anguish of his soul, ıung there on the accursed tree, and en- ll the punishment her sins deserved, even hiding of his Father's face, that in *her* f suffering, He might lift up the light of ıtenance upon her, and give her peace— , deep peace she now enjoyed.

ense of his marvellous love, in thus suffer- her, was almost overwhelming, as one of it after another was revealed to her by y Spirit. She could not understand how done. She said afterwards that it was f she thought about it, but as if the love ɔught before her like a picture, so that *d see it with her heart.*

fervently did she long that she could ı a very little for Him, who had done gs for her. But what could she do,— invalid, with so much of life already passed, and her powers of service so feeble and so few? Then it was that these words were brought to her remembrance: 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.' And very full was the comfort they brought to her heart. True it was, she had nothing *but* fragments to gather. But Jesus would accept them—nay, more, He wanted them; how blessed, then, it would be to gather them for Him! The almost impatient desire to go quickly to her heavenly home was taken from her; and she felt as if life had become so precious, that it would no longer seem hard to live on, as long as it pleased God, if only she was given grace to obey her Saviour's command, and gather up the fragments that remained, that nothing be lost.

Are we—any of us—I wonder, watchful as we ought to be of our 'fragments,'—careful, as we ought to be, to gather them up? Fragments we certainly all have, whatever may be our position or our circumstances. Fragments of life, fragments of health, fragments of intellect, fragments of time, of influence, of opportunities, of money. Have any of us ever proved to the uttermost, what Dr. Chalmers used to call 'the power of littles?' And, surely, the very fact of our only having fragments, if such is the case, so far from disheartening us, should only make us the more carefully watch that not the smallest particle be lost. The loaf of bread that would not be missed in the castle of the rich, might make all the difference between hunger and plenty in the cottage of the poor.

'What if the little rain should plead,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead;
I'll tarry in the sky!

What if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day!

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?'

As I write, my thoughts turn involuntarily to one who certainly did, in no ordinary degree, gather up the tiny fragments that remained to her, and use them to her Saviour's glory.

She had been suddenly stricken with paralysis; for a time the power of speech was entirely withdrawn from her, and afterwards only so far restored, as that sometimes, with great difficulty, she could make those around her understand her wishes. In the beginning of her illness, the chintz valances had been taken off her bed. One day she pointed to the place

where they had been laid, making a sign that she wanted something out of it. One thing after another was shown to her; but she shook her head to each. At last, pointing to the side of the bed, she said 'Valance.' It was brought to her, and, taking it in her feeble fingers, she was able to make it understood that she wished it to be made into frocks for the children of an infant ragged school, in which she was deeply interested, and for which she had been working but a few hours before she had taken ill.

Was not that fragment, gathered up so carefully, more precious to the Lord Jesus than £50 given without an effort would have been?

'Be sure you meet me in heaven,' said a dying mother to her only son. They were the last words she ever spoke. God brought them home with power to his heart. He felt that he must be changed indeed, or he could *not* meet her there; and he sought his Saviour and found Him. Thus that little 'fragment' of speech was 'gathered up,' and then blessed by God to the saving of a soul.

Many years ago, there lived in one of the southern states of America an emancipated slave, who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and longed very earnestly that others should share her joy. But what could she do, a poor, despised old woman? Had *she* any fragments to gather up from the banquet to which the King had brought her? (Song ii. 4.) We shall see.

She lived near one of the gates of the town, through which large gangs of slaves used to pass every morning and evening, on their way to and from their work. Could she not persuade some of them to listen to her, as she told them of Him who has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?' (Matt. ix. 28.) She would try at all events. So she bought a little wooden stool, and every morning and evening she took up her position close to the gate, before the hour when the slaves used to pass. Then she would anxiously watch, and when she saw any of them look very sad, or weary, she would tenderly ask them to rest a little on her stool. Often and gladly was the offer accepted; and then in simple words, but with all the earnestness of one who knew that there was none other name under heaven given amongst men whereby they might be saved (Acts iv. 12), she would tell them of a Saviour's love, and that in his precious blood all their sins might be washed away.

Some only laughed, and some mocked; but some listened. And in the great harvest day, that poor woman 'shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing her sheaves with her' (Ps. cxxvi. 6).

To invalids, especially, I think the thought that the Lord Jesus not only accepts the fragments they gather up for Him, but actually wants them, must be most comforting and encouraging; for they rarely have anything but fragments that they can gather. But surely they need not fear that He who commanded the fragments of bread, left after He had miraculously fed the five thousand, to be gathered up, will despise the fragments of time, or thought or health, which may be all his suffering children can use for Him.

The earnest wish, that comes from the depth of a loving heart, spoken to one whom we love to see 'following fully,' may be listened to, when a long talk would not be tolerated. The simple story of a Saviour's love, told to the little child who comes to see you, may sink down into the young heart, and bear fruit unto life everlasting. Instead of fruitlessly mourning that, on your sick bed, or in your invalid life, you can do so little, thank God for being permitted to do anything. Love does not measure service by the actual intrinsic value of that service, but by the motive from which it springs, and the feeling by which you are actuated in performing it. To those who are faithful in a few things, the blessed words are spoken: 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord' (Matt. xxv. 21).

It is quite true that, in one sense, the Lord Jesus does not want your fragments. He could do all He wants without them. But in another sense He does want them—want them all—want the very least of them; and He would be grieved if you withheld or wasted them.

'Mother,' said little Caroline one morning, as she saw her mother take out her work-basket and sit down to work; 'Mother, may I hem the handkerchief for you? I should like so much to help you.'

Her mother hesitated for a moment. Caroline could not work very well, and she could do herself in half an hour; but then she was glad her little daughter wished to help her, and she would learn to work better by degrees, so she said, 'Thank you, darling, I should like your help very much; but I want the handkerchief to be finished at once. I think it would take you full two hours to hem it, and I am afraid you would be tired. Would you not rather run and play in the garden with Charlie and Ernest?'

'Oh no, mother,' answered the little maiden, 'I am sure I shall not be tired; and I shall be much happier helping you than playing in the garden. You will watch how I do my work; and if you just talk a little to me now and then, I shall not mind how long I have to sit quiet.'

Very happy were both mother and child that morning, as they sat in the window at their work,—the mother rejoicing in her child's love and self-denial; and the child rejoicing in her mother's approbation, and the thought that she was helping her. Patiently and carefully did she hem the handkerchief; and though not quite well done as her mother could have done it, the mother valued it infinitely more. When the father came home in the evening, the handkerchief was shown to him, and his tender kiss and loving words were the crowning joy of that day's happiness.

And need you fear that the Lord Jesus will value less than a mother his children's efforts to serve Him, and to help his work, however feebly and imperfectly they may be able to

ɐr, too, that a **fragment will** often
ose, when a larger thing would be

n watched a mason building the
ıse, and almost trembled lest he
t by the large, heavy stones that
y laid in their places. But see—
moment as he is going to raise
it will not do, it would not fit
ner; so he looks at the heap of
ɔr fragments that lie at his feet,
, and quickly selecting one which
eye tells him is the right size, he
he vacant corner, puts the cement
then lays down the large stone,
exactly what he wants, but which
s little have supplied the place of
ne, as the small stone could have
ılace of it.
t then gladly and gratefully gather

up your fragments, and lay them at the feet of Him who wants, and asks for, and values your help in building up that temple, of which his people are the 'lively stones?' (1 Pet. ii. 5.) Silently and noiselessly, as for the temple of old (1 Kings vi. 7), are those stones being hewn out, polished, prepared. From the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, they are being gathered. How soon the great Master Builder may bring forth the head stone with shoutings, we know not (Zech. iv. 7); but when He does, there will not be any further opportunity left for us to gather up our fragments, and thus add to the size or the beauty of the building. Oh, may God grant that neither you who read, nor I who write this paper, may fail to obey the command, and thus lose the blessed joy of being workers together with Him, in the building of that temple which shall last throughout an endless eternity!

THE MOTHER'S JEWELS.

'eamy night draws nigh;
ious breathe of mingled flowers,
ings of slumber creep the hours;
ɔon is high.
nder tiny cot,
cked with vines; a tremulous ray
where the silver moonbeams lay,
les them not!

, two holy eyes,
ıds clasped softly, and a brow
ıt sits busy, weaving garlands now
ɜ and sights
e swift coming years.
with innocent worship part:
saint or sceptic, if thou art,
nust have ears:
ay me down to sleep,
e Lord my soul to keep;
ld die before I wake,
e Lord my soul to take.'

ɨ not noiseless ope
lgates of thy heart, and make
of thee, for her sweet sake,
with strong hope,
ɾeet task ne'er forgot
Now I lay me,' o'er and o'er?
kneel upon the sanded floor,—
them not!

nany a festive hall,
g light and flushing glances vie,
splendour, mirth makes revelry—
ɔices call
ɨ light-hearted throngs
harp-strings, and to join the dance.
ɟirl starts lightly, as perchance,
the songs,
ɛrry laugh, the jest,
ɾision songs of long ago,
downy couch, she murmured low,
her rest,
ingle infant prayer.

Once more at home, she lays her jewels by,
Throws back the curls that shade her heavy eye,
And kneeling there,
With quivering lip and sigh,
Takes from her finger white the sparkling rings,
The golden coronet from her brow, and flings
The baubles by;
Nor doth she thoughtless dare
To seek her rest, till she hath asked of Heaven
That all her sins, through Christ, may be forgiven.
Then comes the prayer:
'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

The warrior on the battlefield,
After the battle—pillowing his head,
Perhaps, upon a fallen comrade dead—
Scorns not to yield
To the sweet memories of his childhood's hour,
When fame was bartered for a crimson flower.
The statesman grey,
His massive brow all hung with laurel leaves,
Forgets his honours while his memory weaves
A picture of that home, 'mid woods and streams,
Where hoary mountains caught the sun's first beams;
A cabin rude—the wide fields glistening,
The cattle yoked, and mutely listening;
The farmer's toil, the farmer's face, and, best
Of earthly luxuries, the farmer's rest.
But hark! a soft voice steals upon his heart:
'Now say your prayer, my son, before we part;'
And clasping his great hands—a child once more—
Upon his breast, forgetting life's long war,
Thus hear him pray:
'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

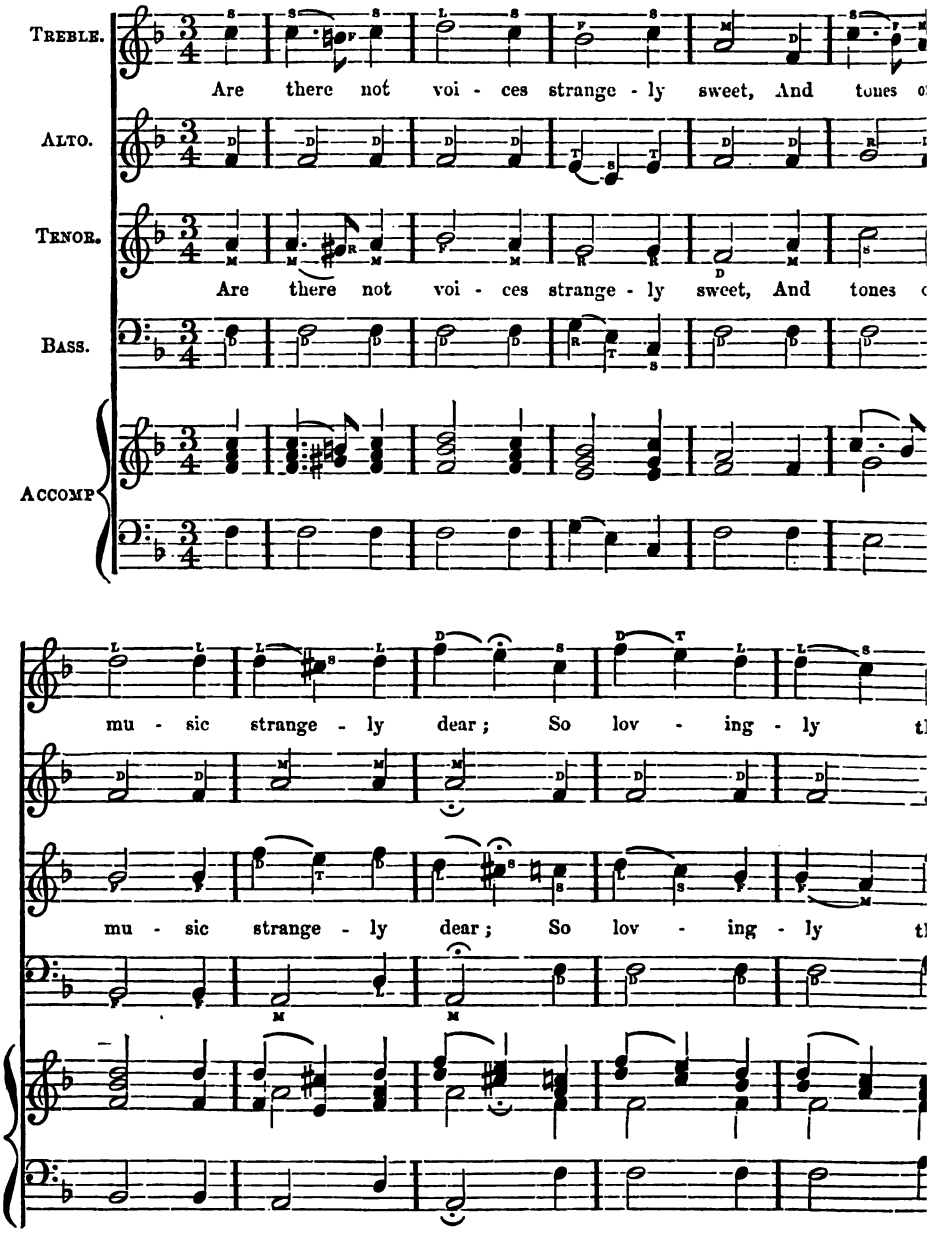
—*Anon.*

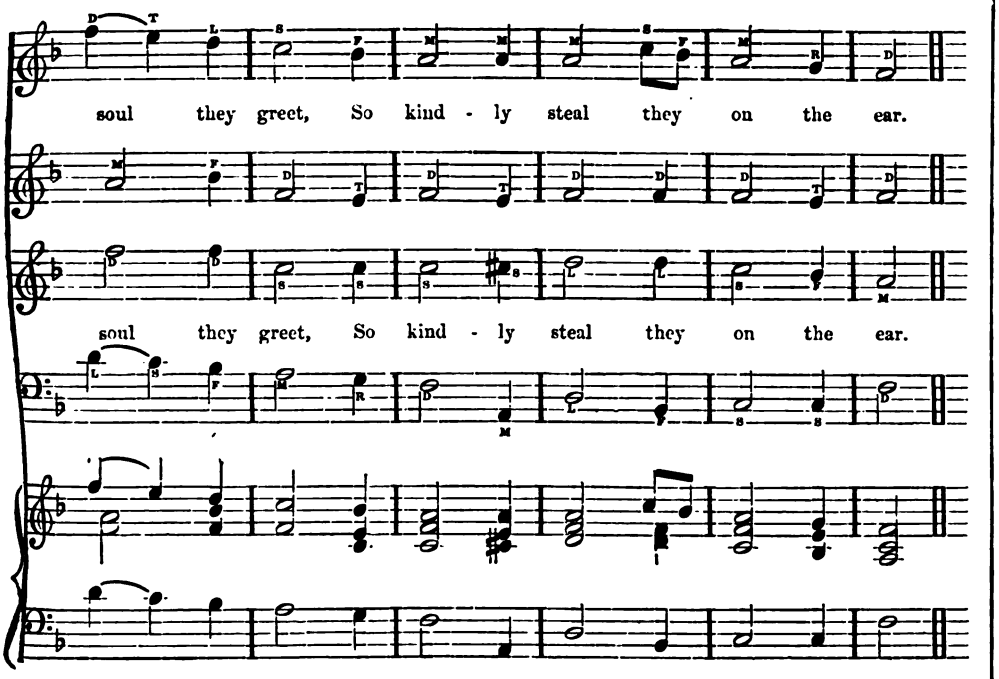
The Treasury Hymnal.

The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Method of musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singers.

LINKS.

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Music from* Spohr.

With tenderness. Met. 80 = ♩

Treble.
Are there not voi - ces strange - ly sweet, And tones o
Alto.
Tenor.
Are there not voi - ces strange - ly sweet, And tones
Bass.
Accomp
mu - sic strange - ly dear; So lov - ing - ly t
mu - sic strange - ly dear; So lov - ing - ly t

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

We know not why they strike so deep,
We cannot tell the secret spring
Within us, which they wake from sleep,
Nor how such thoughts their notes can bring.

We ask not why nor how they thrill
So keenly through the inmost soul;
And why, when ceas'd, we listen still,
As though they yet upon us stole.

We feel the sweetness of the voice;
We love the richness of the tone;
It makes us sorrow or rejoice,
Compelling us its power to own.

Are there not words, too, strangely sweet,
Thoughts, musings, mem'ries, strangely dear?
So lovingly the soul they greet,
So gently steal they on the ear.

Common the words may be and weak,
The passing stranger owns them not;
To other ears in vain they speak,
Unknown, unrelish'd, or forgot.

Rich in old thoughts, these words appear,
Part of our being's mighty whole;
Link'd with our life's strange story here,
Knit to each feeling of our soul.

Link'd with the scenes of days gone past,
With all life's earnest hopes and fears;
Link'd with the smiles that did not last,
The joys and griefs of faded years.

Link'd with old dreams once dreamt in youth,
When dreams were gladder, truer things;
When each night's vision of bright truth,
Lent to each bouyant day its wings.

Link'd with the whisper of the trees,
When summer-eves were fair and still;
Set to the music of the breeze,
Or murmur of the twilight rill.

Link'd with some scene of sacred calm,
Of holy places, holy days;
Link'd with the prayer, the hymn, the psalm,
The multitude's glad voice of praise.

Link'd with the names of holy men,
Martyr, or saint, or brother dear;
Some parted, ne'er to meet again,
Some still our fellow-pilgrims here.

Link'd with that name of names, the name
Of Him who bought us with his blood;
Who bore for us the wrath and shame,
The Virgin's Son, the Christ of God.

The Harleys of Chelsea Place.

CHAPTER I.

THE Harleys of Chelsea Place resided in the centre of a dull, sombre-looking row of brick houses. There was a large, heavy freestone portico over the door, which was gained by going up three broad steps, and on the greeny-black door was a lion's head of brass, with a great ring in his mouth for a knocker. Indeed, the lion's head was the only bright thing visible on the outside of 6, Chelsea Place. When the front door was opened, you stepped into the hall upon a pavement of black and white diamonds in marble, and exactly opposite you was a wide oak staircase, with a handsome painted glass window at the top of the first flight of stairs. There were carved oak chairs in the hall, and two marble slabs, and red baize doors, and everything very beautiful and grand; but such a stillness seemed to pervade the house, that you almost fancied it was as dull within as without. Such was not, however, the case really. True, the lower part of the house was kept perfectly quiet, because Mr. Harley was an invalid, and was annoyed at the least bustle or noise; but if you went up the stairs to the third story, and unfastened a wooden gate, across an archway to your right, you became conscious of little people being in the vicinity; and if you had, unobserved, thrown open the middle of the three doors facing you, you would scarcely have been able to hear your own voice for the din and chattering of the inmates of that room. We will now beg our readers to enter it (the day nursery) with us, on the fine spring afternoon when our tale first commences, and as they do, their ears will be assailed with—

'You naughty, bad, wicked, cruel boy! Oh! you are so bad! I won't love you any more. My dolly! my poor dolly!' and, as she spoke, little Dora Harley made a dart at a big boy of about twelve, and snatching her doll from him with one hand, administered to him a not very gentle cuff with the other.

'Did she love her dolly? A big baby,' sneered the boy in a most tantalizing manner. 'Did her baby suffer from bad eyes, and have to undergo an operation by Dr. Thomas Harley? Poor little thing!'

''Twas you did it!' shrieked Dora, making another dart at Tom, who, by a dip and a bend, eluded her.

'Oh! fie for shame, Miss Dora!' interposed the nurse, coming up to the disputants. 'Aren't you ashamed to be fighting your cousin, Master Tom?'

'He pushed one of my dolly's eyes in,' sobbed Dora, hugging her dolly as she replied.

'I was only operating on her, nurse. Didn't you ever notice that Miss Felicia Ajestina had a bad eye?' he inquired.

'None of your nonsense, Master Tom. And don't you let me catch you teasing M you fighting again,' said the nurse, finger at the little girl, 'or I tell M you the first time she comes up.'

Dora made no further reply, for h too full, and, turning her face to t sat down on the floor and wept ov lated doll. Presently Johnny—an cousins—a little fellow about six ye up to her, and putting his arms rou said:

'Poor Dora! poor dolly! Don't cr

Dora dropped the doll upon h drawing Johnny down by her side as she gulped down a great sob:

'Oh Johnny, I was so angry, a Tom! I did, indeed I did. I wa Oh dear! oh dear!'

'But you did not hurt him, Dora

'No, Johnny, I don't think I did; to do it. I could have killed him him push my dear dolly's eye in. cruel; but that ought not to ha wicked.'

'But you are not wicked, Dor are not wicked,' said little Johnny, against Dora, ready to cry.

'Yes I am, Johnny. I am vexe and I am angry with Tom now; dreadful angry just now, that I w tears gushed anew from Dora's eyes

'Don't cry, Dora; please don't Johnny, wiping away her tears wit his pinafore, whilst his own trickl his cheeks.

'I ought to cry; I ought to b Johnny, for I am a very naughty would mamma say! Oh! mamma, r did God take you away from Dora?

'Hush, Dora dear! Auntie is beautiful angels, and we will go day, that we will—won't we?'

'Not if I get angry and naugh Oh dolly! and, oh Tom! I am so Dora took up her dolly from off putting her in Johnny's arms, said, her a bit, Johnny. I must do what me, when I had done wrong to anyl

'What was that, Dora?'

'Ask them to forgive me,' repli she got up off the floor, and crossed where Tom was sitting making a bo the windows.

'Tom,' she said, putting her han his shoulder.

'Well, what is it, Miss Cry B Tom, without looking up from his v

'I am very sorry.'

'Sorry for what?' inquired Tom. Ajestina's fatal operation?'

'Yes—very, and for being naught ing you,' stammered Dora. 'Plea me this once, dear Tom,' she woul

but Tom had dropped his boat before she could finish her petition, exclaiming, as he caught her in his arms:

'Why, Dora, 'tis you that have got to forgive me, not I you. Why, I plague you half out of your life.'

'Yes, Tom; but I oughtn't to be angry wicked with you.'

'Angry wicked!' cried Tom, laughing. 'What's that, little cousin?'

'Trying to hurt you, because you hurt my dolly,' sobbed Dora.

'There, don't cry any more, Dora. If you forgive me I'll forgive you, and we will cry quits—won't we?'

'Yes, if you please, Tom,' replied Dora, holding up her lips for the kiss of peace.

Tom kissed her and called her a silly little thing, though, to tell the truth, he felt very much ashamed of himself for having vexed her; and as he resumed his boat-making, he inwardly determined to try and not do so again. Dora returned to Johnny somewhat comforted; and taking her doll, began to think what she could invent to hide her dolly's disfigurement.

Dora Harley was the orphan child of Mr. Harley's youngest brother. She was quite an infant when her father died; and when she was only seven years old, her mother died also. Her Uncle James was her sole guardian; and she had been living with him ever since her mother's death, which took place a little more than a year before our story commences. No one could be kinder and more considerate than her aunt and uncle were to their orphan charge; and she shared with their own children in their affection; indeed, none would have known that she was not their own child, from their manner to her. She was a great favourite with all her cousins, not omitting Tom, who, though he never lost an opportunity of teasing her, nevertheless loved her with all his heart. Besides Tom and Johnny, who have already been introduced to our readers, there were Constance, Agnes, and Guy Harley. Constance was about a year younger than Tom, and Agnes and Guy came next to Johnny, Guy being but two years old. Constance and Tom went to schools in the neighbourhood; but Dora and Johnny received lessons from a lady who came daily to them for that purpose. Constance had accompanied her mamma somewhere on the afternoon of Dora's and Tom's fracas, and had consequently missed witnessing Miss Dolly's misadventure.

That night, when Dora knelt beside her little bed, she prayed God to forgive her for having shown such naughty temper towards her cousin Tom, and, in child's language, told her heavenly Father that Tom had forgiven her, and she hoped He would forgive her also, for Jesus Christ's sake; and when she lay down upon her bed, she called to Johnny, who slept in a tiny cot in a little inner room, that she was very happy, for she had told God everything, and she knew that He had heard her.

Long after Dora was fast asleep, the nurse and Tom stole softly into her room to look for her doll, which they had vainly searched for in the day nursery. Tom's heart had smitten him ever since she had made peace with him; and he was anxious to see if, by any possibility, he could replace the eye which he had so mischievously pushed into the doll's head, by taking off the head, and, with a pair of pincers, refixing it. But no doll was to be found, until nurse gently moved back the bed-clothes, when, fast folded in Dora's arms, they discovered her dear damaged pet. Dora's eyelashes were still wet with tears; and Tom felt more ashamed of himself than before, when he remembered he had caused them.

'She is a precious darling, Master Tom,' observed the nurse, as she left the room; 'and I do hope you won't tease her any more. If she is a big girl to love a doll so, you ought to recollect she hasn't got anything else, like you've got, to love; and her own dear mamma dressed and gave it to her, poor little thing!'

The next morning Tom was up as soon as Dora; and, by dint of great persuasion, the doll was at last entrusted to him. He found no difficulty in taking off the head; but the refastening the eye was quite a different matter; and it was not until he was nearly despairing of being able to achieve his point, that he succeeded in his efforts, and then it was chiefly attributable to his mamma bringing him some gum-lac to stick the eye in with. Dora was highly delighted when Tom returned her her doll, though the reset eye bore manifest tokens of the damage sustained; but Dora was content, and Tom tried to be content also, though, it must be confessed, it was a long time before he could; for he felt he had wantonly defaced one of his little cousin's greatest treasures.

Later in the day Dora was missing from the nursery for some time; and upon Johnny's going to look for her, he found her in her bedroom weeping over an open drawer.

'Oh Dora!' cried the child, rushing up to her, and throwing his arms about her.

'Hush, Johnny,' said Dora, in a faltering voice, 'and I will tell you what I am doing. You know, Johnny, I am putting away my dolly; for nurse and Constance say I am too big to play with dolls; and I suppose I am, for I am past eight years old. So I am going to put her in this drawer (auntie said this was to be my very own drawer), and when I want to look at her very badly, I can come and take just a little peep, and nobody know it but you, Johnny. See, she is very comfortable!'

'Yes,' replied Johnny, standing on the tips of his toes, to be able to look into the drawer. 'But what will you do without her?' he asked.

'Oh Johnny, I am going to be a young lady like Constance, and learn games, and read story-books, and do needlework in play hours; but oh, Johnny, I would rather be a little girl, and nurse my dolly;' and fresh tears trickled down her cheeks, and dropped upon her favourite in the drawer. After a few moments' silence, Dora wiped the tear-drops away, and kissing her doll, covered her over with a sheet of silver paper, which she had previously begged of her aunt; and shutting the drawer, said, with a forced

calmness, 'Come along, Johnny, and let us look at your picture-book.'

'Oh yes,' cried Johnny, eagerly running towards the door, and dragging Dora after him. But all at once he suddenly stopped, and inquired in a low voice, 'When I am as big as you, must I put away my beautiful book?'

'Oh no, Johnny, people don't ever get too big for books,' replied Dora; and Johnny being satisfied, returned with his cousin to the nursery.

CHAPTER II.

Of all her cousins, Dora loved Johnny the best; and though he was two years younger than herself, yet he was her especial friend and confidant. Tom teased and fretted her, and Constance, on the strength of her three years' seniority, patronized her, but Johnny sympathized and clung to her; therefore Dora loved him, and was never happier than when he was by her side. For some time after the affair of the doll's eye, Tom desisted from teasing his cousin; for he was not only ashamed of his conduct, but he had been surprised at the violence of temper she had manifested. She was usually so timid and gentle, that he had not had the least idea before that she could put herself in a tantrum, as he called it, and she was raised considerably in his estimation through it: he little knew, child though she was, how she had fallen in her own, and with what a subdued, humble spirit she thought upon the occurrences of that afternoon.

Mr. Harley was a nervous invalid, and sometimes would not see the children for two or three weeks together; but when he did, it was a source of great pleasure to them, particularly to Dora, who, having been brought up by a sick mother, felt quite at home in his presence, and, by her pitying eyes and quiet movements, won upon his affections. She and Johnny were the most privileged of the family, and were often admitted to his room when the other children were excluded. Mrs. Harley was kindness itself; but she was so devoted to nursing and attending on her husband, that, excepting a regular morning visit to the nurseries, she frequently did not enter them again all day. Fortunately she had a most trustworthy nurse, and could leave the children to her care with the greatest confidence; for she had been her own nurse when a little girl, and had lived with her nearly ever since her marriage. 'Old nurse,' as she was called by the children, to distinguish her from the under nurse, was a really excellent woman, and passionately fond of them; indeed, in heart she believed they could not be matched anywhere; and her delight was to walk behind them to church, and compare their appearance with those of the other children who passed her; and as Mrs. Harley could seldom accompany her family there, old nurse generally enjoyed that pleasure. Mr. Harley usually slept in an afternoon, so Mrs. Harley always took that opportunity of gathering her little ones around her on Sabbaths; and the mother and children counted the happiest time in the week that which they spent together in the old oak dining-room.

Johnny had been having a fine game of with Dora and Agnes one morning, whe mamma came into the room, bringing his U Bennett with her, and said:

'Johnny, will you go back with Uncle Be to see Aunt Jenny?'

Johnny was very fond of his aunt and u but then he was a little fellow, and equally of his home and Dora; so he pondered ove mamma's question a moment or two, and archly asked:

'Why doesn't Aunt Jenny come to John

'Because Aunt Jenny is not well, an wants to see her little godson at her own h replied his uncle.

'Oh,' said Johnny, in his quaint, wise way, 'then, Dora, I suppose I had better g

'Yes,' answered Dora, drawing in a breath and turning very pale at the thoug parting with him; 'I suppose you had.'

'That's right, Johnny and Dora,' cried U Bennett. 'Johnny shall have a nice hor play with on the lawn at Aunt Jenny's, an shall soon come back strong and well.'

'But he is strong and well,' gasped U frightened at the supposition that anything the matter with Johnny.

A meaning look passed between old nurs Uncle Bennett, and Dora fancied there tears in her aunt's eyes; but she could not u stand why there should be, nevertheless pained her. So it was decided that Jo should return the following day to Lei with his uncle, and that Mary, a steady girl assisted the nurses, should go with him to a to him.

The rest of the day Johnny and Dora close together, and held long conversatio the coming visit. Johnny informed her th horse should be fed on nothing but daisies that he hoped Uncle Benny would buy h beautiful white one, with a black mane tail.

That night, when old nurse and Mrs. H went into the sleeping-rooms to take nightly farewell of the children, they found sitting up in her bed wide awake, pale trembling.

'Miss Dora!' cried nurse, when she spie little white figure perched up in the bed.

'My darling!' exclaimed Mrs. Harley, fol the trembling child in her arms; 'what is i

'Oh, why did they say Johnny was not stro sobbed Dora, throwing her arms round her a neck as she spoke. 'And why did you auntie?'

'I cry, my precious?'

'Yes; the tears were in your eyes. I them there; indeed, I did,' she said, passionat

'Hush! hush! my darling, we shall w Johnny. Do not you know that mothers ca bear to part with their little ones, Dora?'

'Was that why you cried?' inquired the c still clinging to her aunt.

It was Mrs. Harley's turn to tremble t and she knew not what to reply. Her own h was sad; but ought she to sadden Dora's? thought. Yet she felt she dared not deceive

tting her believe what was not true; so, g down by the side of her little niece, she ently:

ora, you are but a little girl, but I will you my friend. You must be very good, ot fret, if I tell why the tears were in my Johnny is not ill; but he is not well, and very anxious about him. He was never g like your other cousins. I have always he was more delicate than the rest; and that y I want him to go to be with Aunt Jenny weeks, though I cannot bear to part with

hen he is not ill?—not bad ill?' questioned earnestly.

o, Dora, he is only weakly.'

ra relaxed her hold round her aunt's neck, ring back in the bed with a sigh of relief, 'God can make him strong, auntie. I will im to please to.'

es, darling, God can do everything. Good don't fret;' and Mrs. Harley tucked the s about her.

a no; good night,' said Dora, as she nestled in peace, when she had kissed her auntie.

was delicate and weakly; and so Mrs. y and old nurse felt, as they stood beside y's cot, and watched the little sleeper.

were no rosy tints on the pretty cheeks, ie closed eyelids were dark and shadowy; lue veins, like threads on white marble, clearly visible on his temples, and his arms if powerless without the coverlet.

y Johnny,—my poor husband,' sighed Mrs. y, as she turned away from the cot, and, streaming eyes, left the room.

od can cure them both, ma'am,' interposed rse. 'He can strengthen Johnny, and make r well again.'

h that I could believe He would!' said her ss.

According to your faith so shall it be unto the Bible says, my dear lady,' replied the oman.

at I have no faith, nurse, it seems to have within me;' and Mrs. Harley, with an g heart, returned to her husband's apart-

nny was awake betimes in the morning, as out of bed, peeping from the window to hether it was wet or dry, long before Dora aked. Having satisfied himself that it was fine, he paid his sister Constance a visit e adjoining room, and having been imme-y ordered out, as 'a teasing young monkey,' ok refuge in Tom's bedroom, where, perched s bed, he watched Tom dress, and wondered he should be old enough to wear a jacket rousers. Tom was very fond of his little er, and listened patiently to all Johnny had ll about Uncle Benny and the beautiful he was going to buy him; though he rather d him by inquiring who was to pay the 's fare to Chelsea Place when Johnny left ton? Johnny thought a minute or two, hen said, he dared say he could carry it on ap—a plan which Tom protested against, g, if all children brought little wooden horses to nurse, it would be very inconvenient, and that people were not even allowed to take little dogs in a railway carriage without paying for them. Johnny looked very vexed and puzzled when he heard that; so Tom bade him cheer up, and take a morning ride to the nursery, presenting his own back in a very tempting manner for the purpose. In a moment Johnny had vaulted on Tom's back, and the little bare arms were round his neck, and the naked little feet were pressed against his sides, and Tom set off at a round trot, never stopping until he had deposited his charge safely in old nurse's lap, who inveighed loudly against the naughtiness of Johnny, in running about with only his night-gown on, and Tom's encouraging him to do it. But old nurse's wrath was usually as shortlived as snow in sunshine, and that Tom and Johnny knew, and consequently they did not take her scolding to heart that morning; but Tom went back to his room to look over his lessons, and Johnny splashed away in his bath, doing his best to sprinkle her well with water.

Towards the middle of the day, a carriage arrived at No. 6, Chelsea Place, to convey Uncle Bennett, Johnny, and Mary to the station; and in a few minutes the little fellow had bidden all 'good-bye' and was ready for starting. Such an event as one of the children going away from home without the others, brought all the family to the door or windows; even Mr. Harley ventured into the breakfast-room to take a last look of Johnny, and wave his hand to him. Dora stood on the lower door-step, and watched the carriage until it had disappeared; then noiselessly slipping by her aunt and cousins, she ran upstairs, and shut herself into her bedroom.

Mrs. Harley was the first to miss the little girl from the noisy group around her; and hastening them off with the nurses, lest they should annoy their papa with their chattering, she went in search of Dora. She found her pale and motionless, kneeling at the foot of her bed; and lifting her up, she took her on her lap, and with tender words tried to comfort her, by saying Johnny would not be long away, and, perhaps, he would come back very strong and well.

'Yes, auntie,' whispered the child; 'but they said mamma would come back well; and oh! she never came to Dora. She went up to God instead.'

'But your mamma was very ill; Johnny is not ill, you know—he can run about and play. Your dear mamma could scarcely cross the room. Do not you recollect how ill she was before God sent for her to come to Him?'

'Yes; oh yes,' she answered with a shudder, resting her head upon her aunt's bosom as she spoke; 'but oh, auntie, 'tis so very hard to part!'

Dora was only a little more than eight years old; but, young as she was, she had learned one of life's sternest lessons, she had learned by painful experience that '*it is so very hard to part.*' Blessed be God that, through his Son Jesus, there is a home provided for his redeemed, where there will be no more parting.

(*To be continued.*)

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ISAIAH VI. 1–13.

LET us take up the chapter thus:

I. *The vision.*—It was a temple-vision—a vision of glory; the glory of Jehovah of hosts, *as such;* the glory of the King and the Priest, of the throne and temple; and all this when Uzziah the king lay dying, or was dead,—the earthly king passing away, the heavenly King showing himself. It was truly a royal and glorious vision,—Jehovah himself the centre of it,—King of kings, and Lord of lords, —true King of Israel and of the earth,—true Melchizedek,—a Priest upon his throne. In connection with this King are the seraphim. Probably these are the same as cherubim; they are almost identical with those described in Ezekiel and John. In Genesis and in the historical books they appear as cherubim—'figures;' in Isaiah as seraphim, or 'burners;' in Ezekiel and John as 'living creatures.' Here they stand upon the 'train' of the royal robe, which filled the temple. They have six wings. Two cover the face—as if the glory were overwhelming them (as Moses hid his face, Ex. iii. 6); two their feet—to hide their whole person, body ('their bodies,' Ezek. i. 23) and feet, from the brightness; two they fly with—as if ready to go forth on the errands of this mighty King. Is not this the true posture of every saint of God?—solemn awe in presence of the Divine Majesty, as unfit to look upon the Glorious One; profound self-abasement, as unfit to be looked upon by One so holy; readiness to do the work of God, to go forth on his service on the wings of faith and love.

II. *The voice.*—It was the voice of the seraphim —a responsive song: 'One cried unto another.' Their song was—(1) Of Jehovah of hosts and his threefold holiness; (2) Of earth—the whole earth —earth filled with his glory. Thus the voice interprets the vision. It is a vision of latter-day glory,—when the Lord alone shall be exalted; when 'Holiness to the Lord' shall be seen and heard everywhere; when the glory of the Lord shall fill the world;—a holy glory in connection with Jehovah of Hosts, as King of all the earth, in the times of restitution of all things.

III. *The shaking.*—The posts of the door, or foundations of the threshold, shook at the voice of the seraphim; and the temple was filled with smoke;—that which symbolizes Jehovah's holy anger against sin (Ps. xviii. 9). The vision seems to be that of God coming down in his holiness to shake the earth, to express his hatred against sin, and especially against Israel's sin, in his own sanctuary (Isa. lxv. 5). He is spoken of as arising to shake terribly the earth; beginning at his own temple, but not ceasing till He has shaken all that can be shaken, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. When God's anger waxes hot against sin, then all the earth shall be as Sinai,—when the mountain *shook*, and was covered with smoke from the presence of the holy Lord God.

IV. *The prophet's alarm* (ver. 5).—His cry is, 'Woe is me!' nay, 'I am undone.' The reason of his alarm is a new and deeper view of his own sinfulness, from a new view of Jehovah's holiness. 'A man of unclean lips am I;' nay, 'among a people of unclean lips do I dwell.' He gives the reason: 'The King, Jehovah of Hosts, mine eyes have seen.' Thus, the nearer God comes to us, the more are we made aware of our uncles that of our lips), and feel the uncleanne of unclean lips in which we dwell. T earth filled with holy glory, and wi sence of its glorious King, has overwl The more we realize a present God, a filled with his glory, the more shall own unholiness, and cry out in fear. contrast between our unholy lips and t of those who are singing, 'Holy, holy, Lord of Hosts.' It was Israel's 'uncle cried, 'Crucify Him;' and for the wo unclean lips they are suffering the woe

V. *God's cure for this alarm.*—A liv the altar applied to his *lips*,—that which he felt impure, and which, as a needed to be pure. A prophet is a m selves. God must purify his lips, t speak. He does this by fire and blo live coal was from the altar of bu Thus the blood makes clean, and the fi 'the spirit of burning.' This peculiar of fire and blood to his lips removes—((2) His personal uncleanness; (3) N cleanness; for the fire and blood wa apply to 'the people of the unclean l as to himself. Thus the sense of un removed. Thus that terror which the sence of God produces, is removed by assures the sinner of pardon and clea man's terrors are dispelled; he feels now act and speak for God.

VI. *God's inquiry for a messenger.*— voice is heard. Its utterance is twofold: shall I send?' (2) 'Who will go for an errand of hardship, painfulness, dan from which flesh and blood would shr Moses, Jeremiah, Ezekiel. Still God, i is looking round and asking for a mes evangelists, for missionaries, for minist called, Spirit-filled, Spirit-sent messe work is great, the field is large, the judgment as well as mercy.

VII. *The prophet's answer.*—'Here me.' He answers the second questio he answers *both*, explicitly. He does He is ready for shame, for prison, for indeed he found at last. The spirit is the flesh has overcome its weakness. and blood have removed the terror, an bold. Thus it was with Whitefield.

VIII. *The message.*—It is one of jud *For the people.*—The worst of judgment and understand not; look on, but s hard heart, an insensible and impene a seared conscience, given over to mind. (2.) *For the land.*—To lie was untilled, its cities forsaken. This is of double judgment—complete and te This is the end of the people of 'uncles

IX. *The promise.*—All Israel's judg a promise mixed up with them—a hop to them. They are not for ever. The seed, or root, in which the blessing lie in the midst of the curse; and out o or root, or stump, the future tree is to glorious than the first. But how terrible through which Israel passes to this! H God avenges unbelief and rejection of Yet the day dawns at last! The Kin his glory.

TAKE HEED TO THYSELF.*

THE work, my brother, is indeed momentous: to be an 'ambassador for Christ,' a 'leader' of his hosts, a 'shepherd' of his flock, an 'overseer' in his church, a 'watchman' over the house of the Lord, a 'builder' of his spiritual temple, and a 'steward' of the divine mysteries to his heritage. And this renders it so important to contemplate anew the nature of a service so precious in itself, and infinitely precious or awful in its eternal results.

There are duties which you owe to *yourself*, for your people's sake as well as your own; duties which you owe *directly to them;* duties *in the pulpit* and *out of it;* and all for the glory of the great Head of the church, in the salvation of lost souls. Our remarks will then relate to you as a *Christian*, a *preacher*, and a *pastor*.

I. First, and above all else, *be a faithful Christian*. Piety is the mainspring of the whole work of a Christian minister. It gives harmony, beauty, and efficiency to every part of his professional service. It is indispensable. You may dispense with scholarship and rhetoric in the pulpit, and even with common sense out of it, rather than with the 'life of God in the soul.' Look for the greenness and fruitfulness of the tree without the sap, rather than a prosperous ministry without the vitalizing power of spiritual religion. Look as well for a building to rise and stand without a foundation, as for usefulness here without personal holiness. Our Lord's testing of the fallen but 'converted' Peter, must be the touchstone of us all: 'Lovest thou me more than these? Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Feed my lambs. He saith to him again the second time, Lovest thou me? Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Feed my sheep. He saith unto him the third time (thrice tested, perhaps, in view of his threefold denial), Lovest thou me?' (John xxi. 15-17.) With a heart tenderly impressed and suffused with shame and grief, he again submits: 'Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.' The Apostle Paul applies the same severe test in those searching words: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity (love), I am become as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; . . . and have not charity (love), I am nothing' (1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2). Happy, thrice happy, is that minister who can make that appeal which Paul did: 'God is my witness, whom *I serve with my spirit* in the gospel of his Son' (Rom. i. 9). Without some measure of this spirit of grace in the heart, my brother, your public prayers, and preaching, and pastoral intercourse with your people, will lack that heavenly unction which gives zest and glow to them all. A servant of Christ, doing his work, should be baptized into his Spirit. Whom He sends He surely qualifies. 'How shall they preach, except they be sent?' (Rom. x. 15.)

Then, it well becomes you to be a genuine disciple of Christ, a *faithful Christian*, for *your own sake*, and for *your people's sake*.

1. As *for yourself*, you need personal piety in order to sustain you. There is great danger of an *official or professional piety*. It is commonly thought that ministers ought to be the best examples of piety, and we believe that, as a class, they are. (Yet, as has been faithfully presented in the sermon on this occasion, we know of but *one standard* of piety for minister and people.) And the reason assigned for it is, that they have so much to do daily with religious things. And yet in this very fact lies the tendency to a dull formality in official duty. Says a charming author: 'It is indeed difficult to determine whether our familiar intercourse with the things of God is more our temptation or our advantage.' If this be true, then special grace is requisite to guard us from this wily, unsuspected source of danger.

And then, too, you must '*endure hardness* as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' There are personal conflicts with sin, as pride, ambition, love of the world, social ease, and indifference to the heavenly mission of the ministry. Such temptations we must meet, when nothing but sterling piety will suffice us.

Moreover, we must daily *grapple with carnal men*, who are opposed to the truth we preach. Deep-seated prejudices, and strongly rooted by age, must be encountered; the simplest truths of God's word will be perverted; the preaching of the cross will be foolishness to some, and a

*From a stirring and striking Charge, delivered by the Rev. GEO. VAN ESTE, of the Reformed Dutch Church, America.

stumbling-block to others; as men love their sins, they will dislike the ways of God; and even Christian professors will offer a premium on *innocent wrongs* by covering them with the garb of religious charity, calling evil good and good evil. What shall sustain the faithful servant of the Lord in the discharge of his duties in such circumstances, if 'his heart be not established with grace?' Nothing but love for souls, and faith seizing and applying the promises of God, can encourage the trembling soul. Truly, if there were not sympathy with our gracious Saviour, the hands would hang down in indifference and despair. Therefore, *for your own sake*, it is of first importance that you study to maintain a solid, fervent, Christian piety.

2. You should do this no less *for the sake of your people*, always having in view the honour of our Lord. Without it no reasonable amount of success can be anticipated. Our people must take 'knowledge of us, that we have been with Jesus.' The savour of godliness must go forth with the truth preached in order to commend it. Thus Paul teaches in his first letter to the Thessalonians (i. 5): 'Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; *as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake*.' The Christian character carries power with it in the ministerial work. Then that character must be possessed and diligently maintained. In order to do this, my brother, let me entreat you—

(1.) To be *prayerful*. Prayer is the soul of Christianity in any individual. Without it we are withered branches, separated from the source of spiritual life in Christ, the true Vine. We are fruitless in the Lord's vineyard, and 'cumberers' thereof. We have no right to expect good. Then let all of your work, and every part of it, in the pulpit and out of it, be begun and continued in the very atmosphere of prayer. Let your study be a consecrated spot of sacred 'fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ.' In pulpit preparations to the minutest particulars, in pastoral labours and social intercourse, and everywhere, be armed 'with all prayer and supplication in the spirit.'

(2.) With this join *the study of God's word* for the sake of spiritual improvement. The soul lives upon the aliment of revealed truth. It must therefore be sought and applied for our personal growth 'in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

(3.) We add, cultivate the *graces* of the Christian, and improve the *gifts* which our Lord has bestowed for 'the furtherance of the gospel.'

And thus, by seeking to maintain a *faithful Christian character*, 'take heed to thyself and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hat made you overseer.' 'Study to show thyse approved unto God' in your spirit, and manne and decent habits of living, 'a workman th needeth not to be ashamed.' 'Be ye clean th bear the vessels of the Lord.' 'Let no m despise thy youth; but be thou an example the believers, in word, in conversation, in charit in spirit, in faith, in purity.'

We have dwelt thus long on this part of o counsels as it is the prerequisite of all el Preaching, and praying, and private toil are worthless without being true disciples of Chri and called by Him and his church to this mo responsible of all offices.

II. We exhort you to be a *faithful preach* 'The pulpit' has been tersely called 'the thro of the minister.' If he exerts a controlling i fluence over his people, as his office requir here is its source. And so 'the preaching of t pulpit is the grand lever of the ministry.' I difference to this, and a neglect to suitably adju it to times and places, and the real necessiti of men, will discover itself in an ill-trained a uncontrollable people. It is not the *only* way doing good; but it is the master spring of pe manent usefulness; and for the plain reason th it is God's ordinance for this end.

Be careful, my brother, lest you weaken yo power here, without perhaps a suspicion of in order to gratify the well-meant but oft unadvised wishes of a fond people. You a the ordained expounder of the 'lively oracles' God, for the full salvation of perishing sinne —the careful, stately, 'edifying of the body Christ.' To this end you must feed them, n only with the 'sincere milk of the word,' l also with the 'strong meat' of divine truth its varied fulness of adaptation, in doctrine a precept, in promise and threatening, for instr tion, for direction in duty, for reproof, for co fort and encouragement, that 'the man of G may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto good works.'

It is not necessary to attempt a specificat of the various topics which should make up y pulpit discourses. You are an accredited mi ster of the Reformed Dutch Church, and h solemnly vowed to teach and defend her for of faith and order of worship, which we beli to be in accordance with the word of G These systems of truth are known to meet t experienced wants of sinful man. And, as su the truth they embody commends itself to t consciences of men. This is the reality of p history. Therefore preach it, and preach again, as condensed in these excellent and lon preserved summaries of the Christian religi

wo great themes which form the substance revealed truth are, *man a sinner and Christ the Saviour*, or, *sin and salvation*. These together all other truths. Without them, s are fragmentary and incoherent. And are centred in the cross. Both evolve ntly from Christ and Him crucified; the r ruin and self-despair, and the other for ery and hope. Then preach Christ crucified, ie 'foolishness,' to another a 'stumbling-,' and to some 'the power and the wisdom d.' As Paul did, so do you. 'Glory not in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,' as nly efficient means of destroying human , lust, and sin in every form. It is the lial power for sin in the abstract, and for development of human evil. Preach it as as cutting at the root of the upas-tree of vity in the soul of man, and preach Christ *ur own way*.

e apostles had their idiosyncrasies, their idual peculiarities in teaching the truth, as ay discover them in their public discourses ded in the Acts, or in the more didactic s in the Epistles. There are now, as there then, 'diversities of gifts.' If you have ower of *Paul's strong reasoning*, use it; if *s fearless, experimental, terrible warning*, t; if you possess John's *tender, loving*, and ften *bold spirit*, as a 'son of thunder,' utter rth as wisdom dictates; or, better still, if combine most of the characteristics of an minister of the New Testament,' employ as the wants of your people and the pro-ace of God may require. One may emulate nerable Livingstone, or an Alexander, in ing the Christian heart with the sword of *rimental* truth; or another, the powerful une, as he wields the hammer of the word s *doctrinal and practical* character; or a may follow the popular Brodhead, who to preach Christ in *history and biography, rable and miracle*. Each one must study ifts, and use them to the very best of his y. But whatever may be the form of truth, h Christ always. Ringing changes ever the *name* is not necessarily preaching t. Christ need not be the *immediate* sub-f every sermon. Yet He is the sun of the e system of truth, the relative centre of all gelical sermons. Probably the best directory ide us in the path of duty is found in the le of Paul to the Romans and to the Cor-ans. He begins with Christ crucified, and his hand and eye upon the cross, he ramifies , doctrinal, practical, promissory, and hor-y, on almost every duty flowing from our us relations, as ministers, church officers, church members, as parents and children, as masters and servants, as rulers and subjects, as Christians and citizens, in peace and in war as well. Following Paul, and remotely imitating our Lord as the great Teacher, you need not fear to preach the whole gospel of Jesus, while you gaze stedfastly upon, and hold strongly with the grasp of faith to Christ, the life of all. Then, let every sermon you preach, from whatever part of the Bible you may select (for all of it contains substantially the gospel), be irradiated with the life and glory of our Divine Redeemer, whose ambassador you are. Feel that Christ is 'all in all' for all sinners that receive Him, and you will hold Him forth accordingly. Be a faithful preacher in preaching the whole truth, only the truth, and nothing less than the truth; preaching it wisely and in due proportions; preaching it in faith, in love, in meekness, in much patience, honestly and boldly, 'not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts.'

How great and responsible the work! 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Faith replies, 'Our sufficiency is of God.' We are accountable, not for success, but for faithfulness, and success as God may be pleased to connect it with our fidelity.

Then, my brother, let me exhort you—

1. To make the *inspired word of the Lord*, everywhere, and at all times, first and last in your ministrations.

2. Be a *daily, diligent student of that word*. As a mine, you must delve it and bring out the ore of precious truth. It is not a system of truth; but you are to be a systematist for the people; and for this purpose prayer, and pains, and time saved, are essential.

3. Be a *skilful student of man*. Study his material nature, but especially his spiritual constitution, and both in their close and delicate relations.

You here become a ministerial philosopher, versed in the science of the mechanism of man, as a physical, intellectual, and moral being; for the gospel is designed to influence and control the whole man. And hence it must be wisely adapted to his complex nature in its multiform conditions, especially as under the dominion of sin. An instrument of so nice construction must be touched with skilful hand to evoke harmony. Then study man as man, as a sinner, and learn his real wants, which only the gospel of Christ can fully meet. A careful attention to these simple suggestions will enable you to be the more *faithful preacher*.

III. It remains briefly to exhort you to be a *faithful pastor*. The Christian preacher and pastor are happily blended in the same person. Of the apostles it is written that, 'In every house

they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ' (Acts ii. 46, v. 42, xx. 20). Pastoral work is involved in the very nature of the office. The terms watchman, overseer, steward, and particularly shepherd or pastor, strongly enforce the idea. The wants of the flock of Christ must be known before they can be satisfied with the bread of life. The various states and exercises of the Christian, as well as the subtle devices of the unbelieving heart, must be understood before the gospel remedy can be brought to bear effectually upon individual consciences. Phases of Christian experience are as various as human countenances, though essentially the same in their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears. The faithful preacher, then, will aim to be the faithful pastor. If he desires the heart sympathies of his hearers in the pulpit, he must in some degree awaken them at the fireside and wayside, in the chamber of sickness, at the couch of the dying, and in all the walks of life. Deep-laid and strong are the affections thus engendered and cherished between a pastor and his beloved flock, as your late experience assures you. Hence, it becomes a prominent means of usefulness, and the good pastor is made the better preacher. And so the language of Dr. Watts is verified: 'He that has the happy talent of *parlour preaching*, has sometimes done more for Christ and souls in the space of five minutes, than by the labour of many hours and days in the usual course of preaching in the pulpit.'

Then, my brother, be dutiful in exercising the office of a shepherd over this entire flock now committed to you, and the officers associated with you in its government. Look after (of it—the aged and infirm, the care-st the afflicted, the careless professor and crite in Zion, the wanderer and the l the worldly and deluded, the self-dif trembling, the convicted and sin-bur gospel-hardened and self-righteous. souls of the young, the source of str hope to the family, the church, the r the world. Neglect not the rich, for your aid and moral light, amid the pre and earnest strifes of life. Remembe *who* '*are always with you.*' Go dow humble dwelling of poverty, and gatl the brightest jewels for your Lord's c a faithful friend to all for Jesus' sal enemy to none. 'Have no fellowshi unfruitful works of darkness, but rath them.' Be the builder of a spiritu under the Divine Architect, of 'livel composed of sinners, once dead, but to a life of holiness and fervid zeal. your people in all active efforts fo cause, to the high and holy standard of Level upwards. Never be satisfied wi *wood church*, floating along with the rent, where the tide waters may chance But stem the current of wrong, and t when needs be, and, with a steady faith the compass and chart of heavenly truth a word, 'be faithful in all things;' ' proof of thy ministry.' 'And when Shepherd shall appear, then shall you crown of glory that fadeth not away.' King in Zion set his seal to this union!

THE WALDENSES IN 1866.

BY THE REV. A. H. R. HEBDEN, EAST FARLEIGH.

WE set out to visit the valleys of the Waldenses, in Piedmont, the second week in September, and arrived at Turin on the 11th. September 12th was spent at Turin, where we called on the Rev. Mr. Meille, minister of the Waldensian or Vaudois congregation in that city. He received us very kindly, gave us all the information we wished for, with a view to our tour in the valleys, and showed us his church and schools. It is a fine church, nicely situated in a wide street, with rows of trees down the middle of it, called the Corso del Ré. There is room in the church for 600 or 700 persons, and comfortable seats, with a large pulpit, and nice organ. This was the first Protestant church erected in Italy out of the valleys; and there is an inscription, in Italian, over the door, from Jer. vi. 16: 'Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall fir your souls.' The argument from an on the side of the Vaudois church, a Church of Rome; for the majority of lation of 'the valleys' has adhered to of God, and rejected the superstitions from time immemorial, as allowed even of the Romish church—the bitterest e the Vaudois. At the back of the chu is a room where prayer-meetings ar Sabbath evening and on week-day and in this room English service is h on Sabbath by a minister of the (England. Mr. Meille is pastor of th congregation, consisting of Protesta nally from the valleys, who now reside There is also an evangelist—an ordaine —who labours among the Roman Cath lation of Turin, and acts as the pastor gregation who were formerly Roman

ıches in French every Sabbath
ren o'clock ; and there are also
. Italian, besides the evening
These duties are divided be-
lle and the younger minister.
ld in four or five different rooms,
eparate—contain a considerable
ildren, intelligent-looking, re-
ir manners, and clean in their
df of them the children of parents
)man Catholics. No catechisms
re taught in the schools; but all
ike receive religious instruction
ıres.

at La Torre, in the valley of
10 A.M. on the 13th. There is
ır as Pinerolo, and an omnibus
iles. A village, called Briqueras,
en Pinerolo and La Torre. In
) were many Protestants here ;
ı of the plain of Piedmont, and
ts of the valley of Luzerna, were
) the frequent and violent persec-
eir brethren who inhabited the
listricts. So it came to pass, in
that the territory within which
ience was permitted, and Pro-
tolerated, became confined within
ıarrower limits. The people of
denied the liberty to attend Pro-
, or profess the Protestant faith,
o forsake their homes, or go to
iqueras is no longer a Protestant

estant church seen from the road
La Torre, is the church of San
s on the right hand side of the
vo miles from La Torre. San
most fertile parish of the country
e Waldenses, being at the bottom
)f Luzerna, and nearest to the
)nt. The church bears the date
h the great majority of the people
, for many years they were not
e a church in their own parish.
therefore, built for them in the
h of La Torre, just beyond the
h separates the two parishes.
called Chabasse ; and although
ıir, is still used in summer time
-meetings for the people of the
The three clergymen of La
na, and San Giovanni, whose
order on one another, take part
meetings.

'e arriving at La Torre, there is
:t a short distance to the left of
illage of Luzerna, which gives its
lev. Close to it is the mansion
of Della Roca. There were for-
:otestants in Luzerna; but, like
s now a Popish village. The
Luzerna were denied the liberty
otestant worship, and afterwards
'esiding within the parish. The
ce, which runs through the valley
ides the parishes of Luzerna and
and at this part of its course

formed the boundary, until 1848, between benighted Popish Piedmont and that part of the country in which the pure worship of God was tolerated. Luzerna and Luzernetta, on the right bank of the Pellice, were Popish villages, in which no Protestant was allowed to take up his abode; La Torre and San Giovanni, on the left bank, Protestant parishes.

La Torre is a busy, thriving little town. It is little more than a village, with one street, a number of shops, and a little square, or market-place, in the centre. At the entrance of the town, on the right, is a large Roman Catholic church, with a building attached to it, in which five or six priests—so-called missionaries—reside. The Vaudois church is a neat building, at the other end of the little street, with a text of Scripture, in Italian, inscribed on the wall over the door. Close to it are the residences of the minister, Mr. Malan, and of the professors of the college at La Torre. Very near the town, a number of manufactories have been established, which have added greatly to the population. Cotton, silk, and wool are manufactured here. The people employed in the factories are chiefly Roman Catholics, whom the establishment of factories has attracted from other parts. The number of Protestants employed in the factories is but 300. The Vaudois are an agricultural people, and feel a great repugnance to this kind of employment. They will engage in it only when driven to do so by absolute necessity. The parish of La Torre includes, besides the town, a large rural population in the neighbourhood. It extends some distance up the valley, including the slopes of the mountains on both sides. The clergyman often has long fatiguing walks up the mountain sides to visit his sick. The Papists of La Torre were in former times only one-sixth of the population; but their numbers have been greatly increased by the establishment of factories. They are now 1800 in number, whilst the whole population is 4000—leaving 2200 under the care of the Protestant minister.

Soon after our arrival at La Torre, we took a walk to Roras, one of the localities most celebrated in Vaudois history. Knowing the direction in which Roras lies, from a map we had of the valleys, we found the way for ourselves. We crossed the Pellice by a small bridge, and ascended by a steep path the ridge of mountains to the south of La Torre. It was midday when we began the ascent; and, with an Italian sun over our heads, we found the heat excessive. There were so many tracks on the mountain side, that we often were puzzled which we ought to take; but we came right at last. There is an Italian proverb, that 'all roads lead to Rome.' We scrambled up some very steep places, where there was no path, and then struck into a track again. From the top of the ridge we had beautiful views of Alpine scenery to the south, the valley of Luzerna immediately below us; and, looking across it to the north, we saw the crag of Castelluzzo, Mount Vandelin, and the valley of Angrogna. After nearly two hours' walking, we followed a path through some woods, which brought us to an open space, with fields and

houses—a part of the parish of Roras. Some peasants, at work in the fields, told us to descend the mountain a little on the other side, in order to find the church and village. The village consists of farms and houses scattered along the mountain side, on the southern slope; and, in the midst of them, the church, school, and parsonage, with also a Romish church, and dwelling for the priest. It is a pretty spot. Though very elevated, there are smiling meadows; a great number of walnut and chestnut trees; fields of maize, corn, and potatoes. The peasants were then employed in digging up their potatoes. The harvest was over; but, after the potatoes were got in, there would be the gathering of chestnuts—an important part of the produce of this district. Chestnuts are not here merely a luxury for dessert; they are a crop, on which the people depend in part for their subsistence. The parish of Roras is of considerable extent, including three or four villages; but the population is not large—from 750 to 800. The church is a nice, neat church, with a text of Scripture, in French, on the wall over the door, after the usual custom of the Vaudois. The people of Roras are nearly all Protestants. The priest, a sallow, disagreeable-looking man, has very few adherents. The clergyman was not at home. In seeking his house, we misunderstood what was told us by a little girl, and went by mistake to the priest's house. An old woman, his housekeeper, received us rudely, not caring to inform us where the pastor lived. A peasant invited us to his house, and refreshed us with milk and bread. When we offered payment, he laughed at the idea of receiving anything for it. He hunts the chamois, and had a fall on the mountains a short time before, by which he hurt one leg and one arm, and was still lame. This man was very friendly, and apparently delighted to see and converse with English people. It is the case among the Vaudois generally. They look upon English people as friends, and are always glad to meet them. He told us that the people of Roras are strong Protestants. He said he had been once as far from home as Marseilles; and when there, was pleased to see that the finest ship in the harbour was a Protestant ship (English), and that there was a chaplain, and divine service held on board on Sabbath. We had some conversation also with the schoolmaster, an intelligent man.

The work of education is carried on principally in the winter. There were now only a few little children in the school, who were too small to do any work. Happily, schools have been multiplied very much in the Protestant valleys, so that the people are now pretty well provided with the means of educating their children. A great deal has been done through the exertions of General Beckwith, who, being dead, yet lives in the hearts and memories of the Vaudois. Pictures of him are seen in many of their houses, with his wooden leg (he lost a leg at Waterloo), and the title added to his name, 'Benefactor of the Vaudois.' In order to educate the people effectually, each little hamlet, scattered about the mountains, needs to have a school of its own, on account of the difficulty of communi in winter time, and the impossibility, for children, of going long distances throug snow to school. Some parishes have as m ten schools, of which the central school under the care of the certificated mast regent, as he is called. The elder children as much as possible the central school. I the summer months, schools are, for the part, closed, as the children are nearly work out of doors, either tending cattle mountains, or assisting to get in the crop one place we saw an inscription on a small to the effect that this school was founded kindness of an Englishman (General Beck and that all who are educated there wil respect and gratitude to his memory.

There are still living at Roras some d dants of Captain Joshua Gianavello, the V hero of 1655. His house was in this We returned from Roras to La Torre by Lu —a much easier road than that by which come up,—leading down a little narrow which branches out from the valley of L southward, near the village of that name. is only a mule track from Roras to Luzern was on this road that Captain Gianavello de the troops sent by the Marquis of Piane destroy Roras.

September 14th.—We walked up the va Angrogna, as far as the upper part of it, the Pra del Tor. The valley of Angrogn part of the valley of Luzerna, branchi from it, near La Torre, to the northward. grogna may be considered as the heart three valleys—Luzerna, Perosa, and St. Some of the most memorable struggles Vaudois, in defence of their religious took place in Angrogna. The lower an agreeable part of the valley, for habitatic culture, is not so easily defensible, and wa devastated by the Papists in their inroads the upper part, the Pra del Tor, was held peasants of the neighbourhood against an attacking it from three different directio the assailants repeatedly repulsed, with loss. This occurred during the violent p tion of the year 1560, by an army und Count of La Trinité. Whilst the com fought, the old men, women, and childre engaged in prayer to God for help agains persecutors.

The valley of Angrogna contracts at on ticular spot, and becomes so very narrow there is scarcely more than sufficient ro the torrent to make its way between two cliffs. This entrance to the Pra del T formerly strengthened by artificial defenc called the Barricade. The Pra del Tor is a valley inside the Barricade, surrounded sides by mountains. Numerous conflict taken place in former times on the mo range called La Vachera, on the eastern the Pra del Tor; and the high mountain, the Vandelin, on the western side of Ang has also been sometimes a refuge for God secuted people.

a del Tor was situated the humble
'Barbes,' or ancient pastors of the
of which still remain. It was burnt
its during the massacres of 1655.
nains, in which we were shown the
used by the Barbes—consisting
slab of stone, resting on a stone
in this spot, during the middle ages,
were sent throughout Italy, and into
es—to Switzerland, Germany, and
hemia. The 'Barbes' were lowly
ir college for training ministers a
institution. But they had the fear
eir hearts, and God's blessing ac-
eir labours. There may be more
lesiastical organizations with less
As external pomp and splendour in
ises, spiritual life generally declines.
rgeous ceremonies and theatrical
he ancient Barbes of Piedmont re-
gospel to the acceptance of their
pes and symbols, which served their
r the Mosaic dispensation, are out
The pure word of God was the
by the 'Barbes.' They did their
ly during the night of the middle
gathered small congregations of
in many parts of Europe; they
God, in those dark times, the seven
o bowed not the knee to Baal;
ie measure, prepared the way for
Reformation. They went forth, like
'two and two,' aware of the dangers
ssionary zeal exposed them; they
ep in the midst of wolves;' many
faithful even 'unto death.' The
destroy their bodies; but the truth,
ey lived, and toiled, and suffered,
tible. All honour to those faithful
e cross! 'They that be wise shall
brightness of the firmament; and
rn many to righteousness, as the
and ever.'

at the Pra del Tor told us that she
ployed as a colporteur in Calabria.
ir is always the pioneer of evangeli-
ly. He sells Bibles and religious
by creating a spirit of inquiry, and
e minds of the people for instruction
preacher of the gospel.

enjoyed our walk up the valley of
The scenery is delightful: in the
ore grand; in the lower part more
eautiful. We called on the minister
n, Mr. Duran, who resides in the
f Angrogna, close to the Vaudois
Lawrence. He was pleased to see
sted awhile at his house. It is a
parsonage. We were told elsewhere
little private property, and is the
he pastors of the valleys who keeps
as remarked to us at the same time,
what larger means do not prevent
good apostle.'

h contains 1800 Protestants, and
—the largest proportion of Papists
in any of the Vaudois parishes, except La Torre. The whole population of the valleys is 22,000 Protestants and 5000 Papists. Besides the church at St. Lawrence, there is a chapel-of-ease at Serré, higher up the valley, more convenient for the people of the Pra del Tor. Mr. Duran holds divine service on Sabbath, once at each church. The church of Serré is in a pretty, retired spot. The inscription over the door is: 'Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths' (Micah iv. 2). There is also inscribed on the wall an appeal to travellers for funds to keep it in repair, which runs thus: 'O you who travel through this beautiful country, give to repair the church of these parts; and the God who has protected this people of the mountains, will bless you from heaven.'

The Vaudois are, as a people, extremely poor, because persecution has driven them from the most pleasant and fertile parts of the country they formerly inhabited, into higher and comparatively barren districts. The population increased beyond the resources of the country, and yet the Government would not allow them, until the last few years, to leave the three valleys. The taxes are very heavy; and the diseases in the vines and mulberries have greatly impoverished some of their best parishes. It is urged against them, as a reproach, by the Romanists, that they receive assistance from England, and cannot provide the funds necessary to support church ordinances and education out of their own resources. But this poverty is a result of the oppression to which they have been subjected for centuries; and surely it is no reproach to the church of Christ, that the wealthier members of the body should assist the poorer. The churches of England and Scotland do well to give out of their abundance to aid the impoverished churches of Piedmont,—impoverished chiefly through the long series of Popish persecutions. Property in the valleys has become divided into such small portions in many parts, as will scarcely suffice to support a family. But the mountains are cultivated with the greatest care, and every available inch of ground is made use of. Poverty is not here the result of idleness, but of oppression.

The principal modes in which the Vaudois have received assistance from England, are three. 1. Their ministers' stipends are paid from a fund raised in England in the time of Cromwell, immediately after the massacres of 1655. 2. Schools have been established, for the benefit of many scattered hamlets, and a great deal done for the cause of religion and education, through the exertions of General Beckwith. 3. A college, for the education of ministers and schoolmasters, was established at La Torre, through the instrumentality of Canon Gilly (of Durham), whose name is held by the Vaudois in affectionate remembrance, and his portrait seen in many of their houses.

(To be continued.)

EARLY PROTESTANTISM.

II.—RIENZI.

DANTE was still a wanderer on the earth,—compelled to taste 'how bitter is a stranger's bread,'—when three men were born in Italy, each destined to play an important part in the history of that country, and each animated by a fervid hatred of Papal corruption. Their names were Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Rienzi. The father of Francesco Petrarca, banished from his native Tuscany by the decree which exiled Dante, repaired with his family to Avignon, then the seat of the pontifical court; and it was in the dissolute society of the churchmen assembled there that the future poet first saw the monstrous evils which awakened his longings for the deliverance of his country. Boccaccio, also a Tuscan, early applied his genius to the satire of priestly licentiousness; and his writings, grossly indecent as some of them are, had perhaps a greater effect than the more chaste and elegant ones of his friend Petrarca, in fostering in the general mind that contempt for the dogmas and rites of the Church of Rome, which was shared even by many of its own dignitaries. The career of Rienzi had, however, a more immediate and decided influence than the genius of the poets, and deserves to be better understood than it has been by the cursory reader of history.

Nicolo Lorenzo Gabrini, known to history by his abbreviated name of Cola di Rienzo, or Rienzi, was born at Rome in the year 1313,—the reputed son of an innkeeper and a laundress, dwelling in the Transteverine, a quarter of the city inhabited only by the humbler classes of the people. Of his parentage Rienzi has himself left us an account, which, while designed to remove the stigma of low birth, will by many be regarded as affixing a greater stigma to his moral nature. In a series of letters, which may almost be said to constitute an autobiography, the future tribune of Rome records that Henry of Luxembourg, while on his visit to the city to receive the imperial crown, was desirous of paying his devotions in the church of St. Peter. But that portion of Rome in which the tomb of the apostle was situated, continued in the hands of his enemies, the Guelphs; and the emperor, disguised as a pilgrim, was pursued by them, while on his devout mission, and compelled to take refuge in the *albergo* of Gabrini, where he lay concealed for several days. The fair wife of the innkeeper became acquainted with the rank of her guest, and, according to her son, scrupled not to 'minister to him' in a manner fatal to her conjugal fidelity. The secret amour was only disclosed after the birth of Rienzi, and in the deathbed confession of the mother. The offspring of it was, meanwhile, brought up as the son of the humble innkeeper; and it was not until he had attained his twentieth year that his imperial parentage was discovered to him by his m confessor.

This extraordinary story rests solely up authority of Rienzi himself. It is related l in a letter addressed to the Emperor Cha Bohemia; and although he avers that l protested against it, as a scandal, and an tation on his mother's honour, he confes thorough belief in it. It is evident th first and most reliable biographer of Rie Roman, whose name is unknown—was n quainted with this account of his hero's p age; and it may be presumed that the was not known in Rome during Rienzi's It may be implied that the tribune had su reasons for concealing his real paternity his enjoyment of power; yet, on the other he was a vain man, who would scarcely scrupled to take advantage of this accid birth; and, moreover, it is difficult to s that the secret would not have been disclo those who knew it—for we are led to infe it was known to some. Whether the sto invented by Rienzi in order to strength case with the Emperor Charles, at a time he was professing to urge the restoration imperial authority, or had been suppress him during his tribunate out of regard f family, and the republican, anti-German pathies of the Romans, must, we fear, rer matter of doubt.

The earlier years of Rienzi's life, sp Anagui, the favourite retreat of many Popes, were devoted to the study of th Roman historians, from whom he learn ancient greatness of his native land, and in sentiments which strengthened as he attai manhood. While yet a youth, he had cont the forlorn state of Rome with its former and magnificence. A student of the Bib the early Fathers, he had combined de ligious feeling with his patriotism; and his eloquence had already given him consid influence over the masses of the people.

The accession of Clement VI. to the chair induced the Romans to send a miss Avignon, to entreat his Holiness to retu their city, and to appoint, for every fiftieth the jubilee which brought the wealth of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Peter. Rien chosen as one of the representatives of his f citizens in this embassy; and such was the of his eloquence, seconded by the influe Petrarch the poet, that the Pope consent the alteration of the jubilee year, and pro to return to Rome so soon as the affairs Papacy would permit. Rienzi's success to increase his popularity. He returned to with the appointment of notary for the and called upon the city to rejoice that th of its prosperity was at hand. But Clemen no intention of leaving his luxurious indulg at Avignon, to risk himself among a discont

ople, and a turbulent nobility, who had erected
:tresses within the city, from which they ever
d anon sallied to commit deeds of murder and
›ine. Rienzi's hopes were doomed to remain
realized; and his hatred of aristocratic domi-
tion was deepened by the murder of his younger
›ther, in an affray between the followers of
› Colonna and Orsini, two of the most powerful
the Roman nobles. In despair of any reform
›ugh the agency of the Papacy, he declared
,t 'the Pope, in contempt of the people's
itions, had placed the sword of civil power
the hands of madmen, and invested tyrants
:h the title of senators, that the Roman flock,
is preyed upon by ravening wolves, should
; have strength or courage to demand the
idence of their pastor in the seat of his epis-
›ate.'

Rienzi seems from this time to have conceived
› idea of attempting, by his own influence, to
ieve the independence of Rome. At Avignon
had secured the friendship of Petrarch, who,
rmed by his eloquence and patriotism, had
ıtinued to correspond with him, and doubtless
›ouraged his aspirations after freedom. Still,
› power of the barons was so great as for a
ıe to intimidate him; and, emulating the con-
ct of the elder Brutus, he concealed, under the
ise of flippancy and folly, the serious projects
ich were forming in his mind. 'I confess,'
says, 'that to persuade the people to union,
ften feigned and dissembled—made myself a
›pleton and an actor. David danced before
› ark, and was a madman before King Achish.
I, when I took up the cause of the people
ıinst their tyrants, had to deal with no open
rersaries, but with men of shifts and wiles,
› craftiest and most deceitful.' Warned by
› failure of more than one appeal which he
l made to the slumbering patriotism of his
ıntrymen, he endeavoured to arouse it by
ans of pictorial allegories representing the
en state of Rome. These he set up in public
ces throughout the city, leaving them to
duce their effect upon the minds of a people
›ng whom allegory had been often employed
:onvey the most momentous truths. On the
s or amid the ruins of ancient temples and
ıces, he discanted on the glories of the old
ublic. The bronze tablet, on which was re-
ded the decree by which the senate conferred
imperial title upon Vespasian, was brought
n its obscurity in the church of the Lateran,
publicly exhibited, as an evidence that the
'er of the empire was the gift of the people.
such means as these, Rienzi succeeded in
wing around him a strong party of the
zens, animated—though, perhaps, in a less
ree—by sentiments and hopes akin to his
ı. Hatred of the nobility, from whom neither
nor honour were safe, induced many to cast
their lot with the ardent champion of popular
:rty; and all to whom his plans were dis-
sed, took an oath of fidelity to the people's
ıse. In his capacity of notary for the Pope,
:nzi had gained the friendship of the Bishop
Orvieto, the vicar of his Holiness,—a man of
y temper and weak mind, who saw in the
projected revolution a means of gratifying his
vanity, by enhancing his personal importance.
Many of the poorer barons, too, unable to cope
with their powerful neighbours, sought refuge
in Rienzi's schemes from the indignities to which
they were daily subjected by the unruly followers
of the arrogant nobles. The priesthood were
gained over by the prospect of increased influ-
ence; and, in a word, the conspiracy embraced
men of all orders of the people.

Rienzi had been so long known as a popular
orator, and the leaders of the powerful factions in
Rome had become so familiar with his harangues,
that his preparations for the great event which
was to restore his country's freedom, passed
almost unnoticed by those who could have easily
arrested them. At length the day of action
came. On the festival of the Effusion of the
Holy Ghost, the Roman people were summoned
to appear before the Capitol; and when public
expectancy was at its height, Rienzi, accompanied
by the Bishop of Orvieto, and surrounded by a
band of his most trustworthy followers, left the
church of St. Angelo, where mass had been said,
and ascended the Capitol, preceded by three
banners, on which were represented Rome, seated
on a lion, and bearing the globe and palm-
branch, St. Paul with the sword of justice,
and St. Peter with the keys. Loud acclama-
tions told that the revolution had been already
accomplished. On the day chosen for the exe-
cution of this bold and brilliant project, Stephen
Colonna, with the great body of his troops,
was absent from the city. The other barons
were either unable to disperse the popular assem-
blage, or affected to despise it. The people were
triumphant; and the constitution of the *Buono
Stato*—the good estate of Rome—was adopted
without a word or gesture of opposition. The
new laws prepared by Rienzi show him to have
been possessed of no ordinary penetration; they
were well adapted to the spirit of the times.
The senatorship, which had for many years been
hereditary in the families of the Colonna and
Orsini, was abolished. The defence of the city
was provided for by each of the thirteen muni-
cipal quarters maintaining a force of one hundred
footmen and twenty-five horsemen. The strong-
holds, prisons, bridges, and gates were no longer
to be guarded by the soldiers of the barons, but
held by the captains of the people. The treasury
was charged with the support of the convents
and the poor; while the revenues of the city,
long reduced by the peculation of those who
farmed the taxes, were to be administered by a
commission of the people for the public good.
Prompt justice; the punishment of death for all
cases of murder; the preservation of the houses,
many of which had been destroyed or converted
into fortresses by the nobility; the establishment
of public granaries, and the security of the roads
around the city,—were all provided for by the
new laws. No baron was allowed to possess a
stronghold within the walls of Rome. Those
which existed were to be at once surrendered;
while their former occupants were held respon-
sible for the peace and security of the country
around their castles in the Campagna. Rienzi

was at once invested with full power to execute the laws he had made, and shortly afterwards publicly received the title of Tribune,—the papal vicar being nominally associated with him in his office, obviously for the purpose of securing the tacit sanction of the church to the new order of things.

A feeble and abortive attempt at resistance was made by some of the nobles. The haughty Stephen Colonna replied contemptuously to Rienzi's summons to appear and take the oath of fidelity to the constitution; but the power he could at one time have so easily crushed, was now too strong for him. He was forced to evacuate his palace in Rome, and take refuge in his strong castle at Palestrina. Not only he, but all the nobles, were ultimately compelled to swear obedience to the Tribune and the laws. Knowing that the support of the people was his best defence against the barons, Rienzi strenuously exerted himself to reform the financial and social state of the city. Many who had hitherto successfully defied all attempts to levy the taxes upon them, and had set at nought the authority of those who farmed the duties, were now brought to obedience. The result, of course, was a rapid increase in the pecuniary resources of the state. The rapacious nobles felt that they could not resist the inexorable justice of the Tribune. An Orsini was publicly executed, although he was the nephew of two cardinals; another was thrown into prison for non-payment of a debt; a Frangipani was heavily fined; a Colonna arrested for disturbing the peace of the city. No one escaped the hand of the law; rich and poor, churchmen and laymen, were alike compelled to bow before the impartial tribunal of the Republic.

Never, perhaps, was a revolution effected more simply and completely. The will of a single man, who had hitherto been regarded as at best an eloquent enthusiast, was sufficient to control a turbulent aristocracy, supported by strong bands of daring followers, to restore peace and prosperity, and to transform Rome from a den of rapacious oppressors into something like the glory of its brightest days. Rienzi made no vain boast when, in one of his letters to the Emperor Charles, he wrote: 'Did I not restore real peace to a city torn by factions? Did I not decree that all the citizens banished by party violence should be re-admitted? Had I not begun to extinguish the party names of Guelph and Ghibelline, for which innumerable victims had perished, and to bring all Italy into one harmonious, peaceful, and holy confederacy?'

Inspired by the idea of Italian unity, Rienzi sent ambassadors to the several states of Italy, inviting them to enter into a federal union. Florence responded by appointing representatives at Rome, and contributing both men and arms. All Italy looked with hope towards the founder of the new Roman Republic; and before his tribunal the case of Queen Joanna of Naples, openly accused of the murder of her husband Andrea, was solemnly pleaded by noble envoys. The ambassadors of nearly thirty Italian cities attended Rienzi in one of his processions; and pious pilgrims carried the fame of his justi and his patriotism all over Europe.

It was scarcely in the nature of things th such fame, honour, and apparent power, shou not have an intoxicating effect. Naturally va of his personal appearance, which was ve noble, Rienzi too often made use of the festiva by which he sought to gratify the people, f purposes of ostentatious display. He wore ma nificent apparel, gave luxurious banquets, a placed his wife, the daughter of an humb citizen, at the head of the stately and haugh Roman ladies. Nor did his vanity content its with these comparatively harmless gratificatio He aspired to the honour of knighthood; an on the night preceding the day on which th honour was to be assumed, he ordered that t porphyry font, in which, according to traditio the Emperor Constantine had been baptize should be prepared as a bath for him in th church of the Lateran. A great festival mark the day of his knighthood. The bronze Aurelia horse in the Capitol poured wine from its nostril banquets were spread in the streets; dance tournaments, and processions delighted th crowds; while gifts of gold, silver, rich raimen and precious stones, were laid, by the represen tatives of many Italian cities, at the feet of th Tribune. In the midst of this jubilant festivit Rienzi publicly proclaimed the sovereignty Rome over the world, and the liberty of all whom the rights of her citizenship were extende in the days of the Empire. Nor did his ambitio patriotism stop here. He summoned all wh contested the right of Rome's universal supre macy to appear before him; and specially calle upon the competitors for the imperial title submit their claims to him for adjudication, the representative of the Roman people.

Rienzi had now reached the height of h power; but he was surrounding himself wi enemies. The Pope looked on from Avigno with more than distrust of a popularity in whic he had no share; while the French clergy at th papal court dreaded the efforts made to indu his Holiness to return to Rome. The Tribun had gone so far as to hint that the people migh in time, refuse obedience to a pontiff who show so little regard for their welfare as to abse himself from his episcopal seat merely that h might enjoy the amenities of life elsewhere. Th Roman nobles had been curbed, but not subdue and by a weak attempt to gain their suppor Rienzi increased their enmity towards him. I had been secretly informed of a conspira entered into, by the more hostile of them, procure his overthrow; and resolved, by a sho of magnanimity, to gain their friendship. At banquet given in the palace of the Lateran, th heads of the great family of Colonna, of th Savelli, the Orsini, and the Frangipani, we suddenly arrested, and charged with the crim of conspiracy against the good estate. Son of them were innocent—and, indeed, altogeth ignorant of such a conspiracy having be formed; yet all were ordered to prepare f death. Rienzi then condescended to pard them; and, notwithstanding the warnings

best friends, restored them to their honours, l showered upon them tokens of his favour. But the offender never pardons; and the bune's strategical clemency served only to ıstrate the proverb, that to show favour to an :my, is but to show him your weakness. The ıud barons of Rome—some indignant at the est, which their innocence of the conspiracy l made an outrage and a wrong, others mor- ed by the exposure and defeat of their schemes, l all chafing under their humiliation—were ıceforth united by a common bond of hatred. ı Tribune's ill-devised and ostentatious display generosity had alienated those among the ple who had suffered from the tyranny of nobles, and who had loudly demanded their ıishment. The too frequent recurrence of ily festivals had, moreover, affected the .nces; and, amid growing difficulties, Rienzi ı called upon to resist a formidable attack le upon the city by the barons, who, retiring enly to their castles, had gathered their forces . combined them, with the view of driving him from power. Though possessed of a courage which had been found equal to great occasions, he was no soldier; the defeat of the invaders was the result of their own precipitancy, and the fortitude of the citizens, rather than of any skill on the part of the Tribune. He failed to reap the fruit of the victory, but rather tarnished it by his insults over his fallen foes. Ambitious of military fame, yet destitute of the genius to acquire it, he endeavoured to strengthen the defences of the city by raising a permanent force from among the people, while at the same time he allowed the barons to hold the surrounding fortresses, and cut off the supplies of provisions. So long as his festivals and expensive display added nothing to their burdens, the populace were more than content; but now that he was compelled to raise the duty on salt, and spoke of the necessity of imposing new taxes, the luxury in which he lived, and the magnificence in which he indulged, were regarded as worse than mockery.

(To be continued.)

A SUPPOSED HEBREW TRADITION.

EN in his youth David sat upon the plains of hlehem, the Spirit of Jehovah passed over ı, and his soul was open to hear the songs of night. The heavens proclaimed the glory God, and all the stars united in a chorus. ı echo of their hearts reached the earth—to ends of the earth rolled on their silent song. Light is the countenance of Jehovah!' said descending sun, and the crimson twilight wered, 'I am the fringe of his garment.' The clouds towered above them, and said, 'We his pavilion;' and the water of the clouds ered in the evening thunder, 'The voice of ıovah moves upon the clouds: the God of ry thunders; the God of glory thunders on h!' 'He rides upon the winds!' murmured rustling wind; and the silent air responded, am the breath of God—the tissue of his ickening presence.'

We hear songs of praise,' said the fainting th, 'and must I be still and speechless?' 'I l bathe thee,' answered the falling dew, 'that children, newly refreshed, may rejoice—that suckling may blossom like the rose.'

We blossom gladly,' said the enlivened field; the full ears of grain rustling, replied, 'We the blessings of God—the army of God against extremity of hunger.'

We bless you from above,' said the moon; e bless you,' answered the stars. The grass- per chirped and whispered, 'He blesses me with a little drop of dew.'

And quenches my thirst,' answered the hind. e refreshes me,' said the bounding roe.

And gives us food,' dreamed the deer. 'And hes our limbs,' bleated the flock.

'He heard me,' croaked the raven, 'when I was forsaken.' 'He heard me,' answered the goat. 'When my time came, I went out and brought forth.'

The turtle-dove cooed, and the swallow and all the birds afterwards, slumbering, said, 'We have found our nest our habitations; we dwell upon the altar of God, and sleep under the shadow of his wing in silent rest.'

'In silent rest!' answered the night, and pro- longed the lingering tone. Then crowed the announcer of the morning dawn: 'Lift up the gates—the doors of the world. Let the King of Glory enter in. Awake, ye men, and praise the Lord; the King of Glory is come!'

Up rose the sun, and David awoke from his dream so rich in psalms; and, so long as he lived, the tones of this harmonious creation lingered in his soul, and were daily breathed forth from his harp.—*Herder.*

RESIGNATION.

CARLYLE says, 'One may *lose happiness*, and find instead blessedness;' but I take this as ap- plying to nothing outside of the peace of God—that is, saintly blessedness, or the comfort of entire faith and hope of the sanctified Christian. It comes always from the casting of the soul upon God after a great sorrow has swept over it and left it desolate—desolate as to earthly hopes I mean; for no soul is utterly desolate which clings fast to the border of Christ's seamless robe—that robe which covers all human naked- ness.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'So did not I, because of the fear of God.'—NEH. v. 15.

WHEN Joseph was dealing with his brethren, he said, 'This do, and live; for I fear God' (Gen. xlii. 18). Such was Joseph's motive. When Colonel Gardner was challenged to fight a duel, he answered: 'I fear *sinning; you* know I do not fear *fighting*.' Such was *his* motive. So, when Nehemiah kept aloof from the evil ways of others, he gives his reason: 'So did not I, because of the fear of God.' Here, then, is Nehemiah's principle of action, both in what he did and in what he did not do—the fear of God. This was the one thing that kept him right, and prevented his turning aside to the right or left. Of the unrighteous it is said, 'The fear of God is not before his eyes;' of the righteous, 'The fear of God is before his eyes.' This is the great feature of difference between the two. It was this that operated and influenced all his proceedings—that moulded his life. He was, as we say, a God-fearing man; and he showed this in what he did, and in what he did not do.

Here, then, we have true *conscientiousness;* not merely natural uprightness of character, but the desire to have a conscience void of offence towards God and man. It is conscientiousness arising from the sense of God's presence.—the wish to please Him, the fear of offending Him, the desire to do all that is well-pleasing in his sight. As the love of Christ constraineth, so the fear of God makes conscientious.

Are we thoroughly *conscientious?* Is our conscience constantly at work,—not in the spirit of bondage or terror, but in that childlike gentleness and tenderness of conscience, that desires to have God's approbation in everything we do, and every word we speak? What a regulator to our life and conscience would be this fear of God! Let us consider the different spheres and operations of conscience. There is—

I. *The religious conscience.*—By this I mean the conscience exercising itself in the things of religion—in religious beliefs and actings. In our dealings with God,—in the service of God, in our testimony for God,—let us be thoroughly *conscientious;* not formal, superficial, perfunctory, but conscientious. If I act religiously simply because others do so, or because it involves my good name, or because of habit, I am not acting *conscientiously.* Let our religion mould our conscience, and let our conscience pervade our religion. I do not merely mean that a religious man should be a conscientious man, but that he should carry his conscientiousness into all that concerns religion.

II. *The secular conscience.*—Though not *of* the world, we are still in the world. We are hourly coming into contact with the world in public and private. Every movement of our daily life comes, more or less, into contact with the world: it may be collision, or it may be intercourse and mutual help in common things. Let us in all these be thoroughly conscientious,—in what we do, or in what we abstain from doing. Never let the world say of us, in reference to either word or deed: 'There goes a religious man without a conscience!' In all secular and social things let us manifest a conscientious spirit, and show to others that the fear of God is before our eyes. Let that fear regulate our daily intercourse and walk. sense of *responsibility* toward God and our men be ever on edge.

III. *The commercial conscience.*—By this conscience throwing itself into all our l transactions,—our buying or our selling, ou or receiving; our bargains, our specula whether merchant, lawyer, banker, farmer, man, mechanic, or whatever our worldly may be. Let us take counsel with conscien tinually. Let the fear of God be before o in the counting-house, the shop, the war the market, or wherever our calling may p Hard-driven bargains, advantage taken o necessities, grinding of the poor, over-char just measures, dishonest statements as t sold or purchased,—these are not things int conscience can enter. Let every man of b on whatever scale, be out and out *conscienti*

IV. *The family conscience.*—Into each c life, outer and inner, conscience must ente fear of God must reign in the *family.* We r conscientious in our family dealings, makir member of it feel that we are acting in the God. Let us be conscientious in our family at our family table, in our treatment of ot dren, and in their education. Be consci *with* them and before them. Never let th you do an unconscientious deed. Conscien to each father and mother, 'Train up your c the way he should go.' Oh! be conscientiou your children. They know what conscien how conscience operates and shows itself. I fear of God be stamped on all family arrange Servants, be conscientious to your master masters to your servants.

V. *The private conscience.*—I must mak science of all my individual, my private ac when alone, unheard, unseen. I must be c entious in my closet as well as in my fam must be conscientious about my solitary, l actions. The fear of God must fill every ch of my heart. I must be upright before myse before God.

VI. *The local conscience.*—I must be conscie everywhere, at home or abroad. I must car conscience with me when I travel, just as I was at home. I read sometimes of Ch travellers spending their Sabbaths in sight-s I find that some think it no evil to climb l Sinai or Mount Hermon on the Sabbath, b these are sacred scenes. They would not Snowdon or Ben-Lomond, but they would these foreign mountains! What sort of loca science is this? Ought not a Christian to his conscience into every place; and when te to do abroad on the Sabbath what he woul do at home, to be able to say, 'This did not cause of the fear of God?'

Cultivate a tender conscience—an enligh conscience—a conscience void of offence morbid, or diseased, or crooked, or one-sid censorious, or supercilious, or proud; but s and bold, and sensitive. Beware of a blun seared conscience. Let the fear of God re you always and everywhere. Beware of th of man; cultivate the fear of God. The gos well as the law, makes demands on your cons Conscience speaks to you in the name of Christ, as well as in that of God.

GALES OF THE SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

SONG OF SOLOMON IV. 16; V. 1.

AWAKE, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.' These are Christ's words. He is stirring up his people to k communion. He regards the church as his rden, each saved soul as his garden. This is l of meaning. There is no garden on earth nature, since Eden passed away. If we wish have a garden, we must make it; we must eak up the fallow ground, gather out the ones, build a wall or enclosure, sow and plant. ius it is also with the soul of man. Since the iage of God was effaced, it has been a dry, aste howling wilderness, yielding only hurtful useless things. When Christ wishes to make a garden, He must use great pains—be at speakable cost. The whole Godhead must ke part in this great work of making an Eden a garden of delights for God. When the soul lying dead in trespasses and sins, the Father, his rich mercy, must visit it, and quicken it th the powers of a new and better life. The on must water it with his precious blood, to ll the roots of bitterness, and to prepare it r yielding new and better things. The Holy host must come upon it, as the Spirit of grace d supplications; and so, instead of the brier ere comes up the fir-tree, and instead of the orn there comes up the myrtle-tree. The avenly Husbandman sows it with the incor-ptible seed of truth, and plants it with plants righteousness. Yea, He stirs up the saved ul itself to take part in this work,—adding to is faith virtue, and knowledge, and temperance, d love; learning useful lessons from all the ials and events of life; following those who llow Christ fully; and seeking after all that true, and honest, and holy, and of good report. hrist calls it *his* garden. He takes delight in . See how He speaks of it here: 'A garden closed is my sister, my spouse.'

Thus it should always be, thus it *would* always e, if it depended only on the Lord. He en-mps around it, cares for it, as for the apple f the eye; He waters it every moment, and eeps it night and day. But the saved, con-erted souls, who form his garden, are not 23.—31.

equally thoughtful, equally careful. The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak; and so they slumber and sleep. Grace is not in lively exercise; it is not stirred up. Thus it often happens that, when Christ comes, He finds things not as He would desire, not as He reasonably expects. He finds covetousness in the ascendant,—men eagerly seeking the present world, while heavenly things are little thought or spoken of. He finds evil tempers, pride, passion, discontent, censoriousness, flourishing; while meekness, gentleness, lowliness, thankfulness, scarcely appear. There is little to distinguish his garden from the world which surrounds it. He knows that grace is really there; but it is torpid, inactive, unproductive. There is no fragrance, no pleasant fruits. This is very trying and disappointing; and if He came in the spirit of Moses, He would condemn and punish. But grace and truth came by Jesus Christ, and in this spirit He seeks to heal and restore. He has the remedy in his hand: with Him is the residue of the Spirit. Oh, how largely and constantly we are indebted to this blessed Being, though we so little know and acknowledge it! Christ says, 'Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden.' The wind is ever the emblem of the Holy Ghost. He has manifold operations and influences; He convinces and He comforts; He blights and He cherishes. In every country there is some wind which has a killing, withering influence on vegetation. In our country it is the east wind; in Palestine it is the north wind, which, blowing over the snowy tops of Lebanon, chills and withers wherever it comes. And so here Christ calls for the north wind to blow, and kill the weeds and noxious things which are luxuriating where none of these should be. Awake, put on thy strength, and do thy work effectually! But this is only part. In all countries there is some particular wind which is favourable to vegetation,—genial, kindly, making all to spring, and grow, and blossom. In our country it is the west, or south-west; in Palestine it is the south; and so Christ calls on the south wind to blow, that thus all the fruits of the Spirit may begin to bloom and flourish. Come, O south wind, and blow, that the spices

may flow out, and my garden become fragrant, pleasant, and useful. How quickly this divine agent, who garnished the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth, can revive and quicken the church of God, making it again like Eden,—making its beauty like that of Carmel and Sharon, and its smell like Lebanon! Christ has power and authority to do this. 'Awake, and blow upon my garden;' it is dear to me—dearer than life. It is my witness on earth, my representative, my masterpiece, my chief delight. Put away all in it that grieves and dishonours me, and make it yield all that pleases and glorifies. This is the Spirit's special work. He has come to mortify the flesh, which will not be subject to the Lord. He has come to implant and nourish grace, which is the new creature of God.

'Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.' This is seeking communion. Here grace is working. Mere nature could not say this. It is grace; and not weak, cold, languid grace, but warm, fervent, strong. This is the fruit of the Spirit. The north wind and south wind have blown, and the spices are flowing out. There is here a cluster of precious grace: 'Let my Beloved come.' Mark this word 'Beloved.' Often there is such a contention and intermingling of earth and heaven, self and Christ, idols and God, in our hearts, that we are at a loss to say what we really love. But here there is no dubiety. Christ stands out supreme; He overtops all his competitors. He is 'as the apple-tree among the trees of the wood;' He is the Beloved. Mark also appropriation—'*my* Beloved.' He has given himself to me, and I have received Him; and I have given myself to Him, and He has received me. We are joined together for ever; we are betrothed, married to one another; and it is in judgment, mercy, and faithfulness. It can never be broken. He will never repent, neither shall I. 'Let Him come into his garden,'—not his word merely, though it is sweeter than honey; not his gifts merely, though they are very enriching; not his ordinances merely, though they are very feeding and refreshing; but himself, his very self. Let *Him* come nearer—nearer to my heart of hearts. This is strong, lively grace. Nature keeps the door barred against Him. Weak grace lets Him stand at the door, while it is debating what it should do: 'I have put off my coat; how can I put it on? I have washed my feet; how can I defile them?' Let Him come, but not *yet*, not *now*. But lively grace stands on tiptoe, looking out, listening. It cries, 'I have opened the door; I am waiting, longing, ready to welcome. "Come into thy garden, and eat thy pleasant fruits." Lord, I am thy garden; by thy grace I am what I am. My fruits are thine; take what Thou wilt; take all, for I give all; hold nothing. It is my honour, privile light, to please and minister to Thee.'

But the flesh and Satan, who uses i organ, try to check and chill this ferv and expectation. Something seems to the happy soul: 'Take heed; He is the his eyes are as a flame of fire; He requi expects perfection; and it is neither w nor your house as it should be.' But no fear in love; 'perfect love casteth ou and so the happy soul goes on its way, 'Iniquities prevail against me; but as transgressions, Thou wilt purge them Let Him come. I know that I have n feets. There is much that is wrong an order; but I bring all to Him, and He despise me, will not cast me out. I that there is far more evil in me than but He will perfect that which concern 'I will hear what God the Lord will spe will dig about me, and prune me, and n me untended. Happy confidence of knows that the Lord is ready to be plea He takes the will for the deed, and that presence will make a plentiful feast. come and eat his pleasant fruits.' Such is never neglected, never overlooked. Co in Christ is never misplaced—can neve great. Hear his own words. He says, they call, I will answer them; and wh are *yet* speaking, I will hear.' And so this place: 'Let Him come;' and the is: 'I am come into my garden.' Whe people meet in faith and love, He is in t of them; but often his presence is uns felt. But here He fulfils his word: manifest myself to you.' I will make y that I am with you, and that the place —Jehovah Shammah. This is an ex which the world cannot know. 'I am am here.' He looks around. It is a g Him; it is his garden. Each tree has in memories. He thinks what it once w pains He bestowed upon it; the state it now is. His heart is full of love and fulness as He walks in his garden. conscious fellowship; and we should have it, if we oftener sought it, and h for his reply. See the appellation w here uses: 'My sister, my spouse.' Th these terms, 'my sister,' He can use to is our common birthright; for He t nature, and became our Brother. But th term, 'spouse,' He can only use to th have accepted Him; who have closed wi offer, and made Christ their own sister by spouse by grace,—sister, by *his* act of ta human nature; spouse, by *our* act of tak by faith, and resting upon Him for salva

MISS RUSSELL'S THIRD YEAR IN JERUSALEM.

(A SEQUEL TO HOME IN THE HOLY LAND.)

CHAPTER VII.

OUT IN TENTS.

'EMILY,' said Walter, as he rode up beside me one afternoon in June, 'you don't look very well. We must encamp again, and I have found a good place. Let us turn off here to the left, and I will show it to you.'

'But your painting?'

'Oh, I shall go into town every day. I have found a place just the right distance from town; and the ride will do me good, and my horse too.'

The place was considerably to the left of the Jaffa road, in the direction of the tombs of the Judges. Winding in and out among lanes, crossing fields, climbing over terraces, we reached a most delightful little nook among rocks and olive-trees, and a delicious green plantation of sumach bushes.

'Here, Emily, is not this charming? Your tent shall be down there between the rocks and olives. I will put mine on the terrace above. That cave will just do for your kitchen; and there, yonder, is a place shady and fit for the horses; and here, oh! delightful—stop—don't come a step farther; guess what I have found, Emily!'

'Something very sweet, I can smell that. It is honeysuckle.'

It *was* honeysuckle, in wild luxuriance and full blossom, festooning the grey rocks.

'This is delicious. How comes it we never saw this place before?'

'It is hidden down in the hollow. Now then, Emily, home, and out in tents by Saturday evening.'

My heart danced at the idea of more tent life, and our preparations were soon made.

On Friday morning, Constantine came to me. 'O lady, Um Habeeb says she cannot go out to tents, because she must stay and marry her daughter.'

'When does she want to leave me?'

'This evening; the wedding will be on Sabbath.'

Here was a difficulty; but Constantine was ready with advice.

'If it please thee, Haj Omar will go to Bethlehem this evening, and bring back Katrina to-morrow at sunrise.'

'Will she come?'

'She will come; I asked her when I met her in the bazaar yesterday. And Sarah will come every day and take care of the house.'

The servants, then, had arranged it all among themselves; but there was no better plan to be devised. So Haj Omar went to Bethlehem, and Um Habeeb kissed my hand that evening and left us, and Katrina came next morning and entered upon her duties, making her presence known by a great splashing, and clashing, and washing of court and terrace, with a vigour of style totally unknown to her town-bred predecessor, as brisk as if she had not walked barefoot from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, between early dawn and sunrising, with a huge basket of fresh figs on her head; the said figs having been gathered, all sparkling with dew, from her own trees before peep of day.

She came up to kiss my hand, and then, throwing her veil across her mouth, stood waiting, tall, upright, and statuesque, in the long folds of her blue and white drapery.

'What may thy name be, in peace?'

'Katrina; thy slave, Katrina.'

'What canst thou do, O Katrina? Canst thou cook?'

'I can cook, and I can knead, and I can wash, under thy favour.'

'What canst thou cook?'

'Everything—meat, and peppered rice (*i.e.*, pillaff), and mahhshy (stuffed vegetables), and stews and rice milk. El Hamdulillah, I can cook everything!'

'Canst thou do Frank cooking?'

'If the lady will teach me.'

'What is thy religion? Art thou a Greek?'

'God forbid; I am a Latin.'

She was a comely, active woman, with fair complexion. Constantine vouched for her being honest, and I engaged her at once.

She was very fond of proving her Latin dependence, by using all the Italian words she could, and would never say anything but 'Buon giorno,' 'Come stre?' and other such phrases, instead of the Arab salutations; and she wore round her neck a little gilt cross of the Latin form. I did not see it the first evening, and think she must have put it on to satisfy me that she could be no Greek. At first I found a little difficulty in understanding her country dialect after the Jerusalem Arabic; but that soon wore off, and it was easy to perceive that hers was far richer in words as well as more sonorous.

She had a good voice, too, and would chant by the half hour over her work, provided Walter was not within hearing. Once or twice I caught the subject of her songs—a sort of recitation about the incidents in the domestic life of St. Amne (the mother of the Virgin Mary), Joseph, her betrothed, and the Virgin herself. Most curious it was in its Arab complexion—in the allusions to Arab manners, and customs, and incidents. Most assuredly, in Katrina's mind, the Virgin Mary was nothing but a Bethlehem woman exalted into a blessed saint.

The owner of our new ground brought his mules—two strong, wicked-looking animals—to fetch our baggage and tents, and by sunset we were fully established at the honeysuckle rocks,

as we named our new abode, the horses picketed under their several trees, and Haj Omar, smoking the pipe of contentment, while the others prepared our supper in the cavern kitchen, which turned out to be the portico of an ancient sepulchre. The entrance to the interior burying-places was in one corner, and choked up with stones and earth.

There was a similar grotto in a lower terrace; and here the family of our landlord had established themselves—wives, children, donkeys, chickens, and all,—that they might be near the threshing-floor of smooth rock, where the old white-bearded patriarch of the family and his sons were threshing out the grain but lately reaped from their own fields.

Long before dawn I was awoke by a heavy rumbling sound. Two women were at the mill, grinding some of the newly-threshed wheat. They went on grinding till about sunrise, and then, kneading the flour in a wooden bowl, left it to ferment, while they gathered thorns and sticks to heat their primitive oven, viz. an earthenware vessel half sunk in the ground. The fuel was heaped round, the dough spread out into thin cakes, cleverly thrown into the oven (which had a narrow mouth at the top), so as to adhere to the sides, and in a quarter of an hour the bread was baked, and all the working done for the day. This bread, a few onions, or figs, or a cucumber, were almost their only food. I think I only twice saw them stewing a mess of rice for their supper during the whole time of our encampment.

They brought us milk from their goats, and figs, and pears, and plums, greengages and apples from their own trees, and their chickens supplied us with eggs. One of the boys used to bring spring water every day from the village, half an hour distant. They did not molest us in any way, and seemed very glad to have us among them.

One evening Walter and I were sitting under a tree in the twilight, and overheard the old sheikh and his son talking after their day's work was done. They were discussing politics—the interests of the Aboo Gosh faction, to which they belonged, and the recent doings of their rival, Othman the Butcher, and his clan in the south-west. Hostilities were evidently impending between them. Then they talked over the presents they should make to an Effendi, who had been in exile, but was lately returned from Constantinople with the new Pasha. One was for giving the best she-goat of his flock, which abounded in milk. The father objected; waving his hand majestically, said he, 'A lamb, the son of a year, fat and tender, would it not be much better?' Walter was reminded of the shepherds in one of Virgil's *Eclogues;* but then there was the Oriental idea of backsheesh here, the object being to propitiate favour with the great man, and enlist him on their side in the dispute with some village rival.

One evening we went down in the moonlight to watch them threshing; usually they worked from early dawn till about ten o'clock in the day, and then, after a sleep of two or three hours, would go on till sunset. It was very pleasant for me, sitting at work, when Walter had ridden off to town, to watch them driving the cattle round and round, calling to them cheerfully as they went, sometimes singing; and to see the winnowing done, the grain tossed up to the breeze with a shovel, so that the chaff was blown on one side, while the heavier corn fell in a heap at the feet of the husbandmen. They were all generally asleep every evening as soon as it became dusk. But this beautiful night was not one for sleep. The moonlight poured down in a flood upon valley and plain,—the nearer hills marked the massy forms of the distant mountains, and revealed the Moab range, trembling like a shadowy curtain of blue in the far east,—silvered the leaves of the olive-tree, illumined our tents with snowy brightness, and cast deep heavy shadows from the ancient rocks.

There was almost the brilliancy of day, and yet the coolness of night. The very animals seemed to understand that it would be a shame to be idle, and cheerfully pursued their monotonous round—a white horse, two cows, a donkey, and a mule all yoked together. We perceived that they were muzzled.

'Knowest thou not, O Sheikh, that Neby Moosa forbade men to muzzle the cattle when they thresh? It is harâm (unlawful, a shame implied).'

'Do I know, O Bek? I am a Fellahh.'

'But thou knowest who Neby Moosa was?'

'Certainly. He was a prophet, a great prophet. Do we not go on pilgrimage to his tomb?'

'He lived very long ago,' said Haj Omar, who had followed us. 'Who can tell how long ago? Praised be He who alone knoweth.'

'Before Ibrahim Pasha?' said a boy, who was goading the cattle round with a long stick.

'Before Ibrahim Pasha!' cried Constantine. 'Ignorant that thou art, Neby Moosa lived before the flood!'

'What dost thou know of Ibrahim Pasha, thou child?' said an elder brother. 'He died before thou wast born.'

'Liar!' cried the young one. 'I was born before he died. O my uncle, bear witness that I speak truth.'

'I know not when thou wast born.'

'Thou knowest the red cow?'

'I know her.'

'Well, her grandmother bore her mother three days before I was born.'

'Sabheebh, it is true,' gravely said the uncle, and stroked his beard.

Then asked I, 'How old is the boy?'

'Do I know, lady? It was before Ibrahim Pasha left this country; for the red cow's mother was taken to pay my taxes in his time.'

Haj Omar laughed. 'They are Fellahheen. O lady. Fellahheen are like cattle. Can they tell how old they are?'

Haj Omar himself could not tell his own age, Egyptian, and grown though he was.

One evening the Consul and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wells, called upon us; the post had come in from England, and they kindly brought us our letters.

Good news is easily despatched, and often eaves as little mark behind as the smooth flowng river. The presence of our guests did not prevent our glancing inside the letters to look for the words, 'All well,' which are sure to come somewhere in a *good* letter. That done, we were ready and glad to show them the wonders and beauties of our encampment. When all had been seen, and we were sipping our coffee, I grew bold, and invited our visitors to come and spend a day with us. Mr. Wells's business would not allow of this, but Mrs. Wells was delighted at the idea; and so it was settled for the day after next, that she was to come to breakfast, and Walter was to call for Mr. Wells on his way out to dinner. 'Dinner!' that was an alarming word. Had I really invited any one to DINNER? Yes, it was done. And now Katrina and I must provide a dinner as well as our joint abilities might allow, and hope that Mr. Wells was not one of those unhappy Europeans who came to these countries, and are unable to touch any but European dishes; for my teaching had not yet made a Frank cook of Katrina.

I gave Constantine his marketing orders the evening before, with directions to bring none but '*lamb* mutton;' on no account goat's flesh, however young or tender (though really young kid is savoury enough); to bring the finest of musk melons for breakfast, and the largest of water melons for dinner; besides tomatoes for stuffing, and purple egg-fruit for frying. Chickens, to be stuffed with rice, had been furnished by our Fellahh neighbours, as well as new-laid eggs for breakfast; and Haj Omar took such an interest in the great event of the English Consul's lady visiting us, that he actually got up at daybreak, and walked off to town to fetch a dish of the earliest prickly pears in the market, and was back again before the sun had risen high enough to rob this delicious fruit of any of its icy coldness.

Mrs. Wells arrived in due time, escorted by her groom and red-coated kawass.

My domestic anxieties were not called forth on account of breakfast, for Katrina made excellent omelettes and coffee.

Constantine arrived soon after, driving a little donkey, with an ear and a half, hired for the occasion from the threshing-floor, and laden with the various eatables. He looked rather sad, and my heart fluttered lest the marketing had been unsuccessful. Perhaps the soldiers or the Pasha's cook had bought all the mutton, and there was none left for us. No, it could not be that, for Katrina was disentangling a charming leg of mutton and its bobbing tail of fat from the basket of tomatoes, and on the ground lay a prodigious water melon of above thirty pounds weight. The dinner was safe, so far, though Constantine *had* had a squabble with one of the soldiers for the leg of mutton, and only rescued it by the help of one of the Consul's kawasses, who happened to be passing. The butchers had only killed two sheep that day.

'What is the matter, Constantine?'

'O lady—the money won't pass.'

'Why not?—is it not good money?' (a Spanish dollar and a Turkish dollar, and various small coins, all usually current.)

'Nobody would take it at the price, because the Pasha has sent criers into the bazaars, that every dollar is to be three piastres (one-sixth) less, and small pieces one piastre less.'

'But *why* is not the money good?'

Katrina and Haj Omar interposed. 'It is on account of the taxes. After the Fellahheen have paid the taxes the money will rise again.'

'Then everybody must lose now?'

'Of course,' said Haj, 'that the Dowleh (Government) may gain. What else are governments for?'

'True,' chimed in Katrina ruefully; 'I shall lose more than one hundred piastres in paying the taxes of our family.'

Walter was chatting all this time with Mrs. Wells; but I bethought me that I ought to go to them. 'Well, Constantine, what did you do if nobody took your money?'

'I went to everybody; and at last I left the dollars in pledge with the butcher till to-morrow. He said, for your sake he would take it; but he is afraid of the Pasha; if he pays it at that price to any one, they will imprison him. I spent the small money, and lost upon it; but what could I do, Sitti? You wanted the dinner.'

Poor Fellahheen, thought I, what an unjust extortion this is! Over and above the amount of their taxes, they lose upon each coin, whose value has been arbitrarily raised for the moment, that the Pasha may gain upon the transaction.

Mrs. Wells told me that everybody was talking of this, because everybody was inconvenienced and a loser. 'Mr. Wells was speaking only yesterday to an Arab gentleman about improvement of the country, and bettering the condition of the peasantry, and got for answer: "O Bey, with your Government and with your Queen (may her days be prolonged) such things would be possible; but the Fellahheen and we here are like a frog in a birkeh (pond), who was asked by a man to sing him a song. 'Willingly,' cried the frog, 'only the water chokes me.' These Pashas who come for a year, and are very poor, and want to be rich, and all these greedy, hungry Effendis, they choke us and the Fellahheen, and all the country, in the name of the government. How can we improve anything?"'

. . . . . .

Our dinner was a perfect success—a triumph of Arab cookery, slightly modified *à l'Anglaise*. Mr. Wells was as easy to please as his wife; and my anxious flutterings vanished before Katrina's excellent soup, her boiled and roast—not to speak of her 'sheikh el mahhshy,' which may be translated 'prince of stuffed meats,' *i.e.* egg-fruit filled with mince-meat, and her dish of 'cats' ears,' *i.e.* little affairs of paste (so called from their shape) filled with cheese, and immensely savoury. We were seated around the camp table, under our olive dining-tree; the gentlemen, as usual, talked politics, corn laws, free trade, Cardinal Wiseman, Louis Philippe, and the Oregon question—all from a Jerusalem point of view. Then they turned to subjects nearer home—the depreciation of the currency, the new Pasha—allowed

by all to be the very opposite of his vigorous, unscrupulous predecessor; a little effemimate man, wearing kid gloves and exquisite boots, his very name, Zareep, signifying 'pretty.'

'How will such a man govern the country?'

'Not at all. The very people who suffered most from the severity of the late Pasha, are now praising his firmness in keeping down the peasantry. We have had a specimen at Nablûs already. This new "pretty Pasha," in passing through, put in, as tax farmers, some ignorant pipe or slipper bearer of his own. The town rose against him, and the Pasha gave way at once. The peasantry down here in the south won't be quiet long—only till their harvest is over.'

'Do you mean that they will fight then, Mr. Wells?'

'Yes, I do. Have not all the guns and swords reappeared from their hiding-places? There is not a man or boy without them, now that the old Pasha is gone. But don't be alarmed, Miss Russell, they won't molest English people.'

'By-the-bye, Mr. Wells, is it true,' asked Walter, 'that an immense body of the wild Bedawan have crossed Jordan, near Tiberias? I was told this morning 5000 men, of whom 500 wear chain armour, are encamped thereabouts.'

'It is true; but my accounts add that a large body of the Sultan's regular cavalry, under Mohammed Pasha, is also there, and that the Bedawan are treating with him about the escort of the Haj to Mecca. It is said that they want to settle down near Jordan, and are willing to pay tribute to the Sultan of a hundred horses of pure breed.'

'Ah,' cried Walter, 'I have seen nothing of Bedaway life yet. I must try and get among some of these great tribes some day.'

CHAPTER VIII.

RACHEL'S VISIT TO OUR CAMP.

AT last Rachel spent a day with us at the tents. She had long been invited; but somehow there was always something to prevent her coming. However, she came at last, and a delightful day it was.

We had lately got a camel load of pine branches from the Hebron hills, and made a bower under an old olive tree, with the help of its drooping boughs. It was on the uppermost terrace of our domain, and from it there was a lovely view of Olivet. Here Rachel and I passed the hours of Walter's absence; for he, not guessing who was coming, had gone to town very early, being at an interesting part of his picture. So she and I had the quiet hours all to ourselves.

The cool north-west breeze brought us not only sweet odours from the distant hills, but, as it played through our shady bower, mingled the perfumes it had brought with the aromatic fragrance of the pine.

A pomegranate tree, on the terrace just below, was the favourite resort of all the goldfinches from the fruit-trees around; and it was delightful to watch the tiny, beautiful creatures perch on the topmost twigs and pour forth song.

We were happy, and we read, and conversed. The day flew swiftly by; surprised, on raising my head for a see the groom walking my broth and down.

'Walter is come!'

'Yes, it is time; it is past three'

The flow of colour had not entire Rachel's cheeks before Walter appea as those needs must who would en bower; and his eye brightened in factory manner at the sight of m course it was necessary for me to trina was sending the dinner to tabl decorum; but afterwards Walter t of the conversation which I had th it concerned me indirectly at least.

Dinner was over when Abraha appearance, just as Constantine wa the table a dish of grapes—the first this season.

'I have come,' said he, in his di the twelve spies, to see the land a first ripe grapes.'

'But not to be frightened at the

'No; they are not giants in my hope I am not a grasshopper in the

'By-the-bye,' said Walter, 'it n to me before that it was in the midc that the spies came up from the c must have had hot work of it.'

'Not at all, my dear sir; they w cool and green also in the mount dry wilderness.'

'Now that we know the cou seasons a little, we can make out took them to go through it, begi July at the time of first ripe grapes

'Yes, they finished when the were ripe and the figs had been can't be carried so far unless they a grapes could, on a stick, but the fig

'That was in October; so it too four months.'

'I want to ask you something el What does it mean in the law of M says that the children of Israel mi "like as the roebuck and like as th

'I think in this way, Mr. Walter not allowed to eat of their flocks o wilderness; for you read that they when the quails were sent; and eleventh chapter of Numbers, whe God whether the flocks and the he slain for them. But they might ea and hart of the desert; the flocks the sacrifices, and only the clean cou But Moses told them that when th promised land, they might use she for food, and both clean and uncle of them. "Like as the roebuck a hart;" that is, the wild gazelles in th

'That must be the explanation. those words have puzzled me! bu simple enough.'

Conversation then turned upon

ıy, and I had a little adventure to relate. Rachel's arrival in the morning, I had ing alone reading, when I thought I saw e come quietly up to the tent door. At id not look up; but when I did it, be- immense tall Fellahh, with villanous nding before me. He had a black ser- least eight feet long, hung round his ts tail touched the ground on one side, neck was hanging looped up so as to the head resting in the man's hand on r. He looked steadily at me, and the inkled its fiery eyes; and then the man ırer, and lifting up a little kind of battle- h he held in his right hand, he stretched er my head, and began muttering some ion. I was fairly frightened, though I look bold, and called aloud for Katrina. ıe running, and Haj Omar too. They man away, and told him that such ere all well enough for Fellahheen, but no use for the Ingleez. They both ıfraid of him; at least they were very ıl in their way of speaking.

ne else will be afraid of that poor man,' raham gravely, 'he has killed himself wickedness.'

d himself?'

when I was coming through the Jaffa r, there were many people gathered to see a serpent-charmer; and he had in his bosom a large, thick red serpent, and the serpent bit him, and in one moment he was dead!'

'How dreadful!'

'He was a tall man, as you say, and he had still the black serpent round his neck.'

'Haj Omar says that those black serpents never hurt any one.'

'It is wonderful,' observed Walter, 'that in this hot climate we see so few venomous creatures. Whatever snakes and scorpions there are, they keep out of our way.'

Abraham next had news for us about his nephew Judah, who had heard something of his wife. She was in Riga, on the Baltic Sea. A young Jew, who had just arrived, and whose history was a romance in itself, had sought out Judah, to inquire, by desire of his wife, whether Judah still wore his 'peahs.'

Judah could get no information about his child. The young man either did not know, or would not tell him, what had become of the infant. But one thing was certain, that Mariam had not married again; and poor Judah's hope, so long deferred, might not be in vain.

'She will come back, Miss Russell. I am quite sure she will come back; she loves her husband too much to marry any other. Perhaps she also will become a Christian—who knows?'

(To be continued.)

COLUMBA, THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO SCOTLAND.

(Continued from p. 185.)

IT has been sometimes alleged that there were priests or emissaries of Druidism in Hy, at the period of Columba's landing. But if this supposition be not altogether borne out ıce, it is certain that that most baleful ion was dominant in Caledonia, and that king of the Northern Picts, whose palace ated on the banks of the Ness, was at energetic patron and abject slave. It efore on Caledonia, and Castle Phadric, d, that the eye of our Irish missionaries ; and for our fathers scattered throughout d region, his bowels yearn in deep com-

They have fasted, and prayed, and ed, that their spirit might be chastened iod. But this is not for what they came they cannot rest satisfied with their own advancement. Columba is not a recluse, vangelist; he is an apostle, not an ascetic; ne thirsting to do battle with the great he determines at once to challenge the of idolatry in their strongest fastness—he very shadow of the court. It could an easy thing in those days—twelve years ago—to travel more than a hunles by sea and land; it is not even every an who is brave enough to confront the of Druidism, the Jannes and Jambres of donian Pharaoh. But the love of Christ ls is deep in the heart of Columba; and 'the loudest groans,' it is said, 'that ever broke from his lips, were those to which he gave vent when told of the death of an impenitent sinner.' Accordingly, with two chosen and trusty friends, he sets forth on the errand of dispelling the shadow of death from this unhappy kingdom, and giving light to them who sit in darkness.

The three heroic men cross to Mull, and, passing through it, they land at Oban. Among the Scots of Argyll—their own countrymen from Ireland—doubtless they would declare a faithful message, and seek to win souls from death. It is almost certain they would find relatives and kinsmen on these coasts, and would not their meeting be one of tenderest affection? But having refreshed their brethren after the flesh, and being refreshed themselves, they go upon their way. As yet there were no military roads, nor wayside inns, for the weary and benighted. On the contrary, wild beasts infested some of the forests which they had to wind through; on one occasion the village where they slept was set on fire, and at another place a man rushed furiously on Columba with a spear. Nevertheless our intrepid missionaries, staff in hand, and wallet strung across the shoulder, traverse Appin, and Lorn, and Lochaber, and Glengarry, until at length, reaching Loch Ness, they stand before the gates of the palace. To the joy of Columba, he is the means of bringing into the light of Christ a whole family, consisting of a father

on his dying bed, with all his children, in the sequestered vale of Glen Urquhart, which lies not far from the royal residence where he was going; but the tidings of what he had done being carried to the court, an unfavourable impression was in all likelihood produced. At all events, whatever might be the reason, it turned out that when Columba sought an audience of the monarch, it was peremptorily refused, and it would seem as if the darkness of our native land were about to settle into impenetrable night. The apostle of Iona, however, was not the man whom opposition could discourage, and with his companions he sang the forty-sixth Psalm: '*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help*,' under the palace walls, and within earshot of Brud. Nevertheless the king still repelled the heavenly envoy, and the magi, led by Broichan, the Elymas of his day, urged and demanded that Columba be instantly sent off. In spite of this sorcerer and his sorceries, however, the mind of the sovereign, after a little while, underwent a singular change; and, whether he were savingly converted or not, Brud was now willing that Columba should prosecute the errand on which he had come, and from this time evinced an affectionate interest in his operations. There seems every reason to believe that the monarch proceeded so far as to make over the island of Iona to our missionary at this time, and thus gave him formal possession of what was his only by sufferance hitherto.

Columba had thus won an easy but effectual entrance for the truth of salvation into the heart of Caledonia; and from this date Paganism, with its manifold evils, fell into rapid decay, whilst the knowledge of Christ rose like the morning star over the darkness of the northern forests. Yet was it little that a single voice could do in waking up the land which had lain so long asleep and frozen in spiritual apathy; and who shall uphold the triumphs that have been secured when the first conquerors are gone? Columba realized the dilemma, and, a shrewd man as well as an eminent saint, not more an enthusiastic missionary than a true statesman, he at once determines that he will train converted natives as ministers, he and his associates still going forth on all sides to preach the gospel, and add saved ones to the church. With this view he returns to Iona, and in A.D. 568 he founds *a monastery*, as the grand means by which he hoped ultimately to evangelize and regenerate Scotland.

With *a monastery* we generally associate asceticism and Popery—a monk and a Jesuit. So the first idea of many will be that Columba was, after all, an emissary and tool of Rome, equally with Ninian and Palladius. Let us explain, then, that what, with reference to Iona, we loosely or inadvertently call *a monastery*, was in substance, and form, and purpose, nothing else than a theological academy or evangelistic institute, and framed after models which Columba had seen in Asia Minor, long before the Papacy had debased them into instruments of impious domination. The inmates were not there immured, as in a dismal prison, for all the years of a life, which was no better than a tardy death; but as in a well-equipped gymnasium, with eru and rigid discipline, and animating they were laboriously educated for during a curriculum which lasted s though in the case of St. Munn no eighteen years was the period of stud no doubt, in its literal meaning, sig and 'monastery' has come to den But from all that can be gathered ments or tradition, it may be affirm monks' of Iona were alone in no othe Moses was alone, and Paul was alon was alone, and Christ was alone, were withdrawn from the world fo they entered on their field of ente 'the monastery' of Iona was a soli Midian, and Arabia, and Patmos, a were solitudes. Mediæval ecclesiast the graduates of 'I' *monks*, and i *monastery*, if it suits them; but it is means clear that these designations v Columba; and the presumption is, th attached in an after age by Rome, w of irradiating its own discreditable with the halo of our apostle. At cannot be too well understood, tha of Columba's monastery were at r who had renounced by vow the livi ever; but were ingenuous youths w their heart, as the end of their life, t when they had got their armour on world, to challenge the world, to do the world, to spend their days in and retire not from the conflict un covered the world with the truth Jesus.

The title of *abbot* is lavishly given and this is redolent enough of the It one is apt to think. But the name probability, derived from Egypt, a the Romish hierarchy; and this at tain, that Columba obtained his dig ever be its value, neither from Itali Egyptian patriarch. He assumed i hand; and though '*abbot*,' he is r in a later age was called a mitred a crosiered abbot, but was simply th the rector, the president, the patron. It is not denied that Columba exe diction over affiliated societies which from his own; but his jurisdiction w not ecclesiastical, and consisted, du own reign, less in positional authori sonal influence; for nothing is bette than the fact that, though surnam Columba was never a prelate, but a byter—'*abbas et presbyter*,'—a past to the church, a principal as presi college. An individual has recently self 'Bishop of the Isles,' and seems that by this talisman he serves h not merely to Iona's historical inte Columba's ecclesiastical dignity. Unh ever, for this ambitious dream, it is that at no stage of his course was C more than an ordained minister. we read of *Saint* Columba, an epith him whilst still a boy, we nowhere re

Columba. The Scottish Episcopal Church may, if they choose, trace their Orders in lineal succession through Ninian up to the See of Rome, but by no invention can they make Columba a link to connect them either with the apostles or the early church. 'One thing,' says J. H. Burton, 'is clear, that no *bishop* had authority in Iona,' . . . 'and no *bishop* was connected with the island in the days of Columba.'

We have seen what an 'abbot' is, and what a 'monastery' is; let us now pass into that bare quadrangle of uncouth huts, which accommodates the college over which Columba presides. And we enter no cell of broken hearts, or useless lives, or quivering slaves; we meet there no cloister devotee counting his beads, no sanctimonious Eremite scourging his flesh. It is a Christian academy, with its calm retreat, and devout regularity, and earnest studies, and heavenly worship; where we find, on this hand, the saint in his closet, for the morn has just broken; and on that, the scholar in his library, for it is now midday. Columba could not indeed have any printed books in his hall, for it was not till A.D. 1440 that types were cast; but he had *manuscripts*, rare and choice, both classical and patristic, which he had collected when travelling in foreign parts; and either to peruse or transcribe these works, was his ardent delight as a man of literature and refinement. It is no other than Gibbon who throws out the idea that there was a library of classic authors in Iona; and he even goes the length of fancying that a complete manuscript of Livy was once there. Columba possessed the *Bible*, and he studied it with every help he could command; he appealed to it as his rule both of faith and duty, and he had no greater pleasure than writing it over with his own hand. It is rumoured that a copy of the four evangelists, which himself had made, was in existence last century; and it is certain that he would spend whole days in exploring a single passage which was difficult or profound. Ever ready to submit himself to Scripture, Columba was well acquainted with all that apostles had taught of the way that leads us back to God; and, like the Waldenses, he was a *Protestant* many centuries before the Edict of Spires was issued and disclaimed, holding that the blood of Christ alone takes sin away. For it is thus he sings his faith and hope, in a hymn to '*The Redeemer*,' which happily has come down to us:

'Jesus! may all who trust in Thee,
Experience thy love!
That Thou art God for evermore,
By our salvation prove.

Thou art the refuge of the just:
Our souls have life in Thee!
Thou art our God omnipotent,
And endlessly shalt be!

Thy glory shines above the skies,
Where Thou art God and King:
And to that New Jerusalem,
Thy people Thou wilt bring!

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
While I have life, I'll praise:
And after death, in other worlds,
My song again I'll raise!

Gracious Saviour of mankind,
The pure are thy delight:
Oh! give me wisdom from on high,
To guide my feet aright.

As Thou didst suffer on the cross,
To save a guilty race;
Show me thy power and love,
And glory add to grace.

Protect us, O Thou God most true!
Until we reach the place,
Where endless anthems we shall sing,
And see thy blessed face.'

The Sabbath was honoured at Iona; and though he taught that works of necessity or mercy were on no plea to be neglected, Columba loved and revered God's day of holy rest. At home he kept the season devoutly with all his students; and when on a journey, he always remained wherever the sun went down upon him on Saturday night, till it rose on Monday morning. The abbot of 'Hy' was a man of *prayer;* and prayer alternated with study in his mission-house. It was neither by rosary nor service-book he conducted his devotions; but just as the heart prompted the tongue spoke, and the breath of his life was prayer. He prayed when he went into his little chariot, and when he saw the milk brought from the field, and when the wind blew adversely, and when the corn was ripening, and when he fell asleep he still continued to pray. Among his little band of catechumens, our patriarch kept up worship according to the rule of Christ; and though he may have exaggerated fasting, and used the sign of the cross almost as a charm, and made too much of tonsure, and observed without enjoining celibacy, it is satisfactory to know that his only *sacramental rites* were baptism and the Lord's Supper.

Such was *the system* pursued at Icolumkill under the rule of its founder: its *doctrine* evangelical, its *worship* Protestant, its *government* not episcopal, its *literature* extensive. And in this divinity hall there was a light kindled which shed its radiance over many regions, and across many ages. Much study was there promoted, and various learning acquired. Much truth was here inculcated, and deep holiness unfolded. Many a saint was here reared up for strenuous activity; and from this they went out as the legates of Christ to all lands. From the day when first his expedition was set on foot, Columba had coadjutors of like spirit to his own, such as Kiaran, and Kenneth, and Colman, who simply preached the gospel as the Scriptures reveal it, and who have left their name in the places where they wrought. But in addition to these veterans, who belonged to Ireland, younger men from Scotland, bred and moulded within the walls of Iona, such as Cornac and Ronan, became the heralds of the cross; and whilst the pioneers of Rome never failed to select for their settlements the richest vales of England, it was Tiree, and Rona, and Oronsay, and St. Kilda, and the Flannans, and the Orkneys, and Iceland, which the licentiates of our abbot chose as the scenes of *their* labour. In due time, however, they spread over all the domain of the Picts, as

well as the territory of the Scots; so that, ere he rested from his labours, Columba could point to one hundred monasteries, or seats of learning, and three hundred churches for the true worship of God, rising over all this northern land.

It was a great work for one man to have achieved; chasing away the demons of superstition, breaking in pieces the idols of Paganism, and raising a temple of Christ on the ruins of Satan's altars, over the face of an entire kingdom. But *this* great work Columba did; and no greater work was again done for Scotland till, a thousand years after Columba, Knox, and Chalmers three hundred years after Knox, planted schools and churches in every parish, to meet the increase of our growing population. When he first landed on Iona, Columba's prayer was, that he might be allowed to promote the interests of knowledge and truth in our land for thirty years; and when that term had expired, he foretold that he would continue four years more, in answer to the supplications of the faithful. Nor were his desires refused; but from year to year, never idle, nor resting, nor sick, throughout all this long interval, the man of God held on his way, and tilled, and sowed, and reaped, and garnered with most cheerful zeal.

But the ploughman cannot always be in the furrow, and even in the bright morning he thinks of sunset and of home. Columba has laboured and fainted not during a hot day, and his rest is at hand. The veteran is now seventy-six years old, and he is as full of labours as of days. If it were needed, he is not unwilling to break the stiff clods, and brave the wind and rain a little while longer; but on the morning of June the 9th, A.D. 597, Columba felt that his end could not be distant, and being helped into the open air by Dermit, his servant, he spent a short time in pleading for Iona and Scotland. As the evening drew on, and the stars shone feebly through the lingering brightness of a summer day, he occupied himself with transcribing *the Psalter;* and having reached so far as the eleventh verse of the thirty-fourth Psalm, which runs, 'Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fea he laid aside the parchment, sa words will better suit my successo night he heard the summons to frail as he was, he succeeded in chapel. The exertion had shaken sands of life more rapidly, and si floor he had so often trod in his vi that roof which had so long echoed close by that communion-table w had been used to refresh itself, a fast-flowing tears of his students, time were gathered around him, Iona went from earth to heaven.

It was a great and a good man the monastery of Icolumkill on June A.D. 597. And had the nat served ere he fell asleep, gone i when Columba was taken away, i been no unfitting tribute to one w saints, and warriors, and princes th up in our land after him, stood grandeur for a thousand years!

'O Colum-Mac-Phelim of a hundred g
Thou art a prophet, a poet indeed.
Thou art learned. A scribe, perfect
A priest, accomplished and devout!
Thou art a king's son, of reddened va
Thou art a virgin and a pilgrim!'

—*Contemp*

Three days after he had breathed prepare to lay the venerable man There is a wild storm on the w stranger can approach the island. without procession or pomp, am weeping of those who loved him b dred years afterwards they carri shrine to Ireland; but long ere thi been mingled with the dust of Iona, since that date, the ashes of Scotti and Norwegian kings have been dep his tomb, it is the ashes of Columk given its sacredness and renown island where they lie, waiting for surrection at the coming of Jesus C

TRUST IN GOD.

WESLEY, in a sermon at Doncaster in 1790, related the following circumstance: 'A poor woman, of the Romanist persuasion, having had the misfortune to break her china crucifix, immediately went to her priest to inform him, mourning greatly on account of the sad occurrence, and frequently crying out, "Now I have broken my crucifix, I have nothing to trust in but the great God."' When Wesley repeated these words, he appeared to feel strongly, and, in a manner peculiar to himsel 'What a mercy she had a great Go A respectable Romanist, who occasi the chapel, was present, and wa affected. 'The great God to trus his heart. He was very deeply his need of salvation, and joined t Society, became an ornament to rel the day of his death was an arde Wesley.

'ENTER YE IN AT THE STRAIT GATE.'

ıd dreamed, and behold! a gate,
g portals a thousand wait;
ıosts to that gate repair,
e who find entrance there.

vho travelled along,
in that wearied throng:
from her childish mien,
ummers the maid had seen.

d in that crowded place,
d in each sullen face,
)h! let me pass, I pray;
of the narrow way.'

ttle Faith?' they scornfully said;
ıu stept from your cradle-bed!'
ied, as she passed them by;
ıngels as young as I.'

Warder, who keeps the gate,
housands before it wait;
ngry voices, nor heeds
reckon our righteous deeds.

will you admittance gain,
waited so long in vain?'
ed; 'if I kneel and pray,
gate of the narrow way.'

rayer; from her heart it sped;
r hath turned his head.
ks on her infant brow;
ıges are moving now!

d how rough was the track;
ould have held her back;
's voice was loud and clear:
children to enter here!'

ugh the gate; she did not stay,
aze up the narrow way,
could tread it; she longed to

e Warder with grateful heart.

cried the World; 'come back!

eauty, and wealth shall be;
t, and gold in thy hand:
thy command!'

plied, 'your pleasures die;
e wing, and away they fly;
ıty of youth decayed;
ıres can never fade.'

cried the Flesh, 'nor endure in

ger, and cold, and pain;
ıd where the Master trod;
d, and He was God!'

With humble voice she was heard to speak:
'The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak;
Christ is my strength, in Him I trust;
He will remember I am but dust!'

'Come back!' cried the Devil; 'why enter there?
Is not the broad way passing fair?
It leads to heaven; 'tis smooth and gay;
Thousands are smiling along the way!'

'Satan, I know thee!' she replies;
'Get thee behind me, father of lies!
Thou who art longing to sift me as wheat,
Soon shall be trampled under my feet!'

'Come back!' cried they all; 'beware of the storm:
How strong the thunder, how frail thy form!'
'The tempest,' she said, 'will pass me by;
I'm under the Rock that is higher than I.'

'Return to the world!' again they repeat;
'Thorns have entered thy weary feet!'
The sunlight of joy beamed on her brow,
As she said: 'But I'm near the Physician now!'

'Sit by the wayside, and rest awhile!'
'Nay,' she returned, with a peaceful smile;
'E'en as I journey, He gives me rest;
The peace of God is within my breast!'

'Return, ere too late!' they cry; 'for, hark!
The vesper bell, the night will be dark!'
'Yes,' she said; 'but when daylight is o'er,
I shall be e'en at my Father's door.'

So onward she travels, until at last
The sorrow, the care, and the pain are past.
How fair the city! the saints how bright!
Her eyes are dazzled with heaven's light.

Who sitteth upon the great white throne?
Who claimeth the empire for his own?
From whose shining lips doth the mandate go—
Of eternal life, of eternal woe?

One angel the maid in white arrays;
One gives her a harp to sound his praise;
She covers her face with her seraph-wings;
Her Friend, the Warder, is King of kings!

Yes, He hath closed—He hath left the gate:
They pray to Him now, but they pray too late.
The World, and the Flesh, and the Devil groan
In vain for a glimpse of the great white throne!

But Faith eternity's reign shall spend
In joys of heaven, which never end;
She thinks no more, in the perfect day,
How strait was the gate, how narrow the way.

—*Augusta L. Dawson.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

GEN. XV. 1.

THE full meaning of this 'word of the Lord,' which 'came unto Abram in a vision,' can only be understood by reference to the events narrated in the preceding chapter. Never had such an unequal battle been waged, as between Abraham and these mighty kings. With his 318 servants, he had pursued, conquered, spoiled, thousands—perhaps tens of thousands. Truly he put his life into his hand, and with marvellous courage encountered the peril. On the back of this, God comes to him with 'I am thy SHIELD.' He had, moreover, given up the spoil to others, reserving nothing to himself; and God comes in with his 'I am thy exceeding great REWARD.' He had done both of these in simple *faith*,—having no previous command, or promise, or assurance of success; and God, having thus tested his faith, comes to him with a blessed word of assurance. Let us mark—

I. *The word of cheer.*—'Fear not, Abraham.' It is God who speaks. He calls Abraham by name, as one on familiar terms with Him; and no doubt Abraham recognised the comforting voice and cheering words. How frequent, throughout Scripture, are the divine 'Fear nots!' how ready God is to utter them, even as a Father to his trembling child! To Isaac He said, 'Fear not, for I am with thee' (Gen. xxvi. 24). To Jacob He said, 'I am God, the God of thy father: fear not to go down into Egypt' (Gen. xlvi. 3). Frequently to Israel He said the same words: 'Fear not, for I am with thee' (Deut. xxxi. 6; Isa. xli. 10). And in many cases, as here, He names the name of him whom He is cheering: 'Fear not, *Zacharias;*' 'Fear not, *Mary;*' 'Fear not, *Paul!*' God takes for granted that his servants may have cause for fear: that at times their hearts may fail them; fightings without, and fears within; sorrows, storms, dangers, burdens, troubles, enemies. To meet and counteract the influence of these upon the soul, He says, 'Fear not.' Yes, it is God, our God, who thus speaks. He 'knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust.' He knows the world in which we live, that it is all hostile. He knows that Satan rages, and that his legions are all abroad. He knows that the spirit may be willing, yet the flesh is weak. And so He says to us, 'Fear not; be of good cheer.' Thus Jesus spoke on earth, and thus He speaketh still from heaven.

II. *The word of security.*—'I am thy shield.' This is truly a divine form of expression, full of force and point. God does not say, 'I shield thee;' but, 'I am thy shield.' This latter is far stronger than the former; just as the expression 'He is our peace' is far stronger than 'He gives *us* peace;' or 'He is our righteousness' is stronger than 'He justifies us;' or 'He is our treasure' is stronger than 'He makes us rich.' Here God proclaims HIMSELF to be Abraham's shield. So is He the shield of all who are Abraham's seed. Past, present, and future, are all included in this.

(1.) *I* WAS, *or have been, thy shield.*—He had been so in Abraham's case; memorably and marvellously so, in the recent conflict with those invaders of the East. Had God not been sword and shield to him, how could he have come safely out *of a conflict with* such superior forces? So has He been to us, as every day of our past li testified, a perpetual and impenetrable shie

(2.) *I* AM *thy shield.*—It is not the pas that is witness to this protection. Each *need* the shield; each day we *have* it. Ea brings up a new battle-field, a new enemy, assault. But God is our perpetual shield; and round us, above and beneath us, our cc panoply, our high tower. This is our daily s

(3.) *I* WILL *be thy shield.*—Abraham dwelt enemies—dangers on every side. He was a s in a strange land, without a friend but Go gets the assurance of perpetual protectio evil shall assail, no weapon shall prosper, no shall overcome or wound. God says to his 'I will be thy shield.' Her dwelling is enemies; she is a lily among thorns, a sheep wolves. The world is against her, hell is her. If God were to permit it, she would be from earth in an hour. She has no might, against such an array of deadly foes. He ciency, her security, is only of God. He shield. Not only does He *defend* her, but her shield. Yes, each of us may say, 'God shield, I am safe; I can defy the world; shake my hand at hell. I shall be more tha queror through Him that loved me. Saf safe in days to come, safe in conflict, safe days, safe in sorrow or in joy, safe on a s or a deathbed, safe for evermore. God the is my sun and shield; who shall make me s This is more than even the "shield of faitl the "breastplate of righteousness;" it is a shield and breastplate, behind which I am lutely and entirely secure. Jehovah himself between me and danger. His omnipotence passes me about. Am I not safe for ever?'

III. *The word of recompense.*—Abrahan given up all, and left Chaldea; he had refu lay his hand on the spoil of the invaders wh had defeated; he had parted with everyth earth; and now God comes in and promi make up for all, by giving HIMSELF. He do say, 'I will recompense thee;' but, 'I *am* t compense.' How forcible are the words! am thy reward; (2) I am thy great reward; am thy exceeding great reward. How ful rich are these words of promise! Here is p and here is ETERNAL reward. God does exceeding abundantly, above all we ask or Not pardon—we have that already, it is f yond that; not salvation—it is far beyond not heaven, nor glory—it is far beyond thes is God himself,—He whom the heaven of h cannot contain! *He* is our reward; He—HIM

In all this we find—

(1.) *Strength for work and duty.*—What rragement, comfort, invigoration is here! Ho we weary in well-doing, or shrink from Jehovah is our shield and recompense!

(2.) *Motive for self-denial and self-sacrifice* are called to these. But God gives more t command or call; He presents with a mo protection, and recompense. Shall we grud surrender, seeing the recompense is so great

(3.) *A reason for calmness and stedfastness.* is with us. We are on his side, He on ours us not be ruffled. Let no opposition, vex defeat, triumph of evil, annoy us. Our shi Omnipotence. Our reward is the fulness of

WHY SHOULD WE PRAY TO JESUS?

SOME have lately been questioning whether we should pray to the Lord Jesus Christ. I have been asked to give a 'reason of the hope' (or faith) 'that is in me' on this ıd. I should, indeed, be most miserable if I ıld not, 'with meekness and fear,' give scripıl authority for this my practice, after more n twenty years of humble converse, comnion, fellowship with our Divine Lord and ster, in prayer and praise, and endeavours of dience, by his grace and mercy. As that has n a joy at all times, so is it a joy to be able nvite the attention of others to the grounds l invitations for such communion with our mmon Lord and Saviour. To the eye of faith, ı Scriptures abound with such invitations; t some of them are now cited under the folwing heads. Why should we pray to Jesus?

I. *Because He is our God.*—When 'God was ıanifest in the flesh, seen of angels' (1 Tim. iii.); hen 'God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, nade under the law, to redeem them that were ınder the law' (Gal. iv.), the angel announced ıis name as 'Emmanuel, God with us' (Matt. i.; Isa. viii.), according to the utterance of the Holy Ghost by the prophet: 'For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the governnent shall be upon his shoulder: and his name hall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace' Isa. ix.; Luke ii.).

What glorious titles are these of Him in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily!' Col. ii.). Well may 'all the angels of God worship Him' (Heb. i.), 'by whom were all ıings created in heaven and in earth, and *for* ïim, and by Him all things consist' (Col. i.; ohn i.). And shall we not, too, worship Him, ı prayer, and praise, and loving service, seeing ıat 'at the name of Jesus every knee should ow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ Lord, to the glory of God the Father?' (Phil. ·; Rom. xiv.) He who is 'Lord of all' (Acts ; Rom. x.), and 'head over all things to the ıurch' (Eph. i.), the 'Alpha and Omega,' the am' of Moses, Jehovah-Jesus, the 'God of ethel' of Jacob, the 'Angel who redeemed n from all evil' (Rev. i., xxii.; John viii.; 23.—32. Gen. xxxv., xlviii.),—is He not wonderful in counsel, and wisdom, and working, in holiness and loving-kindness to usward, 'who is our Peace' (Prov. viii.; Phil. iii.; Ps. xvii.; Col. ii.; Eph. ii.); and shall not adoration melt into prayer and praise: 'O Lord, Thou art *my* God; I will exalt Thee, I will praise thy name: for Thou hast done wonderful things; thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth?' (Isa. xxv.; John xx.) 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for Thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before Thee; for thy judgments are made manifest' (Rev. xv.). Without doubt, therefore, may we at all times come to our ever-present Lord in prayer; for He is 'God *with* us,' as well as 'over all, God blessed for ever' (Rom. ix.); and has promised, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them' (Matt. xviii.); and, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world' (Matt. xxviii.). We may cry to Him: 'Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; thy name is from everlasting.' 'Mighty to save' (Isa. lxiii.; Rev. xxi.; Heb. ii.). 'This is the true God, and eternal life' (1 John v.).

II. *Because He is our Redeemer.*—'Our Redeemer is the Lord of hosts, the Holy One of Israel' (Isa. xlvii., xliii.; Mark i.; Acts iii.). His name is 'Jesus, for He shall save his people from their sins' (Matt. i.). 'Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved' (Acts iv.). When on earth, He said: 'The Son of man is come to save that which was lost,' and 'gave his life a ransom for many' (Matt. xviii., xx.; John iii.; 1 Tim. ii.). Again we hear: 'Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us' (Gal. iii.; 1 Pet. i.). 'In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins' (Col. i.). And shall we not 'put Him in remembrance' of all this, and plead, for ourselves and others, with Him who has 'obtained eternal redemption for us,' saying: 'Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood;' 'Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord: send now prosperity;'

for 'with Thee is mercy and plenteous redemption;' and 'Thou art not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance?' (Heb. ix.; Rev. v.; Ps. cxviii., cxxx.; 2 Pet. iii.). Let all, then, call upon this Saviour; 'for whosoever shall call on the Lord shall be saved' (Acts ii.; Rom. x.). And what should the 'redeemed of the Lord,' who are 'looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ: who gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works,'—what should they do but wait continually on Him for this very thing, and 'pray without ceasing,' that He would 'fulfil all the work of faith with power' in them, that his 'name may be glorified in them, and they in Him;' 'that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things' (Tit. ii.; 2 Thess. i.).

He, too, is 'the Lord of the Sabbath' (Matt. xii.), and of Sabbath services; for 'Christ, as a Son over his own house' (Heb. iii.), says, 'My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer' (Mark xi.); and He wills 'that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands without doubting' (1 Tim. ii.). He is the object of worship in prayer and praise, as well as the virtue and sweet savour of all true worship: 'Thou shalt call, and the Lord shall answer: thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am. . . . If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it' (Isa. lviii.). Thus 'the four beasts and four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours' (or incense), 'which are the prayers of saints. And they sang, Thou art worthy: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. . . . And the voice of many angels round about the throne, thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four-and-twent down and worshipped Him that liv and ever' (Rev. v., viii.). Let us boldly to the throne of grace,'—to th of God and of the Lamb' (Rev. xxi tain mercy, and find grace to hel need' (Heb. iv.); for thus 'comin living stone, chosen of God, and also, as lively stones, are built u house, an holy priesthood, to offer sacrifices, acceptable to God by (1 Pet. ii.); so that 'prayers, inter giving of thanks, be made for all r is good and acceptable in the sight Saviour, who will have all men and to come unto the knowledge (1 Tim. ii.). 'When ye are gathe with the power of our Lord Jesu Cor. v.), 'who hath loved us, an himself for us, an offering and a sac for a sweet-smelling savour' (Eph. our 'sanctification,' and 'sanctifie with his own blood' (1 Cor. i.; He

Is the Lord Jesus thus the 'Savio and 'the good Shepherd,' and shall ones tell Him all their wants and care xxxiv.; 1 Pet. v.; Ps. xxxvii., lv. their griefs and sorrows, their joy ness? (Isa. lxiii.; Acts ix.; Ps. li Ps. xxvii.; John xv.; Heb. iv.), th hopes, and fears? (Ps. xxxvii., cvii., v.; Ps. cxlvi., lvi.; Isa. xli., xliii.;

> 'To tell the Saviour all my wan
> How pleasing is the task!
> Nor less to praise Him when H
> Beyond what I can ask.'

III. *Because He is our King.*—A of kings, and Lord of lords' (1 Ti xvii.; Zech. xiv.; Isa. xxxiii.; Ps. and especially as the 'King of saints Ps. cxlix.), He is the royal Giver, needy subjects: shall we not prese tions to Him—shall we not ask Him He is 'exalted to be a Prince and a to give repentance to Israel, and fo sins' (Acts v.; Ps. lxviii.): shall of Him 'remission of our sins,' and unto life,' to endow us with his S grace? (John xv.; Phil. i.; 1 Tim. i 'He must reign' (1 Cor. xv.). 'All power is given unto me in he earth' (Matt. xxviii.). 'Angels, ties, and powers being made subjec (1 Pet. iii.), shall we not approac say that we *will* 'that He should re (Luke xix.; Eph. v.), even so that thought may be brought to the Christ' (2 Cor. x.), and ask Him

our hearts, that we may run the way of his commandments?' (Ps. cxix.) Shall we not wait on Him for his royal will, that we may show our loving loyalty in fulfilling it? for our Lord said: 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' 'He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him' (John xiv.; 1 John i.). Beset on every hand by temptations and enemies, 'principalities and powers, rulers of the darkness of this world, spiritual wickedness in high places' (Eph. vi.), shall we not cry to our King, and 'Captain of our salvation,' who was 'manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil' (1 John iii.), to defend and 'deliver us from every evil work, and to preserve us unto his heavenly kingdom' (2 Tim. iv.); to 'keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day' (2 Tim. i.); and to give us an 'entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ' (2 Pet. i.; Heb. i.), and an 'inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God?' (Eph. v.)

(*To be continued.*)

DR. JOHN EDGAR.*

THIS well-known philanthropist was the son of a Secession minister named Samuel Edgar, who preached and kept a grammar school, in the beginning of the present century, at Ballinahinch, in the county of Down. He was born in 1798, the year of the Irish Rebellion; and may have been startled, as an infant in his cradle, by the rattle of musketry and the cries of the combatants in the famous battle of Ballinahinch. He was educated by his father, and excelled both in classics and mathematics. He entered the University of Glasgow, in company with his father's usher, James Thomson, afterwards professor of mathematics at the same seat of learning. At an early age he manifested a desire to enter the ministry; and often, in after life, he would allude with deep solemnity to the day on which his father, aware of his early choice, took him aside into a grove near his dwelling-house, and there, kneeling down on the grass, commended him in fervent prayer to the Lord.

In the year 1820, he received a call to a small and newly organized congregation of Seceders in Belfast, the town which was to be the scene of his incessant labours for more than forty years. If the test of influence be success, and the test of success be influence, the future professor realized in this respect, at a very early period, the ardent hopes of his friends. He was exceedingly homely in his personal appearance, very uncouth in his manners, abrupt and grotesque in his gestures, with a voice harsh and strong, which sometimes, however, trembled with a strange tenderness; but the public soon came to discover in him a peculiar piquancy of character—not by any means unpleasant,—which one could recognise as a direct birth of nature, as well as a high and well-toned capacity, a nature rich in all the elements of human feeling and moral aspiration, a deep and often stern consistency of purpose, a grand impatience of all prudential meanness, and a rock-fast faith, with a blunt and homely directness of speech, which might sometimes offend the fastidious, but indicated, above all things, the singleness of his aims and his regardlessness of mere popularity. The nice people, who were affected by his brusqueness, did not take the trouble to discover how well the robust and hardy texture of his nature was set off by a most simple affectionateness, a buoyant humour, an exquisite tenderness of feeling, and a deep but unaffected piety. Strange to say, women were the first to find him out. Their finer instincts helped them in the search; and there was something, perhaps, even in his rough but kindly individualism, that attracted them to his side, and they followed him unswervingly in all his projects, with a singular devotion and zeal, to the very end of his career.

There were but few incidents in his life. He succeeded his father as professor of systematic theology in the Secession body in 1826, and became, at the union of the two synods, joint-professor with the late Rev. Dr. Hanna. He made a very good professor; but the character of his mind was rather practical than speculative, and he had none of the habits of the scholarly recluse. He was remarkable for a memory, at once retentive and susceptible. He could repeat, after two days' interval, whole paragraphs verbatim of a student's discourse, as if he held the very manuscript in his hand; and whole volumes of poetry seemed to lie in his head. His mind, too, was highly imaginative. Often, throwing himself back in his professor's chair, he would expatiate for twenty minutes, in a fine Ossianic strain, upon some touching aspect of human life, or paint, with infinite tenderness and pathos, the anguish of a lost joy, the struggles of a burdened heart, or conjure up the ghastly spectres which only conscience can create, when the soul feels the poverty of its scalding tears, and the nothingness of its bitterest penitence.

He never wrote a book. He wrote countless pamphlets and tracts.* His *Cry from Connaught*, and his *Jamie, a True Story*, were two of the most powerful and touching things in Christian

* Memoir of John Edgar, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology for the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. By W. D. KILLEN, D.D. Pp. 335. Belfast: C. Aitchison. Edinburgh: A. Elliot.

* His Memoir is to be followed by a volume of 'Remains,' which he had himself carefully edited before his death.

literature. If Dr. Edgar wrote no book, we may console ourselves with the saying of Michelet—very applicable in the present case—'The true products of popular genius are not books, but brave deeds.'

The true place of John Edgar was in the ranks of philanthropy. He was the father of temperance in Ireland. He inaugurated the movement one morning by opening his parlour window, and pouring out into the court before his house in Alfred Street, the remainder of a gallon of old malt whisky, purchased some time before for family consumption. Some years after a wag sent him a jar of brandy for his use. 'What did you do with it?' he was asked. 'I watered my flowers with it.' Such was the man. It is needless to speak of his labours in this cause, his journeys, his speeches, his sermons, his letters, and his tracts. He had an enormous appetite for work and talk. He was an inexhaustible letter-writer, and his letters were always uncommonly short, pithy, and pointed. He seemed to have a hundred hands and a hundred eyes. He possessed a constitution of iron. To my mind, the labour exacted from him in the cause of general religious benevolence, must have been overwhelming to any mind less simple in its motives.

It is needless to do more than specify in a sentence the sum of his labours. Besides the temperance reformer, he was the founder of a home in Belfast for fallen women, the builder of fifty or sixty churches over the length and breadth of Ireland, and the zealous and energetic director of Roman Catholic missions. He raised £16,000 during the famine years for his miserable and perishing countrymen. He established industrial schools in Connaught, which at one time turned out work to the value of £25,000 a year in wages alone. He was himself remarkably liberal in his subscriptions, and generous in his private charities, considering the fact that his income never exceeded £320 a year. Christian people, too, placed large sums in his hands for distribution. He was mainly instrumental in raising £20,000 for the building of churches, manses, and schools. The first meeting of the founders of the Presbyterian Orphanage Society, now happily established, with nearly four hundred Presbyterian orphans under its care, was held in his house little more than a year ago; and the last letters he wrote to the newspapers, within a month or two before his death—and with death hourly awaiting him—was an urgent appeal for the foundation of an asylum for idiots. His whole career was, in fact, consistent from first to last. Had he not been the Christian, he would not have been the philanthropist. He had heard, if ever man did, the words, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.'

Dr. Edgar was a really pious man, though he was slow to speak of his spiritual experience, and he left no diary illustrative of the phases of his spiritual life. His public prayers were always distinguished by deep humility and contriteness of confession. His sermons breathed *a spirit of deep* experimental devotion. He was particularly happy in exposition. H greatest amount of light upon a selec of Scripture, discovering its hidden folding its connections and harmonies, ing the most abstruse doctrines of re bear upon the conduct and the life. riated in the Psalms of David. In po we find, under his great geniality, his humour, his deep human sympath deeper well-spring of personal piety, impregnating, hallowing, purifying a

At the end of the year 1863, his h to fail; but he continued to work w usual vigour and heartiness. He w the professor's chair; his pen and were as busy as ever; his interest cause was unabated. But his c seemed undermined. He might have Andrew Fuller at one time, that he l very large portion of being; but a vis was now upon him. He became h almost lost his voice. A polypus had his throat. For the sake of better n vice, he removed to Dublin in the spri and remained there till the end. W derstood that recovery was hopeless, h his temporal affairs with the greates and deliberation, labelled his papers, books, and wrote farewell letters t number of his personal friends. W widow lady whom he had greatly bef said, 'And now I draw to a close, scenes are pressing around closer Before the one word eternal, what is Before the Sun of Righteousness all is to Him and for Him. For Him train dren. Gentle, and loved, and am keep me in memory. Farewell! Jo He was surrounded by nearly all th of his family. He dwelt much on h and never ceased talking of God's go mercy. After recovering from a seve dic attack, he would say to himself, affliction—this very light affliction.' ter read to him, 'God is our God fo ever, and He will be our guide even u He remarked, 'I am perfectly sure H disappoint me.' In repeating, 'Havi to depart and be with Christ, which is 'Far better, far better,' he repeated. account of Stephen's martyrdom wa said, 'Oh, that was a glorious end—end!' and then he began to speak about the expression, 'he fell on s often lamented that he had not don Christ. After praying for his famil 'Oh, dear me, God's wonderful g earth; his unbounded, infinite g heaven! I wonder what it is. What what a great change! In a mome departing to be with Christ, which is That's what dying is—to be with Chri

On Saturday, the day before his de better than usual, though still sufferi his son read the sixth of Hebrews, put my seal to that. I sometimes s the length, and breadth, and height, of the love of Christ. Can it be th

the opium? It cannot be; for I have been for twenty-four hours without it; and yet I still feel the same perfect assurance.' During the last night of his life, he was continually repeating the Psalms, and especially the passage, 'The Rock that is higher than I—higher than I.' In the morning they tried to rouse him; but the sleep of death was upon him, and at eight o'clock, on the morning of the 26th of August 1866, he fell asleep in Jesus, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Dr. Edgar died in the plenitude of his fame and usefulness. His life will tell upon the Irish Presbyterian Church for generations. He seemed ever to keep before his mind that noblest of sentences: 'Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.' Popularity was not his idol, and he never was anything like a popular man. With a withering contempt for all public baseness, with a fearless disregard for public opinion when it opposed the supreme law, and a burning jealousy for the honour due to truth, he was perpetually in collision with some established interest, and, being no man of conditions and compromises, and hating hair-splitting, and the manner of those who are always qualifying and guarding their speech, he called things boldly by strong names, and did not always care to modify or qualify his speech. This roused opposition and passion; but the very directness and practicalness of his way gave him decision and strength, and was one of the chief elements of his success. There is a sensitive optimism which would desire more blandness and softness of piety than he displayed; but it is the glory of divine grace that it can grasp the strongest individuality of human character, and make it subservient to its glorious ends. John Edgar would have been nothing, had he not been a Christian. He was a real Puritan in the pedigree of his mind and heart. He rests in honour. There let him rest.

T. C.

WILL THE WORLD MISS YOU WHEN YOU DIE?

I THREW a pebble from the shore
  Upon a gentle wave,
And silently it sank away
  Into a quiet grave;

And ere the ripple which it made
  Had died upon the shore,
Another pebble filled the place
  Which that had filled before.

In vain its former bed to trace,
  With curious search I tried;
Another pebble filled the place
  Which that had occupied.

I plucked a rosebud from its stem—
  The hurt stem bled awhile;
But other rosebuds opening there,
  Still made the summer smile.

A little songster of the grove
  Lay stricken at my feet;
But still the grove seemed full of birds,
  Whose songs were just as sweet.

A merry boy was borne away
  By death—his tasks all done;
But other boys so filled the streets,
  I did not miss that one.

To read the history of the great
  And mighty sons of men,
'Twould seem the world had come to naught,
  Unless those men had been.

But when they died, the world swept on,
  With all its rush and roar,
As if those great and mighty men
  Were pebbles on the shore.

Let not the vain and beautiful,
  Let not the sons of song,
Nor let the great and mighty think
  The world will miss them long.

They'll only leave their places here
  For others to step in,
And all the world will pass along,
  As though they ne'er had been.

Some hearts will bleed, some houses mourn,
  When they shall pass away;
But 'twill not clog the wheels of time,
  Nor cloud one shining day.

To man, his schemes are all the world;
  But to the world, poor man
Is but a drop in its huge sea,
  An atom in its plan.

And yet he thinks—O vanity!
  That all the world will stop
Without this atom—and the sea
  Will dry without this drop!

So may we live, that, though the world
  Won't miss us when we die,
Another, and a better land,
  Will welcome us on high;

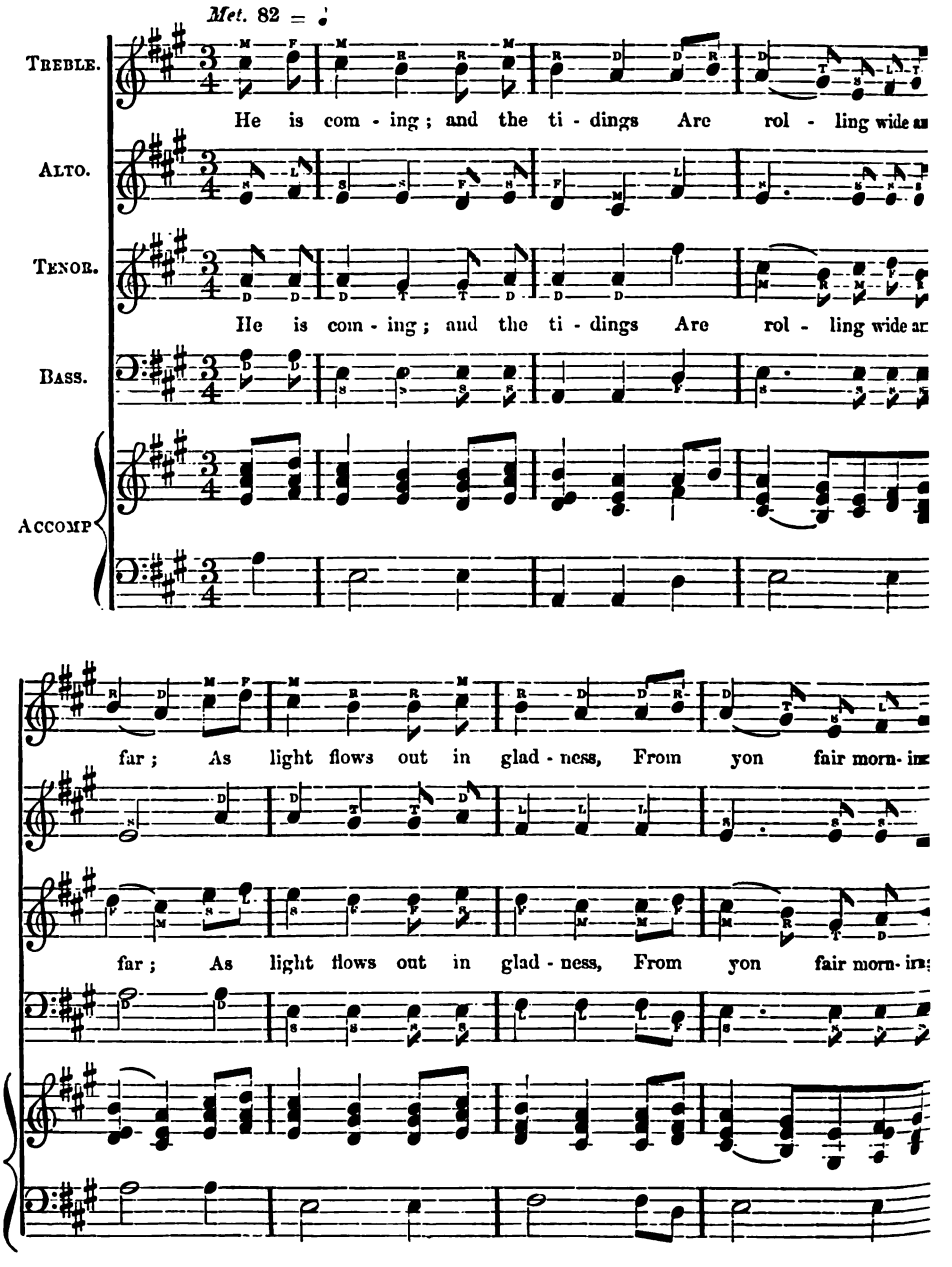
That from our mouldering dust shall spring,
  Like fruits from buried seeds,
The harvests, ever ripening,
  Of good and deathless deeds!

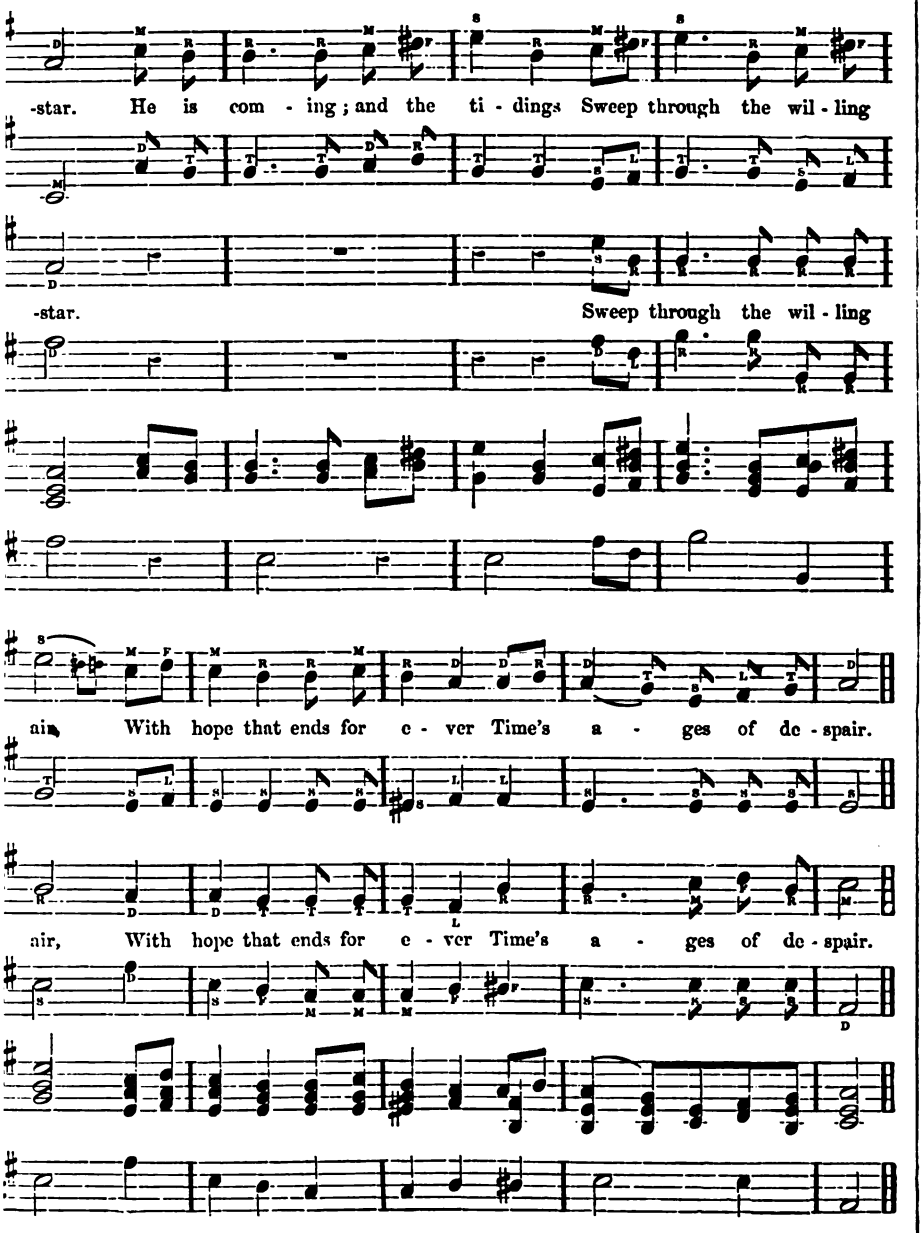
—*Rev. Edward Hopper.*

The Treasury Hymnal.

The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Method of musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singers.

HE IS COMING.

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Music from* Himmel.

Met. 82 = ♩
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp
He is com - ing; and the ti - dings Are rol - ling wide as
He is com - ing; and the ti - dings Are rol - ling wide as
far; As light flows out in glad - ness, From yon fair morn- ing
far; As light flows out in glad - ness, From yon fair morn- ing

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

-star. He is com - ing; and the ti - dings Sweep through the wil - ling
-star. Sweep through the wil - ling
air, With hope that ends for e - ver Time's a - ges of de - spair.
air, With hope that ends for e - ver Time's a - ges of de - spair.

Old earth from dreams and slumber
Wakes up and says, Amen;
Land and ocean bid him welcome,
Flood and forest join the strain.
He is coming; and the mountains
Of Judea ring again;
Jerusalem awakens,
And shouts her glad Amen.

He is coming, wastes of Horeb,
Awaken and rejoice!
Hills of Moab, cliffs of Edom,
Lift the long silent voice!

He is coming, sea of Sodom,
To heal thy leprous brine,
To give back palm and myrtle,
The olive and the vine.

He is coming, blighted Carmel,
To restore thy olive bow'rs:
He is coming, faded Sharon,
To give thee back thy flow'rs,
Sons of Gentile-trodden Judah,
Awake, behold, he comes!
Landless and kingless exiles,
Re-seek your long-lost homes.

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA.

No. VIII.

SAFETY FROM THE STORM.

A BRIGHT and sunny morning had suddenly changed into a wet and stormy afternoon; and many and wistful were the glances cast towards the window by Mrs. Wilton and her daughter Marjory, as they sat at work in the drawing-room.

A younger daughter, wild and wilful, and, as some thought, winning too, had gone out in the morning, laughing at her mother's fears lest the day should change, and find her unprepared.

'Oh! mother,' she said, 'love makes you anxious. I see no signs of rain, and I do not know why the weather should change to-day; it has been lovely all the week.'

'The gardener told me this morning that we were near a change,' replied Mrs. Wilton, 'and that, when the weather did break, it would come heavy and sudden, as he expressed it. Take your waterproof with you at all events, my child.'

But Elsie interrupted her with a merry laugh. 'Why, mother mine, every one would think me crazy if they saw me with a waterproof in a hot, dusty day like this; and I don't like to be laughed at. Besides,' she added, 'I have an idea that the weather always accommodates itself to my convenience; so you will find that the rain will not come until to-night, when it has my free permission to pour away as long as it likes.'

Mrs. Wilton knew that it was useless to urge the matter further; so, with an unspoken prayer for her safety, she kissed her lovingly, and the light-hearted girl set off, without a thought of anything but sunshine gladdening her path.

But, as we have said, the day suddenly changed, the rain fell in torrents, the storm beat furiously against the house, and the anxious mother trembled for her child, who, she knew, was far from shelter or protection. About an hour after the storm began, she made her appearance, changed, indeed, from the morning—wet, and cold, and dripping, and utterly weary and exhausted from her efforts to reach home as fast as she could. Mrs. Wilton and Marjory hurried her to bed as quickly as possible, hoping, though scarcely expecting, she might possibly escape the cold they so dreaded she might take.

When they returned to the drawing-room, after having seen her comfortably settled, Mrs. Wilton said, 'I am glad you had not set off to Mrs. Grant's, Marjory; it is impossible for you to venture in such a day as this.'

'But, mother,' she replied, 'the storm would not have done Elsie any harm, if she had been prepared for it. I do not think that anything short of an impossibility ought to prevent me from going to see Mrs. Grant this aftern said yesterday that he did not think live through another day, and she to she had something on her mind to te know, mother,' she continued, seeing still look grave, 'the storm and rain me if I am prepared to encounter the shall judge for yourself when I am e

So saying, she left the room, but s with her waterproof cloak wrapped c her, and the hood drawn over her he mother, are you not satisfied?' she turned round to be inspected; 'an um be useless, it would be broken to pie ment; but the storm can't come insid

'I am quite satisfied,' replied her n just as you say: the storm cannot who are prepared for it. I have you, my child; I can see you set off anxious or uneasy thought; and ma you, and make you a comfort to Mrs

As you read these words, has trembled at the thought of the sto surely coming on the earth?—how so not. Such a storm as earth has neve felt, for it is *the storm of God's wrath.* terrible, that when it is described i of Revelation, in terms that might the most stout-hearted tremble, the 'Who shall be able to stand?' (Rev.

But take courage; for, blessed be as that storm shall be, there *are* son be able to stand, and stand fearlessly. who have 'put on the Lord Jesus C xiii. 14), and are clothed in the righ Him who, under a beautiful and for is represented to us as 'a refuge fro (Isa. xxv. 4), and who has purchas to give us such a refuge, by having fury of the storm on our behalf. in the hymns:

'The tempest's awful voice was heard
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, thy visage m
Now cloudless peace for me.'

From the time that our first par and shrank from appearing before of a holy God unclothed, every hum needed some covering in which they ture to approach Him; and from th Adam and Eve hid themselves behi of the garden, hoping to escape d sinner has ever really heard the v speaking to him, without feeling tha a something to come between hi before he could venture to appear in without fear.

Every effort, however, that man has ever made to provide such a covering, has been utterly and altogether useless. Why, our very best efforts—our very righteousnesses—He considers to be as 'filthy rags' (Isa. lxiv. 6). And who would dare to appear in the presence of a king clothed in filthy rags? Would not the very attempt to do so, be considered an insult to the dignity of the court?

What, then, do you ask, are we to do? Are we to watch in despair for the coming storm, without a hope of escaping, and crying in vain to the rocks and to the mountains to fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb?

Oh no; not so. You are to 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ,' and to accept the spotless robe of righteousness which God has so graciously provided for you; and clothed in which, you shall fearlessly encounter that storm which shall indeed 'shake terribly the earth.' Thus clothed, may you not take up the song of the Jewish church, and sing with exulting gladness: 'I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels' (Isa. lxi. 10)? It is this very robe of righteousness which, we are told elsewhere (Rev. xvii. 7, 8), is 'the righteousness' (or, as it would be more correctly translated, 'the righteousnesses;' see the contrast to Isa. lxiv. 6) 'of the saints,' and in which they shall not only escape the fury of the storm, but shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

It is by putting on this 'fine linen,' so freely provided for us, that we 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ,' and 'are made the righteousness of God in Him.' Are you, who are reading these words, weary with the effort of trying to weave a robe for yourself? Oh! lay aside these vain and fruitless endeavours, and, just as you are, come—come now—now, even as you read these lines, to the gracious Saviour, and accept his full and free invitation. He says now to your weary, trembling, fearful heart: 'I counsel thee to buy of me fine raiment, that thou mayest be clothed' (Rev. iii. 18). That white raiment, like the wine and milk of which we are told in Isaiah (lv. 1, 2), may be bought 'without money and without price.' The Lord Jesus only wants you to give Him your sins, and, in exchange, He will give you his righteousness.

But do not delay. There are many tokens that that storm will soon sweep over the earth; and even if it were not so, would the days pass less brightly, or would your sleep be less refreshing, if you rose up and lay down, 'quiet from the fear of evil,' and knowing by happy experience that 'blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is (*thus*) covered' (Ps. xxxii. 1)?

THE QUEEN'S VINE.

You are beginning to feel disheartened, I am afraid, at your long trial, or rather, I should say, at the succession of trials which follow each other so quickly, that your poor heart almost fails, and you imagine that you must be a fruitless branch, or that you would not give so much trouble to the Husbandman, obliging Him so continually to prune you, and to cut off one little shoot after another, that to you looked fair and green.

Yes; that is the point. To *you* they looked fair and green; but to the Husbandman it was different. The value of the vine is its fruitfulness, and his experienced eye saw that these shoots would never bear anything but leaves—pretty, it might be, to look at; but, not merely useless, they would be positively injurious to the tree, because they would absorb the nourishment required for the fruit: therefore they have been cut off.

But, so far from constant pruning being a sign of God's anger, it is exactly the reverse. Were you a fruitless branch, would not the Husbandman say to you, as He did to Israel of old, when He compared her to a vine, which, after the most watchful care, brought forth wild grapes: 'I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down. And I will lay it waste: *it shall not be pruned* nor digged; but there shall come up briers and thorns: I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it' (Isa. v. 5, 6)? Would you not rather bear any amount of pruning, than have so terrible a sentence passed upon you?

Now, look at the contrast. 'Every branch that beareth fruit, He (the Husbandman) purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit' (John xv. 2). As an illustration of this, will you come with me to Hampton Court, where I spent a most happy day with some dear friends, a few years ago. Of course we went to see the great vine—the Queen's Vine; I believe it is called the largest and the finest in the whole kingdom. It has a hothouse all to itself, and is under the constant care of a skilful gardener.

The afternoon that I was there, he was mounted on a ladder, pruning the vine, and I was actually amazed at the quantity both of leaves and blossoms that were cut off. After a time the floor was thickly strewn with them; and when he came down, and was taking the ladder a little further on, I could not help asking him if it was really necessary to cut away so much. He almost smiled at the question, and looked as if he was inclined to say, Don't you think I understand what I am doing? but in reality saying, 'Yes, ma'am, it is quite necessary. This is the Queen's favourite vine, and, by her express command, I send her grapes for her own table from it, every day during the season. So, what I have to look to is the fruit, and how it ripens. Just at this time what it wants is plenty of light, and plenty of room. To give it light, I cut off all the leaves that are not necessary; and to give it room, I have to take off blossom after blossom, and whole clusters of them sometimes.'

'But is not that a pity?' I ventured to say.

'No, ma'am,' he answered decidedly; 'if I left too many blossoms on a bunch, none of them

could grow to their full size, or ripen properly. If Her Majesty did not care so much about the tree, or that it was not so noted a one through the country, I suppose I would not take so much trouble; but I look after it myself continually; and even after the grapes are formed, I have to take off large quantities of them, that those that are left may be of full size. The only thing we think about in a vine is the fruit, and everything that does not help that, off it goes.' So saying, he mounted his ladder, and set to work again.

Do you think he would have left a fruitless branch on that vine? Oh no; it would not have found any mercy, but would soon have fallen beneath the pruning-knife; while, at the same time, he did not appear to think least trouble so patiently and carefully t the fruitful ones. The Queen's enjoyi fruit when it was ripe, would be reward for all his labour.

And shall the Husbandman of the true less wise, or less patient? If you were fruitful branch, He would not prune yo would cut you off, and take you away as less. But because you are already fruit does not spare any trouble or pains in p you. Not to punish you,—oh no; bu that you may bring forth '*much* fruit glory of the Father' (John xv. 8). Eve He does to you has reference to this; for fruit' is alike his glory and his reward.

HAVE I GONE TO JESUS?

CONSTANTLY is the question being put, by preaching, conversation, tracts, and other ways, '*Have you gone to Jesus?*' The question, in most instances, is just borne with, easily evaded, or put by for consideration at some future time. Few put the question to themselves. It is a step in advance, and a hopeful sign, when a soul asks itself questions on this all-important point.

If a person, suffering from a painful disease, could get cured by travelling a few miles to a physician; or if a poor man could get enriched by travelling a long distance to a rich relation; little need be said to induce such to undertake the journey. If temporal need or bodily pain are felt; if a testimony concerning help and supply is believed, that testimony is sure to be acted on; and if this is done, and things turn out according to the expectations excited,—if health is gained, poverty relieved, riches taken possession of,—all doubt about the truth of the testimony is set at rest.

Reader, you and I, by nature, are sick unto death with a fearful and tormenting disease. We are also destitute of all good—yea, justly condemned by a holy God; deserving of eternal death. Yet is there healing and supply: a free pardon, true holiness, heavenly blessings, and divine relationships, are all to be found in Jesus, and nowhere else. You cannot have these much-needed blessings without *going to Him*. If you have not really gone to Him, you ought to go at once. You need no title, but your diseases and poverty, your deep woes, and utter wickedness. Soon it may be too late for you to go. If you pass into eternity without having gone to Christ, the heaviest charge of all that will be brought against you will be: 'Ye would not come to me that ye might have life.' This, you will then feel, is quite true; and it will be your saddest reflection for ever. See, then, the importance of urging this point upon your soul now: '*Have I really gone to Him?*' Do you 'ask what it is to go to Jesus?' M'Cheyne observes: 'I suppose it is almost impossible to *explain* what it is to come to Jesus, it is so simple. If you ask a sick person, who had been what it was to come and be healed, he hardly tell you. As far as the Lord ha me light in this matter, and looking at w own heart does in like circumstances, I feel that there is anything more in co Jesus, than just believing what God says Son to be true. I believe that many peop themselves in darkness by expecting mo this.' Much that is blessed, wonderful, an follows in the soul's experience, after th ceiving God's record concerning Christ; t is the first and great point. There will be follow, or rather go along with, this re of God's testimony, which will witness reality and power of this simple act. S one will give up a course of sin; will re the world as a portion and chief object suit; will have no confidence in himsel burn with hatred against sin, and glow wi to holiness; in short, will leave his forme tion and standing, and come over to Chr take his stand alongside of Him. Tho thus take Christ as a Saviour, will also ta for a Friend and a Master. Clinging to h for salvation, they will desire his compa his person, delight in his character, de glory, espouse his cause, and aim to pro prosperity.

How blessed is the position, how no relationship, how glorious the prospects, who has really gone to Jesus! What Ch done satisfies God; and when I am satisfi what Christ has done, then God is satisfi me. Thus the sinner's conscience is p his soul is set at rest, he finds himself 'a in the Beloved.' 'All his sins have passe from him; Christ has taken them, and them himself. Healed by his stripes, co by his sorrows, made alive by his deat soon to be saved completely and etern his life,—how blessed is the man who ha gone to Christ!'

If any one reading these lines says, 'I nothing of such things as these,—thi motion toward Christ, this soul-rest in this supply of all blessings for the sou

t,—so I have not really gone to Him. I heard about Him much and often, and have ome convictions. I have gone to the place e He is preached, and mingled with those say they have gone to Him; but I am ne with Him; I have *not* gone, and "*I t come.*"' Why not? Who has set up a r between you and Christ? Has Christ so? Does not He point to *you* when He 'Come unto me;' 'Whosoever will, let ome?'

s God made your coming to Christ an im-ility? What! that God who 'so loved the , that He gave his only-begotten Son, that *ever* believeth on Him should not perish, ave everlasting life?' Has the Holy Spirit p a barrier—that Holy Spirit who has n so many earnest and loving invitations? not be. It is yourself that has put up the he fatal bar which keeps you from Christ. ay that 'you *cannot* come.' This means ou will not; and so God understands it, rites it down against your name. You in best; you want to enjoy the world; you t like the thought of that separation for and holiness which coming to Christ is o draw after it. And do you really believe a danger you are incurring, and what a blessing you are forfeiting? Do you really believe that all who are found out of Christ must soon hear the words, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire?' Do you believe that this will be *your* portion, if you do not come to Christ, instead of that heaven, that life and glory, to which you are invited? There is no time to trifle; no wisdom in putting the great question off for a single minute. Christ has come to you, speaking, seeking, knocking. Hark to his voice; think of his earnestness; study his character; and go to Him now. Be willing to give up everything to be saved by Him. He will not save you *in* your sins. He will not give you himself, and let you still keep the world; but He will save you *from* your sins, and deliver you from this present evil world; yea, He will save you *to* the highest happiness that can be enjoyed here, and to the highest glory hereafter. Will you not say:

'Behold, I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
My sinful self to Thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.'

Go really—not in pretence—and you shall soon have to say, 'I have gone to Christ, and He has saved me!'

WHY?

I ASK the reason why
He makes me no reply,—
I pause, but hear no sound;
I look, but sight is dim;
It cannot reach to Him,
And all is dark around.

'My Father,' then I cry,
'I know that Thou art nigh,
Yet would I hear Thee call;
Behold thy gracious hand,
Receive thy kind command,
Nor fear again to fall.'

In vain I look and sigh;
He gives but this reply:
'My ways are kind and just;
A father's love is sure,
My children are secure;
'Tis theirs to wait and trust.'

On Him I thus rely;
And though I know not why,
I wait his time and way.
I cannot read his will,
But bid my heart be still,
And listen, to obey.

REPLY.

A CLEARER light revealed,
My senses hath unsealed,
And sight hath wider scope.
I look from earth away,
To where eternal day
Illumes the realm of hope.

No more I ask in vain—
Time makes the answer plain,—
I feel that God is wise;
Good, though He good withholds;
Kind when He most controls,
And gives when He denies.

Oh, voice so kind and calm,
That drops from heaven like balm,
My sad distrust to heal:
Oh dull, slow heart to learn,
Unskilful to discern,
Insensible to feel!

Such is the school of time,
And this the truth sublime,
God teaches in his way:
The sceptre He must wield;
I joyfully will yield,
Love, trust Him, and obey.

—*Anon.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MARK VI. 53–56.

WE may take up the topics of this passage thus: (1) The landing; (2) The recognising; (3) The gathering; (4) The touching; (5) The healing.

I. *The landing.*—They had been on the east of the Jordan, near Bethsaida; they had taken ship and crossed the lake; and now they draw to the shore of Gennesaret, which was a well-watered plain on the north-west side of the lake, where Magdala and other towns lay. It was no common landing this. History records many a landing,—of conquerors, liberators, benefactors, heralds of peace or war. But here is a landing which surpasses all. Wherever the Son of God landed, there was blessing, peace, liberty, health. He carried all these with Him; and wherever He landed, He dispensed them. We may say that his first great landing was at Bethlehem, when He arrived from heaven. After that, He had many a lesser landing at other places; and wherever his heavenly vessel touched, there He distributed its heavenly freight. He is still landing in our different cities and villages, and still dispensing his stores of health. Wherever the good news is proclaimed, there He is landing; He is drawing to the shore, proclaiming his grace, and showing himself the distributor of pardon, and life, and blessing.

II. *The recognising.*—'Straightway they knew Him;' 'He could not be hid.' They recognised Him at once,—Jesus of Nazareth, the healer of the sick. It is specially *as such* they recognise Him here and now. It is not as the teacher, but as the healer, that He approaches the shore of Gennesaret. No doubt He teaches also, but specially He *heals*. The first thing He does is to *heal*. Their first felt want is the need of healing; and He does not despise this, but owns it, responds to it. It was then as the healed that they recognised Him, when He came on shore. They *knew* Him. This is the Man we need! Thus they met Him—not as others, praying Him to depart out of their coasts, but as those who were eager to bid Him welcome. 'If thou knewest,' He once said to another; and so He speaks to us. If thou knewest Him and his gifts, O sinner, wouldst not thou hasten to Him, and partake of his fulness? He comes to thee; wilt thou not go to Him?

III. *The gathering.*—The news spread. The Healer is come! They run—run through the whole region round about; they tell the tidings; they bring the sick. Wherever He goes in this region—country, cities, villages,—it is the same. He goes to them, they come to Him. The whole region is stirred. What a gathering! what a time of healing! what a casting out of evil spirits! what a removal of disease from the land! The centre of the gathering is the Son of God. Here, as elsewhere, Christ is all. He is the great attraction for the sick and needy. They hear of Him, and they flock to Him; as was written of old: 'To Him shall the gathering of the people be.' It was the want that was in themselves, and the fulness that was in Him, that was the reason for all this gathering. He had what they lacked, and *they came to Him* for it. So round Him the *publicans and sinners* gathered, feeling that He had just what they needed. Thus sinners gath Jesus still. They hear of his grace and t his love and his fulness; they learn how been in the habit of receiving sinners—hov millions have in ages past gone to Him, an blest. They hear the report of what H what He has spoken, of what He has done. go to Him; they crowd around Him; th 'This is the Being who suits us, whom w who has all for us, who is willing to give They make the discovery that distance fro is the cause of all their want and wretch So they draw near. They form the one gre versal circle, of which Jesus is the centre.

IV. *The touching.*—'They besought Hi they might touch if it were but the borde garment.' It was nearness to Him, in an in any shape,—this was what they sought. tact with Him,—nay, with his garment,—na with the border of his garment,—this wa they desired. He could have healed the distance, without a touch, by a word; but not, that He might teach them that it is n to Him that is the thing so infinitely des that there might be no mistake as to wh healing came from. There are many ways tact. He looks on us, we look on Him; He to us, we speak to Him; He touches us, we Him. It matters not which of these it m only there must be contact or connection o kind or other,—communications opened b us and Him. Then all his fulness flows o our want disappears. It is not some meri act of touching, some laborious effort skilfu forth. It is contact in any way. They who t Him and his garment were not particular as manner. To touch Him was enough. He d stand on ceremony with the sinner, saying, ' me in this way or that, else you cannot be h All He wants is, that you apply to Him. Y soon experience his welcome, for He is love.

V. *The healing.*—'As many as touched Hi *it*) 'were made whole.' The cure was imm and complete. No uncertainty, no failure who applied were received, all who touche healed. The medicine was all-efficacio Physician was all-skilful and all-powerful. appointment there was none, and could be The kind, or the virulence, or the obstinacy disease mattered not; the healing power wa sistible. How much more healthy must Jude been during these years! What an amo sickness taken away! We have the same still to deal with; all his old skill and love. has not weakened Him, nor hardened his against our sorrows. Our sins have not pr unwillingness on his part, nor placed us b his power as incurables. He does not no to any one, 'Touch me not, for I have n ascended.' He says rather, 'Touch me, for ascended;' as if the very fact of his asc made Him more accessible, more easy of 'Touch me, look to me, hear me, follow these are his gracious words. Shall we remai off? Shall we continue unhealed, unsaved? is in earnest; shall we not be so? He is pointed if we do not come. He wants an o tunity of blessing us. We need Him, an needeth us. Let us go to Him.

THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT.

BY THE EDITOR.

MATT. XII. 43–45.

I may view this statement of our Lord either personally or prophetically. It concerns, in the first place, the individual man, being a description of the beginning and formed, but still unconverted soul. in the second place, the Jew, the church,—being a prediction as to id last condition.

e taking up these three last, let us e Lord's words with reference to the ich we shall better understand the l all its applications.

n possessed of the unclean spirit.—The e devil, or rather, *a* devil,—such as ead of in the Gospels and elsewhere. a reference here to the miracle per- he Lord just a little before (Matt. Then was brought unto Him one *h a devil*, blind and dumb.' These vils, are said to be without number: man they were 'legion.' They not cess externally, so as to tempt; but o as to possess and occupy the soul, tenants do a house. Their presence t times is the cause of disease, of dumbness, of blindness, and the ey act as the agents of him who ease on Job, and who, when per- cts like disease on others; of him power of death as well as of disease. to be, in any degree, at the mercy l his legions; to be thus surrounded -nay, and when God permits, de- to them, to be inhabited by them! e that first sin of Adam, which l and his race under the power of er, such a destroyer! It was Satan's access to us, to get us under his could only do so by bringing us ower of sin. He was before this, angel of death, the potentate of ll death seems to have come from had no power or right to use his as executioner, till we had incurred , 'In the day thou eatest thereof, urely die.' Since that, we and our ubject to his sway. His power is er earth, for he is its prince; and it is great indeed over each of us personally,—so great that none but God, the Almighty, can save or deliver. How pressing an argument with the sinner, to escape a power so terrible as this,—to rid himself of the yoke of this strong man, by taking the yoke (light and easy) of Him who is stronger than he!

The spirit here is called (as elsewhere) 'unclean.' This is the one solitary epithet applied to it by God. He does not heap word upon word, expressive of the devil's wickedness and cruelty. He does not exaggerate even his character, nor draw it in darker colours than is needful. He simply calls the spirit 'evil' or 'unclean;' that is all. This is that which makes it so hateful to God. It is 'unclean;' and this is that which makes its dwelling, even hell, so hateful—it is the 'unclean' place; and this is that which makes the sinner so hateful—he is 'unclean.' This spirit is in itself defiled, and wherever it comes it defileth,—just as the devil's emblem, *the serpent*, is unclean, and wherever it comes it leaves its slime, its defiling trail. How terrible for the sinner, not merely to be himself unclean, but to be the prey, the haunt of an unclean spirit! How infinitely terrible will it be to be unclean for ever; to be the unclean temple of unclean spirits for ever; to dwell with them in their unclean abode for ever!

2. *The man dispossessed of the unclean spirit.*—The possession was by permission of God, and the dispossession is by his mighty power. It is He that alone can cast out devils. Beelzebub, their prince, does not turn against himself, and cast out his own agents, his own spirits; the man himself has no power to cast out. He is the helpless victim of one far stronger than he. He may cry out, by reason of his bondage; he may 'champ the bit, and foam in fetters;' but he cannot free himself. The deliverance must come from Him who is the Master of Beelzebub, the Lord of devils. It is He who is, ere long, to cast him out of earth, and to chain him in the bottomless pit; none but He can rid earth of its great oppressor. So it is He, even God the Son,—Messiah,—who casts him out of the soul. He is the woman's Seed, sent to bruise the head of the serpent; He is come to destroy the work of the devil; He made Satan to fall

like lightning from heaven; He fought with him on earth in the wilderness; He led captive him and his principalities and powers, when He ascended on high; and it is *He* who fights for us, who wins our battles for us; who, as the Lion of the tribe of Judah, slays the roaring lion who goes about seeking whom he may devour; or rather, we should say, as the chief Shepherd of the flock drives off this roaring lion from the fold, round which he prowls in search of wanderers, and who will finally chain him up, so as to hinder his coming nigh at all. The expression, 'When the unclean spirit *is gone out* of a man,' marks distinctly the reality of the Satanic or diabolic possession. There is a 'coming in' and a 'going out' of the unclean spirit. The possession and the dispossession are not mere eastern figures. They are simple statements of fact. The mode of entrance and departure, the way of indwelling, we know not; but the Lord's expression shows us how true and real the thing is in itself. The devil goes about the man, watching for entrance; he enters into the man, he dwells in the man, he afflicts the man. These are awful realities. Then he is made to hear the word of One whose authority he cannot dispute, and he obeys; he 'goes out.' This is as blessed as the other is appalling. And this 'going out' at the word of Christ is a result secured in two ways, both of them irresistible. The first comes from Christ's power over the devil as his Conqueror and Master, the second from his power over the sinner as his Saviour and Redeemer. He casts him out because He is stronger than he; He casts him out because He has a right to that soul in which he has made his dwelling. Unwillingly does the devil leave his house. Yet go he must. Christ compels him. His word is irresistible. What consolation is this to the saint! what encouragement to the sinner!

To what extent such possessions are permitted in our day, or in what ways these comings in and goings out are carried on now, we cannot say. Satan is still the same, these evil and unclean spirits are still the same, their access to us on earth is still the same. It is not want of malignity that keeps them from showing themselves in the same way as formerly. It may be they are restrained; or it may be that they can carry on the plots and operations of hell against the sinner more effectually by working less visibly, less palpably, in ways more fitted to conceal their malice, and, with a deeper subtlety of device, to lead men captive at their will. It suited the purpose of Satan, in former ages, to work openly, and as the prince of darkness; it suits his purpose better now to transform himself into an angel of light, and to send forth his spirits under the mask of what is fair and true,—showing themselves not as evil, but as good; not as unclean, but In this way he hopes, not merely to se world, but to deceive, if it were possible elect. His last grand revelation of l yet to come, and it will be something v world has never seen. His last grand Christ and his church, just before his will be something for which the wor prepared; and it will, in all likelihoo most visible, as well as the most terrib But, meanwhile, he works in secret; he himself under various forms, the coms most attractive, the likest to religion, s ness, and Christian excellency that ca on. For he is 'the prince of all knowled God is not known; of all power, whe not acknowledged; the bright archan natural man, who is now revealing h his angelic glories of natural knowledg beauty, natural wisdom, natural free natural humanity.' . . . . 'O my Goo subtle fiend is Satan, thus to gather to the ruins of the natural man; his sense and loveliness, his imagination of glory cellence, his conviction of truth and ri ness, his desire of mercy and benevol capacity of wisdom and goodness,—all surviving fragments of thy goodly ha which Thou hast sought, by the reve power and love in Jesus Christ, to bui into a spiritual and glorious temple, own spiritual glory to inhabit; to have himself of, and out of them to have f house for pride, glory, and ambition, a forms of self-idolatry, to dwell in! daring is this subtle spirit, to have into the sanctuary of thy holy word, a thence the fire with which to offer up sacrifice in the temple of human self-su which He had builded unto himself! how art thou entrenched, O Satan! how entrenched in thy beautiful deception hast played thy part well in this last ag art all but the Holy One, thou consum ceiver!'

And why does Satan deal so subtilely days? He finds that the old open warfa sufficed in ruder ages, will not do. H is to draw men away from God and Ch he cares not by what means this is d will, in the last days, pretend to be Ch self—to be God himself, in order to do to obtain man's homage and service. works more covertly, assuming the ap which man's intellect, man's fancy, ma man's benevolence, and man's natural c admire. By means of this disguise, men away from Christ, away from G from the verities of spiritual life and

ıth,—giving them the shadow for the sub-
ınce; a statue of Christ, instead of the very
rist himself; a picture of the tree of life, in-
ad of the very tree itself. Thus it is that he
ceives; leading men on a certain length, so
at they may think they are really on the way
the kingdom, and then leading them astray
o devious paths, so like the true, that the
lusion is hard to be detected. Thus it is he
kes men come short of that city, to which he
fesses to be leading them, and to mistake
ne religious ideas, or forms, or feelings of
ir own, for the true knowledge of the living
d, and of Jesus Christ, his incarnate Son.

Oh, what a testimony is this to Christ and to glory,—a testimony from the great enemy of rist and God! For why should Satan thus itate Christ, if the Christ he imitates be not utterably glorious? And if the imitation be attractive, what must the very person be? the shadow be worthy of admiration, what ıst be the substance? If these various parts the broken features of the Son of God, thus ren to man in Satan's poor reflection, be so autiful, what must be the very countenance the Son of God, in all its marvellous and vine comeliness?

3. *The condition of the unclean spirit thus cast ut.*—The words that follow evidently refer to he 'spirit,' not the man, and should be read 'it,' ıot 'he;' *it* walketh through dry places, etc. When Christ casts out the unclean spirit, He does it wholly. He does not leave it in the man's dwelling, or in his city, or among the habitations of living men. He does not, indeed, cast it out of earth, for its day of being shut up in the abyss is not yet come. He leaves it still on earth, but He sends it out into the desert,—into 'dry places,' unvisited of man, and unwatered of the rivers of earth or the streams of heaven; a land of drought, and of darkness, and of the shadow of death; a land on which the eye of God does not rest, on which his blessing does not come down; where no fruitful field indicates his present favour. No flower of the garden, nor tree of the wood, nor bird of the air, warbling its pleasant song, reminds us of his love; but all is barren, and dreary, and lonely, and without one token, one sign of life, one ray of beauty,—the likest thing to hell which the mind can possibly conceive! Such is the place into which Christ sends the unclean spirit,—as if to intimate to it that such was its only fit abode; the place to which love comes not, where verdure is not, where water flows not, where man treads not,—foretaste of the eternal wilderness, the lake of fire!

For on that spirit is *sin*—unpardoned and unpardonable sin; sin that casts out the sinful being from the presence of God—from all that is living, and lovely, and excellent, either in earth or heaven. There the unclean spirit is to make its dwelling: the unclean place and the unclean being thus meeting together in fit society. It was *Paradise* that the unclean spirit once entered,—Paradise, man's proper home, made for him by God; and it is now into the wilderness that this spirit is cast, to teach it that with Paradise, either unfallen or fallen—nay, with the green earth at all,—such a spirit has nought to do. Paradise is not for Satan, though he entered it. This earth is not for Satan, though he dwells in it. He is, ere long, to be utterly cast out, both out of man and of man's happy earth. The wilderness is all that he can claim,—those regions of earth which he, by his craft and power, has brought into barrenness and death. How awful the lesson to the sinner here! Is he to have his part with Satan? Is he to have his abode with the unclean spirits, or with the redeemed and the unfallen angels? Is his home to be Paradise regained, the abode of Christ and his saints; or the eternal wilderness, the abode of Satan and his fiends,—far from the tree of life, and the living water, and the everlasting pastures?

(To be continued.)

The Harleys of Chelsea Place.

CHAPTER III.

'NOW, Dora, how I do wish you were a boy!' observed Tom Harley, a few days after Johnny's departure.

'Do you, Tom? I think I would rather be a little girl,' replied Dora, advancing to the table where Tom was sitting, resting his face upon his hands, with his two elbows on the table, and a lot of books before him.

'Then you are downright silly, Dora. I did think you had more sense, or I should not have wanted you to be a boy. Girls are always poor silly things.'

'Constance is not silly; she is very clever,' said Dora.

'Oh, is she though?' sneered Tom.

'Yes, and so is your mamma.'

'Well, yes; of course mamma is clever. I don't believe there ever was anybody like mamma; but then, Dora, you know mamma is —well—I don't know what to call her;' and Tom, puzzled for a word expressive of his mother's qualifications, terminated his speech with the right one—'a lady.'

'And why cannot I be a lady some day, Tom?' inquired Dora.

'Why? of course you can't. A little brown thing like you would never make a real lady. Ladies ought to have beautiful light hair, and blue eyes, and to be tall like a queen, and to have straight noses like mamma's, and not a nose the shape of yours—like nobody else's.'

'But, Tom,' said Dora, putting her hand up to feel her objectionable nose, 'are you sure nobody ever had a nose like mine?'

'There, don't tease me, Dora. You would have made a capital boy; and I am very sorry you are not one.'

'But, Tom,' persisted Dora, creeping up close to him, 'if I had been a boy, would you have loved me better than you do now?'

'I should have liked to play with you better.'

'Could not I learn to play with you?' she inquired.

'You play!—a girl like you play with me! Why, Conny cannot do that; but then she never would try.'

'I will try, Tom, if you please. I should like you to love me. Don't you think you could, though I am a little girl? I would do anything if you would please to love me.'

'I do not see what you could do. You might catch a ball, or play marbles; but you could not join in foot-ball, or cricket, or leap-frog—your stupid dress would keep you from that; besides, I do not think mamma would like you to, if you could, because girls never play boys' games.'

Dora glanced down at her dress as Tom alluded to it; but when she heard there was a probability *that her aunt* would not approve of her playing *at boys' games*, she observed quietly:

'I would not vex auntie, Tom.'

'No, of course you would not; but, you s if you had only been a boy, it would have b all right.'

'Yes; but you know I could not help it, Tc replied Dora, apologetically; 'though I wc rather be a little girl, if you would not objec it. Johnny does not mind my being one loves me,' and tears rose in Dora's eyes.

'There, do not cry, Dora!' exclaimed T ashamed at having caused them. 'I do love very much, and I will teach you to play dran with me; and you shall come and find w out for me in the dictionary, to help me in exercises. So, come here every evening, see what you can do.'

Dora's eyes glistened through her tears, as expressed her delight at Tom's proposition; taking the dictionary, she sat down on the pet, to be in readiness to look out any word might require. Constance and Tom prep their exercises in what was used as the sch room by Dora and Johnny; though, after Mills had finished giving the little ones daily lessons, they seldom entered it until lady arrived for the same purpose the next m ing. Tom and Constance dined at school, excepting at holiday time, were only hom the mornings and evenings. Dora was pleased at being invited to stay in the room Tom, and determined she would do all she co to help him. Constance made several objectic when she came in and discovered 'the child,' she called Dora, in the schoolroom; but T immediately silenced them, by declaring that would go and ask his mamma's leave to have there, if Constance did not hold her tongue.

'I will be very quiet and good, Conny, if will let me stay,' pleaded Dora, as she liste to their contention. 'I only want to help T a bit.'

'You help Tom!' replied Constance, contemp ously, 'the idea of it! But please yourselve do not care;' and, sitting down to her less she took no further notice of either of them.

Tom finished his exercises without requir any aid from Dora, who sat patiently waiting his commands; and when he had put away books, and got out his tool-box, he gave her s tools to hold, and then went on with his b making. He was particularly kind and c municative that evening; and Dora had explai to her the difference between a ship an schooner — a piece of information which conveyed to nurse whilst Dora was undress that night.

'What,' said nurse, 'do young ladies wan know about ships?'

'Oh nurse,' replied Dora, 'I should like know all that Tom knows; and I will not for a schooner has two masts, and a ship three, he will never teach me anything again.'

'Well, I don't see that to know about ships

ıt Master Tom must not be teaching
ıonsense; 'twouldn't be pretty for a
ss Dora.'
ughty nonsense, nurse?' inquired
g up very innocently.
u see, Master Tom is a very good
is so full of fun and tricks, which
t like you, Miss Dora, to play, be-
would love you if you did.'
rse,' said Dora, 'I will learn about
that, and will tell him he must not
ks at all.'
queer little thing she is!' observed
nurse, when she returned to the
er putting Dora to bed. 'I do
ould nigh break her heart to tell
ıot love her. I never met with any-
ınted so much to be loved.'
precious darling,' replied old nurse,
y fond of her. 'They'll be proud
these days, if she lives to grow up.
f every one afore she does of herself.
ords, Jane: she'll be a blessing to
t whoever live to see it.'
s words were true; Dora did think
before herself. She only thought
she could be of use or pleasing to
ın her infancy she had been brought
er mamma's sick-room, and taught
er in everything. Young in years,
in thoughtfulness; and it was the
ecting upon whether she must, or
a thing, that made her appear so
ıaint and unchildlike. Her lively,
ns had quite overpowered her when
amongst them; and, excepting when
she felt more lonely than when play-
ılone in a corner of her mother's
ually her admiration of Tom drew
more to him; and it became one of
ent desires that he should like her,
e of teasing had led her to suppose.
She had admired him at a distance
me; but that evening, when Tom,
etter society, had condescended to
er his wishes regarding her, she
er control her feelings, and had let
ow very much she wanted him to
l Tom, who really loved her a great
aciously given her to understand
re was granted, and that, notwith-
was a girl, they were henceforth to

offered up her prayers aloud like
tle ones at old nurse's knee, for
been brought up with them to do
eling at the foot of her bed, in an
e, she prayed in the words taught
other, adding her own petitions and
s to them. Had she given distinct
her thoughts that night, nurse
een surprised at hearing her thank
ıg made dear Cousin Tom love her,
ıave considered her the strangest
rer was. Dora had been well in-
er Christian mother, and the good
ly taken root in her young heart.
the child of many prayers, and its evidences exemplified themselves in her daily life. She could read very nicely; her Bible and Bible story-book were her delight, and she would spend whole hours over them if left to herself. She looked upon God as her best Friend, and accordingly told Him, with childlike confidence, all her joys or sorrows.

Dora thought the evening was long in coming the following day. She never saw much of Tom in the mornings, for, as soon as he had finished his breakfast, he was off to school; but he was always back again to tea, and played about until half-past six, when he went into the schoolroom to prepare his lessons, and sometimes she did not see him again until the next day. But now Tom had told her to come regularly to the schoolroom of an evening, saying she could help him; and she was so pleased at the idea of being useful to Tom! She had been useful to her mamma, and after she came to Chelsea Place, she was useful to Johnny; but since he had gone to Uncle Bennett's, she could not feel she was of any use to anybody, and the thought had grieved her. Now she was going to be of use to Tom, and she was so happy!

Before lesson-time arrived, Dora discovered that Tom was not nearly so amiable as he had been the preceding evening. He had been very snappish at tea; and, after tea, had amused himself teasing Agnes and little Guy, until old nurse told him that, if he could not behave himself, he should not remain in the nursery, and he had gone off in a pet, and Dora felt half afraid to follow him to the schoolroom, whither she knew he had gone. It was several minutes before she could really summon up courage to go in after him; but when she did, how was she astonished at seeing her big brave Cousin Tom leaning his head on his arms on the table, crying! For some moments she remained motionless, then springing forwards, she exclaimed:

'Oh Tom!'

'Who sent for you? Who wanted you?' shouted Tom, jumping up in a passion at having been caught weeping by Dora. But Dora, nothing daunted, drew nearer to him, saying:

'Dear Tom, don't be angry; I am sorry—'

'What about? You don't know anything; girls never do.' And he plumped down on his chair again.

'What is the matter, dear Tom?' pleaded Dora, creeping closer and closer to him. 'Do tell me; you said you would love me;' and she put one of her little hands upon his shoulder.

'Why, I've lost my place in Latin, Dora,' cried Tom, softening, as the thought of his trouble again came over him. 'I've gone down three in my class, and examination will be next week; and I shall not get up again all that, and I shall lose the prize—that I shall.' And a deep sob escaped from Tom's breast.

'Poor Tom! I am very sorry. But are you quite sure you will not get up to-morrow?' she inquired.

'I do not think I could beat all three, Dora; they are not all three likely to miss answering. I have worked so hard, Dora; and it was not fair either, at least with Long, for he'd got the

answers written down. I saw him slip the paper into his desk.'

'Why did you not tell, Tom?'

'What! turn sneak, Dora?'

'Sneak, Tom! What is that?'

'Why, to peach or tell tales. I'd rather have gone to the bottom than done that.'

'But, Tom, how did you get down three?'

'Why, you see, Dora,' said Tom, growing confidential and easier as he unburdened his mind, 'I was so put out and vexed when I lost the top, that I did not feel as if I knew anything. All seemed to go out of my head, as if I had not learned it a bit; and there was just like a great ball of something in my throat choking me, and I could not speak a word.'

'I know that is very bad,' observed Dora, soothingly. 'I always get that great ball in my throat when I want to cry, and cannot. But, Tom, do you know, God saw that naughty boy? and I would rather be you than he.'

'I should think I would. I would not be a cheat for the world.'

'Of course you would not, for you are our own dear Tom;' and Dora looked so proud of him that Tom gave her a kiss, and called her 'a dear little thing,' which Dora considered a great compliment, and probably would have told him so, had not Constance's voice been heard outside the door, when Tom silenced her with—

'Don't say a word to Constance about my losing my place.'

'Oh dear me!' cried Constance, as she entered the room. 'Are you coming here every evening, Dora?'

'Yes, if you please, Constance,' replied Dora, meekly.

'Then I shall ask mamma to ask Miss Mills to give you lessons to learn with us.'

'But I have learned my lessons—half a column of spelling and a verse of poetry—Constance.'

'Then you must have longer lessons that you cannot learn so quickly,' observed Constance; 'we do not have idle children in here.'

Dora flushed; she never could bear to be called idle, and that Constance well knew; but she wanted to get rid of Dora from the schoolroom, that she and Tom might have it all to themselves.

'You be quiet, Constance,' called Tom. 'Dora is to stay here, and she is coming every evening; and I am going to take her everywhere with me when I can, because you are so disagreeable and bumptious.'

'And you are as conceited as a peacock, and as foolish as a goose,' retorted Constance, looking very red and angry.

'Please do not quarrel,' cried Dora; 'I will go away. I am very sorry, Tom; but I do not want to make Constance angry, nor anybody—indeed I don't.'

'You shall not go,' shouted Tom; 'you've got as much right here as anybody.'

'You need not go on my account, Dora,' said Constance, with a slight toss of the head; 'I do not care for children.'

Dora accepted the ungracious permission, and taking a little stool near Tom, with the dictionary on her lap, and a story-book to read, waited to be made usefu silence prevailed in the room: Tom and Constance angry, and things di smoothly with either of them. Pre stance remarked—

'There, how provoking! if I have n my geography book.'

'Glad of it,' said Tom.

'I dare say you are, Mr. Spitefu reply.

'Hope you will lose your place, M

'We've no places to lose, Mr. Cha

'Poor things; what a pity!' snee

Whilst this bickering was going o slipped unperceived from the room, minutes had returned with a red co which she took up to Constance, ask

'Is this what you wanted, Conny

'Why, yes, to be sure it is. Wh find it?' inquired Constance, forgett temper in her pleasure at having wanted found.

'Up in your room, by one of the plied Dora.

'I must have dropped it, Dora. you for looking for it. I should thought of going upstairs to see fancied I had left it at school. I a and the cloud vanished from Const as she resumed her lessons.

Dora looked at Tom: she wishe find or do something for him; but mained ungratified, and the lessons cluded without her services having be

'Come and have a game at st Dora,' cried Constance, as she put books, her ill-humour having quite fl

Dora would have preferred rem Tom, but did not like to offend Con before she could give up the dictionary turned round to Tom, and asked whi should keep for him.

Tom muttered something about he

But Constance replied, 'Yes, you d Tom, and I shall bring the board i then you can choose for yourself;' a off, she soon returned with the box a

Tom could not for shame be out of longer, and selecting 'Fly-catcher,' horse, he soon forgot all his griev desire to arrive at the goal before Constance.

After Constance had gone up to he Dora was waiting for nurse to put she crept up to Tom, saying:

'Tom, dear, if you and Consta about me, I would rather not come make you wicked. God won't love y

'But Constance shall not have way, Dora,' said Tom, firing up. oldest, and she shall not manage me.

'But, please, do not quarrel agai vexes me so. Please, promise me n any more.'

'Well, if Constance does not grumb

'I do not want you to say that, must promise you will not be cross if

'But I cannot promise that, Dora.'

'Why not?'

'Because I cannot help getting angry if she says teasing things.'

'God will help you not to, if you ask Him, Tom.'

'I should not like to ask God that, Dora; the idea of it—'

'Oh! Tom, you must ask Him for everything good, if you want to do good.'

'Do you, Dora?'

'Yes, Tom, I try to do it; mamma told me so. But sometimes I forget, and then I say and do naughty things—like when I struck you. My heart is very bad sometimes; oh, so naughty bad, Tom!'

'What do you do then, Dora?'

'Why, I ask God to forgive me for his Son Jesus Christ's sake, and to make me a better little girl. But here is nurse coming. Do promise me, Tom.'

Tom could not resist her pleadings, and giving her an affectionate kiss, whispered, 'I will try, Dora; for you know I would rather please you than the best boy going. You are a first-rater, and no mistake. Yes, I will really try.'

CHAPTER IV.

DORA'S FIRST SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

JOHNNY'S return was a source of great pleasure to all the children, for they had missed him so much in their games. Dora's faith in her aunt was also quite confirmed; for Johnny had come back, as Aunt Harley had told her he would. The mistaken untruthful kindness of the persons who had taken her from her mother's room, telling her that her mamma was going away, but would come back again, had shaken her trust in those about her in illness; but in Johnny's safe return she found her hoped-for confidence in her aunt was not misplaced, and she knew most certainly that what her auntie said was truth.

Ship and boat-making became a favourite pursuit in the schoolroom in Chelsea Place—Constance making the flags with coloured ribbon, and Dora hemming the sails for them; and it was settled a regular little fleet of ships should be made against they went to the seaside, when they were to be launched. Tom had somewhat got over his disappointment in losing the prize for Latin, for he did lose it, never having been able to regain his place in class; but he won a prize for history, which turned out to be a book on boats, and it proved a great help to him in his shipbuilding.

When they were tired of sitting still, chipping wood, and flag and sail-making, they played at 'Court.' Constance, with her long light hair, being the judge; Dora, the culprit; and Johnny, the crier; whilst Tom, in a paper wig, and old nurse's short black cloak over his shoulders, acted as counsel for and against the prisoner. Tom had already decided upon being a barrister when he was a man; and in his zeal to sustain the character he some day hoped to fill, he flourished his papers and argued away, sometimes so very loud, and then so low and pathetically, that Dora frequently forgot she was only playing a make-believe part, and quite cried with fear at what was coming upon her. Then Johnny strutted about with a stick in his hand, crying 'Silence! silence!' so grandly, making them all burst out laughing in the midst of their mock gravity, that Constance would adjourn the court for an hour or so.

Occasionally Dora pleaded that if she was to be tried, it might not be for dog-stealing or jam-pot emptying, for she never did do such a thing; but her desire was generally overruled, and poor Dora heard of whole rows of pots having been emptied, and stains having been discovered upon her pinafore and dress, leaving no doubts on the mind of judge and jury but that she was guilty. Tom, with a boy's curiosity, had so often pushed his way into the Guildhall, in the city, with his schoolfellows, that he was pretty well up in the manner a trial was carried on, and managed their mock court capitally. Then they read and told stories; and Tom's were usually of such a thrilling, marvellous description, that Dora and Johnny were glad to run away to the nursery, to inquire of old nurse if they could be true. On the whole, the Harleys of Chelsea Place enjoyed their holidays thoroughly. Sometimes, however, there was an outbreak amongst them, and they wished school would begin, to be rid one of the other; and they considered each other very disagreeable, which they really were, when in their naughty moods. It was a great misfortune for them that they were so little with Mrs. Harley, and a cause of deep regret to her; but whilst Mr. Harley continued an invalid, there was not a possibility of her making any alteration in their mode of bringing up. Many a little quiet talking to did Tom get, when his mamma had the opportunity of leaving his papa a bit, about preserving gentlemanly habits and language. She could not endure vulgar ejaculations in conversation, or unmeaning epithets; and Tom was constantly picking up amongst his schoolmates something objectionable in her ears, which, for want of being more frequently with him, she could not fully check. Constance was also very high-minded; and being naturally clever, gave herself all manner of airs about her self-supposed superiority, which cost her mother many an anxious moment. Dora really, young as she was, was what nurse had said she would be at some future day—the blessing of the house. Her tender mind had been so early imbued with religious impressions, rendering her thereby so keenly alive to a sense of right or wrong, that she imperceptibly influenced her impetuous elder cousins. The 'Oh! it is so wrong,' would effectually stop Tom in a foolish if not rash proceeding; and the timid, meek, 'If you please, Constance, I would, or I would rather not do such a thing,' did much to soften Constance's overbearing disposition, where direct and determinate opposition would only have ended in a violent fit of passion. There must be two to make a quarrel; and Dora very seldom, if ever, became one of the necessary two—not but she had an evil temper to control, as well as her cousins,

but the remembrance of past givings way to it, and the fear of offending her heavenly Father, gave her strength to resist the promptings of her wicked heart, and usually to overcome her enemy.

People thought the little Harleys must be very dull in the large, sombre-looking old house with a sick papa always at home; but could they have beheld them in the nursery or schoolroom, they would have pronounced them the merriest of the merry. Their mamma was so thoughtful and considerate, and their papa, though he could not bear a noise, so anxious that they should enjoy themselves, that they had many out-door treats in the summer. Very frequently they spent the whole of a day in the woods or fields, donkeys being hired to carry the little ones and the provisions to the spot where they were going to pic-nic; old nurse and nurse presiding over the party. Then in the evening they returned home with such an abundance of treasures, consisting of moss, flowers, pebbles, and stones, and were so very tired, that they were glad enough to kneel down and thank God for their happy day, praying Him to take care of them during the night, and pop into their nice, comfortable beds. One thing Dora missed very much, and that was, some poor people to visit and carry little presents to. Before her mamma died, she used to be constantly sent with the servant with nice things to persons who were old or ill; and she used to make aprons and pinafores to give away, while sitting by her mother's side. Now, near Chelsea Place there appeared to be no poor people, or at least she never heard of there being any, and consequently her pocket-money accumulated in her money-box, anything but to her satisfaction. She thought a great deal about it, and at last came to the conclusion that the city she then lived in must be very grand indeed, not to have any poor people but the beggars and crossing sweepers, and wished that her poor friends, near her old home, could come and live in it as well as herself. This wish being conveyed to nurse one day, she was thoroughly upset at hearing there were lots and lots of poor people who had scarcely bread to eat, living but a few streets off, and that there were poor people to be found everywhere; for God had said in the Bible, 'The poor shall never cease out of the land' (Deut. xv. 11).

'I wonder why God makes people poor, nurse?' observed Dora, after a few minutes' reflection.

'Why, I don't think as how God makes poor, Miss Dora; but He lets them be pc see who will trust Him, and what rich] there are in the world who will do good tc for his sake.'

'Does Aunt Harley do good to them?' in Dora.

'Yes, miss, she gives lots away; she is k everybody.'

'I love God, nurse; I should like to do good too,' said Dora.

'And so you can, and so you shall, my da replied nurse. 'We will ask old nurse if you not help her; she is making some clothes poor child or two. Your aunt gave her th to make them out of.'

Dora was delighted, and could scarcely for nurse to finish dressing her, she was s anxious to hear what she could do. Afte Dora spent more time with old nurse in th sery, and less with Tom and Constance schoolroom, until Tom declared 'it was to of her to leave them.' But finding she di care for his remarks, he began to listen reason for doing so; and, being a kind-h boy, applauded her for them, and finally b so interested in the poor little children for she was working, that he set to and m little wooden box to put the clothes in they were completed. Constance also di like to be left alone, and joined 'old n working party' as they chose to call it; an Tom and Constance felt much happier in h followed Dora's example, in trying to be and do good. Sometimes old nurse threa to turn Tom out, he was so full of fun, and such a din with his hammering; but her was never carried into effect, for Tom perch himself cross-legged upon a chair, a some minutes so still and demure, that she do nothing but laugh at him. Johnny u assisted Tom in his carpentering, consideri was perfectly necessary to his brother i construction of the box; for he kept the gave out the nails, and held the wood wl required to be steadied. Quickly the time by, and the holidays drew to a close; but t little Harleys pronounced them to be the ha they had ever spent, and Tom and Con said it was Dora who had helped to make so—their own little cousin Dora.

(To be continued.)

JESUS, MY REDEEMER, LIVETH.

JESUS, my Redeemer, liveth,
I shall enter into life;
Soar to where my Saviour dwelleth,
In heaven's own glorious fields of light.
Then shall life-long tribulation
Buried be in his salvation:
Death is lost in victory's song.

O death! where is thy bitter wave?
Where's thy victory, 'boasting grave!
Our God from death hath ta'en the pang
Praise to Him, the victory's given,
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord in he
Hallelujah!

—From the German of Herv

THE WALDENSES IN 1866.

BY THE REV. A. H. R. HEBDEN, EAST FARLEIGH.

(*Continued from p.* 355.)

EPTEMBER 14*th.*—In the evening we had a visit from Mr. Malan, the pastor of La Torre. He gave us interesting information concerning the Vaudois, and the state of religion He has lived a good deal in some of owns of Italy; and was expelled from along with Mr. Geymonat, in the time and Duke. His experience of evan- in Italy is encouraging. He says he it that in almost any of the towns an who is suited for his work, may col- ll congregation. The great difficulty, ed, is not now Popery, but infidelity. the doctrines of Rome, such as pur- d invocation of saints, are now very ved. The principal doctrine of Rome church—her unity and universality. ine is exalted, so as to depress the in- onscience and sense of responsibility. ests join the Protestants, they have long accustomed to a blind, servile that they have almost lost the feeling l responsibility. The church has been ; the individual nothing. They are willing to believe, without inquiry, Protestant church teaches, even as they yielded implicit and unreasoning obe- the decrees of Rome.

he distress occasioned in the valleys eases in the vines and mulberries, two f emigration have been set on foot, d into effect. There are now about idois at Marseilles. This emigration does not consider a very happy thing, ious point of view. The people get mongst an ignorant and superstitious , and are, he fears, more in danger of heir ways, than likely to exert a good among them. The other colony is in erica, near Monte Video. This project p among the people themselves, and couraged by the then pastor of Roras, w chaplain to the colony. The other ld aloof from the movement, because ot sufficient confidence in the stability vernments of South America. There to hope that the Vaudois colony of ay be useful in promoting the evan- of South America. There are good for enterprising evangelists, preaching l in Italian and Spanish. These lan- ould be used principally by pastors elists in South America, and the use rench language among the Vaudois vely dropped. Mr. Malan very much account of the poverty of his people, could spread themselves out a little ation, so as to exert a good influence sh populations around them, rather ain always pent up amongst the rocks ps, where so many of them can barely keep body and soul together. Colonization is not a new thing in the history of the Vaudois. An industrious, moral, and healthy population naturally increases. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the valleys of Piedmont sent colonies to Provençe and Calabria, to cultivate lands in those provinces which had before lain waste. The Vaudois of Provençe were exterminated by persecution in 1545, those of Calabria in 1560.

Mr. Malan has four services on Sabbath, first, at the chapel-of-ease at Coppiers at 9 A.M., next at the parish church, La Torre, at 11 A.M., a prayer-meeting at Chabasse at 4 P.M., and a prayer-meeting at La Torre at 7 P.M. He often has the assistance of candidates for the ministry, who are licensed by the synod to preach; and the prayer-meetings at Chabasse, where he is assisted by the ministers of Angrogna and San Giovanni, are held only during the summer.

Divine service is held in the valleys always in the French language. The people can, most of them, speak three languages, viz. the dialect of the district, French, and Italian. Their own patois, I was told, is somewhat similar to the language used in ancient times by the Provençal bards. Divine service was formerly held in the valleys in the Italian language. The plague in 1630 destroyed all the pastors except two. A fresh supply of pastors was obtained from Switzerland and France; but these could not preach in Italian, so the use of the French language in worship was adopted from that time. The pastors ordinarily speak French; but in conversing with the peasants often use their patois, as the peasants can converse with more freedom in their own patois.

There are Romish priests, paid by the Government, in all the Protestant parishes. In some parishes the priest has only a congregation of two or three persons; and it has sometimes been the case, that the priest's servants were the only persons in the parish who attended mass. The Romish church, we were told, claims to be mistress of the soil; and it would appear to the Papal authorities a dreadful thing to acknowledge that, in any part of Italy, the population is Protestant.

September 15*th.*—We took a walk up the valley of Luzerna as far as Bobio, the parish at the head of the valley. There is a parish between La Torre and Bobio, called Villaro. It was here that an event in the Vaudois history occurred two hundred years ago. Some missionary monks, established at Villaro, had so effectually annoyed the people, though they could not convert them, as to provoke their own expulsion from the parish, and the destruction of their convent. The outrage was the act of very few persons, and those women; but it was eagerly seized upon by the Papists at Turin, as a pretext for a general massacre. Count Tedesco, a valiant Italian

colonel, at the head of 1200 cavalry, was sent in great haste to surprise and burn Villaro. An extraordinarily heavy rain fell as he rode through the valley, and when he reached Villaro, it was discovered that none of his men's carbines would go off. Twenty-five villagers had armed themselves to defend their homes; and Tedesco was compelled to retire as quickly as possible, for fear the people of La Torre and San Giovanni should rise to cut off his retreat. Just before entering the village, we noticed a spot where the road winds round a corner, and being commanded by rocks above it, appears capable of defence against cavalry. It may have been here that the quiet villagers stood behind a rude rampart to resist Count Tedesco. There is a good road along the valley from La Torre to Bobio, leading to the pass called Colle Della Croce, or Col de la Croix, which may be crossed to enter the French province of Dauphine. We bathed in the clear stream of the Pellice, which winds about prettily amongst verdant meadows. There was very little water in the stream at this season, and our difficulty was to find a place where the torrent was deep enough. At Bobio we rested at the house of the minister, Mr. Davi. He had vines growing over the wall of his house, and bunches of grapes hanging from his verandah. He is not rich, however. In Italy one need not be rich to eat grapes. There are vineyards all through the valley of Luzerna, from San Giovanni to Bobio. Mr. Davi has 1500 parishioners, and two chapels-of-ease in his parish. Sometimes he has three hours' mountain-climbing to visit a sick person.

September 16th.—Being the Lord's day, we attended divine service at the parish church of La Torre at 11 A.M., and heard an excellent sermon from Matt. xii. 50. The prayers are read from a liturgy, and are short. The whole service is less than an hour and a half, of which the sermon occupies about forty minutes. A psalm and hymn are sung from a collection of psalms and hymns authorized by the Vaudois Synod. Two chapters of Scripture and the Ten Commandments are read by the regent at the commencement of the service. This custom of Scripture being read by the regent is objectionable, because the reading of Scripture scarcely appears to be a part of the service; it seems to be a secondary matter. The reading takes place whilst the people are assembling, and is much interrupted by the noise of people coming in and taking their seats. The regent also leads the singing, like the precentor in Scotch churches. The seats at La Torre are comfortable; there is width enough between them, so that the legs are not cramped; the backs of the seats slope a little backwards, so that you can sit at your ease, and your attention is not distracted by the discomfort of feeling your back almost cut in two. In the afternoon one of us attended the prayer-meeting at Chabasse, and took part in it, at the request of Mr. Malan, by saying a few words to the people in French.

With regard to the education of the Vaudois clergy, the theological college has been transferred from La Torre to Florence, immediately upon the annexation of Tuscany to the king of Victor Emmanuel. There is still a co at La Torre; but the course of studies pur there is now, in the case of candidates for ministry, preparatory to their entering the co at Florence. At Florence they go throu three years' course, specially intended to pr them for the ministry of the gospel, and pursue their studies one year longer abroa Switzerland or in Scotland. Students are rally employed in the work of evangelizati Italy for a year or two previous to ordin Their theological training includes instru in such practical matters as the compositio delivery of sermons. We heard candidate the ministry preach really excellent ser showing more pulpit ability than most o English clergy. Sermons are always deli extempore. The reading of sermons is unk in the Vaudois churches.

There is one thing in which it is impossil praise our brethren at La Torre. It is pa to see the desecration of the Lord's day v prevails there. The shops are open, except d divine service. Many kinds of work are formed as on week-days. There is even some of a market held (people coming in from country with fruit, etc.), supplementary t regular market on Fridays. We were told a former minister of the parish made a stir a it, and succeeded in obtaining a much b observance of the Sabbath. Improvemer much needed. But no doubt the large num of Roman Catholics there is now at La T would be a great obstacle to improvement in respect.

September 17th was spent at La Torre. In afternoon we had a pretty walk up to Tagliare returning by Coppiers, where a chapel-of-eas La Torre was built by General Beckwith. the way back we met Mr. Malan, who asked to accompany him, and prolong our walk. went with him to call on Mr. Arnaud, gre grandson of Henri Arnaud, who commanded glorieuse rentrée in 1689. This military achie ment excited the admiration of the great Napole who inquired about the accuracy of the narrati when he was at Turin. Mr. Arnaud showed the portrait of his illustrious ancestor, and communion cup which Henri Arnaud used administering the Lord's Supper to his soldie In the portrait Henri wears his clerical rob He never ceased to perform his functions a minister of Christ, even when the force of ci cumstances made him for a time a soldier in holy cause. After the glorious return to th valleys, the first church of which the Vaud took possession was that of Prali, in the vall of St. Martin. They purified it by turning o the Romish images and ornaments; and M Arnaud preached from the 129th Psalm wi such warmth, as moved his brave comrades tears. When besieged at La Balsille by a lar army of French and Piedmontese, he pray with his garrison night and morning, preach twice a week, and administered the Lord's Supp We were shown the fort which Henri construc

of the house where his descendant
There is a vineyard in the fort,
the present Mr. Arnaud. At one
vineyard there is something like a
. When the grapes are ripening, it
to watch the vineyards at nights
thieves. The factory people at La
ot a good reputation for honesty.
aud died in Wurtemberg. He was of
ction; and on this pretext the Govern-
n compelled him to leave the valleys
eigner. But through his holy courage
eneralship, under God, the Vaudois
blished in their native valleys, from
had been for a short time exiled.

The circumstance which made the Duke of Savoy willing to let them settle again in their old homes was, that war opportunely broke out between him and the king of France. He then needed the assistance of the Vaudois to defend the passes of the Alps against the French. Although the people of the valleys of Piedmont were so often persecuted, the dukes of Savoy repeatedly acknowledged that they had no more faithful and loyal subjects in all their states. In the frequent wars with France, they could always count upon their courage and fidelity. The cruelties practised in Piedmont were instigated by the court of Rome.

(*To be continued.*)

'THE DEATH OF ST. LORENZO IN THE CATACOMBS.'*

iful! how *very beautiful!*' say we,
rious work of art we gaze in ecstasy.
t *speaks:* 'Life's storms all past,
crav'd, is mine at last.
call came not too soon;
s *finished* ere life's noon.'
on the canvas we
nds so earnestly,
eal being there,
canvas, 'tis so fair!
ing back to that dark year,
dead upon the bier,
sses in review
ene; and we say too:
est; we'll not distress him;
in passing, bless him,—
prayer that our toss'd soul,
y early reach the goal;
oar from realms of night,
eaven's eternal light.'
mp'd upon the brow,
ding to death's vow;
anscribed upon a face,
y rare we love to trace.
so oft with sorrow's tear
o more shall waken here.
lips, mute now for earth,
quence give birth.

No golden circlet crowns his head,
No gems adorn his manly brow,
No pomp surrounds the martyr's bed—
Far holier are the signs of woe!
Nor placed beneath the cypress gloom,
Shall be our hero's earthly tomb.
In faithful hearts his place is kept,
Watched o'er by eyes that with his wept;
And this his sweetest monument:
'A life in acts of love all spent!'
Friends tenderly bend o'er the dead,
Subdued by sorrow's chast'ning hand;
Meekly they bow the rev'rent head,
As priest and kinsfolk form one band.
That peace which only Jesus gives,
Illumes each sweetly radiant face:
'Though dead to *time*, our brother *lives*,'
They say, 'in fullest happiness.
No shade of trouble mars that smile,
So pure, so calm, so blest;
Angels may bend in awe awhile,
To view such *perfect rest!*
God's love hath plucked the sting away
From that which we name Death;
'Tis glorious immortality
Surrounds him—heaven's breath!'
O ye who, wrapt in awe, stand near
The painter's holy theme,
The end of Christian *faith* revere:
This is no idle dream.

A. J.

e most beautiful on view at the Dublin
1865.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

HEB. XI. 7.

HERE are six things in the life of Noah: (1) The warning; (2) The fear; (3) The ark; (4) The salvation; (5) The condemnation; (6) The righteousness.

I. *The warning.*—The word is the same as is used regarding Joseph and the young child in a dream (Matt. ii. 12, 22); regarding Simeon (Luke ii. 26); regarding Cornelius by an angel (Acts x. 22). The warning was a divine one; how given, we know not—whether by voice, or vision, or dream, or angel. As the sons of God still worshipped in front of Paradise, where the shekinah rested, it might be from the glory that 'the God of glory' spoke to Noah, as afterwards to Abraham. The warning was explicit and unconditional, regarding coming danger and destruction. God announced that He meant to bring a flood upon the earth, for total destruction,—'whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished.' There has been a warning sounding through the ages: 'Behold, the Lord cometh.' It is the warning of a more terrible deluge than that of Noah,—a fiery deluge, in the day of 'the vengeance of our God.'

II. *The fear.*—The word does not mean dread or terror, but pious, reverential awe, at the prospect of divine judgment. God's words, 'The end of all flesh is come before me;' 'I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth,'—have sunk deep into his soul. He was not *alarmed*, but he was *solemnized*. He had heard God's verdict on the earth and on man; he knew how God hated sin; he saw the wickedness around; he knew that God would fulfil his word; he knew also that he and his family were safe, for God had said it; he thought of the calamity that was coming; and solemn awe took possession of him. Let us be of those who 'tremble at his word.' Let the prospect of the great day of the Lord,—of the world's destruction, and of our own salvation, in that day,—make us solemn men. Noah's 'fear' is the contrast of the world's want of fear. He feared, they feared not; they went on in their feasting and revelling without fear, till the flood came. Let us have reverence and godly fear,—fear that solemnizes; fear that separates from the unfearing world; fear that leads to forethought, and making ready for what is coming on the earth.

III. *The ark.*—This was God's means of salvation in the evil day. It was *his* way of preserving Noah, when He destroyed the rest. It was a thing of difficulty, cost, labour, ridicule. It was to some a stumblingblock, and to others foolishness; but to the saved ones it was the power of God. It was the first intimation of deliverance *in the midst* of danger,—as Enoch's translation was of removal *from* danger. It was a vessel of God's planning, and man's making, like the tabernacle; type of Him who was made of a woman. It was a vessel of earthly materials, as was the tabernacle, and as He was who was made flesh. There was nothing supernatural or miraculous about it; yet it was meant to protect against the supernatural and miraculous—viz. the deluge.

IV. *The salvation.*—Its object was salvation—*salvation from* the flood, to Noah and his house. *It did not help to save, it saved.* It was effectual. Noah built it for this end. He knev doing, for he acted in obedience to persuaded that it would save, becs said so. He believed in a coming de he believed in a coming salvation. might seem dreams to the millions r to his faith they were realities. T seem a piece of folly to the world, *salvation.* It was God's ark, not N is salvation, not only to himself, but for his sake. God saved them be found favour in his sight. He is the men of God's *representative* dealin Adam the first, then Noah, and then

V. *The condemnation.*—It was *the* condemned; the seed of the serpent; elsewhere called 'men,' and 'sons of Christ calls 'the world,' the childr one. That world Noah condemned.

(1.) *By his faith.*—His faith was t tion of their unbelief; his *walk* of condemnation of their walk of unbe that we *by faith* condemn the wo nothing so condemning to the world believing men—that 'faith which is of things hoped for, the evidence seen.'

(2.) *By his building the ark.*—Th both salvation and destruction. I warning to the world, and it was C For many a year he persisted in his ing it; and every plank laid, every every stroke of the hammer, was t tion of the world. We have no ark we have to enter one already built— himself; and in doing so—in reckor safe simply because of our connectio condemn the world.

(3.) *By his preaching.*—He was righteousness. Like Paul, he 'reas eousness, temperance, and judgme In him, and through him, Jesus him preached unto those who were disob day of God's long-suffering. Noa their unbelief, their violence, their l their luxury, their worldliness. Let condemn the world.

(4.) *By his life.*—He lived what He kept himself unspotted from th *life* was a protest against the lives So let our lives be. Thus let us fol us follow Christ; being 'holy, harml separate from the world; for 'the the world is enmity with God.'

VI. *The righteousness.*—He became himself heir, to the righteousness whi Not that now he first became a justif was so before. But now his faith c spicuously, and exhibited him as on company to whom belongs the righte is by faith. To him it might be sa hath saved thee.' His life and actin to be an heir of the righteousness. what he believed. He lived and s God testified of him that he had fo his sight—that he was a justified ma

Are *we* of this blessed company— of the justified? Do we believe, and find favour with God? Do we sta side as justified men, condemners witnesses for God in a godless world

THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Continued from p.* 387.)

IT was to the wilderness that Christ went to be tempted of the devil,—as if that were the devil's special residence and seat. It is when Babylon is turned into a wilderness, that it is specially described as the haunt of unclean spirits. It is in the midst of desert-scenes of ruin and desolation that they are said to have their abode; and both in the Old Testament and New, we find the same gloomy association between the desert, or the ruined city, and the spirits of evil. And when there was not a desert at hand, we find the spirit taking the possessed to the tombs, as if there he found something liker hell—something more congenial than among the abodes of living men.

But the description of the unclean spirit's condition is not yet complete. He wanders through these dry places, seeking rest, but finding none. These are words of awful import, even when not applied to a sinner of earth, but to a fiend of hell. Seeking rest, but finding none! Oh, awful doom! Do we sometimes think of the doom of these lost spirits, as well as of the doom of lost men? Do we try to realize their misery? We have so associated them with sin, and malice, and evil, that we have ceased to remember that they are beings, with capacities like our own for joy or sorrow. They were made to be filled with joy; they are now filled with sorrow. They have not become familiar with that sorrow, so as to cease to feel it. They feel it with the same profound bitterness that we can do. They would fain shun it, if they could. They do not love the torment, or the fire, or the desert, or the abyss. They have not their desire for happiness, or their shrinking from anguish. They are still 'seeking rest.' Seeking rest, but finding none! How terrible the doom described in these simple but most sorrowful words,—seeking rest, but finding none! Seeking rest for ever! finding none for ever! Weary for ever! sad for ever! tormented for ever! O sinner, is this to be your portion too?

4. *The unclean spirit's return to his house.*—Though driven into the wilderness, it is not chained there; though cast out of the man, it is not debarred from return. It bethinks itself of its former abode, and feeling it better than the wilderness, it resolves to try if there might not be re-entrance for it. It calls the man 'my house!' Awful words to come from a devil's lips respecting a man—'my house!' As if it had a right to the man—a right to make him its dwelling! O man, art thou the devil's house? At first it seems like one merely walking round, to observe,—looking in at doors and windows, in order to discover in what state is the interior, and to see if there were not some chance of re-admission. If it be occupied with other guests, it has no chance; if not, it may. The discovery is made, that it remains as empty as when it left. No other guest has come in. Its chambers are unfilled. Nay, it is not merely empty, but carefully swept and adorned, as if inviting every passer-by to enter.

Here it is that the narrative brings us back to the individual man, and shows us his state,—the state that prepares him for a second and more terrible visit of the unclean spirit. That spirit has been cast out, and so far it is well. He is delivered from a certain amount of the hindrances that keep out God. Having got quit of his guest from hell, he is now free to invite a guest from heaven. But here he stops short, and this stopping short is fatal. He gets quit of the devil, but he does not get the Holy Spirit. The grosser evil is purged out, but nothing brought into its place. There is no longer the blasphemy, the drunkenness, the lasciviousness that prevailed before. His words are clean, his hands are clean, his steps are clean. The house is swept and adorned. He is reformed, but not converted. He is no longer openly irreligious, but he is not born from above. He has got the dust swept from his floor, and ornaments hung all round his walls. He is a man of refinement, of literature, of rational religion. There is a decided improvement upon the morality of his character, and many fair features are now displayed, which formerly were unknown. But God has not been invited in. Christ has not been made welcome. The Holy Spirit has been grieved away. The natural man has been wrought up into its best

estate. The natural heart has been made as good, as kind, as religious as it is possible to be, without the new birth, and without the indwelling presence of Jehovah. He is now just in the very state most suitable for a return of the unclean spirit; for that spirit can dwell amid decencies, and moralities, and natural goodnesses, quite as well as amid profligacy, and lust, and blasphemy, and every evil thing. It can dwell anywhere, where God is not. Any heart will suit, provided God be not in it. It may be the heart of a Pharisee or a publican, it matters not. The wickedness of the latter is not more congenial than is the self-righteousness of the former.

Our peril in the present day, in these respects, is extreme. We call our century an enlightened age, and in some respects this is true. Satan, as an angel of light, is preaching up the refinements of morality and the adornings of science, for the purification of the inner man. He is preaching against vulgar lust, and repulsive profanity, and open crime. And, in so doing, he is engaging the feelings of the natural heart, and winning them to something else than God and Christ; to something that will be a substitute for regeneration; something that will make a man think himself religious and moral, while he has passed through no spiritual change,—having not yet received the Spirit, nor having died and risen with Christ. Beware of this danger! Let not your feet be entangled in this snare of the evil one. Beware of any change that is not conversion; of any reformation that leaves you without Christ; of any religion, however refined and beautiful, that is not the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and that does not transform you into the image of God's own holy Son. If you rest content with anything short of these, you are only hardening your hearts, searing and stupefying your consciences; rendering yourselves more and more insensible to the power of divine things, and bringing yourselves into a state which will not only exclude God, and repel his Holy Spirit, but will invite the return of Satan, and all Satan's legions of darkness, into your miserable souls, making you twofold more a child of hell than ever.

There is something inconceivably terrible in the idea of preparing yourselves for the devil's re-entrance into you. Yet this is just what millions in our day are doing; and the manifold refinements of the age are the undoubted preparations for such a re-entrance of the evil one. Not that the things may be sinful in themselves. Possibly they are not. The house is swept, and the old deformities cast out. Adornings of all kinds are introduced, against which no exception can be taken on the score of morality or decency. The whole thing is most tastefully not to offend the most fastidious The amusements are harmless, the innocent, the pursuits are intellectua occupations are on a scale of high But all this may be; and yet, if the 'swept and garnished,' is left 'emp improvements are just so many pre Satan's return, so many invitations t spirit to re-occupy its dwelling. T and the garnishing would have b well, if after that it had not been le the Great Guest from heaven had in to occupy his own dwelling. Bu being thus improved and cleansed, i occupied, it presents not merely an every passer-by, but it actually hang calling on every unclean spirit in he

Our great cities are held up to vast dens of crime and lust. Pictu darkly drawn, have been given us of like abominations. In these, most a unclean spirit has his dwelling, and as the prince of darkness,—the an the fiend, of death and ruin. In however, there is a condition sadder You will not find it in these haunts drunkenness, and all abomination find it in civilised, refined, literary, religious society. The publican was of the former, the Pharisee of the publican stood before the eye of Ch a man with an unclean spirit—hat indeed. The Pharisee stood before man delivered from the unclean spiri swept and garnished, but *empty!* days, the most hateful spectacle was who were reckoned to possess no ordi of the most refined religion of th will it not be found so still? Does eye see something darker and sadde these city dens of wickedness can our best circles,—where fashionable nised, where vulgar sin is cast ou is politeness and refinement, where literature adorn the men, where acknowledged, where the name honoured,—there is the house swe nished; there the eye of Christ c which is viler and more hideous tha abominations which have been so discarded.

O man, beware of the 'swept a house!' Beware of that which wo to be content with the mere dismiss guest, without the reception of th ware of the shows, and delusions, sentimentalism of our day, by mea many a soul is beguiled into the i

ligious, when all is hollow and unreal. Beware of any amount of feeling, or refinement, or amendment that would leave you short of God—a indwelling God. Remember the danger of istaking morality, or mental culture, or intelctual elevation or refinement in taste, for *religion* itself,—for the living worship of the living God.

Say not, the unclean spirit is gone out; my habits of grossness and offensive sin are all abandoned. That may be true, and yet your state be only more perilous to yourself, more hateful to God. Is it a matter of great congratulation that you are now going to hell in decent raiment, and not in rags and filth, as once you were? What can this avail you? Is it a cause of thankfulness that you have got quit of one devil, when you are decking and enlarging your house, to make room for a legion?

Beware, O man, of an empty house, an empty oul—a soul unfilled with God and Christ! Let od this day come in and fill you. Let Christ me in and sup with you. Let the Holy Spirit me in, and make you his temple. Then ill there be no room for unclean spirits more, ther one or many; no room for sin and lust; room for vanity and lies. God will satisfy ee. Christ will be all, and in all.

I might enter at length into the last verse; owing the greater amount of evil and Satanic fluence introduced; showing also the evil irit's permanent indwelling in the man; showg also the more terrible condition of the man the last. But, having taken these up geneally, I shall not enter on details; simply proaiming these awful words: 'The last state of at man is worse than the first!'

I take up the subject now in its collective and rophetical aspects.

I. *Its collective aspects.*—The individual is but a specimen of what takes place in a church and a nation.

(1.) *A church.*—It is, perhaps, reformed—evils purged away. But no Holy Spirit comes to dwell in it. It remains in this reformed but empty state for some time; then the evil spirit returns, and it becomes worse than before. Perhaps Christ's words to the seven churches produced temporary improvement. But that was all. Laodicea became worse than before. What a warning to the churches of our day!

(2.) *A nation.*—There are eras in a nation's history when it improves. Outward evils are swept away. Civilisation rises, morality increases, religion becomes fashionable. But there the regeneration stops. Soon the evil spirit returns, and the condition of the nation becomes tenfold worse. Let Britain beware!

II. *Its prophetical aspects.*

(1.) *Israel.*—Our Lord specially refers to them. Their last end is to be worse than their first. After every amelioration, they became worse. After the captivity they improved; but, in the time of our Lord, they were coming into their worst condition. A worse still: just before their conversion, they receive Antichrist!

(2.) *The church at large.*—The professing church, Protestant or Papal, is to have its last end its worst. Improving a little, and then worse than ever—ripening for judgment!

(3.) *The world.*—It has improved in some respects, and will improve outwardly. Then Satan returns, re-occupies it, and it becomes more thoroughly his than ever.

The development of Satanic power in the last days will be very terrible. Watch! Resist! He is about to make his last effort. 'Put on the whole armour of God.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

NO. XVII.—MRS. PETRIE.

THE following sketch of one whose life had been a constant warfare with poverty, may possibly teach us this lesson: that happiness neither depends on, nor can be measured by, the amount enjoyed of external comfort.

Mrs. Petrie, after many years' faithful discharge of the high duties of wife and mother, became a widow. Left thus alone, she felt it not only her duty to live on, but to make her existence as pleasant as possible. To this end her unwavering trust in Him,

'Who doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,'

did in no small degree contribute; while it also stimulated and encouraged the employment of her few remaining faculties, to save herself from the heavy infliction of want.

The poorhouse, as in many such cases, was recommended. But there is, among the respectable poor, a feeling stronger than even the fear

of want. In the solitariness of age, they cling to that place which, in earlier years, was a home of gladness; and the old things surrounding them there are dearer by far than the strange, though more comfortable, appliances of the poor-house; for around them cluster associations and recollections of the past, and, it may be, also aspirations of the future, which no other place could afford.

Those interested in Mrs. Petrie did not deal harshly with feelings which so truly belong to the higher parts of our nature. They did not tear the sapless trunk from the soil on which it once budded and blossomed. A small sum was allowed her weekly by the parish; and on this, with the help afforded by some ladies, whose discriminating charity served as a stimulus to industrious effort, she and her invalid daughter lived.

By one of those ladies I was asked to pay them a visit. On doing so, I was much pleased with the cleanliness of the apartment they occupied; and though poverty was everywhere apparent, yet an air of comfort pervaded the dwelling, not usual in such circumstances.

The old woman, in earlier years, must have had a somewhat prepossessing appearance. Of this there still remained evident traces. But her originally handsome features—handsome, at least, so far as correctness of outline merits that designation—were crimpled into innumerable wrinkles, and by their lack of expression gave no high idea of her spiritual or intellectual attainments. Seldom, indeed, had I seen a more meaningless countenance.

She said so little during my first and subsequent visits, that, had I not been told that she was a good woman, I would have felt quite at a loss how to get on with her. But, though assured by others of her piety, so far as my own observation went, I could not positively have said more than that she was the veriest babe in grace,—one of those half-awakened, mazy sort of minds that sees, as it were, without perceiving. As I found it vain to attempt conversing, I generally read suitable portions of Scripture, and, as I thought, instructed her from them. But it was all guess-work, for anything I could get her to say regarding these exercises.

This state of matters continued for months. One day, however, I had taken the second chapter of Hosea, and made some remarks on it. What I said soon passed from my mind. Not so quickly, however, did these remarks pass from that of Mrs. Petrie.

Next visit, I found she had been speaking to her daughter of them, and wishing that she could recollect more fully the passage read, and the remarks made upon it. All this was communicated by Betty, her daughter. The mother, as usual, did not speak. As they could only tell me a few broken sentences, I could not recollect what I had either read or said; so the matter was laid aside.

If I remember right, she was suffering more than usual that day; and, unconsciously, I chose *the same chapter* of Hosea which had formerly *interested her*, as I thought it afforded a very consolatory as well as instructive g the reasons why afflictions were so mitted to fall very heavily.

I had reached the verse, 'I will and bring her into the wilderness,' Betty interrupted me by saying:

'That's jist it; that's the very thin was speakin' aboot,' etc. This, w little incident, considerably altered of them.

It was Christmas day; and, as paying them a visit, I took a small tea in my pocket. On giving it, very expressive look pass between B mother. I was curious to know the and from the daughter, who was pret I had the following account.

Mrs. Petrie was very fond of tea, very forgetful, that sometimes, ere half an hour or so, she would ask f and of course, from their very straite stances, had to be denied. So, the I had taken them the tea, there wa call:

'Betty!'

'Weel, mither, what is it?'

'I'm maist feart to tell ye, Betty laughing.

'Oh, but I ken; it's the drap tea.'

'Oh ay, ye *aye* ken; ye *are* a gu to be angry at me!'

'Na, mither,' said Betty, 'I'm no I aye gie ye it when I ha't. So I wa in a *wee* pickle, when she said:

'"Hoots, woman, dinna be feart an' ye'll see that we'll sune get mair.

This simple relation not only ac the looks which puzzled me, but serv of key, by which her mind was op me in a measure, yet not so much my opinion that her spiritual, but intellectual, status was very low,—opposite of what her imposing profile expect.

Some time after this, my health pr visiting as formerly; and, after re had so little idea of being useful to was in no hurry to resume my visit this negligence I was taught a very u I had too readily judged after the o pearance; and now, through that de the Lord made it strikingly manif looked to the heart.

One Sabbath evening, a young w to say that an old woman in her very poorly—dying, she thought—a would be very glad if I would call an

On inquiry, I found it to be my Mrs. Petrie, so I called early next day had evidently come over her. Wh could not exactly define. There we suffering; but it was not that. A covered her eyes, giving them a v appearance. Neither did that accou

Had not her eyes been open, from repose of her features, I would ha her asleep; and though she did not

daughter and I involuntarily lowered our voices, that we might not disturb her.

She noticed my entrance, however, and asked Betty who had come in. When told, in a manner and spirit beautiful beyond description, she expressed her pleasure at again seeing me; while the face, that I had thought so vacant and unexpressive, was lit up, as the poet has well said, with

'The dazzling earnest of unuttered joy.'

'How glad I am to hear that you are so happy!' Betty had just told me she was.

'Oh ay,' she said, laughing; 'I'm *happy*, HAPPY. No creature could be happier,' etc.

'You have had that promise made good to you: "At evening time it shall be light."'

'Oh yes!' she replied; 'for it's a' licht,—licht, and *such* licht—*such* licht!' and a low gurgling sound of joy came welling up from the very depths of her spirit.

I was amazed at the vast experiences of her spiritual nature. Her spirit seemed responsive to the slightest touch, and did melt and flow out, in a very remarkable manner, when the least reference was made to the great facts of redeeming love.

I regret that I cannot narrate circumstantially the conversation that ensued on this and several other occasions; only a few incidents and expressions, which at the time made the deepest impression on my own mind, and noted down shortly after.

At one time I remember saying: 'David, on one occasion, said, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul." I suppose, if you had strength, you would do that too?' She looked up in a way that seemed to say, 'I see that you understand my feelings;' and then said, with a voice and manner which I cannot adequately describe:

'I *would* do *that;* I *would* tell what He hath done for *me*. Oh, this is wonderfu', *wonderfu'!* Ay, and it's but the beginnin', jist the beginnin' of eternal joy—of the weight o' glory!' Then shutting her eyes, she continued to pour out the exuberance of her joy, but in a voice so weak and low, that though I strained my ear to the utmost, I could only catch an occasional word, such as, 'Precious—wonderful—love—Saviour—glory—mine,' etc.

At another time I said, 'You have the glory now in prospect, and you will very soon enter upon its realities. You will be far from a world of grief and sin, with God eternally shut in.'

'*That's it—that's it!* Far from a world of grief and sin.'

'But that's not all,' I continued; 'you will be with *God* eternally shut in.'

'Oh! oh!! oh!!!' she repeated, as if oppressed with the wonderful idea.

After some further talk, I proposed reading the account given in Revelation of the glories of heaven. Often before have I been privileged to read that wondrous description of coming glory to dying people about to enter upon it, and have witnessed their triumphant joy; but never before did it seem so precious, or so instinct with power and significance, as while this poor frail creature lay listening to them, and occasionally intoning a word or phrase, producing an effect like the most exquisite music.

So I read: 'And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.'

'And be *their* God,' she repeated, with a freshness and power indescribable.

'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.'

'*Have* passed away.'

'You have begun to realize the truth of this verse; God *has* already wiped the tears from your eyes. You could not cry now, could you?'

'No!' she replied with a smile, which seemed to flash back upon us some of the gladness with which her heart was filled; 'I am too full of joy for *that;* I *couldna* cry noo; I've naething to cry for!'

Again I read: 'And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And He said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.'

'True and *faithful.*'

'And He said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end: I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.'

'*Freely*, FREELY!' she breathed.

'He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.'

'*Shall* be my son,' was the sweet response.

'And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.'

'The name of the *Lamb!*'

'The foundations of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones.'

'*Precious*—PRECIOUS!' she repeated.

'And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.'

'Ay, *they* are the temple of *that* city.'

'And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'

'No, no,' she repeated, 'no need of the sun, for the *Lamb* is the light thereof.'

'And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.'

'No, no,' she again repeated, 'no night, no night!' and, taking the initiative, went on with the next two verses; and having come to the words, 'But they which are written in the Lamb's book of life,' added, in a manner altogether indescribable, 'And *my name* is written *there!*'

As I went on reading the next chapter, she kept intoning the words occasionally, as before; and the low, sweet laugh that often accompanied, seemed only the natural overflow of a heart

drinking its fill of the living water of the fountain of life.

After reading the fourth verse, 'They shall see his face, and his name shall be on their foreheads,' etc., I said, 'This verse is already made good to you. His name is even now written on your forehead so legibly, that we cannot help reading it.'

'Yes,' she replied, '*I'm sealed;*' and then began to repeat the fifth verse: 'And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever,—for *ever* and *ever*,' she repeated.

When I read the sixth verse: 'And He said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to show unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.'

'They are faithful and true, and *will* shortly be done,' she added; while there was a power in her words of calm, deep joy, that penetrated the depths of one's very being, and, in a most incomprehensible manner, made us partakers of her bliss.

Soon after this she fell into a sort of doze, and I took the opportunity to inquire of her daughter when this change took place in her experience.

'It was three days ago. Phemie —— and me was sittin' at the fireside, speakin' quietly, no to disturb her. It was just about gloaming, for the licht wasna lichted; an' as we were speakin' awa', she cried out—

'"Oh, what a beautiful day! Oh, how beautiful! Oh, what a licht!" She cried again, "Sic a licht!"

'Whatna licht is't ye'r seein', mither?' I said, a kin' o' feart; 'there's naething here but the fire burnin'; the can'le's no lichted yet.'

'"It's *God*, Betty; I'm just surrounded wi' Him. He's before me, and behind me, and at every side," etc. That was the beginning,' added Betty, 'and it's been just the same ever since. I'm so glad that you've come to see it!'

In the evening I called again with some wine, as I found that was needed. She was very thankful, but quite in distress that I should be at the expense. I begged her not to think of that, and assured her that I not only felt it a pleasure, but considered it a privilege to supply her with it. I reminded her also that it would only be a little while that she would need it, as she would very soon be drinking the new wine in her Father's kingdom,—which remark, like every allusion to future blessedness, always produced that low ecstatic laugh which affected one so strangely.

As the candle was glaring in her face, I asked if the light did not disturb her.

'No, not the *licht*,' she replied, 'but the expense does.' Their circumstances were very straitened; and as all extras had to be supplied by others, that caused the uneasiness.

'Oh,' I said, 'surely you are forgetting Him who says, "The silver and the gold is mine." *Do you not* think He is able to give you a candle or two, for all the time that you'll need them?'

'That's to me noo; that's a richt bit. That *is* comfort to me,' she said, laughing. 'How could I be so stupid as no to think o' that?'

Soon after, she fell into a dozing sort of sleep. On awaking up, a few minutes after, her mind reverted to things which had taken place in her earlier years; and, in the most easy and natural way possible, began to tell me how she used to find out the place for her father, when he was to read at worship; and also what a good father he was,—how he commanded his family, and made them do what was right, so far as he could, and how unwilling she was sometimes to be controlled by him. Now her mind dwelt on these things with the greatest pleasure.

Some time afterwards, when making some remarks on the wondrous manifestation of love and goodness which the Lord was making to her, she said:

'Ay; but there was a time when it was not like this. I was in darkness. I read my book, but I understood very little; but I did the best I could, according to the light I had, an' noo I ha' licht.'

Her appearance and manner forcibly reminded me of the words, 'Perfect love casteth out fear;' so I asked, 'Have you any fear of God now?'

'Fear!' she replied, with such a look of amazement; 'hoo could I be feart at Him? He is my *Faither*. I couldna be feart. I've nothing to be feart for fra *Him*.'

Speaking, at another time, of her love of music, I reminded her that she would soon hear better music than anything she had heard on earth, and not only listen, but take part in it.

'Ay,' she said, 'an' there's some of the sort that we ken already.'

'Yes,' said Betty, 'they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb."'

'That's *ane* o' them,' she said, looking very much pleased; 'but there's a *lot* o' them, for they're a' new.'

'There is something in that one worth noticing,' I said; 'for there is a measure in it that none but the redeemed can sing. Angels can only sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that died;" but the redeemed can add, "For He was slain for us."'

'It's wonderfu', perfectly wonderfu'! It's wonderfu' salvation! I'm *sure* there was little enough in us to deserve such love; an' I'm sure there was little enough in a cratur' like me—there was *naething* in me to cause such love!'

Next day I called, she looked so weak and low I had no idea she could speak. Her daughter assured me she would; so I sat down beside her—Betty meantime telling her who it was.

'You are still happy?' I inquired.

Turning upon me her eyes, over which the mists of death had gathered heavily, she said in her own inimitable, simple, and beautiful way:

'Wonderfu' happy; nae creatur' could be happier. It's jist *extrordnar'!*'

'I wish we could share your joy. You would be willing, I suppose?'

'I would be that, I'm *sure*. It's perfect

the Lord should make a creatur' this!'
e said led me to remark that her l over,—'Nearly over,' she said, g me; adding, 'they were a' y hae a' been mixed wi' mercy.'
least of the mercy is, that they ae desired result, and that through now educated and prepared for remember how you corrected ied her so carefully. You wished a good woman, for her own sake irs. So it has been with you; to be corrected, and God loved leave it undone. So, by all these ilties, He has just been preparing e and holy society of heaven.'
a fine bit!' she said, laughing; ie, for He *has* made me a' glorious

ttle while He will make you all t, too; for that poor wasted body made like his glorious body.'
plied, 'for it's a complete salva-lerfu'—it's *perfectly extrordnar!* lod would dee the like o' that to me: it's past comprehension!'
on asking how she was, she said: s ready, and I'm jist waitin'—say, "Rise up, my love, my fair away."' 'I'll no be lang or I palm,' she said at another time.
?' I inquired.
)' victory; but I'm no wearying it as happy as it's possible to be. *ld* be happier.'
issionary, whose visits she prized on her. While speaking to him, ig other things, that she would am to-night. It was common for y delightful dreams.
he replied; and, knowing her he took out his hymn-book, and ing hymn:

lay sleeping upon my humble bed,
oly vision, disturbed my thoughtful

ays were ended, my mortal struggles

ascended to Canaan's peaceful shore.
ma, hosanna, hosanna!
ard the ransomed sing;
ma, hosanna for ever,
our immortal King!

ise was rending, my mortal house of

ere attending to bear my soul away.
way to glory!" I answered, "Lo! I

ext blest moment I found myself at

ousand singing, "Thrice welcome to

of glory, a sinner saved by grace.
harp, and join us in our immortal lays;
long, and lasting, Jehovah's endless

Redeemer, who suffered on the tree:
e said, "thou blessed, inherit life
;

Thy warfare is accomplished, thy work on earth is done;
Be seated, friend, be seated, on my eternal throne!"

The streets of Zion's city are all of purest gold;
Its beauty and its grandeur by man can ne'er be told.
There flows the crystal river, there comes no sin or strife;
The people feast for ever upon the tree of life.'

She was quite in an ecstasy while Mr. G—— sang this hymn. To use Betty's words, 'She jist seemed oot o' hersel' for joy.'

The early part of that night she was very ill. At length she fell asleep. Betty sat watching. 'After she had slept awhile,' said she, 'her face grew sae bonny, it wasna like my mither ava; it was sae young-like—just like a wee bairnie lying smiling. "My een's surely mirly," I said, and put up my hand to rub them; but it was just the same when I looked again. After a while, she looked up. "You've had a fine sleep, mither," I said. "Ay, I've had a fine sleep, an' I'm happy, happy. I've been wi' Jesus. Oh Betty, it was a beautifu' place that I was in! I canna tell ye *what like it was*, but it was PRETTY!"'

Some time before her death, she wished her daughter to lie down beside her. Betty assured her that she was not weary. She insisted, however. Then she put her arms round her neck, and said:

'Ye're no tired o' me, are ye?'

'Na, mither, I'm no tired o' ye. I dinna ken what I'll dee when ye'r ta'en awa'.'

'Ye needna be feart; the Lord will tak' care o' ye. He's showed me *that;* and it'll no be very lang till ye come too, and then we'll be a' thegether with the Lord.'

She suffered much before her death.

'That's sair wark, mither,' said Betty.

'Ay is't; but it'll sune be ower, an' I'll be where there's nae suffering nor pain. Na, there's nae sair banes there, nae dying pains there; for the former things are passed away.'

'Ye're going through the dark valley noo, mither,' said Betty, some hours later.

'Well,' she replied, 'it was some dark to begin wi'; but it couldna be lang that, an' Jesus here.'

'Ye're no feart, are ye, mither, noo, when death's jist striking ye?'

'No! what would I be feart for? There's naething can hurt *me*, when God is here, *close at my side!*'

'He never forsaket ony o' his people,' said the anxious daughter.

'*Na*, He's *never* dune that, an' He'll no begin wi' me. I'm *sure o' that*. He'll no forsake me.'

'Are ye happy, mither?' was the last question.

'I'm *dooble* happy; nae creatur' could be happier!'

Thus ended a life, so quiet and unobtrusive, that few suspected the deep and powerful springs that fed its noiseless current. But just as the tiniest leaf, feeding silently on the great air-field surrounding it, reaches at length a full development of its parts; so the spirit of Mrs. Peters,

planted in a rich inner field of spiritual enjoyment, and drinking in quietly deep draughts of life, attained at length such fulness of maturity, that faith seemed wholly lost in sight.

'And though, to me and others, who only saw her occasionally, her knowledge and experience seemed of very little compass, yet to those of her own social standing, the testimony of her life was no doubtful one. The wish of the poet was turned to reality:

'A faithful witness of thy grace,
Well may I fill my appointed place.'

And at length 'an abundant entrance was ministered unto her, into the everlasting kingdom of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

EARLY PROTESTANTISM.

II.—RIENZI.

(*Continued from p.* 359.)

AT this critical period of his career, Rienzi deeply offended the Pope, by appearing before the legate with the demeanour of one who came to dictate terms rather than listen to them. He treated the representative of the Pontiff with studied contempt, and ere long the papal thunder-bolts were hurled against him. These, however, the Romans had learned to disregard; and Rienzi might have defied even the wrath of the Pope, if his courage had been equal to his pretensions, or such as it had been a few months before. But the people were discontented, and saw that his energy, instead of being braced by dangers and difficulties, rapidly gave way before them. He offered to resign the office of Tribune, but was evidently anxious that this should not be accepted; and, finally, when two of the nobles marched boldly into the city, at the head of an armed force, and occupied the palace of the Colonna, he did not make a single effort to expel them. At length, feeling that his power was gone, Rienzi summoned an assembly of the citizens, laid down his authority, and, after an abortive attempt to regain it, fled precipitately from Rome. His fall was as sudden and, by the nobles, as unexpected as his rise had been. The triumph of his enemies was so easy and so noiseless indeed, that some time elapsed before they ventured to take advantage of it.

Meanwhile Rienzi found refuge with the Franciscan Spiritualists, who, waiting for the manifestation of the Holy Ghost, and the golden year prophesied by the predecessors of Fra Dolcino, lived austere lives amid the wild recesses of the Apennines. Here he assumed the habit of a lay brother, and vied with the most zealous of the stern community in self-mortification. His imaginative and strongly superstitious nature obtained abundant nourishment in the society of the visionaries whose rude homes he shared. There seems reason to suppose that, in his earlier years, he had embraced some of the doctrines of the Spiritualists, for throughout his public life he professed to be guided by the special influence of the Holy Spirit. Whether he really believed in that supernatural revolution which had been prophesied by the Abbot Joachim, and looked for by the followers of Fra Dolcino, or merely made opinions, which had obtained a certain hold upon the popular mind, subserve his own purposes, cannot be correctly ascertained. But he selected the festival of the Holy Ghost as the day most auspicious for his effort to liberate Rome. In his public documents he ascribed the changes which had been wrought through his instrumentality to the influence of the Divine Spirit; and at one of his great festivals, while at the summit of power, he assumed seven crowns, symbolical of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. A strong religious enthusiasm, indeed, pervaded the whole of his public career, and often expressed itself in a way strangely inconsistent with his personal vanity. Amid the savage solitudes of the Apennines, and the austerities of a life which he declared to be an anticipation of immortality, their superstition took still wilder forms. The vague belief in a special supernatural assistance led to the delusion of special revelations made to him as the chosen agent of miraculous changes, by which the Papacy was to be reformed, Italy united, and Rome's supremacy restored.

The true explanation of the growth of these superstitions in a mind which, though never very powerful, had applied itself with energy and steadiness to practical affairs, is, perhaps, to be looked for in the sudden changes of fortune which Rienzi had experienced, and the effect of association, for more than two years, with men whose sole bond of fellowship was a community of visionary notions. The subsequent career of the ex-Tribune seems, indeed, to leave very little room to doubt that his intellect had been to some degree impaired.

Hopeless though he might have been of a return to power, Rienzi still had friends in Rome, and with these he appears to have maintained a correspondence. He even ventured to visit the scenes of his greatness; but the Romans, carried away by the religious fervour of the year of jubilee, appalled by the terrible plague (the ravages of which both Petrarch and Boccaccio have described), or absorbed by new revolutions, allowed their former Tribune to come and go unnoticed among the crowds of pilgrims who visited the shrine of St. Peter.

It was on his return from the second of his two secret journeys to Rome that Rienzi, by his own account, was visited by an holy hermit, Father Angelo, sent as the messenger of Heaven's will to him, as the instrument of that reformation for which the devout and solitary Spiritualists

ad long looked and prayed. By this somewhat
ysterious personage, the fallen Tribune was
mmissioned to repair to Prague, and, in pre-
nce of the Emperor Charles IV., to rehearse
e prophecies of a civil and spiritual revolution
hich were about to be fulfilled. Nor was he
ow to undertake the mission, of which he has
imself left us a full account. He had little
ifficulty in obtaining access to Charles, before
hom he had no scruple in avowing his entire
elief in those Spiritualist doctrines against which
e church had launched its thunders, and the
quisition employed all its deadly engines. The
mperor appears, indeed, to have been previously
ware of his adherence to these doctrines; for
o sooner had Rienzi announced himself as a
erald commissioned to proclaim the approaching
ign of the Holy Ghost, than he was recognised
the ex-Tribune of Rome.

The mission to Charles was, however, a poli-
cal more than a religious one. Its main object
as to induce the emperor to bestir himself in
e affairs of Italy, and to employ Rienzi, the
pernaturally appointed ruler of Rome, as his
ief agent. Whether the story of the hermit's
ophecies, and that of his own imperial parent-
ge (now for the first time openly announced),
ere the inventions of a schemer, the delusions
a fanatic, or had in them a groundwork of
uth, are points we cannot undertake to deter-
ine. Suffice it that the emperor was not moved
ither by appeals to his religious zeal or his per-
nal ambition. Rienzi's addresses to him display
curious combination of sound worldly policy
nd visionary projects, vanity and humility,
isdom and delusion. But Charles was no en-
usiast; and Rienzi next endeavoured to gain
ver his two most influential counsellors. One
these was, however, a churchman (the Arch-
ishop of Prague), and the heterodoxy of the
ew apostle was startling. Meanwhile it be-
me known at Avignon that the ex-Tribune and
resiarch had taken up his abode at Prague,
id Pope Clement vehemently demanded his
rrender. The emperor, not indisposed to get
d of one with whose projects he had no sym-
athy, yet whom he regarded as to some extent
ngerous, forthwith gave him up to the tender
ercies of the Pontiff; and Rienzi, who had
rst visited the seat of the papal court as the
oquent representative of the Roman people,
turned to it a prisoner, bound in chains, and
arded by soldiers.

The forlorn patriot had nothing to hope for,
t everything to fear, from the dissolute church-
en who surrounded the chair of Clement. He
ad committed the unpardonable offence of en-
eavouring to restore that chair to Rome; he
as a heretic, a rebel, and a banished man.
ven his friend and correspondent, Petrarch,
ho had rejoiced in his successes, and applied
is genius to their celebration, had forsaken him.
he poet had hailed Rienzi as the deliverer of
aly with an enthusiasm which was purely
etic, and looked for stern virtues, which he
id not himself possess. He would have had the
ribune to have fallen as the Gracchi fell; and
e flight from Rome was, in the poet's eyes, so
poor and unromantic a *denouement* of a brilliant
drama, that it was, in his estimation, perhaps, a
greater offence than the vanity or the weakness
which had rendered it necessary.

An ecclesiastical commission was appointed to
try the rebel and heretic, who meanwhile had
been consigned to a narrow dungeon, and denied
all aid in preparing his defence. But Rienzi's
strange career was not yet near its close. Several
circumstances combined to give a favourable
turn to his fortunes. His chief enemy, the Pope,
stricken by a mortal illness, allowed the trial to
be often interrupted; and the cardinal judges,
engrossed with the prospect of a new election
to the papal chair, were indifferent to the guilt
or innocence of a man whom they thought they
could now render harmless. The rigours of
Rienzi's imprisonment were relaxed. He was
allowed to pursue his favourite studies, and to
seek in the Bible and the ancient history of
Rome a solace which, he assures us, he had
often derived from them amid the cares of power
and the lowliness of exile. A rumour spread
abroad (wholly without foundation, as Petrarch
is careful to tell us), that the prisoner was a
poet; and in an age which had seen a laureate
crowned in the capitol, this character was a
passport to public favour. A new revolution
in Rome, and the excesses to which it led, had
directed the notice of the new Pope, Innocent
VI., to the states of the church, where the tur-
bulent barons, and the leaders of bold bands
of mercenaries, had nearly destroyed the papal
authority. The celebrated Fra Moreale, with his
army of free lances, held a great part of Ro-
magna; while John de Vico, whom Rienzi had
formerly subdued, had made himself master of
Rome, and assumed the title of Prefect,—sharing
his authority with two senators chosen by the
other nobles. The Romans, chafing under the
tyranny by which they had so often suffered,
once and again expelled their rulers, and raised
a popular leader to the rank of Tribune; but his
tenure of power was altogether uncertain, and
everything was in confusion, when Pope Inno-
cent charged his legate, the bold Cardinal Al-
bornoz, with the duty of restoring the papal
influence in the dominions of the Holy See.

The knowledge which Rienzi possessed of the
various factions striving for the mastery of Rome,
and the communication which he was enabled
to maintain with his friends in the city, gave
him considerable influence with the Pope, who
had not only caused him to be released from
prison, but bestowed upon him some marks of
favour. The eloquence which had charmed
Clement on the occasion of Rienzi's first visit
to Avignon, was not without its effect upon his
successor, who now began to entertain the idea
of making use of the ex-Tribune to gain over
the Roman people. Their recent experiences had
led the Romans to look back with regret to the
brief but brilliant period of Rienzi's rule. They
thought only of his success in subduing the
tyrannous nobles, and began to long for his re-
turn. His wife and family were still in Rome;
and it would appear, from one of his letters, that
the former, after having fallen a victim to the

licentiousness of a churchman, had entered a religious house. His son had already manifested something of the father's disposition; and Rienzi, writing during his hopeless durance, had strictly charged his friend to withdraw the youth from the perils of the world, and devote him to a religious life.

The party favourable to the exile's return were gaining strength, when the Pope resolved to send him to Rome, under the auspices of the cardinal legate, Albornoz. Rienzi seems to have entered readily into the projects of Murant,—doubtless in the belief that they would contribute to his ultimate restoration to power. The legate was, however, a stern and wary tactician, destitute of sympathy for the ambitious views of his companion; and, in all probability, Rienzi would have found that he had been liberated merely to linger inactive in the camp of the papal army, had not his patriotic enthusiasm, which his visionary dreams and his sad experiences had never weakened, communicated itself to several of the legate's immediate attendants—chiefly to two youths, brothers of Fra Moreale. Upon these young men, Albornoz had depended for the neutrality of the formidable leader of the Free Companions. By their influence Fra Moreale might be made an enemy; and there is some reason to believe that Rienzi had already endeavoured to negotiate with him through them. This would account for the boldness with which he demanded to be invested by Albornoz with the dignity of senator of Rome. He had borrowed largely from his two young friends, and by this means had been enabled to increase the number of his partisans in the city. The legate saw that, if resisted, Rienzi might be dangerous; and that, as the nominee of the church, he might be useful. There was no time to lose, for the barons were already combining to oppose the restoration of the papal authority in the districts over which they held sway; and Rienzi, with a military retinue, was sent to Rome as senator nominated by the Pope. Enthusiastically received by the people, he was speedily reinstated in the honours and power which he had formerly enjoyed. For a time he governed the city wisely and well, and it seemed that adversity had subdued his vanity. Though restored to power by the authority of the Pope, rather than the will of the people, he appeared to be actuated only by patriotic motives. The laws enacted during his tribunate were revived, again the haughty barons were compelled to submit to them, and peace was temporarily restored. His military operations against those who still resisted his authority were not, it is true, very successful, but he maintained his authority. The mind of Rienzi had, however, lost its original vigour. The fervour of his younger years had in some degree abated, but he had not learned wisdom. His sufferings, moreover, and his residence among the dissolute society of Avignon, had induced habits of self-indulgence inconsistent with his principles of strict and severe republicanism. He soon relapsed into his former luxuries and vanities. A contemporary, but anonymous biographer, says: 'Formerly he was sober, temperate, abstemious; he had now become a drunkard.' once handsome form had become corpulent unwieldy; and his eloquence, once so captiva had given way to wild extravagance of tho and speech. The fatal intoxication of p had again overcome his better nature. superstition which seemed formerly to hav it were, brought him into contact with the ritual world, now displayed itself in weak groundless fears, which necessitated the cons attendance of an armed guard. His acts dictated by caprice rather than by reason, the people began to regard them as the mere ercise of tyrannical power. The most unpop and unjustifiable of these was the executio Fra Moreale, the brother of the two young to whom he had been so largely indebted. the laws of Rienzi's tribunate, all robbers chiefs of free companies had been summon under pain of death, either to take the oath fidelity to the republic or depart from its te tory. The bold Moreale had scorned the su mons, and had subsequently negotiated w Rienzi himself, whom, after his restoration, had regarded as a friend. He had even ventu to visit Rome, for the purpose, it was thoug of offering his aid to the senator, and with hope, perhaps, of sharing in his honours. was arrested and put to death, in the absence his two brothers, and the Roman populace loo on with abhorrence. Rienzi's position was n more difficult than it had ever been, and he neither the courage nor the wisdom to maint it. Another attempt to impose new taxes led a popular rising. Rienzi seemed for a mom to gain strength. He threw himself into capitol, and from one of its windows endeavou once again to exercise the wonderful power his eloquence. The people would not listen him. Driven back by a shower of stones, sought to escape in disguise, but was arres and dragged to the staircase, where he a essayed to make himself heard. But his h had come. Utterly defenceless, he was thr down, and, stabbed with many wounds, he at the foot of the basaltic lion, which had loo grimly down on the last agonies of many o victims of the people's fury.

Such was the end of Cola di Rienzi, a who seemed raised up to be the restorer of Ro ancient freedom, and the champion of Its unity. His character has been variously mated. A brilliant English writer has thr the light of his genius around it, and represe the last of the Tribunes as one of the gre martyrs of Italy's independence. A great lish poet has given the name of the enthusi but misguided republican a place with thos the sternly brave and virtuous of ancient R But History, a more impartial judge, disc in him many fatal defects. A pure and idealist in his younger days, he lacked vi of mind to give permanancy to his concepti Wanting the rough qualities which would h extended and might have consolidated his po the lustre of the finer ones he displayed obscured by vices which are supposed, not wi out reason, only to belong to weakness.

THINGS THAT LAST.

t at some of those things that
out.'
ieard a poor blind girl sweetly
ds will never die.' Ah! we be-
ire among the things that 'will
And we are told in God's own
l one to another, tender-hearted,
other.'
the Lord will never wear out.
s shall wither, and the flowers
vord of the Lord endureth for
24, 25).
righteous will never wear out.
the world to come as long as
out the death of the wicked will

e kingdom of heaven will never
pleasures of this world soon die;

but the enjoyments of that world will never have an end.

The crown of glory will never wear out. The crown of the winner in the Olympic games soon faded; the crowns of kings will all wear out; but the crown of glory will never fade away (1 Peter v. 4).

The 'new song' will never wear out. We hear sometimes that some of our tunes are worn threadbare; but that will never be said of the new song.

Which will you choose? The lasting, or that which wastes away? the things of time or eternity? Will you choose wealth, honour, fame; or the joys of heaven, eternal life, the crown of glory, and the 'new song?' May God enable us to make a wise choice; and, with Joshua, may we choose to serve the Lord.

THE OLD PSALM TUNE.

dear friend, the other day,
my charmed ear
uncultured tone,
psalm tune to hear?

ıll oft, in foreign lands,
l orchestral strain,
c's ancient masters live,
on earth again;

hing, solemn instruments,
ıg clouds of sound,
yearning, trancèd soul,
r wings around.

n old St. Peter's dome,
uds of incense rise,
ng the choral swell
ward to the skies.

feel the magic power,
lled and cultured art
webs of sweetness weaves
he captured heart.

ır friend, though rudely sung,
psalm tune hath still
power beyond them all,
ıt soul to thrill.

ıg tones that sound to you,
he tones I hear;
of the loved and lost
t my longing ear.

ngel mother's voice—
re the words she sung;

I hear my brother's ringing tones,
As once on earth they rung;

And friends that walk in white above,
Come round me like a cloud;
And far above those earthly notes
Their singing sounds aloud.

There may be discord, as you say;
Those voices poorly ring;
But there's no discord in the strain
Those upper spirits sing.

For they who sing are of the blest—
The calm and glorified—
Whose hours are one eternal rest,
On heaven's sweet floating tide.

Their life is music and accord;
Their souls and hearts keep time
In one sweet concert with the Lord—
One concert vast, sublime.

And through the hymns they sang on earth,
Sometimes a sweetness falls
On those they loved and left below,
And softly homeward calls.

Bells from our own dear fatherland,
Borne trembling o'er the sea—
The narrow sea that they have crossed,
The shores where we shall be.

Oh! sing, sing on, beloved souls;
Sing cares and griefs to rest;
Sing, till entrancèd we arise
To join you 'mid the blest!

—*Mrs. Stowe.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

2 Cor. iv. 10, 11.

This old warrior, who has passed through many fights, carries about with him his scars, as memorials of his battles—evidences both of danger and deliverance. So Paul said, 'I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.' He was 'in deaths oft;' 'always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake.' 'I die daily.' The old warrior will narrate to you the history of every wound. He will say, 'This was Waterloo, this was Sebastopol, this was Lucknow.' So Paul, pointing to his scars, could say, 'This was Antioch, this was Iconium, this was Lystra, this was Philippi, this was Damascus, this was Jerusalem.'

It is of this constant exposure to death that he is speaking in our text. Every part of his body bore marks of death. The rods, the stones, the chains, the stocks—these were imprinted on his body, as seals both of death and life. We can imagine, too, his lean, pale, weather-beaten face and form,—all telling of his encounters with hardship, danger, death, in an hundred forms. Did all these speak merely of his endurance and bravery, and patience and martyr-spirit? No; they told of the *life* which was sustaining him; a life beyond his own; a life superhuman, superangelic, nay, divine—the life of Christ; a life which sustains and invigorates, not the body only, but the soul as well. It is this life which keeps alive the spark, which a whole ocean, with all its storms, is seeking to quench. No life but that of Christ,—the mighty life of the God-man, all-sustaining, irresistible, irrepressible, unquenchable,—could accomplish this. It is only such a life that can do battle victoriously with such death as is *in* us and *around* us.

The life here spoken of is not the substitutional or sacrificial, at least not in the substitutional or sacrificial aspects. It is life as a root, or fountain, or vital power. It is not a life given *for* us, but a life given *to* us. It is the life of the risen Christ; resurrection-life; his risen life deposited, as in a vessel, for us, and showing out all its fulness in the counteraction of the death which is in us and around us. It is in reference to this life that the apostle reasons: 'If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life;' that is, If a dying Christ did so much for us, what will not a living Christ do? Let us look, then, at this vessel and its contents. Truly it has been said, 'Christ is life, others only live.' Mark this 'life of Christ.'

I. *It is large.*—The vessel is capacious, and its contents are commensurate with its capacity. The amount of life contained in it is infinite; and no amount of death or weakness can prove too great for it to counteract and overcome. O vastness, O infinity of life, what is there that thou canst not do for us! What is the extent of death in a human soul or body, when compared with this life divine! Good news indeed!

II. *It is constant.*—This life is not fitful. It does not come in tides, ebbing and flowing; nor in seasons, sometimes winter, and again summer; nor in alternations, as day and night. It is continuous, *unbroken*, ever flowing. It is the river which *ceases not*. It is the deep, deep well, which never runs dry. It is the fresh, clear atmosphere, wl always surrounds us, and which we breathe ev moment. It is like himself, the unchanging O 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' ever-constant life! Ever full—full, and runr over! that knowest no drought, no break, change! Surely *we* were not meant to be fitful, changeful beings that we are! With su life, should we not be calm and constant?

III. *It is free.*—Priceless in every sense i Without price, and beyond price! 'Free' is word inscribed on this divine vessel. No condit no merit, no price! The life is *a gift*, and t gift is absolutely and unconditionally free. that the vessel contains of life for the dead dying, is as free as God himself can make it. (interposes no limitation, no restriction, no p chase. He who would clog the gift with any p or condition, is a rejecter of the gift, and a dis liever in the love of the Giver. It comes to without money, we come to it without merit. life-giving energy of Christ, how *free* art thou!

IV. *It is suitable.*—It takes up every part of o being, and extends to every region, every circu stance of our life. It pours itself into every facul and feeling, and organ. It meets us at every poi It brings forth from its unsearchable riches t very things that we require in every exigency. Paul's case, it was the body that it so specia suited; meeting, as by a miracle, every emergen of disease or danger; not simply like an impe trable shield interposed to ward off some mor stroke, but an inward virtue or power, making man himself impenetrable and invulnerable; ra infusing new life where death sought to come. not merely flings off death, but pours in life; s the man at whom the deadly stroke is aimed, r not merely unwounded, but quickened and freshed. Who is there amongst us whose case not met by this manifold life?

V. *It is powerful.*—Omnipotence is in it. I not the mere skill of the physician, but the in sistible power of a divine vitality, which no k nor amount of creature-death can neutralise conquer. The *power* of the life of Christ was t which specially came forth in the history of t apostle, whose every step was on the edge of dea so that any one looking at him, and knowing daily history, would say, 'His life is a miracl and, 'What a life must that be which keeps t man alive!' It is life-giving, comforting, revivi healing power. O mighty life of the risen Chri What a fountainhead of vital power art thou us, in this daily battle between life and death!

VI. *It is available.*—We might say, it is pla at our disposal, and within our reach. It is nig as near as He is, in whom we live. *How* it po itself into us, we know not. It has a thous channels, and will make itself known in a thous ways, being administered by the Holy Ghost. quickens at first, it quickens to the last. It po itself in through faith, through the word, throu prayer, through praise, through the sacrament We are surrounded by this mighty life. It is wit us, it is around us, a well of water springing into everlasting life. It makes our life a contin resurrection. Like Abraham, we lay our life (he did Isaac) on the altar; like Abraham, we recei it again from the dead. We live in and throu the living One. 'Because He lives, we live also

PAUL THE SAINT.*

PHIL. iii. 12.

THE apostle this day comes before us in the most blessed character which can attach to any one while yet on earth. It is as a *saint* that we are now to contemplate him. In other words, as one who had a deep and true experience of the life of God in his soul. And in this respect, it is a matter of the most vital importance that we should all see in him our own representative. If we are on the way to heaven at all, we must be treading in the footsteps of the great apostle, in regard to our earnest and unceasing prosecution of holiness. The title of saint is one which has often been misapplied, and sometimes even made the object of ridicule; but in its true meaning as a *sanctified one*, it must, in a lesser or greater degree, be descriptive of all true Christians. Little will it avail us to have our names written in the proudest roll of fame, unless they stand inscribed among such as are worthily denominated saints. This is the class of human beings that in the sight of Heaven are both most highly honoured and most truly happy. They may be found in any rank of life, in any region of the earth, and possessed of any kind and degree of talent or power; but, whether in the palace or in the cottage, whether among the natives of England or of India, whether learned as the most renowned philosophers, or unlettered as the humblest peasants —it is still *they* who constitute above all others our world's glory; they who have been numbered among the children of God; they whose brows are to a spiritual eye encircled by a coronet of light; and they who are advancing, under divine and infallible guidance, to 'an inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away' (1 Pet. i. 4). No ambition could be loftier than that which aspires to a place among such, and no question is so momentous as that which asks whether or not *we* are yet ranked among them. The Lord grant that we may all deeply feel the solemnity of this subject; and that, forgetting the honours, the pleasures, and the occupations of earth, our one great object may now be to ascertain whether or not we are to be reckoned with those who are on their way to the kingdom of heaven.

In looking, then, at the apostle as displaying the character of a saint, I know of no words which could more appropriately be selected as our text than those before us. They seem to include every feature that is essential to a child of God, and at the same time to contain nothing that can be deemed peculiar to him who wrote them. There may be many expressions in Paul's writings which we hesitate to adopt as applicable to ourselves, or as detailing our own experience; but there is no true believer upon earth that will not be ready to subscribe with his own name, so to speak, the declaration which Paul here makes when he says, 'Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus.'

What then, let us inquire, are the features in the character of a saint suggested to us by these words?

First, *They indicate a consciousness of some spiritual progress.*

It is clear that the apostle here regards himself as having at least entered on the Christian course. While he disclaims *perfection*, the very fact that he does so implies that he was sensible of having made *some* Christian attainments. And in like manner, there is no true believer but knows, or may know, that he has set out for the kingdom of heaven. Without some such consciousness, there is manifestly no ground for any one claiming a place among those who are denominated saints. Infinite are the degrees of advancement among such; but all agree in having at least *entered* on the way to life; and all, if they reflect, may find certain evidence that they have done so. For what is it that discriminates between a dead and a living soul—between one who is still in bondage to iniquity, and another who has become a servant to God? Is it not the earnest acceptance of Christ as a Saviour, according to these words of the Apostle John: 'He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life?' (1 John v. 12). And is it not impossible that any one who has performed this act of acceptance should be unconscious of what he has done? It consists in a deliberate choice made by the heart; it implies a fixed determination of the will; and every one, therefore, who has in reality laid hold of Christ must be sensible that such is the case, just as he is sensible of having performed any other act of his earthly life.

* From Dr. Roberts' able and interesting volume, *Life and Work of St. Paul.* 1867.

The reason why some of those whom there is good ground to believe God's children never reach an assurance of their salvation, or but occasionally possess it, is to be found either in their forgetting the ground on which acceptance depends, or in the inconsistency which marks their conduct. If a believer does not keep habitually before him the great truth that Christ's righteousness alone is the foundation on which he rests, and looks to himself for hope before God, then, according to his own shifting frames and feelings, will be the fluctuations of his confidence for eternity. Or, if a believer wounds his own conscience by indulging in courses which he knows to be wrong, and by neglecting duties which he feels to be incumbent, he cannot, and he ought not to cherish that conviction of his safety which might otherwise have been possessed. But all this does not involve in any obscurity the consciousness which lies imbedded in the heart, as to whether or not that act of will has been performed which amounts to the acceptance of Christ. This is a pure question of fact, which any one can answer for himself without a moment's hesitation. Have I ever deliberately laid hold of Christ? Have I gone to Him with my sins? Do I cling to Him as my Saviour? Has the moment ever yet arrived in my experience when I awoke to my condition as a sinful and immortal being, when I felt myself exposed to the wrath of God, and trembled at the prospect of a lost eternity? Did I then listen to, and accept the offers of, the gospel? With the world and destruction on the one side, and Christ and salvation on the other, did I deliberately make the choice which implied the renouncing of sin and the acceptance of the Saviour? These are questions which every one of us should be able to answer for himself without any hesitation. And even if you do hesitate as to the past, there can at least be no doubt with respect to the present. If already you *have* accepted Christ, it is certain you will be prepared to do so again this day; and thus, by the response which your heart *now* gives to the invitations of the gospel, you may at once discover ground to conclude whether or not you are to be ranked among the saints of God.

Perhaps no violent change, such as occurred in the case of the Apostle Paul, has ever taken place in your experience. And therefore I do not ask you to be able to define, as he could, the time and manner of your conver The line between darkness and ligl case broadly drawn, whereas in y gloom may have gradually disappea may have been almost impercept into the brightness of day. This experience which is far more cor ourselves than it was, or could h apostolic times. *Then* the transiti rally to be made from a state of op to the gospel to a hearty acceptanc *Now*, we grow up all our days surr blessed influences, and more or l power. The children of a Christia imbibe from infancy the spirit of vi the work of grace may be so g gently carried forward in their hea impossible to mark the time whe first won to God. But those who way been led to Jesus, will neverth testimony of *consciousness* as to the they have made. Again and agai have taken hold of Christ as their most gladly will they repeat that any moment they are urged to do to decide between the world and G

I appeal then with confidence to every one of you for an answer to whether or not you have really en path of life. If you are truly rank saints, you must have some eviden is the case. And the one point on v concentrate your attention is as to acceptance of Christ as your Savio ask you to give a lengthened descri experience, or to set forth the co dencies which may exist in your h things will vary in the case of differ and cannot therefore be made a c any one's spiritual state. But in r rudimental point of having accept true believers are agreed. If you that such an act has been performe if you are not prepared to repeat it your conscience does not testify tha have laid hold of Jesus as your Savi heart does not prompt you still to as your Portion—then it seems im you can claim even the humblest the saints; you are still in that broa leadeth to destruction, and the wor have no real significance as uttered

MISS RUSSELL'S THIRD YEAR IN JERUSALEM.

(A SEQUEL TO HOME IN THE HOLY LAND.)

CHAPTER IX.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

THE day of Rachel's visit had been an important one to us all. My brother had, some time before, obtained Rabbi Abraham's leave to make his daughter Rachel an offer of marge, but had been obliged to wait for a convient opportunity. Walter had stipulated with father that the secret should be kept till he self could speak; and Rachel, who looked up 'Mr. Walter' with great reverence, was much prised by the communication he made to her our pine bower.

I was *not* surprised; for it was many months ce I had discovered my brother mysteriously gaged upon a small painting, which proved to Rachel, as she had appeared when we were ssing our chapel with evergreens on Christmas two years ago, with the palm branches in r hand and drooping over her head. It was, leed, a charming portrait, and seen by no one myself till very lately, when shown to her her as the text of Walter's discourse. It ld have been impossible for any one, with so n an eye for beauty as my brother, to fail in iring my pretty pupil, whose sayings and gs gained an indescribable charm from her licity and ignorance of the common world. was, in truth, become a most interesting n, having made rapid progress in all I could her, and done infinite credit to the music s so kindly bestowed by Mrs. Wells.

re could be no doubt, moreover, that her of good common sense would easily enable adapt herself to any circumstances in she might be placed; and as to affection, Wells and I had hitherto engrossed what ot bestowed upon her father and brother, was no fear of Walter not receiving an share, in exchange for the admiration with Rachel had hitherto regarded him as her deal of a 'very learned gentleman.'

of course, when surprise had had its way, and Rachel came to an understanding, was settled, and we were all very happy; Abraham and Nathaniel felt sadly that was separation in prospect for them, from ho had been the very life and centre of happiness to them. And I, too, could not what Walter had been to me for so many could not be *quite* glad that I should no be all in all to him.

vever, we were to have another winter to- the wedding was not to take place till But after that, what was to become of

lter was to go to England to show his bride relations, to take his paintings to London, lso to look after our property at Riverside. could not bear to think of leaving Jerusalem—it had become a home to me; yet how could I stay here alone? Oh, how often we make imaginary troubles for ourselves by anticipating! This and many other difficulties melted away before the wedding-day came.

But I did not then know how it would be; and the next day, as I sat at my work, my thoughts would dwell upon these things. Nobody needed me in England; yet, how should it come to pass that I might stay here in Jerusalem and yet not live a solitary life? True, I could find employment, even amusement—that is to say, what would be amusement to me; though, certainly, there were as yet neither concerts nor balls in Jerusalem. 'C'est a mourir de tristesse,' was the unvarying complaint of Madame French Consul Lannoye. But I had never been dependent on concerts and balls for happiness; and was sure that Jerusalem life would become more interesting and more varied in proportion as I became better acquainted with the languages and manners of the people, and also in proportion as the city itself grew and rose into importance. But to live *alone;* I could not quite make up my mind to that, and Walter would certainly not agree to it for an instant. But how could I choose to leave all these dear scenes for ever?

My eyes filled with tears as I involuntarily raised them to the Mount of Olives, now under the full blaze of the noon-day sun. There is something sad and solemn in the intense light of noon-day, and in its stillness. The birds forget to sing, the flowers droop; for is not the early dew, that gave them life and fragrance, gone? The very trees are all silent. But the tree-crickets? I forgot them; they are revelling in the clear heat, which has but awakened them into the full enjoyment of existence; yet their monotonous chirrup seems to increase the silence. The breeze was late to-day in springing up; the morning had been very hot; all our Fellah neighbours were asleep; the cattle could thresh no longer; the winnowers had lain down to rest under a hawthorn bush, for there was not air enough stirring to carry the chaff farther than the wheat. I felt depressed, and there was nothing to rouse me from anxious thought.

But soon the delicious north-west breeze was heard coming up the valley; delicately it touched the top of one tree after another along the line—just shook the utmost branches of the one I was sitting under, and wafted a breath of perfume through the pine bower. Then all was still again, more silent than before; for the shaking of the branches had frightened and hushed the crickets.

I forgot to think in listening for the next approach of the breeze. It came, rustling faintly in the distance; nearer, nearer still, now gathering strength as it rose, fanning my temples for an instant. Again it died away, and again it swept up the valley; but this time with steady force.

The branches played and danced for joy, and would not let it go again, and presently the crickets took courage, and chirrupped in concert with its music. Very soon my little friends the goldfinches in the pomegranate tree awoke, and springing on their accustomed sprays, began to sing to their little ones and to me, and my gloomy thoughts were not proof against such a host of pleasant influences. They all fled; while patience and hope began to whisper that in some unknown way all would end well for me also.

How often since have I thought of that morning! nay, even now, though many years have passed, I can still distinguish the stillness of that glowing noon-day—the faint rustle of the reviving breeze. And I can still hear perfectly a strange sound, which began to be heard after the breeze had become steady and strong. At first it puzzled me much There was a group of rocks not far off upon a bank, and from these, ever and anon, would issue a strange trumpet-like note, stronger now, now fainter, then ceasing altogether, then suddenly returning. It was the wind passing between two rocks which stood near to each other. I often heard it after this; and convinced myself and Walter that it came from this cause, and used to imagine how these musical rocks might puzzle a superstitious people, and indeed become a sort of oracle in the hands of a diviner.

That evening, Walter and I walked till very late up and down our pleasant terrace. There was little dew, but the air was deliciously soft and cool. We had talked over our plans for the wedding—the journey to England.

'Walter,' said I, suddenly, forgetting all difficulties, 'I should like to stay in Jerusalem.'

'Alone, Emily? that must not be. Have you quite given up old England?'

'No; but if Miss Brandon were here, I should not be alone; and I don't think I could leave Jerusalem, even for dear old England.'

Walter laughed, and said: 'Well, the time is not come yet; many things may happen before next spring.' And then sighing, he added: 'Indeed, Emily, I don't know how I shall make up my own mind to leave Jerusalem. The happiest days of all my life have been spent here, and the most useful to me in many ways. Thank God my Bible has become a different book to me since we have lived here; and Abraham has done me much good too. Till I saw him, I had never met any one who had suffered loss for the sake of Christianity—for the belief in our Saviour—and it set me thinking. The simplicity of his faith is very beautiful; and then, dear, I have thought seriously about my future life. I don't think I shall spend it painting pictures. Of course I can't give up painting; at least some part of my days must be spent for the good of my fellow-creatures.'

'Oh, then, come back here, Walter, and let us live in Jerusalem always!'

'I have thought of that myself, and Rachel wishes it. She calls it the land of her fathers, and so it is. Then my Arabic might be of use; it would be a pity to throw it away again.'

'Stay, Walter, don't throw away your painting either. I am sure true pictures scenes will not be useless. I am sur not given you that talent for nothing. need not paint all day long: devote time to that, and do what you will wit

'I don't want to give it up, Emily; be a severe trial. But serious, solemn come in about the thousands of misera beings around us, passing away in ig our Saviour, and I feel as if I could my life merely painting pictures on can come up to the bower terrace, and le the moon rise.'

My brother's thoughts about the w done in Jerusalem were the same as He had but expressed feelings which ventured to put into words, in refere wish to stay here.

CHAPTER X.

TRIP TO HEBRON.

THE last evening but one of our tent Honeysuckle Rocks had arrived. W decided upon taking an excursion t before winter set in, and to show m of Eshcol in all the glories of the vi short stay at Hebron was, in fact, nec the picture he was painting; and all parations were made. Abraham, R Nathaniel had spent the afternoon wi after bidding them good-bye, we ran our encampment into the fields, and the under a tree to talk. Perhaps it was ing of the rooks—those dear home bir journeyed to rest in the northern oli that made us talk of England, of old the church tower among the elm trees side, and the early chimes on Sunday while the rooks were flying round the belfry, and the filbert trees that grass walk where, when children, w pace up and down and learn our collec monthly roses in the verandah, and verbena that climbed up to the bedroo and the purple vine, and the green covered the trellis on each side of the

A huge flapping overhead interr Two crows were flying home to a n distant, their glossy black coats gild slanting sunlight.

'There, Emily, the hoarse croak of o crows is not like that rich, deep note.'

'No, indeed, this is musical as a b spoke, a pretty little owl settled on a an opposite tree. 'I wonder people owls; the twitter of these little creatu about is positively delightful.'

Before Walter could reply, one of kawasses came galloping up, and bro packet of letters from the English mai too dark for us to see to read, and w home, only stopping once or twice to glowworm under some stone, the soft of whose fairy light reminded me of we had seen that morning before s picked up one to take home. We co

ead the addresses of our letters by its light. Haj Omar called it the Ghoul's lamp; 'for, do not he Ghouls need her light when they wander orth at night for evil purposes?'

As usual, the post brought us mingled tidings if joy and sorrow: one old friend, of whose ill- ness we had not heard, was gone to a better world; a cousin was born to us; some of our friends were in adversity, others prospering, and we could only pray for them in general terms; for time had passed since the letters were written —nearly a whole month, and the joys might ere now have been turned into sorrows, the afflic- tions passed away, or the living be numbered with he dead. Alas for the distance—not so much of space as of time—which separates friends on arth!

Among the letters was one from Miss Brandon. She had made up her mind to come to Jerusa- em. 'As for happiness, I can be happy wher- ver I am busy, and you do not seem to have found life in Jerusalem so very gloomy. *You* o not mention hardships, but others have abun- antly prepared me for them; and one ought to e willing to bear a few hardships,' etc.

'And so Miss Brandon is to be here in March, Emily!'

'I told her she ought to be here before the eat sets in.'

'Quite right. Now you must ask her to come nd be our guest till she finds better quarters.'

I wrote, and in due time got for an answer hat she would be only too glad to come to us. So here were some more touches added to the im picture of coming events.

Next day we got up very early—by starlight,— nd were on horseback before sunrise. All the ents were packed up; Katrina and her kitchen urniture sent to town, for Constantine was to e cook during the Hebron trip; the last strap ad been buckled, the last rope tied, and the aggage mules were trying to rub off their loads gainst each other, or against the trunks of the ive trees. The pine bower—no longer fresh, las! but faded brown, and yet still fragrant in he dewy morning—had been rifled of all its little omforts, its cushions and its carpets, and stood here a melancholy memorial of past happy ays.

Haj Omar led up the horses; and the Fel- hheen stood round, partly to wish us a pleasant ourney, but chiefly in expectation of the pro- ised reward for use of their ground. This was aid; not all in a lump, unfeelingly, but divided to various sums—all as so many different ways f expressing kindness. There was first the prin- pal sum, given as rent, then a gratuitous present a backsheesh), then a present for our host's mily, a trifle for his mother, a few paras for he youngest child, and so on—thus multiplying he vibrations of kindness from heart to heart.

The poor Arab and his backsheesh have been misrepresented. True, there is an insatiable raving for money common among them; but, I ink, the backsheesh has its origin in something igher than the mere love of gain. How often ave I seen those who understood the little kind- esses of backsheesh (the *free* gift) overwhelmed with blessings: 'May God increase your sub- stance!' 'May He lengthen your days!' 'May He return it to you!'—when, in fact, they had given less money than others who, paying down the stipulated sum dryly, as a mere matter of bargain, were pursued with clamours for back- sheesh; the Europeans denouncing the Arabs as avaricious, while the Arabs returned the epithets, unfriendly, stingy, close-fisted; 'Yed ho dab- boos,' his hand is a club's head, that is, close knotted, like the head of their formidable dab- boos clubs.

We rode away amid cries of 'Go in peace,' 'May God smooth the way before you;' though, it is true, one little urchin, instigated by his mother, did run after us till I threw him a piastre by way of backsheesh.

On reaching Hebron, after a delightful ride over the fragrant hills, we pitched our tents under the great oak tree called Abraham's oak. The fresh pure air, the perpetual breeze under its vast boughs, and the greenness of the vine- yards around, were enchanting. The vines were in fullest luxuriance of bearing; every branch laden with magnificent fruit.

The work which chiefly occupied my brother during our stay, was the picture of 'Abraham buying the field of Machpelah from the children of Heth.' He also took sketches for other sub- jects; among them, 'The Tribes coming to pay homage to King David at Hebron,' as described in second Samuel; also, 'Sale of Jewish captives, by Romans, under the great tree at Hebron,' mentioned by Jerome.

We wandered all over the neighbourhood, sketching, exploring, and studying the features of the surrounding scenery. Not far from the great tree, we found a lovely view of the Medi- terranean, visible between two vine-clad hills.

Walter took many portraits, but, of course, without the knowledge of the people sketched; for their superstitious dread of being taken down on paper would not have allowed them to sit willingly for their likenesses.

There was no one to be seen, among the Jews of the town, whose countenance satisfied Walter's ideal portrait of Abraham so well as the face of a Sephardi Rabbi, from Tiberias, who had lately been in Jerusalem. The expression of this man's face was fine, but yet immeasurably below that which must have dwelt upon the patriarch's coun- tenance, after the experience of so wonderful a life as his.

Taking the general outline of form and feature from the face of the Tiberias Rabbi, Walter had tried to add what was wanting, so as to render, in some degree, his conceptions of the grandeur of Abraham's presence. There was much to be expressed. The natural comeliness of one who has been the ancestor of a pre-eminently handsome race; the dignity of vigorous old age, and the nobility of expression which must, undoubtedly, have been stamped upon every feature, by the consciousness of his high posi- tion, as the founder of the nation in whom all peoples of the earth should be blessed, and by long years of peculiar privilege as the friend of God. With all this, the sorrow, subdued indeed

by hope and faith, yet very present while the old man, who had but just risen from 'before his dead,' was asking the favour of a worthy burial-place for his once beautiful Sarah.

My brother chose the early morning as the period of the transaction. Oriental customs favoured this idea. Sarah may well have died in the night, and the burial ought to take place before sunset next day.

The place selected as the scene of the purchase was the western gate of the city. The chieftains and elders would naturally be found there at sunrise, giving audience and dispensing justice; and many a delightful morning was spent by us together, while Walter sketched the scenes around the gate about sunrise. Arab sheikhs, bearing cruses; their followers, or passers by, looking on with keen interest; camels bringing in sacks of grain from the threshing-floors; women bearing on their heads high-piled baskets of magnificent grapes—both green and purple—the delicate bloom undisturbed on the berries, and the tints set off by here and there a pomegranate of glowing carmine colour. There were also donkey-loads of quinces and walnuts, from the fruit-trees planted everywhere among the surrounding vineyards, besides every kind of vegetable produce in season. I got little sketches of these while Walter was busy upon his own work.

My brother had been fortunate in getting a model for his picture of Ephron the Hittite in a fine old Arab sheikh, who owned a vineyard close to the great oak. He used to come and sit under its shade towards sunset, and tell me legends about the evils which had befallen persons who sacrilegiously harmed the tree, which is venerated by the Moslems. Meanwhile my brother, within his tent, and unseen of course, was busily taking the old man's likeness. He claimed to be nearly ninety years of age; and, certainly, his flowing beard, of snowy whiteness, seemed to confirm his claim. He was in possession of all his faculties, and had an intelligent, kindly face, and fine features.

Walter depicted Ephron and his companions as Arab sheikhs of high class; but he treated Abraham in conformity with the rank he had asserted, in buying not a common grave, but a rich man's rock-hewn sepulchre. He represented him in garb of costlier material, and fashioned like the robes worn by those who live in cities. 'For,' said he, 'Abraham belonged to one of the chief families of a city in Mesopotamia. He gave up the comforts of his settled home, and adopted pastoral life at God's command. But we cannot regard him as a mere Bedawy sheikh, but rather as one of the mightiest nobles of the land, who still preserved his rank and his wealth, his jewels and his retinue of servants; and to whom was naturally due the deference shown him by the great ones of the land, no less than by the kings of Egypt, of Sodom, and of the Philistines.'

The sketches necessary for his work occupied my brother very constantly; however, he found time to take me several most interesting excursions among the scenes of David's exile in the surrounding country. We visited Carmel, the *home of Nabal* the churl; also Ziph and Maon, where David had wandered, pursued by Saul. We even managed to spend one night at Beersheba, which is within a day's journey of Hebron. It will occupy too much space were I to recount all the varied interest of these never-to-be-forgotten days. They passed swiftly away, and our happy three weeks' visit to Hebron came to an end. It was our last evening under the great oak. Last rides had been taken; last looks at the hills, and valleys, and vineyards; last touches put to my drawings of purple grapes, golden quinces, and crimson pomegranates. Relics—stones and dried flowers, leaves and acorns from the tree—had been packed up; the evening star had set for the last time to us, behind the brow of the western hill; and Walter had put away his precious sketches for the 'Purchase of Machpelah from the children of Heth.' Mule bells were heard tinkling along the lane. They were come from Jerusalem to fetch us and our luggage. Letters? Yes, letters; and Constantine brought a lantern that we might read them. A special one, full of private matters for Walter, and a general one for me, both from the same hand.

Rachel had a grand piece of news for me. Judah's wife had actually come back all the way from Riga; they were to be remarried. 'And please come back very soon,' concluded Rachel, 'for it will be a joyful wedding, and we want you to be at it. Only poor Judah has lost his child. Miriam was obliged to leave him in Russia. They had taken him from her, and sent him to some relations to keep, because they were afraid she would go back to her husband, and they thought she would not like to go and leave her child behind. But, you see, not even for her child would she forget her best friend. Is she not the right sort of wife? And she is very pretty; but I forgot, you have already seen her. But you do not know how good she is. I am already beginning to teach her some things; and if you want another pupil, here is one, much cleverer than I was.'

Walter's letter made him happy. He was more taken up with thoughts for the future, than with regret that it was our last night at Hebron; but yet, as we bade each other good night, and stood and took one more gaze into the depths of the old tree, he sighed: 'We shall neither of us forget this last holiday together, Emily. I mean *alone* together,' he added hastily.

I could not sleep for a long time—thought was too busy; but even thought was gradually soothed by the voice of the wind among the branches, the flow and reflow resembling the surging as of waves upon a pebbly shore. Now and then the note of the owl rang forth, bell-like, upon the night air; but at last I fell asleep.

Sorry to leave Hebron! Yes, I had been very sorry; but oh, so glad to get back to Jerusalem! Who would not be glad, and feel a thrill of joy on looking at the grey battlements, and remembering that *home* lies within? And the city looks so pretty, so calm and domestic, in the evening light as one approaches it from the Bethlehem road. It is delightful to have a home in Jerusalem!

Abraham and Nathaniel welcomed us at the

of the city; but Rachel was waiting for us ome. She and Katrina had made the house ıug and comfortable. What a cheerful tea- e they had spread for us! and the dish of es in the centre would not have disgraced ron itself.

ear good girl! she had not only prepared the able for us; but there were places for her r and Nathaniel, and for herself by my side, gh Walter changed that a little, and gave athaniel and Abraham on either hand, while ıt Rachel between her father and himself. happy we were! and how we talked! and Katrina bustled about and scolded Con- ine for being tired! Poor fellow, he had up since day-dawn, and might well be tired; Katrina never was tired, and had no pa- e with those who were. And now we heard articulars about Judah's wife.

nly think, Miss Russell, she has come back ıg to be a Christian!'

thought it must be so, Abraham, or she d never have come back at all.'

o; but there is more than that. Among her ds in Russia she found a young man who a relation of her husband's. He inquired of h's welfare, and Miriam soon found out that hought him in the right for becoming a stian; and they had much conversation, this friend explained all he knew about stianity to her; for, some months ago, he had d a book hidden in a drawer in the syna- ıe, and he took it and read it, and it was a Testament, and he believed it. And so, see, Miriam went all the way to Russia to ıught these things; and that determined her me back to her husband. That other friend oses is his name—helped her, and now he is to England, where he hopes to learn more ıt Christianity; but he told Miriam that he certainly come to Jerusalem some day. I o glad,' added Abraham, 'for our people are asing here. There is only one thing; what loyment will there be? and how can any people earn their bread in Jerusalem? It is enough for us old ones.'

Vhy not do as people do in Hebron? Plant ards and eat the fruit of them,' said er.

h! if that could be, it would be a happy for us all; but who shall help us to begin a thing?'

'Only fancy, Walter, a village of Hebrew settlers! What a delightful idea! and we should make Abraham the sheikh.'

'Then Judah shall be the doctor. He is getting on well at the hospital. Mr. Benson says he is becoming very useful. But I don't want to be sheikh. We should all be brethren alike.'

'Some must be elders, Abraham, even where all are brethren.'

'You have not told us when the wedding is to be, Rachel?'

'Miriam is to be baptized to-morrow, and the wedding will be soon afterwards—the day is not fixed.'

Strange—the baptism before the wedding; but, of course, it must be so. We went to church next day and saw Miriam baptized. It was the very same Miriam whom we had helped to rescue from the Bedaween at Rachel's sepulchre. There were the same black piercing eyes, brilliant complexion, and finely cut features. But she looked more staid and matronly, though still very young, while strange and varied experiences had left their impress upon her. She was grave, but looked very happy. As to Judah, though the tears would trickle down his checks, they were tears of joy; and the painfully subdued expression which had been in his face for many months was gone. He looked at least five years younger. But his curls had disappeared. What had become of them? I could not help asking Rachel this when the service was over.

'Oh, have you not heard that? You know Judah promised Miriam that he would not cut them off, and she sent him word from Russia that she would not marry any one else as long as he wore them. But now she says that he shall not wear a Jewish mark any longer for her sake, and, yesterday, she cut them off herself.'

Mr. Anderson returned to Jerusalem just in time to marry Judah and Miriam. As Rachel had said, it was a very happy wedding. The service was in Hebrew. I had never heard a marriage in Hebrew before. How strangely beautiful and appropriate were the allusions to Isaac and Rebekah, to Abraham and Sarah, the prayer to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob!

How delightful it was that the power of Christianity had triumphed to reunite an attached husband and wife, separated for a time by an unnatural divorce!

(To be continued.)

THE LAST DAYS OF A WORKMAN IN THE VINEYARD.

(Continued from p. 323.)

ONE evening I found a young girl, who had been one of Robinson's Sabbath scholars, sitting beside him; and before I had been long there, another of his class came to ask him he was.

h! my dear girl,' he replied, 'I am very but, please God, I'll be better soon.'

e turned to me and asked, 'Don't you think hanged since the last time you were here?'

'Yes, I think your pain is near an end now.'

'He is sinking fast,' observed his mother.

'He is sinking into Jesus' arms, which are open to receive him, Mrs. Crockett. When at rest there, his trouble will be soon forgotten; it will have worked for him "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory."'

'Ah! my dear friend, those are precious words; but it is hard to realize the promises at times. I wish I could always do so. While I

enjoy moments of great peace and happiness; then again I can think of nothing but this racking pain, and how uneasy I am. Oh! my bed feels so hard and uncomfortable, and my back aches dreadfully.'

The violent pain to which he was subject came on while he was speaking. His features contracted, and the perspiration stood upon his brow.

'My son, my son!' exclaimed Mrs. Crockett, 'it's too bad we ha' no better way for you.'

'No, mother, it is all right: not too bad for me, when the Son of man had not where to lay his head.'

We could none of us restrain our tears. Robinson never lost an opportunity of speaking for Christ. He now most affectionately entreated his young scholars to seek their Saviour, and make Him their Friend while they were full of life and strength, and He would not desert them when they came to lie upon a sickbed.

I repeated some of his favourite hymns, and part of Rev. vii.: 'What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? . . . . These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in his temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

'Oh!' cried Robinson, 'I wish that were realized by me. I wish I was there; but death comes first, and the flesh shrinks from death.'

'Christ overcame death: you will be more than conqueror through Him that loved you.'

I saw he was exhausted by the conversation; so I got up to take leave, saying I knew he could not have enjoyed any reading that evening, as he was so weak.

'No,' replied he, 'I cannot attend long to anything; but I was very glad to hear the verses you recited. Must you go so soon?'

'I fear I must go. Farewell. May our dear Lord bless and keep you. It may be that I shall see you here no more, but we shall meet in the "city."'

'The "city!" he murmured; 'the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Yes, I hope I'll see you all coming there.'

Robinson was no worse when I saw him on the following evening; but he was still greatly tortured by the pain in his breast and side.

'I fear,' said he with a heavy sigh, 'that the deliverance may be several weeks off yet; but I desire to say from my heart, "God's will be done."'

'Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.'

I repeated the last verse of the same beautiful *hymn:*

'And when to heaven's bright realms I so
These words, oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing, triumphant evermore,
Thy will be done.'

'I wish,' said Robinson, 'that I could a say that sincerely; but there are times resignation is very hard.'

'I am sure of that; but although no n can tell how much you suffer, your Sa knows it all.'

'Yes, He knows it all. That thought, in helps me to endure. We can suffer no that He has not tasted.'

'Robinson, have you ever considered many, many sufferers there must be in the w who have, perhaps, as much pain to bear a have, but who are without any refuge or fort because they know not Christ? I k for my part, that his great mercy, in havin me to repentance, sometimes strikes me fresh wonder. Were we, above others, bro to the Saviour, and wakened up to flee fron wrath to come? "Thanks be to God fo unspeakable gift!"'

'Unspeakable!' cried the sufferer; 'su gift! such salvation! and to me, unworthy worthy! Oh, my dear friend, I am unwort I have so little love to Jesus! I know tha lives and reigns, and that He died to save but still my heart is hard and cold, and I Him so little.'

'Certainly,' I answered, 'none on earth Him as He deserves to be loved.'

'But I have read the lives of some,' conti Robinson eagerly, 'who seem to have loved very fervently. Their love has often mad shed tears over my own coldness.'

'Dear Robinson, you do love the Lord J you could say to Him with Peter, "Lord, knowest all things, Thou knowest that I Thee;" and before very long, you will be neither sin nor weakness can come between love and Him.'

Having read thus far in this true tale, d doubt, dear friends, that there is only one worth thinking of, or striving after, or livi in this world, and that one thing is reli No; your minds, if not your hearts, must fess that there is but one. May the dear Jesus, who alone can do it, cause your hea confess it also! Religion is, moreover, the reality in this uncertain, fleeting scene. A is but a show, a changing picture. Shall ing beings such as we are, desire no joy those that cannot last us—a world so tra and subject to change as this,—and negl secure our title to the 'inheritance incorru and undefiled, and that fadeth not awa served in heaven for us?' Thoughts like were passing through my mind that eveni I sat by Robinson Crockett's bedside; a length I uttered them aloud.

'Oh! Robinson, the more I see of sorro more convinced I am that religion is the real thing.'

'Yes, yes!' he cried, 'you use the right —the only *real* thing. You and I are quit of that. Oh I wish—I wish all the neigh

sure of it too! And all who do not know st must perish! How busy we should be lling them to seek Him—life is so short for !'

me days passed before I again turned my s in the direction of Robinson's cottage. I heard nothing of him since my last visit, was quite uncertain whether I should find there or not. How often, on my way, had ked around upon the lovely landscape, and ght it sad he could see it no more! I gazed the blue mountains and velvet pasture s that evening, and the old regret was ng, when this sublime passage in the 33d of h occurred to me: 'Thine eyes shall see the g in his beauty: they shall behold the land is very far off.'

obinson may now, thought I, be gazing on glories of that lovely, far-off land—a land much more fair than this! He may now the King in his beauty, where they receive and gladness, and sorrow and mourning flee y. Not yet, not yet! I found his journey not quite over.

I am now,' said he, 'entering the valley of shadow of death; but I hope Jesus is holding hand as I go through.'

e was beyond speaking much; but he still d to hear the precious words of life. I began peat his favourite verses in Rev. xxii. He ed his hands when I came to the words, old, I come quickly,' and exclaimed, 'Oh that were realized by me! Oh that the joy near! Come quickly, come quickly, Lord s!'

o description can give an idea of the intense ing with which these last words were uttered. range wistfulness in his large mournful eyes ed to look for the coming of a Saviour who no stranger to him, but had long been his Friend and very present help in trouble.

went on with the last verses of the eighth ter of the Epistle to the Romans: 'Who is hat condemneth? It is Christ that died, rather, that is risen again, who is even at right hand of God, who also maketh inter- ion for us. Who shall separate us from the of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or ecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, word? (As it is written, For thy sake we killed all the day long; we are accounted as p for the slaughter.) Nay, in all these things re more than conquerors, through Him that l us. For I am persuaded that neither h, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor rs, nor things present, nor things to come, eight, nor depth, nor any other creature, be able to separate us from the love of which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

m persuaded,' repeated Robinson; 'I am ded! Oh, that is a wonderful word; it a great deal. Am I *per-sua-ded?*' (he d upon the word.) 'Saviour, what does n for me? Could aught separate me from No, no, no! I know nothing that could ne give up my Saviour.'

s weary, thought I; but he will not be long. I am only wearing him out by staying now. 'Farewell, Robinson; you have my prayers; that is all I can do for you.'

'My dear friend,' he replied, 'what can I have better? What can you do more?'

He took my hand, held it long, and kissed it; then he said, 'Farewell,' bade God bless me, and I went away. It was really 'farewell;' for although I went to see him on the following evening, he was too ill to speak to me, and the next day I heard that he was dead.

He is with his dear Master; he has heard the welcome: 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' He had used to the very utmost the talents committed to him by his Lord. No memories of wasted time, wasted health, or wasted influence, can have troubled him on his dying bed.

. . . . .

I was in the room which had witnessed his long, long pain; and, as I looked at the empty bed, I wept tears of that natural regret of which religion does not forbid the indulgence.

'Ah!' cried his sorrowing mother, 'if I could hear his dear voice just once more!'

'If we could hear his voice now, Mrs. Crockett, we should hear it joining in the everlasting song of praise. No more weary sighs for him. God has wiped away all tears from his eyes.'

'Yes, I know it well. That minds me of how he told me not to be mourning too much after him. That evening, when there was no one in the house but him and me, I asked him if he hadna some little word to say to his poor mother, for her to think upon when he was gone. "No, mother," he said; "you an' me has gone over everything by ourselves here, many and many's the time." "But you'll surely hae some wee advice or other to leave me?" "Well, mother," he said, "I needna bid you *not* think upon me, for I know you will; but keep thinking on the Lord Jesus Christ, and then you'll think on me too, for I shall be with Him. That's the way I wish to be minded by you." The directions he gave me, to keep his little brothers constant at the Sabbath school, and to go on with the prayer-meeting; and I was to be sure that his funeral was managed in a quiet, orderly way. He talked and made his preparations, just as if it was life, not death, he was making ready for.'

'And it was life he was awaiting, Mrs. Crockett; he knew that the life everlasting would soon begin for him.'

'It was one day last week,' she continued, 'that he took leave of all his little Sabbath scholars. Oh, if you had seen that sight! I think it would have melted the hardest heart. Ellen Pearson called to see him the day before, and he told her of a happy dream he had, that he was in the school again, with the scholars round him; and he thought they answered him so well in the last verses he gave them to learn, that he was quite content; but the dream had made him wish greatly to see them once more. Ellen went and told them what Robinson said, and they all came back with her the next morning; and Robinson made them take their

Bibles and read to him, and he questioned them. Then he spoke to them so beautiful, no clergyman could ha' done it better. He bid them follow their Saviour, and told them he would look for them all in heaven; and there was that sore a crying when they took leave of him, that I was forced to run out of the house.'

'Your dear son has surely not lived in vain,' I remarked. 'Many souls must have been influenced for good by his example: how many, will not be known until the last day. His patience was indeed a striking lesson to every one who entered this room.'

'I suppose he must ha' meant something like that himself, Miss, when he would say to me, "Maybe it is good for the people to come in here, mother; for you see, no matter how light or foolish they may be when they come in, they always go away thinking." "That's the good words they hear from you, dear," I used to make answer. "I think, mother," he would say, "it is well for them to see what my goodly strength has come to; and if they ask you to show them this poor leg of mine, never hide it from them. The good words I speak! No, no, my dear mother; it is the Holy Spirit makes them thoughtful, not my words." And it was all true. I ha' seen many a sick person, but I never seen the neighbours so struck with any one's trouble before. Robinson said quite right: they might come in here laughing and speaking folly, but they all went out thinking of their souls, for Robinson had aye something to say to them about the Lord Jesus Christ and his great salvation.'

'Did he suffer very much at the last?'

'Not nigh as bad as we were expecting he would. It was a few minutes before he departed that he told us he was as dark as midnight, and the candle was standing there at the bed-head. I asked him if he felt satisfied in his mind, and he said he was quite satisfied and happy. Then he called to his brother to catch his hands and raise him up; and we heard him whispering to himself, "That's like Peter." I think those were the very last words he spoke; for, after he had drawn his breath very heavy for a few minutes, his head sank down on his breast, and we saw he was away from us. We couldna wish to keep him wi' us in his sufferings.'

'No, no, my dear Mrs. Crockett; you would not keep him out of Christ's glorious kingdom, if you could.'

The tale is ended. In telling you all I knew of Robinson Crockett, I have recalled one of the most touching memories of my life; and I hope it may have proved not merely interesting to you, my dear friends, but instructive also. Robinson has been some time dead. It may be that he is not so often thought of as at first by the neighbours who so deeply mourned his early depa for it is the lot of every earthly thing t away and be forgotten; and it is God's m appointment that it should be so, lest we be 'swallowed up of overmuch sorrow.' thank God! Robinson is not now dep upon earthly love. The joys he possesses Saviour's presence are fully satisfying. gone; but, though dead, he may yet sp you in these pages. What does he say t I think he tells the young among you t member now their Creator in the days o youth, while the evil days come not, n years draw nigh, when they shall say, no pleasure in them.' He reminds the old pressing necessity there is for 'redeemi time, because the days are evil;' and m he bids us all to 'work while it is day, night cometh when no man can work.' the work he would incite us to, is wc Christ.

None are too great or too humble, too or too feeble, to help in this work. It best done by each of us in the position in which it has pleased God to place him. man who truly loves the Lord Jesus Chri speak for Him, whether engaged at the task in the workshop or the field, the chu the home, in wealth or in poverty. A littl for Christ from the lips of one who loves how easily is it spoken! Yet that little so easy to speak, may, with God's blessi the means of winning souls. Where Rol is, Christ's love is the theme that animates tongue. If we also hope to be there, and the sweet strain, let us begin to magnify his now in the house of our pilgrimage. I b that every effort made by us for the so others, returns to ourselves in showers of r blessing; that the most feeble spark of lo Jesus which we feel in our own breasts, is derfully fanned and strengthened while we with those around us, and entreat them to their Saviour.

If the spirits of the blest in heaven are mitted to know anything that happens a their old companions, who have still a sore fare to wage with sin here on earth, then Robinson rejoice should any one of these lessons have been learned by my dear fri Our influence for good or for evil can neve The deeds we have done, the words we spoken, will be remembered by those we behind, long, long years after our bodies have returned to the dust. Oh, what an thought! How strong an incentive to speak for Christ,—so to live, that our words works may be such as shall help, not hi our neighbours on life's perilous journey! 'go work to-day in my vineyard.' 'The n cometh, when no man can work.'

Miscellaneous.

On Sincerity.

I could show how much of crime,
nuch of sorrow here,
otted from the page of time,
l men but be sincere!
iling o'er life's stormy sea,
ny a tempest tossed,
i who enter's falsehood's maze,
ly wrecked and lost;

e who nobly speaks the truth,
h it may cost him dear,
r the peace within his breast,
well to be sincere.
it a world would this become,
hanged our lot would be,
e but trust, without a doubt,
n's sincerity! —*Anon.*

Milton.—Come, therefore, O Thou seven stars in thy right hand! Every that now certainly Thou hast visited l hast not forgotten the utmost cor- irth. Oh, perfect and accomplish thy for men may leave their work un- Thou art God—thy nature is perfec- Thou hast settled peace in the church, s judgment in thy kingdom, then saints address their voices of joy and Thee, standing on the shore of that which our enemies had almost driven i didst dignify our fathers' days with ions above all the foregoing ages, okest the flesh; so Thou canst vouch- though unworthy, as large a portion as Thou pleasest; for who shall pre- -governing will, seeing the power of not passed away with the primitive l and faithless men imagine, but thy ow at hand, and Thou art standing Come forth out of thy royal cham- e of all the kings of the earth! Put robes of thy imperial majesty; take mited sceptre which thy Almighty bequeathed Thee; for now the voice calls Thee, and all creatures sigh to

Tattlers.—The heights and recesses urus are said to be much infested by are never better pleased than when the bones of a crane. Cranes are le and make a noise (Isa. xxxviii. 14), irly so while they are flying. The voices arouses the eagles, who spring nd often make the talkative travellers or their imprudent chattering. The ore experienced cranes, sensible of g foible, and the peril to which it , take care, before venturing on the themselves each with a stone, large the cavity of their mouths, and con- impose unavoidable silence on their thus they escape the danger. Reader, unruly tongue? Learn a lesson from es, and to bridle thy tongue by watch- rayer, that thou mayest say with the said, I will take heed to my way, with my tongue.'

Christians, help one another!—A teacher in one of the Southern States was sitting at the window of her room watching two negroes loading goods into a cart. One of them was disposed to shirk; the other stopped, and, looking sharply at the lazy one, said, 'Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?' 'Yes.' 'Then take hold and lift!'

Pray much.—Who ever knew a holy man who did not spend much of his time in prayer? Did ever a man exhibit *much* of the *spirit* of prayer, who did not devote much time to his closet? Whitefield says, 'Whole days and weeks have I spent, prostrate on the ground, in silent or vocal prayer.' 'Fall upon your knees, and *grow* there,' is the language of another, who knew whereof he affirmed.

Manner of Preaching.—A lady, recently, in giving her views of the preaching of a minister, to whom she had listened several times, said: 'I thought it was the business of the minister to feed the sheep. This man don't feed us; he only throws clubs and stones at us, and sends us bleating and hungry home.' Many a one might gather a useful hint from this, as to the proper mode of dealing with the flock of Christ. Harshness, severity, fault-finding, accomplish but little good in the family, the church, or the world. True, it is the pastor's duty to admonish and rebuke, to correct error and reform sin, but always in the spirit of the Master. A scolding minister never yet succeeded in anything, but in scattering the flock, and weakening his hold upon the affections of his people. There is a magazine of power in an affectionate spirit and kind words.

Dangers of the Age.—The Archbishop of York, in a recent sermon at St. Paul's, thus notices the four chief dangers of our existing high state of civilisation: *First*, The tendency to glory unduly in this material progress, forgetting the real littleness of man. *Second*, The temptation to seek and trust in riches; to enjoy our possessions, like Dives, without thinking of Lazarus lying at our doors,—a danger to which all were liable, the strugglers for wealth as well as the wealthy. *Third*, The sensuality of the age,—a sensuality peculiar in this respect, that it is generally united with strength and hardihood, the votary of manly exercises by day being also the votary of dissipation by night; a sensuality without softness, none the less perilous because less repulsive. *Fourth*, The ultimate danger consequent on all this,—of living for the present only, of substituting a blind materialism for the realization of the great verities of the eternal world.

Unstable.—Some are so unstable that they need not only to be anchored or fastened, but firmly *wedged* in, so as almost to deprive them of their liberty; otherwise they will be turned about with every wind of doctrine, and shift their position and their plans continually.

Experience.—Does experience teach fools? Hardly ever. It scarcely teaches the wise. One in a hundred, perhaps, learns by experience; the remaining ninety-nine go on repeating their old blunders, and following ways, or dispositions, or conceits that have already cost them dear.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'Ye have eaten the fruit of lies.'—HOSEA x. 13.

THE subject suggested by these words is, 'Lies, their fruit, and man's eating it;' or simply, 'Lies, and their fruit.' The word is used in a twofold sense,—a lie as to fact, and a lie as to doctrine; untrue report, and unsound teaching; false testimony, and false knowledge (or dogma). This falsity may be negative or positive; as, 'Ye shall not surely die,' and, 'Ye shall be as God.' The lie comes sometimes from man, sometimes from Satan, but never from God; for God is not a man that He should lie; never from the works of God, when rightly interpreted and understood.

By two great lies was man led away from God. By the same two lies has the estrangement been kept up. On these two lies the world has been feeding ever since the fall. Their fruit has been woe and death. These lies are those referred to above: the one a denial of Godhead-perfection, the other an assertion of creature-perfection; the one saying there is no such thing as sin and punishment, the other, there is no such thing as creaturehood limitation and dependency. 'Ye shall not die;' 'Ye shall be as God.'

These two lies God has written his Bible to contradict; for the whole divine word is a confutation of them. But the special confutation is to be seen in the life and death of the Christ of God. His death, as the Sin-bearer, said, 'Ye shall surely die;' and his life, as the dependent Son of man, showed that no circumstances, no progress, no knowledge, could ever make man God, the creature the Creator; but the human, however blessed, and holy, and wise, must ever be the human, and the divine the divine.

Israel's history, to which our passage refers, is the history of the fruit of lies. 'They believed not God,' is the accusation brought against them. They rejected the truth, they received the lie, and the fruit of this was judgment. Every sorrow that came on them was the fruit of a lie. Their last great sorrow,—the ruin of Jerusalem, and the slaughter of its citizens,—was the fruit of a lie. And are they not now, in their dispersion, eating the fruit of lies?

The world's history is the same. Our race has been eating the fruit of lies; not simply of *sin*, but of *lies*. The sorrows, sighs, tears, pains of our race are the fruit of lies,—the original lie of Paradise, and a thousand such since then. The sweating-toil of man, the travail-pangs of woman, the cries of suffering infancy,—what are they but the fruit of a lie? Yon tossing sickbed, yon weary death-bed ('the long day's dying'), yon swelling churchyard, yon shroud, yon coffin, yon funeral, yon open grave—what are they? The fruit of a lie. It is bitter, poisonous, long-lasting fruit. And the world's last days are no improvement upon its first, for in them comes 'the strong delusion that they should believe a lie.' What is every false religion, but the belief of a lie; and the judgments with which God has visited its professors, the eating the fruit of a lie? Anti-Christianity is th special and pre-eminent exhibition of the belie of a lie; and the doom of Antichrist will be th special and awful exhibition of 'eating the frui of lies.'

Each soul's history resembles the above. It i the history of the belief of a lie—of a thousan lies. We begin to believe lies as soon as we ca believe anything at all, and we act daily upon be lieved lies. The two original Satanic lies are con tinually coming up, and along with them myriad of others, all leading us astray. Each day bring forth the lie, the fruit, the eating thereof. Satar or the world, or the flesh, or a friend, or a book or a scene, whispers the lie; it is fair and specious we believe it; it brings forth fruit; we eat of it and the end is bitterness and disappointment. W 'feed on lies.'

What is pleasure, or lust, or revelry? It is th belief of a lie, the feeding on a lie. What is world liness, the love of gaiety, the absorption of th heart in business? The belief of a lie, and th feeding on a lie. We persuade ourselves that thi world is good, and pleasant, and excellent, and s we pursue it in preference to the world to come But the belief of a lie is quickly followed up b disappointment, the sense of hollowness and dis satisfaction. God makes us thus eat of the frui of lies, that we may be torn from them, and betak ourselves to the truth.

What keeps us from Christ? A lie, or lies What makes us choose the broad way? A lie, o lies. What is unbelief, but the belief of a lie Whence come our doubts and fears, but from th belief of lies in preference to the truth; nay, fro our making God a liar, in not believing the reco which He has given of his Son? Whence com backsliding, or the loss of first love, but from c returning to the lie which we had rejected?

God in his gospel meets *the* lie, and all the l which have sprung up on earth. He sends us *truth;* He sends us the true One. And while meets the lie, He does it in his own divine w He says, 'Yes, ye shall not surely die; but not the way you think. Death is the wages of s yet I bring life to the sinner,—everlasting life life through the belief of the truth, even as de came through the belief of a lie.' He says, 'Y ye shall be as gods, but not in your way. I make you partakers of the divine nature, not eating the forbidden tree, but by eating of H whose "flesh is meat indeed, and whose bloo drink indeed."'

What stress God lays on *truth*, and on our lieving it! What sin He declares to be in a and in our believing it! All untruth, all error false doctrine, as well as false statement, has i the nature of a lie. Men in our day think not responsible for the truth, and that there is sin in the reception of error. God protests ag this, and calls on men to receive truth, *his* t as expounded in his one revelation. He who call Lord is 'The *Truth*.' The anointing w we receive from Him is *truth*, and is no lie. Spirit is the Spirit of *truth*. God loveth tru every form and sense; He hateth a lie.

WHY SHOULD WE PRAY TO JESUS?

(*Continued from p.* 375.)

ECAUSE *He is our Prophet.*—He reveals and teaches of heavenly things. Moses said of Him: 'A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your unto me; Him shall ye hear in all ii.). 'God hath in these last days s by his Son' (Heb. i.), and coms is my beloved Son; hear Him' Let us humbly wait on this her and Revealer for his revelachings in all things. 'No man on, but the Father; neither knowthe Father, save the Son, and he the Son will reveal Him' (Matt. And since He declares that thus ternal life' (John xvii.), it is of rtance for us to seek of Him this He is the 'Sower of the seed:' we to make his word effectual in our may make 'us clean,' and 'wise ;' and to give us his Spirit, whom, ill send unto you, to guide you He shall glorify me; for He shall ne, and show it unto you' (John . Let us apply to this 'Teacher l,' who 'spake such gracious words spake,' and 'taught, as one having 'way of God in truth,' to teach o 'learn of Him' all the lessons of and his 'life.' 'Learn of me,' said eek and lowly;' learn 'the fear his 'righteousness,' his 'statutes,' is 'judgments,' etc., and so we all 'taught of God' (John vi.). our getting, let us get 'wisdom' nding' from Christ, who is 'the od,' and is 'made to us wisdom' nd the more we feel our lack of now that 'counsel is his, and sound r. viii.), and that in Him 'are hid es of wisdom and knowledge' (Col. of Him, for He 'giveth liberally, h not' (Jas. i.). If we ask Him, n to us the Scriptures,' and also derstanding to understand them'

V. *Because He is our Priest.*—'We have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God,' 'whither, as the Forerunner, He is for us entered;' 'a Priest for ever;' 'who ever liveth to make intercession for us.' Let us 'draw near with a true heart,' and seek his intercession. He is 'a merciful and faithful High Priest, in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for our sins.' Let us obtain this reconciliation from Him. We may come boldly unto the throne of his grace; for He is 'faithful' over the house of God,' even 'as a son over his own house;' and is 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' and is able 'to succour them that are tempted.' He is the 'Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him,' and is 'able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.' Let us come by Him to God, and obtain salvation. He is 'the one Mediator between God and men;' 'the Mediator of a better covenant' for us, with 'better promises of good things to come.' 'By his own blood He entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.' Let us pray Him to mediate for us, and to 'sprinkle our hearts from an evil conscience,' and 'purge it from dead works,' and 'put away our sin by the sacrifice of himself;' and thus 'sanctifying us by his own blood,' 'by his one offering perfect us for ever' (Heb. ix. x.). Let us ask our High Priest for his blessing of 'forgiveness' and 'repentance' (Ps. xxxii.; Acts iii.). 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world' (1 John ii.). Shall we not confess all our sins, tell all our case, and all our needs, to our great Advocate and ever-prevailing Intercessor?

VI. *Because He is our Judge.*—'The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father' (John v.). Let us honour our Judge by addressing the 'Just One,' and acknowledging his justice, that all his judgments are 'just' and 'true'

(John v., viii.; Ps. cxxxvii.; Gen. xviii.; Rev. xvi.), by appealing to Him from the judgment of men,—'He that judgeth me is the Lord' (1 Cor. iv.),—and 'committing ourselves to Him that judgeth righteously' (1 Pet. ii.); entreating Him to enter *not* into judgment' (to condemnation) 'with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified' (Ps. cxliii.). 'Behold, the Judge standeth before the door;' let us ever wait on his judgment of our conduct, lest in anything we be 'condemned' (Jas. v.). Let us 'make supplication to our Judge,' and He will answer us (Job ix.). And as 'we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, the Judge of quick and dead, and every one of us shall give account of himself' (Rom. xiv.; 2 Tim. i.), let us 'watch unto prayer' before Him, that we be not 'ashamed and confounded' at 'the great and terrible day of the Lord;' but seek of Him that 'preparation of heart' which will lead us 'to look for and hasten unto his coming,' so that He may 'present us unto himself holy and without blemish' (Eph. v.; Col. i.), and grant us 'the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give us at that day, and to all that love his appearing' (2 Tim. iv.).

VII. *Because He invites us.*—To 'come,' to 'look,' to 'call,' to 'ask,' to 'cry,' to 'seek,' to 'draw nigh' to the Lord, as well as the responsive echoes of 'holy men of old,' are so many invitations to prayer—'the heart's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed.' A few passages are cited: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. . . . Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light' (Matt. xi.). Let us tell Him of the burden of our sins, and He will relieve us; and plead our readiness to learn of Him how to do well, and He will teach us. 'Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life' (John v.). 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out' (John vi.). 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. . . . This He spake of the Spirit' (John vii.; Rev. xxii.). Let us take Him at his promise, and ask Him for this life and Spirit. 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' 'Unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear.' 'Surely in the Lord have I righteousness and strength; even to Him shall men come.' 'Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.' 'I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain. I the Lord speak. Assemble yourselves and come; draw near and come.' 'Come unto me: hear, and *your soul* shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you.' '[S]
while He may be found, call ye
He is near,' etc. (Isa. xlv., lv.;
us look with that longing desire
and righteousness, which He
'the Lord is nigh unto all that
He will fulfil their desire: He
cry, and will save them.' Inde
mised, 'Before they call, I w
while they are yet speaking, I
cxlv.; Isa. lxv.). Again: 'Ca
I will answer thee, and show
mighty things.' 'Call upon m
trouble; I will deliver thee,
glorify me' (Jer. xxxiii.; Ps. l.
the same Lord who says, 'Ye ca
Lord; and ye say well, for so I
and emphatically promises:
shall ask in my name, that wi
Father may be glorified in the
anything in my name, I will do
'These things have I written un
lieve on the name of the Son
may know that ye have eterna
ye may believe on the name of
And this is the confidence that
that, if we ask anything accor
He heareth us. And if we kn
us, whatsoever we ask, we kno
the petitions that we desired of I

VIII. *Because his disciples an*
If, in the days of his humiliatio
stant recourse to our blessed Lo
as well as spiritual blessings,
should not we now, in his exa
then, like John, say, 'Lord, I
baptized of Thee; for Thou ba
Holy Ghost' (Matt. iii.); or, lik
ship Him, saying, Lord, if Thou
make me clean,' and He will
be thou clean' of the pollution o
viii.); or for a child, or friend,
fessing our unworthiness, yet p
speak the word only,' and the s
healed (Matt. viii.; Luke vii.).
dear one afflicted in mind or bod
will answer us, 'I will come an
He will commend our faith, an
way; and as thou hast believe
unto thee;' or, at another tim
far beyond our asking, and say,
cheer; thy sins be forgiven th
When like to perish, we may cry
save: we perish!' and He will
hand and save from sinking, or
be still' (Matt. viii.). If we
taught' anything in his name,
all, acknowledging that we a

servants' (Mark vi.; Luke x., xvii.). We have also to ask Him: 'Lord, teach us to pray.' 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief;' for 'Jesus is the author and finisher of our faith' (Luke xi., xvii.; Heb. xii.). And we may say, 'Lord, remember me when' (or, now that) 'Thou comest into thy kingdom,' and He will answer, 'To-day' (or at such a time) 'shalt thou be with me in paradise' (Luke xxiii.). And when we ask Him to 'open our understanding to understand the Scriptures,' we shall have joyfully to confess: 'Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?' (Luke xxiv.) And if He ask us, 'Will ye also go away?' we shall answer: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life' (John vi.). And if He again ask, 'Lovest thou me?' shall we not answer: 'Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee?' (John xxi.) Then, if there is one to be chosen or set apart for the special work of the ministry, let the church pray Him: 'Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two Thou hast chosen (or sanctify this one), that he may take part of this ministry' (Acts i., xiv.). Or with Saul: 'Who art Thou, Lord? And the Lord answered, I am Jesus. And Saul said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' etc. 'Then Ananias said, Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints: and here he hath authority to bind *all that call on thy name*,' etc. (Acts ix.). And with this same Paul, if a thorn in the flesh buffet us, we may 'beseech the Lord thrice that it may depart from me.' And He may say, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness;' and we shall be enabled to say, 'Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me' (2 Cor. xii.). Ah! and at death, or if we have to suffer for his sake, may we, like Stephen, be enabled to say, as when he 'kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit' (Acts vii.). 'He saith, I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus' (Rev. xxii.).

In conclusion.—If we have been baptized in the one 'name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' let us guard against conceiving the 'one' and only 'living and true God' as numerically three, by remembering the solemn words uttered by our blessed Lord, when his apostles asked: 'Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that *I am in the Father, and the Father in me?*' And then repeating that all his words and works were spoken and done in this spiritual unity of the Father and the Son (and Holy Ghost, as the Spirit of the Father and the Son, Rom. viii., Gal. iv.), He adds: 'And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it. If ye love me, keep my commandments' (John xiv.). So that we have freedom of approach to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,—always bearing in mind that 'all men should honour the Son, *even as* they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father' (John v.). This will guard us also from using the name of our Lord merely as a formula or talisman at the end of our prayers. The special relationship subsisting between the redeemed and their Lord, necessitates their special communion with Him, besides and under those glorious relations already noticed; also as their 'Master,' 'Husband,' or 'Bridegroom' of the bride the church, 'Brother,' and 'Friend;' requiring us to seek of Him to know and obey his will, to tell Him our confiding love and devotion, to express our oneness of mind and heart, and fellow-sympathies with Him in all holiness of walk and conversation.

A FRIEND IN NEED, AND A FRIEND INDEED.

'And Jonathan, Saul's son, arose and went to David into the wood, and strengthened his hand
1 SAM. XXIII. 16.

SAUL! Jonathan! David! what histories, associations, and lessons surround these names! Saul and Jonathan were much alike physically (2 Sam. i. 23), but they present a striking contrast morally considered. Saul was proud, morose, envious, and cruel; at least these things were developed in his character and conduct. Jonathan was humble, courteous, contented, and loving. The father was selfish; the son had a soul formed for friendship. But, leaving this contrast, let us consider *Jonathan's character, his connection with David,* and *his last visit to David.* In these three things we have a *valuable character,* a *virtuous friendship,* and *a visit of mercy.*

Jonathan was *a valuable character,*—a man you can but admire and love; one whose memory is fragrant, whose example is often quoted, and whose influence still acts for good. We believe that his excellences were the result of true religion, and that he was a man in whom the fear of God ruled. There are no drawbacks in his character, nothing repulsive. The proofs of piety are, we think, found in his faith in God (1 Sam. xiv. 6),—most likely referred to in Heb. xi. 34. The text before us indicates that he knew the reality of religion, and the sweetness of communion with God. The general fruitfulness of his character intimates the goodness of the root and the soundness of the tree. He acted aright in the various relations of life, and amidst very difficult circumstances.

In him we may trace the sufficiency and sovereignty of divine grace in forming, placing, and sustaining such an one in such a situation, and amidst such temptation. We also see in him the reward which true religion brings. How much happier was Jonathan than his father! He fell in with God's arrangements (1 Sam. xxiii. 17), Saul resisted them. In thus acting, Jonathan found peace, and had the smile of God. But observe the relative consequences of wrong conduct. Saul's disobedience towards God involved his noble son in much trouble, and at last brought him to an untimely grave. Thus, alas! it is still. Would that parents thought of their responsibility, and of the certainty of their influence, as being for good or evil!

But let us trace Jonathan's connection with David. Here we see him as *a valuable friend.* There is such a thing as friendship; it is a precious gift of God. The most beautiful specimens of friendship are found in the word of God; and, among them, that of Jonathan and David stands prominent. Their friendship was *real;* it was full of tenderness and delicacy. It was *generous;* Jonathan was ready to do anything for his friend, or give anything to him. *He was not an exacting* friend, or a *jealous* one. *He gave David* his armour, his heirship, his counsel, his tears. His soul was kni In all these things there was a r David's part. In them was fulfilled definition of friendship: 'One mind f bodies.' This tender, generous, mu ship was *lasting.* Job speaks of hi being like summer brooks; but in ea two loving hearts there was a full-flov which no heat could dry up, or cc These streams mingled, made sweet yielded much refreshment. It was friendship. This crowns all, for such will be eternal. Friends now ofter mingle their tears and sighs togeth of gloom and perplexity; but the hereafter in the bowers of Paradise. joys of heaven will be its sinless, i unselfish and ever-growing friendshi

The words before us refer to the la between those tried and tender frie did not know they were meeting time, but so it was; and the test borne is one of the most satisfact though the most sorrowful. Davi stances at the time were truly tryin just escaped from the ungrateful Saul was seeking him every day. He to hide himself in steep rocks and f This was God's method of training high destiny: first the anointing, and then honour and prosperity. acted with Jacob, Joseph, Moses, many others. He brings 'throug water into a wealthy place.'

In his solitary hiding-place Jonat David. Thus God sends comfort tc in the most trying circumstances,— a way most grateful to their feelings to surprise us with his kindnesses, a manner in which He does them. S had reason to sing: 'In the multit thoughts within me, thy comforts soul.'

Consider what was Jonathan's ob visit. It was to 'strengthen David God.' This implies some casting do ness on David's part; and we know his history and his Psalms, that he w cast down and disquieted, and on that he should 'one day perish,' and was but a step between him and des than encouraged him. He strength which hung down; he encouraged pray, to hope, to wait, to persevere i path. We are even told what he s not: for the hand of Saul my fath find thee: and thou shalt be king and I shall be next unto thee; an Saul my father knoweth.'

He reminded him of God's promis to his high destiny; told him to dismi

assuring him that all the efforts of his enemies would be in vain; in a word, that God was for him, and no one could really be against him to hurt him. Dear, kind Jonathan, who can help loving him! His efforts were not in vain. David was encouraged and strengthened; and the comfort which Jonathan thus administered to David, has flowed through him, by means of his sweet, inspiring Psalms, into millions of hearts. Some suppose that it was after this interview that David wrote the 31st Psalm, which concludes: 'O love the Lord, all ye his saints: for the Lord preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer. Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.'

We find also that, under circumstances still more trying than those we have been looking at, David encouraged himself in the Lord his God (1 Sam. xxx. 6); and who can tell the influence of Jonathan's words on that most depressing occasion!

Let us learn from all this to prize our spiritual friends, welcome their words of good cheer, and endeavour also to impart as well as receive. 'He that hath friends, must show himself friendly;' and 'there is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother.'

Surely we should ever admire the love of Him, of whom even Jonathan was but a feeble type. Jesus loved us, not as Jonathan did David, because He saw much in us congenial; He loved us though He saw in us all that was repulsive. What sacrifices did He make—what dangers did He brave—what wrath did He endure! Truly 'his love was wonderful.' His condescension, his sympathy, his generosity, his undying tenderness, how marvellous! And still He visits us in our darkest scenes and greatest perplexities. No tangled thicket of perplexity can shut us out from his sight. He remembers his own trials and solitariness. He remembers the angel visit to Him in Gethsemane, and says, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.' May we have grace ever to realize and reciprocate the love of Christ!

THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST.

Some of the most skilful painters have endeavoured to draw a fitting likeness of Christ. The effort is vain. There is no original visible to copy from, nor any picture of Christ, drawn when He was on earth, extant; nor can imagination now supply anything worthy of Him who is 'fairer than the children of men.'

There is one portrait of Christ, engraved very beautifully, which is said to be taken from a model, or coin of extreme antiquity; but no dependence can be placed even on this. Could we have, what we know we cannot have, a real likeness of Christ as He appeared on earth, exact in every feature, no good end would be answered by this. Curiosity might be gratified by looking at it, but no saving effects would follow such gazing as this. The owner of such a painting, who had looked at it thousands of times with the enthusiasm of an antiquary, might live and die the moral antipodes of Him whose literal likeness he had so often contemplated.

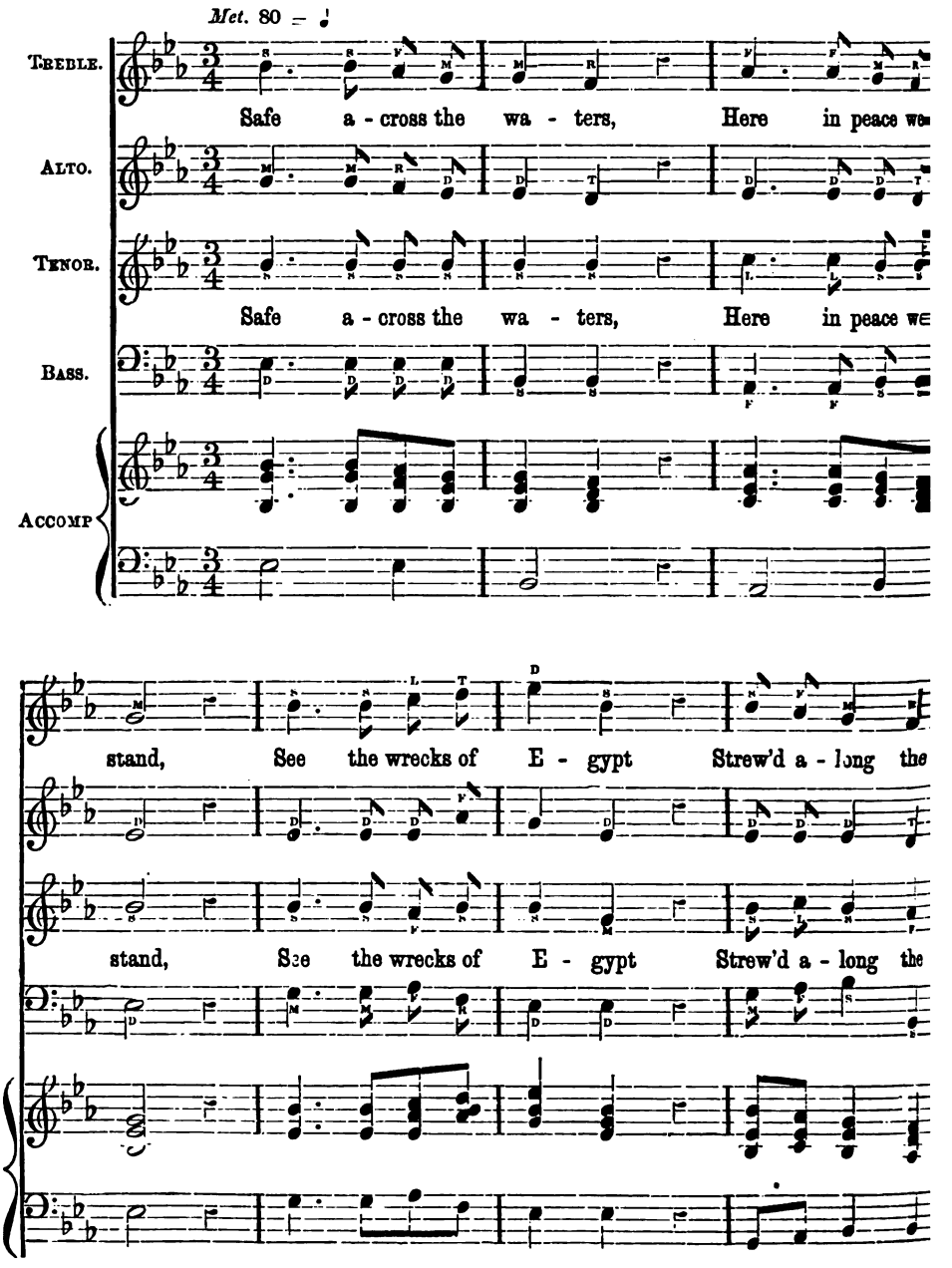
When the apostle speaks of 'the face of Jesus Christ,' there is no reference to his mere human countenance. That, doubtless, was most expressive and noble, however it might have been marred by grief, or indented with the deep lines of sorrow. It is to his character as growing out of his wondrous person, and including his saving offices, that the apostle refers in this term. There it is that 'the glory of God' is seen, even the noblest displays of himself that He ever made. Now, what is there in the face, or character of Jesus, to warrant this strong assertion? Just as the face of a man is formed to express the inward workings of his soul, so the character of Christ is exhibited to reveal God's glory,—that is, to make known and communicate those infinite excellences which are found in Him. In Jesus we trace *intelligence*, *benignity*, *grandeur*, *compassion*, and everything else beautiful and blessed. In that epistle in which this thought is introduced (see 2 Cor. iv. 6), there are three other points mentioned, to which we do well to give constant heed. The first is, that, by gazing on the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus, 'we are changed into the same image.' Thus, and only thus, comes moral transformation (2 Cor. iii. 18). From the same verse we learn that the Holy Spirit's special office is thus to reveal and glorify Jesus, and that He delighteth to do this in the hearts and characters of all the redeemed. The third and contrast fact is brought out in the next chapter, which is, that Satan's constant aim is to prevent this contact. He ever labours to hinder sinners from 'looking unto Jesus.' He blinds the minds of his subjects, lest this light should shine into them; and we are sure that he will also labour to hinder true believers from 'looking unto Jesus.' If we would be in sympathy with the Holy Spirit, and in opposition to Satan; if we would fall in with God's design, and become more and more like Christ, there is no other way but to be ever studying 'the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' Another great and blessed result will follow. Being transformed, by continually looking thus, we shall become reflectors of his glory, yea, through his grace, be the instruments of transforming others.

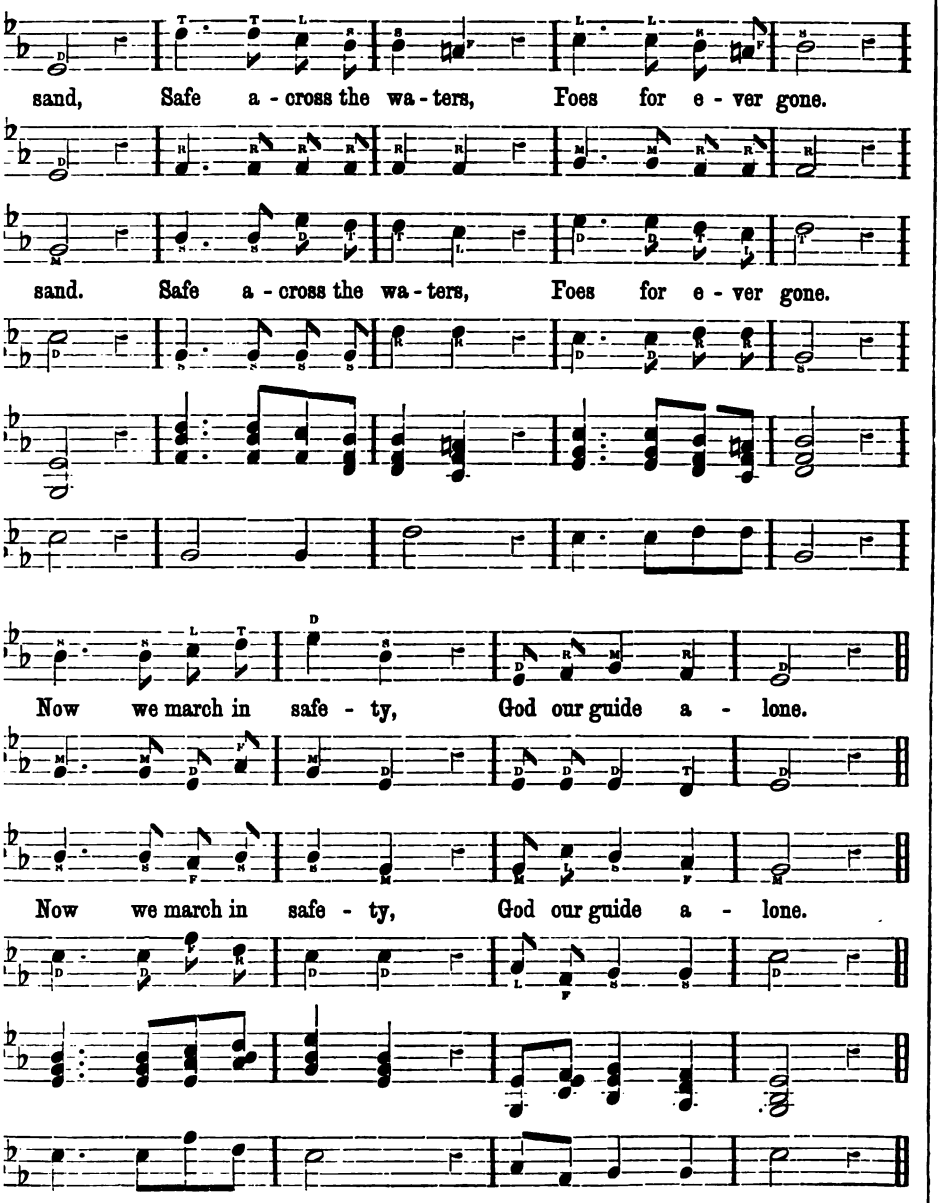
'Saviour, with thoughts of Thee,
What various feelings swell,
Thy portrait when we see,
And on its features dwell!
We wonder, tremble, trust, adore;
Are filled with awe, yet love Thee more!'

The Treasury Hymnal.

The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Method of musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singers.

THE DESERT JOURNEY.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. *Music from* HASTINGS.

Met. 80 = ♩
TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP
Safe a - cross the wa - ters, Here in peace we
Safe a - cross the wa - ters, Here in peace we
stand, See the wrecks of E - gypt Strew'd a - long the
stand, See the wrecks of E - gypt Strew'd a - long the

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

sand, Safe a - cross the wa - ters, Foes for e - ver gone.
sand. Safe a - cross the wa - ters, Foes for e - ver gone.
Now we march in safe - ty, God our guide a - lone.
Now we march in safe - ty, God our guide a - lone.

'Tis the silent desert,
Sand and rock and waste;
But the chain is broken,
And the peril past.
Onward, then, right onward!
This our watchword still;
Till we reach the glory
Of the wondrous hill.

For the journey girded,
Haste we on our way;
The pillar-cloud above us,
Guide by night and day.

On through waste and blackness,
O'er our desert road;
On till Sinai greets us,
Mountain of our God.

On past Edom's valley,
Moab's mountain-wall,
Jordan's sea-broad rushings,
The pillar-cloud o'er all.
Past the palm-shaded city,
Rock and hill our road;
On till Salem greets us,
City of our God!

THE WALDENSES IN 1866.

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(*Continued from p.* 395.)

SEPTEMBER 18*th*.—We left La Torre about 7 A.M., and a three hours' walk, for the most part up hill, brought us to the vicarage of Prarustin, which, together with the church of that parish, is situated at a hamlet called San Bartholomeo. The name of the parish, Prarustin, in Italian signifies a burnt field, indicating the heat and drought which prevail here in the summer. In consequence of its climate, this parish is particularly suited for the growth of the vine. Vineyards will flourish where other crops would fail from the drought. Accordingly, the mountain slopes of Prarustin, facing towards the plain of Piedmont, are entirely covered with vineyards. We had intended to continue our journey as far as Perosa, but the vicar of Prarustin, Mr. Parrender, invited us to spend the day at his house, and continue our walk to Perosa on the morrow. We accepted his kind offer of hospitality, and very much enjoyed the day at San Bartholomeo. In the afternoon he took us for a walk through some vineyards in the neighbourhood of San Secondo, where the owners, his parishioners, asked us to taste the different kinds of grapes, and gave us permission to eat as many as we pleased. Mr. Parrender was supplied with an abundance of fruit by his parishioners, who were bringing him presents every day. The sides of the mountains here command very extensive views across the plain of Piedmont. The houses at Turin can be seen, thirty miles off. Immediately below are the towns of Pinerolo and San Secondo; farther to the south, Cavour and Saluzzo.

The little town of San Secondo was garrisoned, during the war following the massacres of 1655, by 800 Irish Papists. The Vaudois took it by assault, and put the whole garrison to the sword. The wretches had massacred their wives and children, and committed such horrible barbarities that they gave them no quarter.

There is a Vaudois church at Pinerolo, and a congregation of 300, about one-third of whom were formerly Roman Catholics, the rest emigrants from the valleys. The work of evangelization, we were told, is more slow and difficult in those parts of Italy immediately adjoining the valleys, than in more distant parts. At Pinerolo there was in former days a kidnapping institution,—a convent of monks, whose business was to steal the children of the Waldenses, and bring them up Papists. The bishop of Pinerolo lately tried to hinder the building of a new church at Perero, in the valley of St. Martin, and somehow obtained an order from the government to stop the building. However, after a delay of twenty months, the prohibition was cancelled, and the building proceeded with. The church, when we saw it, was completed, and the 10th of October last fixed for the opening services.

The commune of Roccapiatta, containing 300 people, is a part of Mr. Parrender's parish, and has a chapel of ease, in which service is held once a month. This commune is the upper part of the parish, and is entirely Protestant. In the whole parish there are very few Romanists. Mr. Parrender has a congregation of about 600 on Sabbaths at the parish church at San Bartholomeo. His is a laborious parish. He has fatiguing walks about the mountains, which in the winter are sometimes dangerous as well as fatiguing. On winter days, when he has to go a long distance through the snow, his wife sometimes watches anxiously for his return, fearful, if he has been away many hours, that he may have met with some accident. Mr. Parrender and others of his brethren in the ministry, whose acquaintance we made during our short tour, appeared to be men both of real piety, and also of superior talent. Roccapiatta, being higher up on the mountains than San Bartholomeo, is not always accessible in winter, and the stated service once a month in the chapel of ease cannot be held there with perfect regularity.

September 19*th*.—We took leave of our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parrender, and continued our journey. The vicar accompanied us as far as the bounds of his parish, and the greater part of the way to San Germano. It is a descent of an hour and a half. We were shown a mill in the little valley, between San Bartholomeo and Roccapiatta, where, two years ago, the people were buried under snow for three weeks. No assistance could be rendered them, and the miller's wife died of hunger.

At San Germano we dined at an inn called Albergo di cheval d'oro, where Mr. Parrender authorized us to make use of his name with the landlady. They gave us an excellent dinner at moderate cost. We called on the minister, Mr. Bonjour. He is an old man, and was preparing to remove to Pinerolo. The charge of a mountain parish is too arduous for him at his advanced age. We tried to find out a doctor at San Germano who is a great botanist, and acquainted with all the flora of the Alps, but he was not at home.

It is an easy walk of about an hour and a half from San Germano to Perosa, along the valley of Perosa. On the right bank of the river Clusone the people are Protestants, on the left bank Papists. In former times there were many Protestants on the left bank also, but persecution has succeeded in eradicating the Protestant faith from that side of the valley, which is the most fertile, as the mountain sides have a southern exposure. Perosa is a small Roman Catholic town; Pomaretto, on the opposite bank of the Clusone, a Protestant village. There is no inn at Pomaretto, so we got beds at the Albergo Nationale at Perosa.

Both at San Germano and Perosa we found that the servants at the inn did not speak French; so we were obliged always to speak to the landlord or hostess for everything we wanted, not understanding the Piedmontese.

On leaving Perosa next morning, we called at the vicarage at Pomaretto. Mr. Lantaret, the minister, is now moderator of the Vaudois church. He presides in the annual synod, held at La Torre, when the clergy and lay representatives of the Vaudois church assemble to deliberate upon church matters. The moderator's office is an annual one; but he generally holds it more than one year. At Mr. Lantaret's we saw Professor Revel, of the Vaudois college at Florence, who had been paying him a visit. The day before, they had been to see Mr. Jalein, minister of Villa Seca, in the valley of St. Martin, who had just lost his son by cholera at Genoa. The death of young Mr. Jalein, pastor at Genoa, was considered a great loss to his church. He was a young man of great talents and piety, only twenty-seven years of age. Mr. Lantaret invited us to spend the next night at his house, on our return from Massello and La Balsille. Soon after passing Pomaretto, we had a delicious bath in the little torrent called the Germanasque, which flows through the valley of St. Martin. The Germanasque, coming from the valley of St. Martin, flows into the Clusone at Perosa. We were told that a gentleman had been drowned two years ago, whilst bathing in this stream. It is not safe to bathe in the torrents in places where there is a strong current, which will suck a person under. We came to Perero about noon, and dined there; and from there to Massello there is only a mountain track, ascending through a wild valley. After passing Perero, the valley of St. Martin divides into two small valleys; and there is a road to the left, leading to Rodoretto and Prali. We arrived at Massello about 3 P.M.; and the clergyman not being at home, the schoolmaster offered to show us La Balsille. This natural fort is at the head of the valley, about one hour's walking above Massello. Here 500 men, under Henri Arnaud, defended themselves for a year (1689) against 22,000 French and Piedmontese troops, under the Marquis d'Ombraille. We were shown grooves in the rocks, which the French general had made to bring his cannon up to La Balsille. The schoolmaster took delight in describing the exploits of his countrymen, the defenders of this stronghold. There are scarcely any Papists in these parts; and of the few there are, we did not hear a very good character, for we were told that they are drunk every Sabbath.

On our way down from the Balsille, we met the clergyman, Mr. Cardon, on his way home. We walked back with him to Massello, and he entertained us at his house for the night, and showed us the greatest kindness. Nothing could be kinder than the hospitality we met with at Italian parsonages. Mr. Cardon is one of the younger ministers. His parish is called a mountain parish, as distinguished from lower districts. The younger ministers are appointed first to a mountain parish, and, after some years' service, are transferred to a lower district. Mr. Cardon has been six years at Massello. He was before employed for some time in evangelization in Piedmont and Liguria. The parish of Massello is not considered such an arduous post as that of Prali, in the other part of the valley of St. Martin, which is at a higher elevation. Mr. Cardon showed us, however, that a part of the path by which we passed in company with him, on our return from the Balsille, is dangerous in winter from the snow. At Prali, the minister has very arduous work to visit his sick in winter time. Very few horses or mules are kept about here; and when a new minister takes up his abode at Massello, his furniture is carried up from Perero on the backs of his parishioners. The people are too poor to keep horses or mules. They say these animals do not bring in the same kind of return to their owners as cows or goats. All labour is done by the hand. Mr. Cardon regretted that, when a forest was cut down near his village, the opportunity had not been taken to make a good road to Perero. He said it would have paid the people, by making their produce so much more valuable. The growth of wood has been diminished in some places, by clearing away the whole of a forest, instead of leaving a part,—in which case the wood ceases to grow to as great an elevation as before. The principal food of the Vaudois peasants is maize; and even when maize has been scarce, so as to become dearer than wheat, they have still preferred it, as they say it supports them for a longer time than wheat. Porridge made of maize, which we once ate for breakfast, is very nice. After the maize is reaped, it is hung up outside the houses, in large quantities, looking like bundles of carrots, and is dried by the heat of the sun. A large quantity of pumpkins are grown in the peasants' gardens; and, where the elevation is not too great, chestnuts form an important part of their produce. In some of the lower districts, where silkworms are kept, the mulberry-trees are of the greatest importance to the people; and the disease in the mulberries has been a serious loss. We saw many peasants storing up leaves to feed their cattle during the winter; they have not sufficient hay. We saw vineyards on the mountain sides, in very steep places, where it has been necessary to construct artificial terraces and walls to support them. In some places fields have been formed artificially with earth carried on the peasants' backs, to spread out on the bare rock. The upper part of the valley of St. Martin above Perero, and the Protestant side of the valley of Perosa, having a northern exposure, are too cold for vines. Mr. Cardon has a property at Praruštin, and vineyards. The wine of Piedmont is very pleasant to the taste; it contains very little alcohol, and is extremely cheap.

September 21st.—We made a little *détour* on the way back to Perero and Pomaretto, in order to visit Maneglia. Our good friend Mr. Cardon gave us an introduction to Mr. Gonin, minister of Maneglia. We rested a while at his house, and he accompanied us a short distance on our

way towards Perero. Mr. Gonin is the only pastor in the valleys who has light duty. He has but 300 parishioners; for the inhabitants of some hamlets in this part of the valley of St. Martin are Papists. He told us that there is very great poverty in his parish. He complained of having too little work, and hopes to be appointed to the new church at Perero. We looked into this church on our way. It is a plain building, as the Vaudois churches always are, and contains accommodation for 300 persons. The parish of Villa Seca is far too extensive, and will be divided.

We received a hearty welcome at Pomaretto from the moderator, Mr. Lantaret, and his family. We had an interesting conversation with him about the Vaudois and the prospects of religion in Italy. The Vaudois pastors also take great interest in hearing about church matters in England. A circumstance Mr. Lantaret related, shows how the Vaudois were oppressed so recently as the present century. In 1837, Mr. Muston, pastor of Rodoretto, was exiled, and compelled to take refuge in France, on account of having published a history of the evangelical churches of Piedmont. 'At that time,' said Mr. Lantaret, 'it was not permitted to us to write, and scarcely to defend ourselves when attacked.' In speaking of the Pope and the Roman question, Mr. Lantaret argued thus: 'The Italians have had the benefit of the Pope residing amongst them for many centuries. It is time he should take up his residence for a while in some other country. If it is an advantage to Italy to have had his presence so long, other countries may well expect to share the benefit; and if the Pope's presence is considered an incumbrance, other countries ought to take their share of the burden. Spain might well give up to him one of the Balearic Isles, as a suitable residence.' The Vaudois have churches and congregations now at Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, Milan, Brescia, besides Turin and Genoa. They have missionaries in other places, and congregations worshipping in rooms. Mr. Lantaret said they cannot build churches everywhere, because they have not funds to do it. Ground is very valuable, an building is very expensive, in the great cities.

Pomaretto is one of the four parishes whic are reckoned to the Val Perosa; the others bein San Germano, Pramol, and Prarustin. Th parishes of the Val San Martino are five: Vill Seca, Maneglia, Massello, Rodoretto, and Pral Six parishes belong to Val Luzerna, viz.: Sa Giovanni, La Torre, Angrogna, Villaro, Bobbi Roras. Thus the whole Vaudois territory co sists of fifteen parishes. The church of Pomaret has inscribed on the wall, besides a text of Scri ture, the arms and motto of the Vaudois churc viz., a candle lighted in the midst of darkne and the motto, 'Lux lucet in tenebris;' c 'The light shineth in darkness.' There is hospital (Protestant) at Pomaretto, and a Lat school.

September 22d.—We walked back to La Tor through San Germano, and across the mountair From the Saturday evening, when we reach La Torre, to the following Friday, when we l for Turin, it rained almost continuously. V had intended, during these days, to have e plored more thoroughly the valley of Luzer and enjoyed its fine air and scenery, to ha visited again Angrogna and Roras, and ma some sketches in the neighbourhood; but t weather confined us almost entirely to our hot

On Sabbath, September 30th, we had t pleasure of attending Mr. Meille's church Turin, and heard him preach a most able serm in French, on the text: 'To obey is better th sacrifice' (1 Sam. xv. 22).

On the following day we left Turin, to retu to England, retaining in our minds many pleasi memories, and not without some profitable r flections, arising out of our visit to, and inte course with, 'the Israel of the Alps.' May th light which shines in darkness shine more an more unto the perfect day, that the people Italy may be delivered from superstition an priestcraft, and may be elevated morally, socially spiritually, through the influence of the pu gospel of Christ!

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

'Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.'—Heb. xii. 1.

THERE is meaning and power in the very wording of inspiration, which will amply repay the closest inspection, and yet which will constantly escape the mere surface reader. The apostle, having set before us the example of patriarchs and saints under the old dispensation, as a stimulus and encouragement, winds up with the exhortation: 'Therefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before *us*.' There is, in the figure here used, a combination of no ordinary nature—namely, *running* with *patience*. The very fact of running implies eagerness, and a measure of excitement; and its natural accompaniment is impatience at obstacl or hindrances of any kind. Calmness and d liberation are qualities scarcely expected of man engaged in a race; yet this difficult co bination is the high attainment set before t Christian. He is to run, but he is to run p tiently; he is to be diligent, but not impetuou he is to be zealous, yet never eager; he is to full of fire, yet ever calm; he is to be 'alwa abounding in the work of the Lord,' yet he never to make haste; he is to be instant season and out of season, yet all his things a to be done with charity. How wonderful w the life of our blessed Master, considered in th one particular! Of Him it was written: 'Th

ne house hath even eaten me up;' and say of himself: 'My meat and my do the will of Him that sent me, and *is work*.' Yet, when was He ever in When did any pressure of labour, or lication of trials, find Him with a rit? When was any amount of public lowed to be a hindrance to private n with his Father? When did the ness of the enormity of the work He taken so press upon Him, as to make ndful of present duty? When did He ny reluctance for anything, however r painful, which came upon Him in of providence, as his Father's will? id He exhibit any preference as to the is labour or his external circumstances? oubtless, the exchange of communion for the instruction of the ignorant , or even the society of his chosen was more of an effort than the most minded of his followers can conceive. can a movement of impatience be de- Him, or a restless desire to be alone? Dwelling in the bosom of the Father, incessantly occupied with the noblest and grandest projects, He is yet at liberty for every cavilling scribe, every dull disciple, every poor erring woman, and even for the little unconscious child. We shall best discover our own shortcomings by comparing ourselves with this perfect example. If we are glowing and earnest in our Lord's work, how easily does our zeal degenerate, and become tainted with some form of selfishness! How impatient we become of delay! How we chafe under the lack of sympathy on the part of our brethren, or the misconceptions which may be formed concerning ourselves! How we murmur under disappointment! Are we, on the other hand, cultivating a cautious, even-spirited frame? Then how apt we are to lose somewhat of our vigour, to abate the earnestness of our spiritual warfare! How often shall we be tempted to sacrifice purity to peace! What danger of mistaking love of our own ease for Christian patience, and indifference for charity! Surely the best Christian living will find need to turn this exhortation into prayer!

SINS LESS AND GREATER.

many of the Mosaic precepts take up guilt of certain acts; and it is only this in view that we see how, while g one sin, they give no countenance that resembles it. When they an- penalty due to a certain sin, they do that all the other sins of a like class be visited with any penalty. It is an h, that *all* sin deserves the curse; but to be remembered that some sins in , and by reason of aggravations, are ous in the sight of God than others.

God said to Israel, 'Thou shalt not hired servant that is poor and needy' v. 14), He did not mean to intimate might lawfully oppress one who was nd needy; but merely that the op- the poor was the greater sin—sin not ated.

God said, 'Thou shalt not pervert the of the stranger' (Deut. xxiv. 17), He ean to say that they might pervert the of any who was not a stranger; but ne was greater guilt than the other.

God said, 'Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way' (Deut. xxvii. 18), He did not mean to say that they were at liberty to make anybody else wander out of the way.

When God said, 'Cursed be he that smiteth his neighbour secretly' (Deut. xxvii. 24), He did not mean to imply that they might smite their neighbours openly.

When God said, 'Thou shalt not curse the deaf' (Lev. xix. 14), He did not give them liberty to curse everybody else.

When God said, 'Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbour' (Lev. xix. 13), He did not countenance their defrauding everybody else.

When God said, 'Thou shalt not take a wife to her sister, to vex her, besides the other in her lifetime' (Lev. xviii. 18), He did not intend to give liberty to take the sister after the wife's death; but merely that the one was much worse than the other; that, while the one might be tolerated, or winked at, because of the hardness of their hearts, the other could not be tolerated, but must be prohibited and punished. This is the true solution of this much contested passage. It gives no countenance at all to the unholy affinities for which some in our day contend.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'He went upon his way rejoicing.'—ACTS VIII. 39.

HE was a heathen; he had lived among heathen; he was returning to his heathen brethren and a heathen land; yet 'he went upon his way rejoicing.' He had not become richer in earth's goods; he had not been loaded with the world's honours; he had not secured an alliance with the Roman emperor; yet 'he went upon his way rejoicing.' So should it be with us. This is the description of a Christian's life and walk on earth.

I. *Where did his joy come from?*—He had not brought it with him. He had come up on the mere report that went abroad through heathendom, of the temple, and altar, and sacrifices at Jerusalem. He was but groping his way to the true mercy-seat. He seems to have left Jerusalem much as he came, with but a glimmer of light. Where, then, did his joy come from? It came from what he heard from Philip, or rather, from what he read in Isaiah. But how did that statement bring him joy? It told him of a Sin-bearer, long-predicted, come at length. It was the knowledge of this Sin-bearer that sent him home on his way rejoicing. There had previously been a burden and a sorrow upon him. Sin oppressed him. Unpardoned sin made him a sorrowful man. He had come from Ethiopia to Jerusalem with this burden; he was going away with it, much as he came, when the Holy Spirit turned his eye to the Sin-bearer, the Lamb of God. He saw that the sin-bearing work was done; he accepted the divine testimony to that finished work; and, in the acceptance of that testimony, he found immediate joy. That testimony was to him a joyful sound. 'He went upon his way rejoicing.' What he read was as blessed as it was true.

II. *Where should our joy come from?*—From the same testimony to the same finished work. The passage of Scripture may be different,—that matters not. There are a thousand passages and a thousand testimonies, all bearing on the one cross, the one propitiation, the one Lamb of God, the one blood, the one sacrifice. Any one of these testimonies, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, can pour in gladness into the soul. The sinner is not happy. His sin comes between him and joy. The more he knows of sin, the more his sorrow increases, the heavier his burden grows. That burden must be removed ere he can taste of joy; and it can only be removed by approaching the cross. The hand of the crucified One is the only hand which can lift it off. The sorrowful soul looks to the cross, and is lightened. That which he sees there speaks peace to him, and bids him go upon his way rejoicing. The source of peace is one for former ages and for this. There is but *one* well of living water, one treasure-house of joy.

We are called to make use of this storehouse of joy. If we do not, we sin. We despise the provision which God has made for the sinner's joy. It is a free and open fulness, and great is our guilt if we remain unfilled. It is our sin, as well as our calamity, if we go not 'on our way rejoicing.' God *means us to be joyful men. He has made provision for our being so.* He calls on us to be so. He makes the refusal to be joyful one item of o condemnation.

How, then, does it happen that so few are li this Ethiopian ruler? The question is much mo momentous than is generally supposed. For it generally assumed that a Christian man may be right, and yet have no joy. Why, then, is the so little joy among Christians?

(1.) *Not because God does not wish them to ha it.*—It is not forbidden fruit. He has again a again bidden them rejoice and be glad. He h not left us in doubt as to what is his will upon t subject.

(2.) *Not because joy dishonours Him.*—Pope may say so, because her object is to keep man bondage; but the gospel does not say so. Glo dishonours God, joy honours Him. It speaks w of Him, and shows men what a God of goodne and grace He is.

(3.) *Not because joy is not safe for us to have.* True joy is the safest of all things. It makes man stedfast and earnest. It enables him to ke his balance in this world. It makes him strict a circumspect. It is one of God's ways for keeping in the narrow way. It is the Christian's true balla

(4.) *Not because God's sovereignty interposes.* God's sovereignty no more comes between a Chri tian man and joy, than it comes between him a holiness. It no more keeps a man sorrowing, th it keeps him sinning. It is a libel on God's sov reignty to say that it keeps a man from rejoici in the Lord.

(5.) *Not because joy was not meant for these da* —Some say it was only meant as a cordial f days of persecution, not for the church's mo prosperous times. How untrue! Joy was for a times, circumstances, ages,—the last as well as t first. 'Rejoice in the Lord always.'

(6.) *Not because it unnerves us for work.*—'Th joy of the Lord is our strength.' There is nothi so unnerving as gloom and depression, nothing invigorating and strengthening as joy. We wo with far greater success and earnestness when fu of joy. Joy stimulates and strengthens.

Nay, it is one of the fruits of the Spirit; it repeatedly recommended by the apostles; it wa practised by the early churches; it is one of th special marks of a believing man, 'whose hous are we, if we hold fast the confidence and rejoicin of the hope firm unto the end.' The possession o it makes us shine as lights in the world, and at tracts men to Christ. Oh, how it cheers, sustains strengthens, revives us from day to day!

It is joy *from* God, joy *in* God; it is THE JOY O GOD. To all this we are called.

That which we *believe* is full of joy,—'glad tidings of great joy.' Should we not, then, go 'upon our way rejoicing?'

That which we *possess* is full of joy. The present favour and love of God; the unsearchable riches of Christ.

That which we *hope for* is full of joy. We hope for a coming Lord, for resurrection-glory, for an everlasting city and kingdom. Should we not go 'on our way rejoicing?'

Ah! surely we do injustice to Christ, to his grace, to his word, to his gospel, if we are not joyful. We misrepresent Him. We bring up a false report of Him, and of his pleasant land.

CHRIST'S OWN PEACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'—JOHN xiv. 27.

SURELY 'never man spake like this man!' Well might men wonder at 'the gracious words which proceeded out of his lips.' Grace was poured into his lips, and out of his ɔs grace flowed forth to the sons of men. He ıd the tongue of the learned, that He might ɐak words in season to the weary; and blessed ere the words He spake to such.

Never did any one enter so deeply and ten-ɾly into our feelings; anticipating, with his ɔrds of sympathy and consolation, every sorrow ıd want. What love is here! What thoughtlness and sympathy! What majesty too! For ho but One who knew that He had come from ɔd, and went to God,—that He himself was e infinite source of peace,—could say, 'Peace leave with you, my peace I give unto you: ɨt as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let ɨt your heart be troubled, neither let it be raid?' The words here uttered are certainly e assurance to us of the love and power of the ɾomiser. What He has promised, He is able ɜo to perform.

The words are still fresh and new. They can ɐver grow old; for He who spoke them is 'the me yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' They ere spoken for us in these last days, as for the ɣes past. Christ meant *us* when He uttered ıem.

Mark here—(1.) The legacy; (2) The gift; 3) The contrast; (4) The consolation.

I. *The legacy.*—'Peace I leave with you.' This s the parting gift of One who was about to depart. He himself was bidding farewell; but He was not to take his peace away along with Him. He brought it when He came ('Peace on earth'), and He leaves it behind Him as a heavenly relic. His presence had been the source of peace to ɨhem, and his absence was not to dry it up. That source would remain the same. Present r absent, far off or near, on earth or in heaven, le was still to be the Fountain of their peace. ıe world would be a blank without Him, no ubt; but He was leaving behind Him a peace

which would cheer and gladden. It was not all that they had when He was with them, nor was it all they were to have when He returned; but still it was much,—enough to comfort, to bless, to shed light upon the darkness of their way. In the world there was to be tribulation, in Him peace. The peace of God was to rule in their hearts. They were to abide in peace, and peace in them.

II. *The gift.*—'My peace I give unto you.' This is evidently something in addition to the former clause. The peace is not merely something *left*, but positively *given:* 'I give.' It is not lent or sold, but given; it is Christ's own gift—free and unconditional. His peace is, like himself, a *gift* to us—unsolicited, unpurchased, unmerited. But the striking expression here is, '*My* peace;' Christ's own peace; peace altogether peculiar; transcending in nature and in fulness all other peace. What, then, was Christ's peace?

(1.) *It was the peace of a conscience on which there never rested the shadow of a sense of guilt.*—It was pre-eminently 'a good conscience,' a conscience void of offence. Whence comes our dispeace? From a sense of guilt upon the conscience. It is an evil conscience that disquiets us. The least speck or shadow of guilt breaks our peace. Now, in Jesus there was the perfection of a good conscience. Not a shadow ever rested there. It is a blessed thought that there was once here a Man like ourselves, whose conscience was never touched with the slightest stain of guilt; who never had to regret one thought, or recall one word, or wish one action undone. What must have been the peace possessed by Him,—profound, unutterable,—even in the midst of a stormy world! It is into this profound peace of conscience that He would lead us. Of that very peace He would make us partakers. The result of our 'receiving' Him, or 'believing on his name,' is to bring us into that same state of conscience and of peace which He, who knew no sin, possessed. Our vessels are indeed small, and can contain little; his was

large, and could contain much. But the kind or quality of that peace which fills them is the same. He has made peace by the blood of his cross; yea, He is our peace; and as soon as we come to know this, and take Him as our peace, we are made partakers, not merely of peace, but of that which He here calls 'My peace.'

(2.) *It was the peace of One entirely obedient to the Father's will.*—It was to do that will that He came, and his life was the doing of it. 'I delight to do thy will, O my God.' 'Not my will, but thine be done.' As in all obedience there is peace, so in obedience to such a will, from such a Being as the Son, there must have been a peace passing all understanding; a peace altogether infinite; a peace proportioned to the entireness and perfection of the obedience. Such an obedience had never been rendered before; and such a peace had never been possessed, either on earth or heaven, by man or angel. It is into this peace that He leads us,—peace perfect and profound; peace not springing from nor proportioned to *our* obedience, but to *his;* the peace of which his obedience to the Father is at once the foundation and the measure.

(3.) *It was the peace of One, whose peculiar constitution of person made Him partaker of peculiar peace.*—He was 'the Word made flesh;' Son of God, and Son of man; and, as such, He was a vessel of infinite dimensions, capable of containing a peace such as no one else could do. Into this vessel, of infinite capacity, all fulness of peace was poured by the Father; and out of this vessel this peace is poured into us,—not to the same extent, but still in proportion to our capacity. It is of the divine peace of the God-man that we are made partakers. What peace is there like this? As the grapes of Eshcol were of peculiar delicacy, and the cedars of Lebanon of peculiar beauty, and the gardens of Solomon of peculiar fertility and fragrance,—so was this peace, which filled the Christ of God, peculiarly excellent; and of this peculiar peace He gives his saints the promise: 'My peace I give unto you.'

(4.) *It was the peace of One, whose peculiar relationship to the Father made Him possessor of peculiar peace.*—There is something in filial peace, the *peace* of a son, as resulting from the connection between his father and himself, and his own peculiar standing in the house, which cannot well be described. How much more is this true of the peace of Him who is the only-begotten Son of God! His must have been peace as special as it was infinite,—the peace poured into the bosom of the beloved Son by the Father himself. This is not the peace of a servant, or a friend, but the peace of a Son—and *such a Son!* This divine and filial peace, the peace of the only-begotten of the Father, l makes over to us as his free gift: 'My peace give unto you.' And this becomes all the tru and more blessed when they to whom He giv the peace are themselves sons of God. T Father pours a special peace from his patern bosom into the bosom of his beloved Son; a that Son pours this special peace into the bos of those who are partakers of his Sonship—tru sons of God!

(5.) *It was a peace that could never be d stroyed.*—The peace is like himself, and like H from whom He receives it,—eternal and u changeable,—peace partaking of his charac as the Eternal One, 'the same yesterday, to-d and for ever.' It is peace begun now—giv even here; it is peace to be perpetuated in t eternal kingdom; peace without end, or int ruption, or change, for ever.

Such is Christ's gift to his own. It is precio perfect, divine. It is like himself. It is a pe which passeth all understanding. What a tr sure for earth! And what an earnest of fuller treasure in store for us, when He cor again! For great as is the peace which He gi just now, it is nothing to the peace in rese for us hereafter. He gives it to his own, a He bids all men draw near and become his ov 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest,' his first message; and his second is like unto 'My peace I give unto you.'

III. *The contrast.*—'Not as the world give give I unto you.' In all aspects there is a co trast between Christ and the world, with nothi of likeness or sympathy. But it is not of hi self that He here speaks, but of his gifts, a manner of giving. Christ's peace and t world's are opposites, so are his giving and t world's.

As to the peace,—

(1.) Christ's peace is perfect, the world's partial and imperfect; no depth, no greatn about it. It is and has been a poor, mea thing at its best.

(2.) Christ's peace reaches the conscien the world's does not. It soothes the conscie asleep, but that is all. It intoxicates, but gi no rest to the inner man. It is not the offspri of a purged and pacified conscience.

(3.) Christ's peace is satisfying, the worl unsatisfying. The peace which comes, in a way, from any region of this evil world, can fill. It meets none of our spirit's cravings a longings. It does not feed our hunger or quen our thirst. It leaves us as empty as before. speaks peace when there is none.

(4.) Christ's peace is steady, the worl wavering. The world itself is unstable, and

gifts, especially that of peace. This
led, easily broken, ever changing.
it's peace is holy, the world's unholy.
it's peace is everlasting, the world's
At the longest, the world's peace
a lifetime; but seldom does it last
; more generally a day, or an hour.
ce is Christ's gift.
giving,—
it's giving is free; none of the world's
h. He gives like himself, and as He
f. The world bargains and sells.
it's gift-giving is genuine, the world's
e. The world wishes us peace—this
alutation; but all is hollow. Christ
He says when He wishes us peace.
it's giving is ungrudging. The world
ure in giving—is not generous and
rist gives as a King, in full-hearted
braids not.
st's giving is immediate, that of the
rdy. The world keeps us waiting,
not. His word is *now!*
it's giving is irrevocable; the world
back what it gave. His peace is
es not recall it, nor shall for ever.
l the contrast! Can any one hesi-
sing? To reject the world's false
o take Christ's true peace, is of all
ost reasonable that can be proposed
'onsider the contrast well, and act

consolation.—'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' There will be many things to trouble and terrify in such a world; a world where all is hatred, enmity, persecution. But against all this provision has been made, and that provision is the peace of Christ. No doubt He gives other things also for days of trial—strength, faith, hope; but it is *his peace* that is the special antidote,—the pre-eminent sustainer and comforter in evil times.

It is peace, and it is such a peace! It keeps the soul unmoved when the tempest is raging round. It makes us feel as if hidden in the hollow of Christ's hand, defended by his shield, embraced by his arm. It is light in darkness; it is a strong tower in the midst of assailing hosts. Let the world reproach or persecute; we have a peace within which more than meets all its reproaches and persecutions. Let Antichrist and Satan rage; the divine peace within keeps us immoveable. Let bodily pain assail us; we are sustained by the peace of Christ. Let sorrow, bereavement, losses, compass us about; we are kept calm and cheerful by the peace of Christ. Our hearts are not troubled with anxiety or trial, nor are they afraid in the midst of persecution and reviling.

Christ's peace within us, and Christ himself as our companion by our side, we go forth on our pilgrimage, as men who are in possession of a heavenly charm, which preserves them in patience and tranquillity, which makes them invincible, nay, victorious,—'more than conquerors, through Him that loved them.'

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA.

No. IX.

GOD'S ABILITY.

IEN mourning—as, in common with all God's children, you have but too much cause to do—over your own sinfulness, and weakness, and helplessness, I hardly think you comfort that you might take from , or rather from the certain know- ie unlimited and infinite power of as himself declared, 'All power is me in heaven and in earth' (Matt.

iot sometimes apt to dwell—I cannot h, but certainly too exclusively—on God, forgetting that his wisdom and are attributes equally precious and ortant? When those dear to us are our love makes us long to help them; ow often we find that we lack the wisdom to see how it might be done, as well as the power to do it! But when, in the fulness of his love, God desired to help and to save us (I would write with the deepest reverence and humility), his wisdom suggested the plan, and his power enabled Him to carry it out.

And it is so still; for He is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever' (Heb. xiii. 8). And there is not anything required for his people's welfare that He has not the power, as well as the will, to accomplish for them.

When, therefore, doubts and fears seek to establish themselves in your heart, give them no entrance, but encourage yourself in the Lord, and rejoice in the assurance that *God's* 'strength is made perfect in weakness' (2 Cor. xii. 9). He who knoweth your frame (Ps. ciii. 14), knoweth your weakness, and, in tender mercy, has given assurance after assurance of his unlimited power. And there is not a danger that can threaten to

hurt his children, or a trouble that may bow down their hearts, that we may not learn, from the word of God, that *He is able* to remove or overcome it.

It may be that, for the first time in your life, you have been just convinced that you are a sinner—that you are, in fact, 'dead in trespasses and sins' (Eph. ii. 1). You have tried to banish the thought, but you cannot succeed. Alone in the silent hours of the night—amid the happy family circle—surrounded by every joy that earth can give,—you are yet miserable, utterly and inconceivably miserable; for you *know* that you are lost, and you envy the dog that looks up so wistfully in your face, as if he wondered why you were so sad, because he has no eternity before him!

True, you have heard that 'the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost' (Matt. xviii. 11), and you even know some that have been saved,—your own dear mother, for instance, and the little sister so many years younger than you are; but then they had not sinned as you have. From earliest childhood you were trained in the knowledge of a Saviour's love. Your first recollection of your mother, is the having seen her, morning and evening, praying for you, as she knelt beside your little cot. Many a time has the Saviour knocked at the door of your heart, but you refused Him admittance. In joy and in sorrow you heard the whispers of the still small voice, but you would not listen; and you feel as if the Saviour might well ask of you, as He asked of Israel of old, 'What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?' (Isa. v. 4.)

Ah! yes, it is all true. You have indeed sinned against light and knowledge. You have sinned wilfully and determinedly, and have enjoyed 'the pleasures of sin' again and again; so that now, although you tremble at the thought, you firmly believe that the day of grace is passed, and that for you there is no longer any hope.

And is there not? Listen for a moment to what God the Holy Ghost, speaking through St. Paul, says of the Saviour: 'He is able,'—oh! listen to those words again,—'*He is able* also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them' (Heb. vii. 15). With this verse engraven on your heart, think of your sins to their fullest extent—in all their magnitude and enormity; and, after you have done so, you may believe, with truth, that there is a depth of iniquity which your eye has not detected, and yet—*and yet*—you are not beyond the boundary-line of God's ability! Come now, even now, unto God by Christ; come bowed down, and crushed, and weary with the burden of your sins, and you shall learn, by thrice blessed experience, the full meaning of those wondrous words: '*He is able* to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.'

But perhaps you have already come to Jesus for pardon, and, like Mary of old, you can sing with a glad and thankful heart: 'M hath rejoiced in God my Saviour' (Luk but you are trembling lest you should temptation, and dishonour God. The doubtless very seductive, and the flesh devil are very plausible; and, someho temptations appear to be so different fro of other people, that they seem hardly t stand how such and such things can be tions at all. They are sure they would so to them, and therefore they are u help you; while very probably they fa you overrate both the danger and the of your position.

Do not be disheartened at this want pathy. It may be that the trial has b mitted, just in order to teach you to 'w upon God' (Ps. lxi. 1)—a lesson which i cheaply learned at any cost. Turn awa from all human help, to Him of whom i 'For in that He himself hath suffere tempted, *He is able* to succour them tempted' (Heb. ii. 18). Not his suffe the cross only were endured for you, every hour of mental and bodily angui He passed through, from his cradle to t

We are apt to forget how prolonged temptations by which He was assailed think only of those of which the particul been recorded in the Gospels. But, i these form but a small part of the wh do we not read that He was 'forty days of Satan?' (Mark i. 13.)

Think what it must have been for Jesus to be obliged to listen for forty the horrible suggestions of the evil on even then, baffled and defeated as the a was at every point, he did not give up as hopeless. No; he only departed f Saviour 'for a season' (Luke xiv. 13).

How He was tempted afterwards we told in detail; but all is summed up f these few words, wherein we are assu He was 'in *all points* tempted like as we without sin' (Heb. iv. 15). Yes, tempt of God, whatever may be the form of te by which you are assailed, you may rest of the sympathy of your Saviour. T temptation was, in some form of it, enc Him. He can understand it all, for He felt it infinitely more horrible than you Not only because his Godhead gave Hi finite capacity for enduring suffering kind, but also because He was infinit and holy; and you, who are sinful and both by nature and by practice, can bu imagine how He must have recoiled f temptations of the devil.

Do not, then, yield to despondency. dwell so much on the temptations by wh are surrounded, as on the tender sym Him *who is able* to succour you. He mised that He 'will not suffer you to be above that ye are able; but will with t tation also make a way to escape, that be able to bear it' (1 Cor. x. 13). succour you by his sympathy, and He succour you by making a way of escap

ıe temptation threatens to pass beyond the nits of your strength.

Fear not, therefore, for your 'faithful and rciful High Priest' (what a blessed combina-n of titles!) *is able* to succour you; and surely , who knows so well what the trial of temp-ion is, will be as willing as He is able.

But again: it may not be the fear of yielding temptation that is troubling you; but, re-mbering that it is only those who shall endure the end who shall be saved (Matt. xxiv. 13), u tremble lest you should 'fall;' for the arrow way, which leadeth unto life' (Matt. . 14), oftentimes looks steep and dangerous. ıd so it may be; and if you walked there alone, u *would* fall. But He who came into the rld to guide your feet into the way of peace uke i. 79), when you are in that way, '*is able* keep you from falling' (Jude 24). No matter w steep the precipice, how rugged the moun-in path, how rough the stones in the valley, e Good Shepherd is able to guide the feeblest his sheep in safety to the fold; for He 'will ıther them with his arms, and carry them in is bosom' (Isa. xl. 10). And when the last tep of the journey has been traversed, and the ast danger passed, He will 'present them fault-ess before the throne of his glory, with exceeding joy.' With what deep delight must the captain of a vessel, which, through much toil and hard-ship, he has saved from shipwreck, see the last of his passengers safely landed on the shore! lnd as, one by one, the Captain of our salvation arries his people in safety to their heavenly ome, He 'sees of the travail of his soul, and is ıtisfied' (Isa. liii. 11).

The help, however, of which you are feeling our need, may still be something altogether fferent from any on which I have touched. In ıe full vigour of life and health, you may long xceedingly to spend and to be spent in the rvice of your Saviour. Others around you em to be 'full of good works,' and you earnestly esire to follow their example. But yet, when ou try and work for God, you seem to do more arm than good. You get impatient at the areleasness and inattention of your Sabbath-chool class. You were vexed with that invalid, ecause she worried you by talking so much out herself. You were cross to that poor oman, because she did not seem as grateful as ou thought she ought to do for your kindness. ou were selfish in not going out that wet day, hen you knew your visit was looked forward with such pleasure. More painfully still do ou remember how, when you had been longing, nd watching, and praying for an opportunity to peak to one whom you were seeking to win to esus, and that God gave the opportunity, your wardly heart listened to Satan's suggestion iat it was not 'a convenient season;' you kept lence, the opportunity was lost, and you know ot if you may ever be granted another.

In fact, you have so little self-denial, so little erseverance, so little control over your temper, little love for souls, so little of anything good, iat you almost feel as if it were useless for you try and do anything for any one. Such is the sorrowful verdict you have passed on your-self. And it is true, quite true, that you can hardly underrate your own unaided powers of doing good; but, blessed be God, it is equally true that you cannot at all overrate his ability to enable you to do good. Listen to the Holy Spirit, as He speaks through St. Paul to the Corinthians: '*God is able* to make all grace abound towards you, that ye always, having all sufficiency in all things, may abound in every good work' (2 Cor. vii. 8).

How full, how rich, how plentiful is the sup-ply here promised! Truly it is 'good measure, pressed down, and shaken together' (Luke vi. 38). It is not love only, or patience, or self-denial, or faith, but '*all* grace;' and that not in small measure, but 'abounding.' Not at one time only, or on one occasion, but 'always.' Not sufficiency of one kind, or for one thing, but 'all sufficiency for all things.' And then the object for which this wonderful supply is pro-mised exactly meets your present desire: 'That ye may abound in every good work.' Surely, with such testimony as this to God's ability to supply all your need, you will not allow the sense of your own deficiencies to keep you back from his service! Rather will you 'work while it is called to-day,' lest to you, as well as to the church in Sardis, should the solemn and sorrow-ful words be addressed, 'I have not found thy works perfect before God' (Rev. iii. 2); or, as it would have been more correctly translated, 'I have not found thy works *filled up* before God.'—(See *Trench on the Seven Churches.*)

Oh! think how sad it would be to miss even one of the good works which 'God hath prepared for you to walk in' (Eph. ii. 10). He who pre-pared the works, has provided the needed grace which you would require to perform them. Let the sense of your own inability make you rest the more simply in God's ability. You have only to lay hold on this wonderful and en-couraging promise, and, taking God at his word, pray that He would 'make all grace abound towards you, that you always, having all suffi-ciency in all things, may abound in every good work.' To all those who so pray, and so work, shall the Master yet speak these cheering words: 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord' (Matt. xxv. 23).

Wholly different, however, from any of those we have been considering, may be the trouble that is pressing on your heart. It may have pleased God, in his almighty wisdom and almighty love, to afflict you with some bodily disease or infirmity, so distressing in its nature or its re-sults, that you are obliged to forego the society of those most dear to you, and are tempted to feel as if the lonely grave were the only place fit for you.

Very tenderly, and with most loving sympathy, would I venture to touch on such a sorrow—so sacred from its very intensity. But do not weep such sad and bitter tears, as you think, almost with anguish, that the expression 'vile body' is one that exactly suits you. That word is not

in the original; and the correct rendering would be, 'Body of humiliation.' Ah! we have all a 'body of humiliation.' Do we not feel it continually? But much as you may despise your body, deeply as you may feel its humiliation, our blessed Lord came from heaven to redeem it. So precious was your body in his sight, that He died on the cross to save it. Yes, He is indeed the Saviour of the soul, but He is 'the Saviour of the body' also (Eph. v. 23). Do not despise what He has purchased at so great a cost; do not mourn and weep, as if you were to be always what you are now. It is not so. Listen to the precious promise: 'Who shall change our *body of humiliation*, that it may be fashioned like unto *his body of glory*' (original), 'according to the working whereby *He is able* to subdue even *all* things unto himself' (Phil. iii. 21). '*All* things,' therefore—even sickness, and infirmity, and death, humiliating and trying as they may be—form no barrier to the power of Him who is able to subdue them unto himself, and only make their ravages add to the greatness of his triumph!

Oh! when you groan beneath the burden of your 'body of humiliation,' think how soon, how very soon, you shall exchange it for a 'body of glory;' and not only a body of glory, though that were much, but a body of glory like your Saviour's own! You may not even have to pass through death, before that wonderful change is effected. 'Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry' (Heb. x. 37). When the last moment of that 'little time' has passed, 'the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord' (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17). 'In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,'—in far less time than you could read the verse,—'the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and *we* shall be changed' (1 Cor. xv. 52).

Changed indeed! Such a change as could only be effected by 'Him who is able to subdue even all things unto himself.' The chang from corruption to incorruption, from dishon to glory, from weakness to power, from a nat body to a spiritual one. Oh! with the abso certainty that God 'is able' to do this, and do it, shall we not even now anticipate the j ful moment, and, echoing the apostle's burs triumph, sing, with glad and grateful hea 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the tory, through our Lord Jesus Christ?' (1 (xv. 57).

And now, can we help pausing for a mom feeling almost overwhelmed at the wonder ness and blessedness of the varied assurance 'God's ability,' on which we have been dwelli We have found that He is able to save the n guilty of sinners; to succour the tempted keep the weak from falling, and to present t faultless before the throne of his glory exceeding joy; to make all grace abound, a times, for every good work. And, last of we have learned that He who is able to save soul, is able to save the body also, and chang from a body of humiliation into a body of gl

Wonderful ability! Can language express thought imagine, anything not included un one or other of the verses we have quoted? believe not; yet thought and language can fathom the depths of God's ability, for they finite, and that is infinite. There were dep into which even an inspired apostle could travel; and we learn, through that apostle, t God '*is able* to do exceeding abundantly ab all that we ask or think' (Eph. iii. 20). have asked for much, and thought of mu but God is able to do exceeding abundan above it all.

Will it, then, seem very strange if I say t I am not sure that the very keystone of t blessed arch of God's ability is not the fact t there is one thing He cannot do? Yes, th is one thing which He who is almighty a omnipotent cannot do; and with a thrill thankful joy I read the words: 'God—wh cannot lie' (Titus i. 2). So, then, what He h promised He is not only able to perform (R iv. 21), but will perform; 'He *cannot* lie!'

'Lord, increase our faith!'

RULES FOR USING THE TONGUE.

THE tongue is called in the Bible 'an unruly member.' Our own experience accords perfectly with the statement; and observations on the tongues of others have satisfied us of the fact. We think the following rules, if carefully followed, will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed.

1. Never use your tongue in speaking anything but truth. The God of truth, who made the tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood; it will run into such inconsistencies, as to detect itself. To use the organ for publishing falsehood, is as congruous as the use of the eye for hearing, or the ear for smelling.

2. *Do not* use your tongue too much. It is a kind of waste-gate, to let off the thoughts they collect, and expand the mind; but if t waste-gate is always open, the water will so run shallow. Many people use their tongu too much. Shut the gate, and let streams thought flow in, till the mind is full, and th you may let off with some effect.

3. Never let the stream of passion move t tongue. Some people, when they are about put this member in motion, hoist the wro gate; they let out Passion instead of Reaso The tongue then makes a great noise—disturl the quiet of the neighbours, exhausts the pe son's strength,—but does no good. The whirl wind has ceased, but what is the benefit?

4. Look into the pond, and see if there i

ugh to move the wheel to any purpose,
u open the gate; or, plainly, think
a speak.
er put the tongue in motion while your
it has his in motion. The two streams
, and the reaction will be so great, the
neither will reach the other, but come
blinding sprinkle upon himself.
that your tongue is hung true before
Some tongues, we have observed, are so hung that they sometimes equivocate considerably. Let the owners of such turn the screw of conscience, until the tongue moves true.

7. Expect that others will use their tongues for what you do yours. Some claim the privilege of reporting all the news, and charge others not to do so. Your neighbour will not allow you to monopolize the business. If you have anything to be kept secret, keep it yourself.

THE OLD SAILOR'S PRAYER.

ınd other men nave lost their lads,
r women wiped their poor dead mouths,
hem home, and dried them in the house,
the driftwood lie along the coast.
a tidy boat but one day back,
next tide, the neighbours gather it
on their fires. Ay, I was strong
-bodied; loved my work; but now
eless hull. 'Tis time I sunk;
ll men's way. I trouble them;
ouble to myself; but yet
mariners o' stormy nights,
for wives that watch ashore. Ay, ay,
earning, I would pray the Lord
them in; but I'm no scholar—no.
ning is a world too hard for me.
ke bold to say: 'O Lord, good Lord,
oken-down, poor man—a fool,
to Thee! But in the Book 'tis writ—
say from others that can read—
n Thou camest, Thou didst love the sea,
with fisher-folk; whereby 'tis sure
west all the peril they go through,
ıeir trouble.
As for me, good Lord,
boat; I am too old, too old.
re drowned; I buried my poor wife.
lasses died so long ago,
ly I forget what they were like.
west, Lord—they were such little ones.
ıey went to Thee; but I forget
's, though I missed them sore. O Lord,
rong man; I have drawn good food,
e good money out of thy great sea.
cried for them at nights; and now,
Although I be so old, I miss my lads;
And there be many folk this stormy night
Heavy with fear for theirs. Merciful Lord,
Comfort them! Save their honest boys—their pride,
And let them hear, next ebb, the blessedest,
Best sound—the boat-keels grating on the sand.
I cannot pray with finer words. I know
Nothing. I have no learning—cannot learn:
Too old, too old! They say I want for nought,
I have the parish pay; but I am dull
Of hearing, and the fire scarce warms me through.
God save me! I have been a sinful man;
And save the lives of them that still can work,
For they are good to me: ay, good to me.
But, Lord, I am a trouble; and I sit,
And I am lonesome, and the nights are few
That any think to come and draw a chair,
And sit in my poor place, and talk awhile.
Why should they come, forsooth? Only the wind
Knocks at my door. Oh, long and loud it knocks;
The only thing God made that has a mind
To enter in.'
Yea, thus the old man spake.
These were the last words of his aged mouth.
But One did knock. One came to sup with him.
I tell you that One knocked while it was dark.
What He said,
In that poor place where He did talk awhile,
I cannot tell. But when the neighbours saw
The smile the old man passed away in, they said:
'He looks
As he had woke and seen the face of Christ,
And, with that rapturous smile, held out his arms
To come to Him.' —*Ingelow.*

The Harleys of Chelsea Place.

CHAPTER V.

HOLIDAYS being over, Constance and Tom returned to their respective schools, and Miss Mills resumed her duties in the schoolroom. Dora began to learn music and French, her aunt and uncle considering that it was high time she should. At first Johnny did not like Dora's being so much longer engaged with lessons than he was; but when Miss Mills told him all little ladies learned music and French, he was somewhat reconciled to the alteration, being very desirous that Dora should be a lady. Dora was equally anxious on the subject, having never forgotten what Tom had said about ladies; and she wanted him to see, though she was a little brown thing, with a nose like nobody else's, that she could be one. So she did her best to learn her lessons; and Tom and Constance of an evening were always ready and willing to help her in any difficulty she met with.

But amidst all her desires to get on with her studies, her mind ran upon the poor people whom nurse had told her lived so near Chelsea Place, until at last she seemed able to think of nothing else, even dreaming of them at night, and wondering how she could find out where they lived, and get to see them. She had seven shillings and sixpence in her money-box, and she wanted very badly to give them away without anybody knowing about it; for she recollected having heard the clergyman preach about not letting our left hand know what our right hand doeth; and her aunt had told her that it meant we were to do good as quietly as possible, and not talk about what we had given away, or intended doing. Dora had fully made up her mind to get rid of her money at the first opportunity; but she could not think how she should find an opportunity, without nurse, and old nurse, and Tom, and lots of people knowing it.

So she came to the conclusion that she had better put on her hat and slip out when nobody was about, and she could but tell where she had been when she came back, if she were asked; and if she were not missed, she need not say anything of her visits. She knew the house was always very quiet after the one o'clock dinner, and she and Johnny did what they pleased, until Miss Mills called her for lessons from three to four; so, she thought, if she could only slip out some day after dinner, she should be back again and ready for Miss Mills by three. It did not require much waiting and watching on Dora's part for carrying out her projected scheme; for Johnny and she were such steady little things, that no one ever supposed it necessary to look after them in the play-hour. So, one fine day, as soon as dinner was over, she went up to her bedroom, and, putting on her hat and cloak, prepared to go out. She had just taken her money out of her box, and was wrapping i paper, when Johnny came into the ro

'Oh Dora!' he cried, 'where are y

'Hush! Johnny,' said Dora; 'I am some poor people and give them my r I do not want any one to know it. back in time for Miss Mills. Please tell that I am going.'

Johnny promised he would not t she would make haste back; and tol his love to the poor people, and say th come and see them some day, and his money too.

Dora set off in capital spirits, Joh ing himself at the schoolroom windo her as far as possible. She was not l down the stairs, though she felt so st all by herself down the wide staircase, the great hall; and when she had ope she could not shut it without mal noise, so she left it a little open, ho it so when she returned. Johnny hand from the upper window, and hers, and then walked off as quickly for she was very anxious to be back Miss Mills. When she got to the en street, she stood for a moment or t which way she had better take; then ing that nurse had never gone with cousins down a narrow street just where she was standing, she cross went down it. The narrow street narrow streets, until at last she fou such a dirty, miserable-looking place, quite certain she had reached the pa poor really lived. The sight of a ni child, all by herself, brought a numb to their doors and windows; and saw her looking about, they began to she wanted to find. She had ne the end of the row, when an old w her who she was looking for?

Dora immediately replied, 'Some

'Oh! we are all poor people her little lady,' whined the woman. 'B the names of them you wanted to fi

'I do not know their names yet. by and by, when I have found t thought I had come to the right pl some money to give away to them sick or old.'

The old woman pricked up her word money, and said, 'She was v sick into the bargain.'

'Then I will come and see you fi do you live?' asked Dora.

'Just in here, my little lady,' woman, leading the way to her abode time they had reached it, several o had joined her.

'Who is she?' questioned one.

'What does she want?' asked an

'Whose child is she?' inquired th

'Hold your tongues, can't yer!'

woman. 'I'll knock your heads off in a minute if you don't.'

'Oh! please do not say that,' said Dora. 'If you talk like that, you will not be a good old woman, and I should not like to give you any of my money.'

'Money!' shouted the other women. 'Don't give her any. She's a witch and fortune-teller! She's a bad un!'

Dora did not know what a witch or fortune-teller was; but she soon came to the conclusion that it was something very wicked, for the old woman flew into such a passion, using such dreadful language, and throwing her arms about in such a furious manner, that Dora got frightened and tried to run away. But it was too late; the old woman caught hold of her by the arm and tried to pull her into her house, whilst the other women declared she should not have the child, to steal her clothes and get money from her, and pulled her the other way. And such a crowd collected about them, and there was such a shouting and screaming, that poor Dora trembled from head to foot, and prayed and entreated the women to please to take her home. But her petition was unheeded, for it was unheard by the noisy persons congregated round her, the greater part of whom did not know why they had gathered together, and were loud in their inquiries as to the cause of the row. How the matter would have ended no one can tell, if a great tall Irishman had not shouldered his way through the crowd, saying, 'Aisy, my jewels; what's the time o' day?'

'Oh, Mike!' screamed one of the women, 'you're the chap to settle her. Here's old Bet stealing a child.'

'Sure, thin, I'm the boy for yer money,' replied Mike, forcing himself through to where Dora was being tugged and pulled from one to another.

'Arrah, Bet, what are ye arter?' he exclaimed, when he had worked his way up to her.

'I ain't adoing nothing! The little lady was coming in to see me, and *they* stopped her!' shrieked Bet, shaking her fist at the women she designated by 'they.'

'Oh, sir,' cried Dora, wrenching herself away from Bet and the other women, thereby tearing the skirt of her frock half out of the waist, and leaving her cloak in the hands of one of them as she caught hold of Mike. 'Oh, sir, please do take me home;' and she burst into tears.

'Sure, honey, ind that's what I'm intinding to perforum,' replied the man, lifting the child up in his arms; and with 'You'll catch it, ind no mistake, Bet,' preparing to work his way through the crowd.

'I did not steal the child,' shouted Bet; 'she comed of her own accord, she did!'

'Yes,' cried Dora, who, though frightened dreadfully, could not bear to hear any one wrongly accused; 'I came to see sick old people; she did not steal me. But oh! please take me home.'

The crowd hearing Dora's reply, made way for Mike, and some of them returned to their homes, whilst others followed him up the street; a lot remaining behind to storm and quarrel with Bet. Dora clung to her protector until they were out of the street; then begging to be put down, she took hold of his hand, grasping it as tightly as she could.

'Sure, ind where do you live, honey?' inquired Mike. Dora managed to tell him that she lived with her Uncle and Aunt Harley in Chelsea Place, and that her name was Dora, and then, quite overcome, sobbed violently.

'Sh—sh—honey my jewel! Sure, ind the life's frithened out of ye entirely, ye poor little crathur,' said the kind-hearted fellow, as he tried to soothe the child. 'But ye'll soon be at the home agin; so don't yez cry, honey, we'll soon be there.'

Dora, a little comforted, tried to check her sobs and tears; but she presented a very miserable appearance. What with the fright she had sustained, and her ragged clothing, you would scarcely have recognised her to be the same little girl who had left Chelsea Place some time before. Her neat pink frock was hanging about her, being in many places torn out of the gathers; her black silk cloak was gone, and her straw hat was bent out of all shape, whilst her face was very pale, and she shook so that she could hardly walk.

In the meantime three o'clock had arrived, and Miss Mills was waiting to give Dora her music lesson; but no Dora was to be found. Johnny having been closely questioned, burst out crying for mamma; and Mrs. Harley having been summoned to the nursery, he whispered, that Dora was gone to see some poor people, and that he had promised not to tell nurse she was out, if she came back quick. 'But she is not come, mamma,' he cried; 'won't Dora never come back?' and he wept bitterly. To describe the consternation that followed Johnny's information would be scarcely possible. The idea of a little child who had never been out of the house before by herself, having gone they knew not where, set the whole family in a commotion. Servants were despatched in every direction, and Mr. Harley himself went off to the police office, to set the police inquiring after Dora. Nurse had quickly discovered that she had worn her black silk cloak and straw hat; so Mr. Harley described her at the station-house as a little dark-haired, dark-blue-eyed girl, between eight and nine years old, dressed in a pink muslin frock, black silk cloak, white straw hat with black velvet on it, white stockings, and black kid boots, answering to the name of Dora Harley; but could he have seen the tattered little trembling creature, at the moment he was describing her, walking by the side of Mike, he would have represented her very differently. A policeman accompanied Mr. Harley in search of Dora, taking him to one of the worst parts of the city, but not very far from Chelsea Place, when, just as they turned the corner of a very narrow dirty street, a ragged little girl sprang from the side of a tall man, and throwing her arms round Mr. Harley's neck, screamed out 'Uncle!'

Mr. Harley was so taken by surprise, that for a moment or two he remained speechless; but Dora clung to him with all her might until he

recovered himself, when, stooping down, he raised her in his arms, uttering a fervent 'Thank God, I have found you.'

A cab was soon called, and Mr. Harley, having begged the policeman to talk to Mike and tell him where to come to be rewarded the next morning, took Dora in his arms into the cab, never letting go of her until he had placed her in her aunt's at Chelsea Place.

'You naughty girl,' exclaimed nurse, as he entered the hall with his little burden; but he immediately replied, 'Nurse, the lost is found; none but her aunt may dare to chide her.'

There was no chiding with Mrs. Harley, and so Dora felt as she was folded to that loving bosom; but tears of thankfulness mingled with Dora's tears of sorrow, for she had heard nurse call her naughty, and for the first time realized had done wrong.

'Oh, auntie,' she sobbed, when she ha recovered, 'indeed I did not know it was I I only wanted to give my money to so people, and nobody know about it,—inde

In an instant Mrs. Harley rememb conversation with Dora about the cle sermon on almsgiving, and understood a had been so frightened, and was so bruis the arms, that they thought it best to l quiet, by putting her to bed, and only was allowed to stay with her. Worn out and body, she soon fell asleep, and John ling down by her side. When nurse br their tea, she found him asleep also.

(*To be continued.*)

Readings for the Young.

'I HA'E NAE SOUL.'

ON a sultry summer's day in Scotland, a farmer was resting from the toils of the morning in a great oaken chair, in which his grandfather's father had rested before him, when the click of the latch to the little gate aroused him, and, springing to his feet, he gave the newcomer a hearty welcome.

The guest was no other than the new minister, who had just come to live at the old manse; and, according to Scottish custom, the family were called together to listen to the words of the man of God. The blind old grandmother's chair was wheeled into the little parlour; the mother and daughters came from their needlework; the sons were called from the fields; the maids summoned from the kitchen; the children were snatched from their unfinished sand-pies, and soon took their places at their mother's side, or hid themselves in her gown, whence they bashfully peeped out at the minister, whom they had never before seen, except at the kirk.

After the minister had been introduced to each one, he turned to the farmer, and said, 'Are all your family here?' 'Yes, they are all here,' was the reply. The man of God did not seem entirely satisfied; and, after a little pause, he again asked if the whole family were there, and was again answered, 'Yes.' 'But,' said he, 'who was that boy standing by the window as I came in?' 'Oh,' said some one, 'that was "daft" (half-witted) "Willie;" he couldn't understand you.' However, the minister insisted upon Willie's being called, and one of the maids went for him. He soon came in, well enough dressed, to be sure, but with a vacant look on his face, revealing his mental darkness.

Then the good pastor catechized the children, and instructed and admonished all; and he was listened to with reverence, for the family had been brought up in the fear and admonition of *the Lord.*

At last he came to poor, half-witted and with him he took a different course.

'Willie,' said he, 'do you know that y a soul?'

'Na, maister, Willie has nae soul!' poor boy's reply.

'Listen to me, my boy. It is yo which makes you unhappy when you ha naughty.'

'I ha'e nae soul, maister!' was ag thrilling response.

'But, Willie, did you never feel a anything? Had you never a fear? you never love anybody?'

'Yes, maister.'

'Well, Willie, that was your soul that

'Aweel, maister, I ha'e had a soul ai I ha'e nae soul noo. It was sae very couldna do naething wi't, and I gaed Lord Jesus, and I gie'd it to Him, and i and He keeps it; sae Willie has nae soul

Truly the way of life is so plain, th wayfaring men, though fools, shall therein.'

A NICE HIDING-PLACE.

ONE morning I went to my pleasant room, and found many vacant seats. T scholars, who had been with us a few fore, now lay cold in death, and oth very sick. The diphtheria had entered lage and our school. The children were bitterly as I went in; and some of th quickly to me, saying, 'Oh teacher, Mis Georgie are dead! What shall we do? think *we* shall be sick and die?'

I touched the bell gently, as a signal opening of the school; and when they taken their seats, I said:

'Children, you are all alarmed at the a of this terrible disease. You sorrow death of your mates, and fear that you be taken. Many of you have asked me,

" I know of but one way to escape
and that is, to *hide* from it. If you
will read you of a hiding-place.'
d eagerly, while I read the ninety-
I made no comments, but, in a few
l that the Comforter would carry
to their hearts. They all seemed
e sweet words of the Psalmist, and
lessons went on as usual.
a sweet little girl, named Lizzie,
and said, 'Teacher, are you not
diphtheria?' 'No,' I answered.
ln't you, if you thought you would
l die?' 'No, dear, I trust not.'
d her questioning, and looked me
ce for some minutes, with thought-
ıg eyes; then her face brightened
! I know now,' she said. 'I know
not afraid: you are hiding under
Oh, what a nice place to hide!
that as you read the chapter. I
hide there too; then I should not
the diphtheria, or anything else.
ı for *me* too?'
ie,' I said, 'room for you, and for
ıo wishes to come. Oh, He longs
e than you can think, to *hide* you
to clasp you to his heart, to wash
in his own blood! Used as He is
of heaven, with its choirs of ten
housands, yet it will be far sweeter
hear your childish voice whisper-
Thou art my hiding-place." Will
vith your whole heart, those precious
soft '*I will*' was her only answer;
t that glad hour, Lizzie sought and
elter of her Saviour's wing.

LL-LIGHTED LANTERNS.

way along as best I could, on a
ght not long since, as I turned a
street, I saw, but a short distance
, a well-lighted lantern. At first
see who was carrying it; but it
a boy, who was whistling merrily
along.
lantern was of much service to me.
ight back on the path, or sidewalk,
ds. It showed me where to walk,
d me where *not* to walk, if I wished
of the mire.
kful to the boy who was thus of so
me in lighting my way, while he
g about the good he was doing.
along, not thinking of me—hardly
t I was behind him; and yet he was
a very kind service.
t help thinking what a happy thing
if all the boys and girls, and all the
nen who have the privileges of the
well-lighted Christian lanterns!
good would they do, which is now
We are not so much lanterns in
, as in what we do. It is the quiet
ience of a good example, that is a
en others. A very young child may
eful lantern. A small lantern, well
lighted, is of much service; while a very large lantern, without any light, is of no use. And who knows how many the light will reach and benefit? Now, children, do not be dark lanterns, or such as give no light; but, as you pass along through life, at home, or in school, or in the street, or wherever you are, show that you love the truth, and that you seek, by God's grace, to walk as you are taught in his holy word. Show this in your lives. Show it by a cheerful, loving, honest walk with your companions. Never be afraid to let others see that you love God, and desire to do what is right in his sight. If thus you live, many will be benefited, and will bless you. Some may follow in the path of your light whom you know not, nor ever shall know, until you meet them in the world of glory above. *Let your light so shine* before your fellows, that they may see your good works, and 'glorify your Father who is in heaven.'

FOOTPRINTS OF LOVE.

LIFE beareth many footprints
On the golden sands of time;
Footprints of high and noble deeds,
And, alas! of many a crime.

Footprints of kings and warriors,
Of the conquerors of earth;
Footprints of busy little feet
Gathering around the hearth.

Footprints of stern, high daring,
And of deeds as soft and mild;
But the sweetest footprints I have seen,
Were those of a little child.

The little steps went in
A dungeon wall'd around;
They went, with gathered flowers, to cheer
A prisoner chained and bound.

The little voice was heard
In whispers soft and low,
And the little hand was gently laid
On a dark and troubled brow.

And trembling words lisp'd forth
The Saviour's precious name,
Till o'er that captive's sullen mood
Repentant feeling came.

And the little steps went out,
But the footprints long remained;
Remained, too, in the softened heart
Of that prisoner bound and chained.

Footprints they are in time;
But not in time alone:
Eternity, in living light,
Those blessed steps will own.

Then, little one, go thou
And do some loving thing;
Leave footprints on the sands of time,
Whence blessed fruits may spring.

—Anon.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

JOHN XVI. 33.

HERE are four special points: the peace, the tribulation, the victory, the cheer. It is Christ himself who is the speaker of these words. He speaks them to us. Let us listen.

I. *The peace.*—Peace is the great Bible subject; the burden of God's messages to man. Peace on earth, peace with God, the peace of conscious reconciliation. But it is not so much 'peace with God' that is here referred to, as 'the peace of God;' not the peace obtained by receiving the embassy of peace, the reconciliation, but the peace of the reconciled soul. Into this region of peace reconciliation is the entrance. Here no wrath can reach us, no storm can ruffle us, no terror can appal us. We are 'kept in perfect peace.' The peace of God rules in our hearts, and is perpetual sunshine,—like an island of bright verdure in the midst of a stormy sea. It is peace *in Christ;* not out of Him, nor apart from Him, but IN Him. It flows out of Him to us; or rather, we are in Him, and so get that peace. We get it by means of his words, 'These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace.' His words are the words of peace. The soul that listens to these words drinks in the peace; or, we may say, breathes the air of peace. Look at his words: 'Let not your heart be troubled;' 'In my Father's house are many mansions;' 'the Father coming in and abiding;' the love of the Father; the little while; the coming joy. Yes, every word is loaded with peace, his own peace, the Father's peace, the Spirit's peace, the peace of heaven—peace even here on earth, where all is trouble and disquiet.

II. *The tribulation.*—Though not *of* the world, we are in it still. We are partakers of its *sorrows*, though not of its *sins;* and besides, the men of the world hate us and trouble us, as they hated and troubled our Master. So that we have tribulation both in and from the world. The prince and god of this world is against us, and assails us on every side, as the old serpent, the tempter, the roaring lion, the ruler of the darkness of this world. Our separation from it, and nonconformity to it, make it the more hostile. It will not let us alone. It is a waste howling wilderness; a land of storms, and barrenness, and enemies, and thorns and briars. The law of the church's present state is 'tribulation.' 'Through much *tribulation* we must enter the kingdom.' 'These are they which came out of great *tribulation*.' There is the weakness of this 'vile body,' weariness, vexation, disappointment, bereavement, breaking of ties, farewells and partings, bodily diseases, pain, affliction, poverty, loss, disaster, straitened circumstances, persecutions, coldness, hatred, the sneer and taunt,—of these things the world is full. Its atmosphere is impregnated with evil, and sadness, and gloom. Thus has it been from the beginning. We see it in Abel, Noah, Joseph, Moses, David, Jeremiah, and all the saints. It is the church's portion here. It was the portion of her Head. He was 'a man of sorrows.' And all this not because of inconsistency, but consistency! The more we are unlike *the world, the more* it hates us; the more we are like the Lord, the more will the w
us. The Seed of the woman and t
serpent cannot agree or love. H
come out from it, stand aloof, wh
the consequences. And this nonco
quarrel between us and the world—
long more for the day of the great a
lation makes us long for the coming
us long for resurrection; weariness
for rest; partings make us long
Thus we 'look for and hasten unto
the day of God,'—the ending of t
beginning of the joy.

III. *The victory.*—'I have overco
It is a powerful world, but not all
has been fought with, and overcome
than it, or than its prince, has come a
it. The world did its utmost in this
Son of God prevailed. The Seed
bruised the serpent's head. Noah c
world, but Christ overcame it. I
longer any power left to it but wha
He overcame it both by weakness a
He slew death by dying; He conque
god of this world, by allowing Sat
Him. He did it alone. None coul
such a battle. Yet the victory was c
and irreversible. He is the Conquero
Conqueror, has led captivity captiv
comes again, this victory will be ma
we only know it by faith. God h
the victory of his Son, both in heav
but the world believes it not. Yet t
great and glorious. It was a victory
the long battle between heaven and
God and Satan, between the church
ritual wickedness in high places.

IV. *The cheer.*—'Be of good chee
Be not afraid of the world, or its
tribulations.

(1.) *It is a conquered world.*—N
strength, or flushed with victory; bu
comfited. Even at its strongest it ha
strength; and 'who art thou, that t
be afraid of a man that shall die?
creature-weakness—a broken world.
cheer.'

(2.) *It is conquered for you.*—The
your fight, and won your victory.
his foe and yours. As both, He fou
He was 'a leader and commander t
the 'Captain of your salvation.' It
had in view when He was fighting.
you more than conquerors. 'Be of
(3.) *It is conquered by Christ.*—C
your Saviour, your Friend. The
almighty, and his victory has been
by the Father. It was Jesus who fo
'Be of good cheer.'

Not merely do not yield to desp
Elijah and Jonah, but 'rejoice and
glad.' Be cheerful in days of darkne
still a battle, which you must fight c
hopefully. It is 'that which is behi
battle;' the last relics of the fight
yield not. 'Love not the world,'
against it. Be faithful to death. Th
to him that overcometh.

MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

ACTS xi. 19-26.

THE spring or fountain of such missions is in the heart of God: 'God so loved the world;' the warrant and obligation of them is in the command of Christ, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel;' but the real, immediate cause of them is the power of the Holy Ghost working in the hearts of believers, and constraining them to declare to their perishing fellow-men what they themselves have seen, and tasted, and handled of the word of life. We see this here. It is strange how prone men, even good men, are to form plans for God, according to which they think that He should conduct his work. The Lord had said distinctly and repeatedly to his apostles, that they should *begin* preaching the gospel in Jerusalem, and then go on to Judea, Samaria, and the ends of the earth. But they did not rightly consider and obey their marching orders. They did begin at Jerusalem, and for a time were greatly blessed. Multitudes were turned to the Lord. But here they stopped. They made no attempt to go out into Judea, and on to foreign lands. They seem to have thought that their work was first to subdue Jerusalem the capital; and when that was completely converted, then they could think of ulterior measures. They did not understand, what they afterwards knew and acknowledged, that God's design with the world at present is only 'to take out of it a people for his name.' They might have learned this from the conduct of their Master, who never stayed long in any place; but went from town to town, from village to village, putting aside urgent requests to remain, by saying, 'I must preach the gospel to other cities also, for therefore am I sent.' He acted like the angler, who goes along the river bank giving a cast here and a cast there, and so making trial of many miles. Yet how much of the old mistake remains among ourselves! When we press the claims of the heathen, we are often met with the remark: There are plenty of heathens at home; first convert them, and then go after those who are abroad.

Another error into which these good men fell was this: they thought the Gentiles could not become Christians without first becoming Jews,—proselytes of the gate, as it was called; they must submit to the law of Moses, and so pass on to the fuller light and liberty of the gospel. In this way they, unwittingly I am sure, put a bar of their own in God's open door; and so, if they had been permitted, they would have greatly checked and hindered the work of salvation. Is there not a solemn warning for us here? These men had the fulness of the Spirit, and yet they have not comprehended the generous, liberal sentiments of their Master; they have not understood his words, when at Jacob's well He said, 'The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.' The Spirit does not drive or force men to receive the truth. He leads or guides, and only increases his light as they are able and willing to bear it. How is it with ourselves in this respect? Are we stinting and hindering our progress in knowledge and usefulness by our prejudices and party spirit?

But see here how God acts when man's plans are opposed to his own. He overrules and sets aside man's plans, and goes on in his own way and prospers it. The Lord wishes to guide his people with his eye; but when they will not thus learn and obey, then He has recourse to the bit and bridle, the staff and rod. And so here; the church has been staying at home, regardless of its Master's command, and the wants of a perishing world. The Lord lets Satan loose, and He stirs up persecution. Stephen, a man evidently ahead of his time, and having deeper insight into the Lord's mind than the others, is the first to fall. His blood only stirs up a desire for more. A fierce and general persecution ensues. These forerunners of the Popish inquisitors force their way into private dwellings, and hale men and women to prison and to death. But what was the consequence? 'Now they which were scattered abroad, upon the persecution that arose about Stephen, travelled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word to none but unto the Jews only.' Ah! Satan, you have destroyed yourself. There was one fire at Jerusalem, a growing fire, and you hated it.

You thought, if you could scatter it, the whole would go out. You said, These men, continuing together, kindle and inflame one another; but separate, they will cool and languish away. You have scattered them; but see the result. Formerly you had but one fire to watch; now you have many. The one fire was stationary; the many fires are moving hither and thither, burning and blazing as they go. Light a torch, and hold it up, it will burn slowly; but run with it through the air, and it will blaze fiercely. And so with these men; they were simple members of the church, they had no official rank or standing, and when left undisturbed at Jerusalem, they were quiet and orderly, perhaps never thought of preaching, but left that to the apostles. But when driven out, leaving all, and fleeing for their life, they seem, according to Christ's promise, to have got the hundred-fold. The Comforter came upon them in power, as the Spirit of testimony; they could not contain themselves; they must tell what they had seen, and heard, and felt, of the grace of Christ; and so they went everywhere preaching the word. At first they confined their labours to the bounds prescribed by the ecclesiastical rules and traditions of the day. They spoke only to the Jews. But the Spirit of God cannot be confined by man's orders and arrangements. These God-made missionaries soon felt their hearts on fire as they saw the valley of dry bones,—the old darkness and desolations of heathendom. And so they began to offer Christ and eternal life to the Gentiles just as they were, without any condition or preparatory work. It was the fulfilment of the old promises, the accomplishment of Christ's command.

'And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, who, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus.' Their subject was good,—Christ Jesus; their help was mighty,—'the hand of the Lord was with them.' This is equivalent to the Spirit of the Lord. The expressions seem interchangeable in Scripture. In Matthew, Christ says, 'If I by the Spirit of God cast out devils;' and in Luke the parallel passage is, 'If I by the finger of God cast out devils.' The hand or Spirit of the Lord was with these preachers, and so a great number believed and turned to the Lord. It was God's seal of approval on their bold step of breaking out of the rut of human routine. This, I think, settles the question about the lawfulness of lay preaching. The Lord is Sovereign. He can call and qualify whom He will. Amos says, 'I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was a herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit. And the Lord took me as I *followed* the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel.' And so it still; the Lord sends and prospers whom He wi We should not be jealous of the lay preacher, if he were encroaching on the work of the regul ministry. There is room for both; their work different. The one is the pioneer and plant the other waters and builds up. We need th both. Rules which are good and useful in or nary times, should yield a little in extraordina times. When the river of God is in flood, should not be surprised or alarmed if here a there it overflows its banks. Alas! the wat too soon return to their usual shrunken cha nels, and we have to cry, 'Turn again captivity as the streams of the south.' should seek to cultivate a large, open, libe spirit, knowing that we have to do with a w derful and wonder-working God, who often s prises his people with the greatness and riches his grace.

But there is another thought here. It is th Good men, when they come to know God's w fall in with it, and heartily help it on. Tidi of what had occurred at Antioch reached the e of the church at Jerusalem. Doubtless it wo at first startle and alarm them. This was *their* way of acting. It was done without th orders, and was not according to rule. It w quite unprecedented. We know how they took t Apostle Peter to task for receiving the Gent Cornelius into the church, and their objectio were only overcome by God's unequivocal ord ing and approval of the matter. There wo be more numerous and more serious objectio in the case of Antioch. These preachers we plain, unauthorized men, and it was not o Gentile, known, honoured, and beloved, li Cornelius, that was received into the church: was a great number of unknown Gentiles, of classes and character. In this perplexity th adopted the wisest course—they determined send and inquire on the spot. This was rig As long as we stand aloof, and are influenced l mere report and hearsay, we are sure to be mi led and governed by prejudice and idle fanci Said Nathanael to Philip, as he pointed to Chri 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth Philip's answer was the right one, 'Come and se Nathanael obeyed, and became an enthusiast follower of the Lord. The church selected Ba nabas to be their emissary, and the choice was wise one. He himself had been originally a m of Cyprus, and so would be regarded with co fidence by the preachers, some of whom were h own countrymen. He was also much esteeme and respected at Jerusalem as a hearty, devote Christian. At the beginning he had sold h landed possessions, and distributed the pric among his poorer brethren. I suppose he was

man of grave, reverend aspect, for the heathen at Lystra compared him to Jupiter, the chief of their gods. Doubtless he would come to Antioch with a measure of anxiety and suspicion. But all his fears and surmisings were at once and happily dispelled. 'Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.' It is a remarkable expression—*seen* the grace of God; but it is a right one. The root of grace is invisible; but the fruit is visible, and can be tasted and examined. Many things show the existence and presence of the grace of God when it is or has been strongly at work. The seriousness, earnest attention, insatiable hunger for the word; the crowding to the house of God; the solemn, fervent prayers; the sweet, universal singing; the joy and thankfulness; the love and interest in one another's welfare, separation from the world, holiness of life and conversation, liberality up to and even beyond their means,—such things irresistibly produce the conviction, God is here. Barnabas saw these things; he recognised and acknowledged the grace of God; he was glad, and encouraged them to go on as they had begun. You are right; go on, persevere, abide in Christ, abide with Christ. Cleave to Him with full purpose of heart. Religion is mainly a thing of the heart; it is choosing and receiving Christ, and then holding Him firmly fast. Observe the reason that is given for Barnabas's so readily falling in with a way of working so different from that to which he has been accustomed. It is said, 'For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith.' Evil beings see a work of grace with fear and dislike. Satan trembles and gnashes his teeth at it. To him it is discomfiture and loss. And so his people and servants. It troubles them; they cannot tell to what it will grow. Even well-disposed people sometimes look on with suspicion. They see the mistakes and peculiarities of those who are engaged in it, and they anticipate only evil. But all good and enlightened beings in heaven and earth rejoice.

Barnabas was a good man, and so he was glad when he came into the midst of this busy harvest-field and heard the vintage songs. He did not call the work in question because it had not been begun and carried on by men regularly ordained. He encouraged them, and he looked out for suitable help in the present interesting circumstances. The excitement and toil of a revival time, most pleasant indeed, is yet very exhausting, and breaks down both the body and mind of those who are long engaged in it. Thus the work of God often comes to an end, like a fire that has burned itself out, and the subsequent operation of gathering up and securing the fruit is neglected. Barnabas, always disinterested, felt that Saul of Tarsus was just the man for this emergency. He had introduced him to the church when all stood aloof and suspected him. Now he introduces him to what was to be his future life-work, as the apostle of the Gentiles. He takes a long journey to find him, brings him to Antioch, and there they labour side by side, watering what had been sown and planted, and building up believers in holiness and hope. God greatly blessed their united efforts. 'For a whole year they assembled themselves with the church, and taught much people.' Hitherto believers in Christ had been regarded as a kind of Jewish sect; now they get a new, and honourable, and descriptive name,—Christians. The church at Antioch prospered; and soon, like a full well, it overflowed, and became the mother and centre of missions to the east and west, and even to the end of the world.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

NO. XVIII.—MRS. MAXWELL.

ON entering upon a district for the first time, some visitors have been very conscious of a sort of instinct prompting them to call at one door in preference to another. Instinct I may call this feeling, as it would be difficult, and perhaps at the time impossible, to assign any reason for such preference. A case in point, illustrative of this principle, now occurs to me.

I had just entered upon a new field of labour, without any previous knowledge of the people. And one day, on going into one of its largest tenements, that undefinable sort of feeling came most markedly into operation.

On the first floor not a door seemed to have the least attraction. On the second it was much the same; but on the third there was one at which I could knock without the least hesitation.

It was opened by one having the appearance of a washerwoman—such she was in reality. As she was very communicative, I soon learned from her that all the tenants, without exception, were Roman Catholics, and that hers was the only door at which I could have called without meeting insult. Then, by way of confirming her

statements, she pointed to a small placard above her fireplace, put there by order of the priest, forbidding all Catholics to receive any of the Protestant visitors into their houses. 'And sure,' she added, 'it would not have been good for you to have gone to any of the others, for they are great Catholics.' Then she related several instances of gross insult, offered shortly before, to Protestant visitors.

After leaving this woman, as I wished not only to test the truth of her statements, but also the correctness of the impression before mentioned, I called at another door.

A very good-looking woman, apparently about thirty, answered to my knock. Her beauty was not at all of a sentimental type; yet the luxuriant fair hair, clear complexion and features, to which smiles and good humour seemed perfectly natural, made a very agreeable impression.

Ere I had time to speak, she had apparently comprehended that I was one of the detested Protestant visitors, and immediately the smiles and good-humoured expression gave place to the scowl of a demon. Seldom had I seen a change so sudden, and never an expression so dark as when this poor woman hissed through her set teeth—

'So you are come to speak to me about religion, are you? Then I would just as soon hear the devil speaking. Ay,' she continued, with increasing vehemence, 'and were your minister to come to speak about religion, it would be the devil himself speaking,' etc.

I had no wish to push the experiment any further; so I could only, with a sigh of pity, leave this poor woman to her sad delusion.

To this pretty marked case of instinctive prompting, perhaps I may be allowed to add another, as it brought me acquainted with the subject of the following sketch.

Only a few days after the incident now related, I visited another tenement in the same street. And led, somewhat in the same way, I found myself in the house of a most exquisite specimen of Pharisaic pride—one who did not scruple to call herself the only respectable woman in the whole place.

From that good woman I had in a very few minutes the bad character of all her neighbours. After listening until I had heard sufficient for my own purposes, I interrupted her by saying:

'And you, of course, will be doing all you can to improve them?'

'Me have anything to do with them? No! I would not enter one of their doors; I would not even speak to them.'

I do not know that the rest of our conversation is worth relating; but while Mrs. Talkative made some bitter remarks about her neighbour on the opposite side of the floor, I had again that undefinable sort of impression that that woman was the very one I should visit. Accordingly, the only answer I made to the remarks was, that I intended to call upon her.

'There would be no use doing that,' she said, *very emphatically*, 'for she's a perfect Puseyite —*just the next thing to* a Roman Catholic. An' there's lots o' her ain kin' o' ladies come abou her.'

As I could not agree with Mrs. Talkative as t the uselessness of calling upon her neighbour, went straight to her door. And certainly he appearance was very different from the ideal had been led to form of her.

Her face was far from being unpleasant, de spite its very sallow complexion, and abstracte melancholy expression. But her manner was s sad and hopeless, that I felt sure some sad stor was connected with her past life; very aptly thought the lines might be applied to her:

'Some suffering in her memory seemed fixed,
Too deep for words, ...
In that corroding secrecy that gnaws the heart.'

For some time she was very distant, an evidently under considerable restraint; but s length some words which I used, trifling enoug in themselves, seemed to penetrate the cru that had gathered on her heart. And openin her eyes wide upon me, she asked:

'Are you not one of the ladies of St. ——'s?

'No. I belong to the —— church.'

'So did I once,' she said, with a deep sigh.

'And you are not in connection with it now?

'No. I belong to no church,' she said, ab stractedly.

'I understood you went to St. ——'s?' I sai after some minutes' silence.

'No. I have been once or twice; but I a not going back.' After another considerabl pause, she added, 'But some of the ladies com here and try hard to induce me.'

Gradually she became more and more com municative, until I had most of her early history Her parents died while she was yet very young and left her to the care of an aunt, who traine her very carefully.

'I did love my aunt,' she said; 'and I love my Bible, and the church, and everything good until I met in with Ned,' her husband.

But I need not pursue the dark story furthe than to say that too soon he succeeded in leadin her upon one of the

'Thousand paths that slope the way to crime.'

Although her religion had been but a thing o form, still her habits of church-going, etc., wer so confirmed, that the abrupt breaking-up of the all caused her no little uneasiness. But by an by her spirit got into such a state of quie cence, that she could not only neglect duty wit impunity, but also listen to the blasphemou speeches of her infidel husband with a degree o pleasure.

But the dark sovereign Death was commissione at length to touch the only sensitive cord of h petrified heart, and by one ruthless stroke h broke up for ever its unholy quiet.

Her favourite child died, and with his dea commenced a process by which her heart wa not only cleansed from the rank crop of festerin loathsome weeds that sprang from the poisone germs infidelity had planted there, but it wa also opened to the power which, once admitted rectifies and renovates the whole inner being

Then the good seed, fraught with life, was planted, and bore a rich harvest—a consistent life, redolent of all the wealth of holy love, and wise and prudent conduct. I can only, however, give you a very meagre outline of the important change.

Her little boy was unbaptized; and as there existed in her half-awakened mind much of that vague superstitious regard to baptism which connected salvation with the observance of the rite, the thought came upon her with overwhelming horror, that her child was *lost* through *her* culpable neglect.

The rest of her children being also unbaptized, she felt constrained, she said, to do something to obtain this privilege for them. 'Shame prevented me going back to my own church; so, in a sort of desperation, I went to St. ——'s, and got them all baptized, and that was a sort of salve to my troubled conscience. But I did not like their ways at all. It was for my children's sake I went. I never meant to join with them.'

On my next visit I found her in a very different mind; scarcely a word would she speak. Knowing, however, so much of her past history, I had little difficulty in speaking to her.

On subsequent visits it was much the same. Generally she sat in silence, and listened quite apathetically to what was said. I had almost begun to think that she had a positive dislike to me; yet, as she did not forbid my visits, I continued to call upon her.

On one occasion she did not speak at all, but sat looking into the fire all the time I remained. 'What is the use,' I could not help asking myself, 'of going longer to that woman? It seems a perfect waste of time. Certainly I shall not call again in a hurry.' And I think at least two months had elapsed ere I did so.

By that time what a change was apparent! When she opened the door, and saw who was there, a smile of inexpressible loveliness lighted up her countenance, as she exclaimed,

'Come away, I been *so* longing for you to rejoice with me, for I have found the Saviour! What an ungrateful woman,' she said, almost in the same breath, 'you must have thought me! I do not know how you bore with me so long.'

'I used to be angry,' she said, at another time, 'at you for coming, and at myself for telling you so much of my past history. I felt that I had given you power over me. And sometimes, when you made it evident that my religion had never been anything but a mere form, and I could not deny it, I hated you. I felt stript of my last shred of self-righteousness. I was hardly aware how I clung to my past goodness as some ground of hope till you took it away.'

Then she related the struggle she underwent after my last visit. But at length she was enabled, heart-sore and weary as she was with the burden of sin, to cast herself, a weeping penitent, at the feet of Jesus, and found rest and peace.

'There is no light so good for showing the reality of religion as the light of one's own heart,' it has been said. And in this light the change expressed by Mrs. Maxwell was already making itself very manifest. According to the quaint lines of Herbert:

> 'Her mind's sweetness was having its operation,
> Upon her person, clothes, and habitation.'

Her house formerly had a close, fusty sort of smell, and though not actually in a filthy condition, was untidy and comfortless. It could not well be otherwise; for, after her more necessary duties were done, she sat about listlessly doing nothing. It was so, at least, always when I happened to call.

Now it was very different; her heart seemed full of new life and energy, which manifested itself on all around. The windows were open. The air consequently was fresh and sweet. Everything was orderly. She had been sewing before I went in, and a few minutes after she resumed her seam.

The history of that seam was interesting. It was a shirt for her husband. The material had been purchased with money she had saved by denying herself the use of tea, and some other things not absolutely necessary.

'He laughs at me,' she said, raising her beaming countenance to mine; 'so I must take some way of making him feel that religion is not a vain thing, but that it does really make me better.'

Her religion did truly make her better. Her character was no longer a problem to solve, but a living epistle that could easily be read. Often, while observing the variety of ways by which her new life and energy were carried into action, have I thought of the lines:

> 'With me no melancholy void,
> No moment lingers unemployed,
> Or misimproved below.
> The weariness of life is gone,
> Who live to serve their God alone,
> And only Jesus know.'

While duty was being thus scrupulously attended to, a sort of difficulty arose. She had a great desire for prayer,—continued prayer; but with her newly-awakened consciousness of responsibility, she could not command sufficient time throughout the day for this purpose, and do all that she felt necessary for her husband and children's comfort.

But 'where there is a will there is also a way,' it has been truly said. So her difficulty was easily obviated by rising an hour earlier in the morning, and spending it exclusively in prayer. Thus she was enabled to combine most beautifully the practical and devotional in her daily life,

> 'And serve with Martha's careful hands,
> And Mary's loving heart.'

I found her remarkably happy one day. 'Oh,' she said, while tears of joy were streaming down her cheeks, 'I am *so* happy. I never could have believed that I would feel anything like this—that I could be so happy on earth. I have been praying for some time that the Lord would show me *myself*; but I can see nothing but *Him*.'

'I had so many things to ask you,' she said

one day; 'but I thought you would wonder at my ignorance. Two of them I already understand—the meaning of the expressions, "*free* grace," and "in bondage." I'm sure I know what *free* grace means by experience, and also what it means to *be* "*free*."'

The near prospect of death tries the reality of one's religion. Mrs. Maxwell stood this test also beautifully.

For many weary months she lay on a bed of suffering, under the very shadow of death. So far as her body was concerned, it was a spectacle of sadness; but the element of joy was not wanting,—unutterable comfort filled her soul. Of the way her mind was sometimes exercised, I give a specimen in her own words.

'I was lying one day very helpless, and in great pain. I could do nothing for myself, but just cry, "Lord, help me, help me." And always as I cried I seemed to hear the response, "I *will* help thee, I *will* help thee." Then a dark thought came in. "Where is the help, then?" unbelief said; "it isn't come yet." "But it will come," I said, resolutely; "it will come." Still the questioning went on. "But if the help does not come, how is this promise to be fulfilled?" "Well," I said, almost angry, "if the pain is not taken away, I'll get grace to bear it, and that will be all the same."

'Then I fell into a kind of muse about Paul, how he prayed three times that the thorn might be removed. And the dark thought came in again about God not taking it away when he was so earnest. But when I had mused a good while, I saw through it all. I just seemed to hear the Lord Jesus saying, "Never mind the thorn, Paul, never mind it. Just let it remain there; it will do you good, and I will give you grace to bear it."'

After her recovery, she seemed fuller than ever of practical compassion and quenchless love for the souls of her husband and children; and patiently and prayerfully did she seek their spiritual welfare.

By this time her husband's opposition had settled down into a kind of pleasant scoffing.

'I can easily bear that,' she would say. 'It would be a poor religion that could not stand a laugh.'

I have sometimes been surprised also at her adroitness in turning the point of his scoffing cavils against himself, and often completely silencing him. The finale of one conversation is worth relating.

'If you were dying to-night, Ned, where do you think you would go?'

'Oh, not to hell, surely,' he said, laughing. 'All the ill that I've done has been sufficiently punished already.'

'Could you expect to go to heaven, living as you do?'

'Perhaps hell is quite as good. What sort of place do *you* think it is, eh?'

'I do not think much about it, Ned. But I know this, it would be hell enough for me to live for ever with my sins unsubdued, and a consciousness of God's mercy slighted.'

I remember, while she was speaking to me one day on the subject nearest her heart—the salvation of her husband and children,—that she lifted up her eyes, over which the tears were brimming, and said, with a manner altogether indescribable, 'I *must* have them—I *must* have them.' This, however, was not said with any air of bravado, as if *her* prayers would certainly secure their salvation. Her meaning seemed rather to be, that if she, so unlikely a subject for grace, had found mercy, there could be no doubt but they would also.

For this object she still labours and prays. And who can but join in the wish that her faith may have the ample reward of hearing from the Saviour those words of love and mercy, 'O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt?'

The Harleys of Chelsea Place.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was some days before Dora had quite recovered from her fright and bruises, and was permitted to join Johnny in the schoolroom. Mike Donovan was handsomely rewarded for his kindness by Mr. Harley; and though Dora had either lost or been robbed of her 7s. 6d. during the scuffle in the court, yet she entreated that a message and trifling present should be sent to Bet through Mike, a request that her uncle, after a little consideration, complied with. Mrs. Harley held a long conversation with Dora on almsgiving; and Dora, taught by experience, the more easily understood how impossible it would be for a little girl to fully practise what was a grown-up person's duty and privilege. 'Until you are *old enough to judge for yourself*,' said Mrs. Harley, 'you must let others, who are more competent, and can really advise you for the best, guide you in such matters. In the house be as secret in doing good as you please; but out of the house always consult me, or any one else you like better, my darling; and be assured that you shall never be thwarted or denied doing what is right and proper for you to do.'

Dora kissed her aunt, and promised her that she should know everything she wanted to do for the future; and, from that day, Dora never heard a word to remind her of her unfortunate visit, unless by a question in fun from her cousins about Bet or Mike. Of Mike, the children soon understood they should know a good deal; for one afternoon, old nurse came into the nursery with some strong materials for clothing in her arms, and having deposited them on the table, inquired who was going to help her make clothes for the little Donovans?

ı, nurse,' cried Dora, 'is it for Mike's chil-
'

es,' replied old nurse; 'I've been to see
and they've hardly a whole garment to
them. I never see'd such a set out in my
days. He's been out of work a long time,
having had the fever, which has left him
ak as a rat, and his wife's a poor sickly
ire; and 'tis all dirt and starvation with
'

ıe fever!' said the other nurse with a sort of
ler.

es; but 'twas four months ago. He was
fever hospital a good while. There's no
r now, or I shouldn't have come in here;
'e believe it,' answered old nurse, looking
wise.

ra, Johnny, and Agnes gathered round old
to see what was to be made for the little
vans; even Guy scrambled over the floor to
ble to help in his tiny way, by pulling about
rious articles; and when Constance and Tom
home from school, they became equally in-
ed in what was going on for Mike's chil-

l nurse had to describe each of them; and,
g they were eight in number, it took her up
g time, and she had to promise that when
ent again to see them, she would inquire
eir names, for she could only remember Pat,
y, Mikey, Katy, and Polly the baby.

at must be the short for Patrick,' observed
as they talked over the names, 'and Mikey,
ael. There's a boy at our school named
ael, and when we want to tease him we call
Mike or Mikey; and doesn't he fire up when
)! But I cannot think what Biddy is the
of. I do not think it's a boy's name, is it,
y Grannam?' Nursey Grannam was Tom's
rite sobriquet for old nurse.

o, Master Tom, in my young days it was
ort for Bridget, and I expect 'tis the same
old ones; one don't hear that name very
.'

ridget! Bridget!' shouted the children;
ugly!'

should think it was! I was sure 'twas a
name, because it was ugly. Wasn't the
girl ugly, too?' inquired Tom.

or shame, Master Tom. Haven't I, and
n't your dear mamma and papa, told you over
ver again, that nothing which God makes is
; 'tis our wicked tempers that can only make
ly; and little Biddy, if she'd had a clean
was one of the prettiest creatures I ever
yes on,' said old nurse. 'She had eyes as
as the sky, and curly hair all over her head,
nly wanted washing and feeding up to be a
beauty of a child.'

Was Pat a real beauty?' asked Tom, ironically.

lot to look at,' replied old nurse, gravely;
, to my mind, he was more than beautiful.'

fore than beautiful!' re-echoed the children.

es,' she answered; 'for, but for his wages, all
rest of his family must have gone into the
e—the poorhouse I mean. The boy is only
een years old, and he works night and day
t a few pence. He is employed at the bone factory, and earns three shillings a week, that is sixpence a day, and then the foreman gives him another shilling a week and a bit of supper for helping him with something or other in the evening. Sometimes, his mother told me, he gets a job on Saturday afternoons when the factory is closed, and brings home another sixpence or a shilling, poor child! And his wages, with their parish pay, is all they've had a long while. And now the pay is stopped, because Mike is got well, and unless he can get work soon they must all starve, or go into the house; for Pat's four or five shillings a week won't go far with ten hungry mouths, I can tell you.'

The Harleys all at once simultaneously discovered that they had finished tea, and, clustering together in one of the nursery windows, a long confab ensued, which ended in a general rush from the room, and a speedy return to it again, when a strange jingling of money and a great deal of whispering took place. The result of their conference was made known to old nurse by Tom, who placed in her hand six shillings, begging her to see the Donovans very soon, and give them the money. Old nurse took the money, and promised the children it should be given to Mike's wife when Mr. Harley thought best; for, she said, Mr. Harley was going to try and get work for Mike, and the children, delighted at her intelligence, ran off to their play. Mr. Harley not only tried, but succeeded in obtaining employment for Mike Donovan; indeed, Mr. Harley had not been so much in earnest about anything for several years, and his medical man augured well for him from it.

Mrs. Harley had dreaded lest he should suffer from a relapse of his complaint, after the shock he had sustained about Dora. Instead of that, he had been much better, and had never rested in his endeavours until he had secured work for Mike.

Mr. Harley's illness had commenced at the death of Dora's father, to which sad occurrence he constantly accused himself of being accessory. The brothers had been out shooting together, when, accidentally, Mr. Harley's gun went off, lodging its contents in his brother William's back. Every effort was used to prolong life; but the spine was so injured that medical aid was unavailing, and in three days William Harley died. From that time Mr. Harley had sunk into a deep melancholy, from which he appeared totally unable to rouse himself. Dora's arrival and admission into his household had diverted his mind from his sad reflections for a brief period, but he soon relapsed into his old state again. But when Dora was lost—his brother's child—the precious little one whom he had innocently deprived of father and protector,—all his feelings and energies were enlisted on her behalf, and he realized that in her safety was his happiness. Then, when she was found, there was her restorer to be rewarded and put into a way of getting his bread, which again took Mr. Harley out of himself; and his doctor said that Mrs. Harley must try to find something constantly to employ his mind, that he might not fall back again into the morbid state in which he had remained so

long. Dora came to the rescue, just as Mr. Harley had come to the conclusion that he had done all that had to be done, and must have a little quiet, by suggesting, 'Would it not be nice for good Pat to learn some trade?'

Her proposition met with his immediate approval; and the evening after it had been made, Pat was requested to wait upon Mr. Harley, that he might discover what the boy would like to be. All the elder children managed to get a peep at Pat from over the banisters, as he went into their papa's study; having coaxed the servant who opened the door to ring the upstair bell when he arrived.

When Pat first saw Mr. Harley, it was some minutes before he could summon up courage to answer any questions audibly; but after a little while he managed to stammer forth, he'd 'like to be a smith, and make horse-shoes, and blow the bellows.'

Mr. Harley told him if he were a good boy, a smith he should be; and the next day set about inquiring for a respectable master to apprentice him to.

Mr. Harley's improved health enabled Mrs. Harley to spend more time with her children; and Johnny and Dora could boast of delightful hours passed with mamma and auntie, after Miss Mills left them. Little Agnes began to learn to read at mamma's knee, and would sit as still as a mouse whilst she talked or read to Johnny and Dora. One afternoon, Mrs. Harley had been reading from 'sermons for children' about the love of Jesus in coming down from heaven to die for little boys and girls as well as grown-up men and women, when Johnny wept so violently, that, as soon as she had finished the sermon, she asked him why he cried so much, when he had heard it often before.

'Oh, mamma!' sobbed Johnny, hiding his face against her, 'I never knew before that Jesus died *for me*.'

Mrs. Harley let him weep on; for she knew that the same blessed Spirit which had opened her child's heart to sorrow over his sinful nature, would speedily turn his sorrow into joy. Taught by God's Holy Spirit, Johnny had made the *all*-important discovery,—that great discovery by which alone we can look up to God and call Him Father,—that great discovery which many many anxious seekers have been years and years in making, and which many, to their misery, never try to make, until, too late, they stand in the presence of Jesus, no longer their Saviour, but their Judge.

Happy little Johnny! early led by the Good Shepherd into the green pastures, and early taught what kings and sages would have given worlds, had they possessed them, to know.

CHAPTER VII.

AGAIN the weeks slipped by, and Pat Donovan was apprenticed to a most respectable smith, giving fair promise of doing well. Mr. Harley having seen father and son employed, became so interested in Mike's younger children, that he turned his thoughts upon getting them attend schools, and begged his wife and o nurse to procure them decent clothing as speedi as possible, that they might be enabled to do s He also went out regularly every evening for drive, taking two or three of his own childr with him; and the neighbours began to ta about Mr. Harley's beginning to look as he d before his poor brother's death. The very hou appeared more cheerful through his improv health; for frequently young voices were hea in the staircase and hall, and young faces we seen peeping out of the lower windows. The alterations were gradually and quietly mad yet made they were, until it became a rule f the six children to go down to their papa's roo as soon as they had finished tea in the nurser Dora and Johnny often spent their after-dinn hour in the study together; for where one w to be found, the other was sure not to be f distant. The children were preparing to down, as usual, one October evening, wh nurse called to Johnny, who had been dancin on the tips of his toes, to 'wait a minute,' whil she finished Aggie, to have his hair re-brush before he went.

'I can do it, nursey,' cried Johnny, rushin off to a chest of drawers, upon which a lookin glass stood, and clambering up on the baby chair to see himself; but before nurse cou prevent or stop him, the chair tipped, and h fell over on his head. He was picked up quit insensible, and remained so for some minutes, t the horror and fright of the servants and Mr Harley, who had been instantly sent for, an who could scarcely believe it possible that suc a slight fall could have produced such a serio result. The doctor having arrived, Johnny wa undressed and put to bed, with orders for hi to be kept very quiet, and to be constantl watched, as he was suffering from slight con cussion of the brain, and might have a convulsiv fit at any moment. Doctor Reed told old nurs that he should not have thought so seriously o the accident, had not Johnny been such a fragile sensitive child; but he sadly feared the shoc would be too much for him, and that he woul sink beneath it.

In the night, whilst they watched besid Johnny, the doctor's fears came true; and th poor little fellow was seized with convulsions which lasted for a long time, never leaving hin until he was quite exhausted, and lay like a little dead thing. The sorrow of the household can easily be conceived, when it became known that Johnny, the sunbeam and pet of all, wa dangerously ill, and perhaps would never re cover. Tom crept off to his bedroom whenever he heard Johnny's name mentioned; and when he came out again, the red rims round his eyes told plainly what he had been doing; whilst Constance, when at home, clung to nurse, and entreated to be let stay with her in the nursery. Dora sat in one corner of Johnny's bedroom, pale and silent, only an occasional sob attesting her deep feelings. She was so still and quiet, that no one thought of taking any notice of her, except to make her go into the nursery at meal

to bed at night; but often, in the dead
a little white-draped figure stole into
room, and begged and prayed the
tching beside his cot, to let her stay a
with her.

: passed by, and Johnny still con-
y ill; for seldom a day went by with-
ring a fit or two. He was quite sensible
hem, and would sit pillowed up for a
tes together, and talk to those about
a and papa were the first he called for
ame to himself, and they were never

's seventh birthday was drawing very
he remembered it, and wanted to know
rother, sisters, and cousin were mak-
im. Alas! poor children, they had
ought about it, and knew not what to
ut Mrs. Harley said there would be
ents ready for him when the time
told them she would give them money
e some. But Tom would not hear of
gift for Johnny, and worked hard to
etty ship against the day, whilst Con-
l Dora made the flags and sails, and
me tiny dolls as sailors for it; and
s were shed, and many sighs escaped
ts, over their work for Johnny.

th day after the accident arrived, and
but one more to Johnny's birthday.
ors had pronounced him decidedly
d spoke more hopefully of the future.
ng drew on, and when Johnny was
e children placed the little ship, rigged
ed, just where he could see it when he
hen, kissing his wasted hand as it lay
e coverlet, silently withdrew. About
Johnny woke, and spied the little
en calling for Dora, who heard him in
, and bounded to his side, he told her
'om and Conny for it in the morning,
thought it 'very pretty.' 'And Dora,'
rowing his arms round her neck, 'kiss
r me when you go to Aunt Jenny's, and
cooky that I have never forgot her,
e was so very kind to me. And oh!
ra, love Jesus, and mind and come to
nd bring papa with you, Dora. I am
y now; good night, Dora, good night!'
ttle arms unclasped, and he dozed off.
t back to her bed, and cried herself to
felt so very sad and miserable. When
she next woke, she heard strange voices in the inner room, and she saw people moving about; and sitting up in her bed listening, she heard some one say, 'It is over;' and then there was such a dreadful cry, that her heart ceased beating for a moment or two. Why were they crying if the fit was over? They ought to be glad, and not weep, or make a noise, she thought; and, slipping out of bed, she stole to the open door and peeped in. She could not make it out at all; for the doctors were there, and her uncle and aunt were there, and both of the nurses, and her aunt was crying bitterly—oh, so bitterly! but there was no sound in Johnny's cot, and she could see that he was fast asleep, with the little ship by his side.

'Why do you weep, auntie?' she whispered, as she crept to her side.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley started at her voice; and Mr. Harley, taking her into his arms, tremulously replied, 'Because God has sent for Johnny.'

'But he is asleep, uncle?' questioned Dora.

'Yes, asleep in Jesus.'

She knew all then; and, hiding her face on her uncle's bosom, the strong man and the little child wept together. Mr. Harley carried her down to the study with him, and sitting on his knee, her head still resting against him, they mourned in silence—a silence only broken by a suppressed sob from Mrs. Harley, as she lay upon the sofa in the same room with them. The day had begun to break when old nurse came to see after Dora, and to propose carrying her to sleep with Constance; but she cried 'Oh no, no!' and clung closer to her uncle.

'You will catch your death, Miss Dora; you've nought on but your bed-gown,' pleaded nurse.

'Oh, let me stay! let me stay!' entreated Dora.

'Let her remain,' interposed Mr. Harley.

'And bring a pillow and blankets down here, nurse,' said Mrs. Harley, getting up off the sofa.

Nurse brought the pillow and blankets, and made a little bed upon the sofa, on which Mr. Harley placed Dora, and covering her tenderly up, bade her try and go to sleep. Then going back to his chair, Dora saw her aunt take a low seat by his side, leaning her head against his arm; and as she heard her whisper, 'My Johnny's birthday on earth angels will keep in heaven,' she fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

THE DARK MOUNTAINS.

HERE are these? Are they a myth, a mere figure of speech, or is the graphic phrase descriptive of reality? Have they ever been explored, and can any good be said of them?

scoveries have been made which estab-
real situation, and their peculiar cha-
terms sufficiently explicit for pilgrims
rners in the earth. Let me tell my
vellers, in their passage to the other
world, to beware of these formidable mountains of unbelief, irreligion, peril, and despair.

There is an old map, which we cannot too often consult, which well defines the situation of these singular ranges, and very clearly describes them. According to this authority, they lie in the enemy's land, far out in the wilderness, distant from the holy city, remote from the vineyard of the Lord, as well as from the better country—far away from the Sun of Righteous-

ness; so that, from base to summit, they are all, and always, enveloped in a pall of darkness—never illumined by the light of grace or of glory. The wanderer from God can tell us something about these dreary regions, where in other days he roamed, when living as he listed. If now reclaimed, he regards with shame his former unprofitable life. With many a shudder he recalls the perils and perplexities that continually met him, as he stumbled over those rough and slippery heights, venturing farther and farther into the thick gloom of those fearful mountains; cut off from virtue and from God, far from the light of truth and holiness, and verging on to the regions of utter and perpetual darkness! He can never adequately thank the Good Shepherd for his timely arrest and gracious rescue. But where one such prodigal is recovered, how many grow more wild and hardened, and ultimately meet the doom of sons of perdition! So it was with Cain and Esau, with Saul, Ahab, and Judas, and multitudes since their day.

How strong the delusion that leads mortals thus astray! These mountains, as dimly seen from a distance, and by the untrustworthy eye of sense, are invested with illusory charms. Their obscure summits are wonderfully alluring to hearts alienated from the life of God. And for a season the fascination has all the power of reality. On a nearer approach, the testimony of personal experience begins to dispel the enchantment. Ere he is aware, the heedless one becomes entangled in a labyrinth, which he cannot safely traverse, and from which he is not likely to emerge. Darkness is upon him, and grows ever more intense. The dense chilling shadows wrap their lengthening folds around him. The voices of his late gay companions no longer please him. They are all alike erring, helpless, and lost, groping their uncertain way down to the regions of the dead—to the blackness of darkness for ever!

This wonderfully impressive picture of the career and end of the godless, an inspired pen has drawn. You will find it in the writing of an ancient seer, in which the author describes the condition and peril of those who seek to live without God in the world. In his description he sketches the dark mountains so vividly, that the words are like the touches of a painter, and we seem to see the little candle of the wicked burning very low, and getting dimmer still, until finally it goes out in obscure darkness, and the wretched wanderers plunge on amidst the gross darkness of the shadow of death; bewildered imperilled, and ready to perish, yet tripping desperately on, stumbling along the dangerous passes of these dark mountains,—imagery as suggestive of all that is alarming, calamitous and retributive, in the case of those who, departing from God, are themselves finally abandoned of Him! Behold the despisers, how they wonder and perish!

Contemplating this solemn delineation by the prophet of the Lord, we think at once of benighted heathen, dwelling in earth's dark places sitting debased and hopeless amidst the heavy shadows of error, superstition, and cruel crime and all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death. It seems, too, a faithful description of the godless worldling, in the terrible night of his sorrows, uncheered by the light of faith or the promise of mercy; when his prop give way, and his heart is crushed beneath the sorrow of the world which worketh death. It is likewise an apt picture of the dying unbeliever, bidding a last reluctant adieu to the light of this world, and descending with trembling steps, uncomforted and hopeless, into the darkness of the grave, which to him is darkness that may be felt, because unrelieved by the light of a blessed immortality. And oh, how accurate a mirror it is of the perpetual unrest of the eternally lost! Dark indeed are the mountains over which they stumble, in the fruitless quest of blessing. In that lone land of deep despair, all hope is blotted out.

'Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear.'

Ah! if we wish our dark days to be cheered by an auspicious and undying brightness, and the grave, disarmed of its terrors, to be graciously illuminated, and the unseen world appear to us a shining shore, we must keep near the Sun of Righteousness, and walk in the light of God,—a light which will never pale, but will outshine every eclipse; waxing stronger and still brighter as we near that perfect day, when the shadows will all be gone, and we shall awake in the likeness of Immanuel, amidst the kindling glories of the resurrection.—*Rev. J. E. Nassau.*

ODD BUT USEFUL FRAGMENTS.—No. I.

MEN look at the faults of others with a telescope; at their own with the same instrument reversed, or not at all.

It is dangerous for one to climb his family-tree too high, for he is very apt to get among dead and decayed branches.

Disappointments feed and nourish us in the desert places of life, as the ravens did the prophet in the wilderness.

The man who walks 'a thousand miles in a thousand hours,' is more generally admired than he who walks uprightly threescore years and ten.

Commune often with yourself. No doubt, you might commune with much wiser persons, but with none more profitably.

It would be well if we had less medicine, and more cures; less profession, and more piety; less law, and more justice.

Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose the greater portion of their utility.

It is with the warning voices of our souls as with the tones of nature around us; often inaudible in the glare of the day, they are heard distinctly in the darkness.

It is only those who have done nothing, who fancy they can do everything.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.

Very few persons have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.

The memory should be a storehouse, not a lumber-room.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading; but thought is the winnowing machine.

Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round, to see whether it has a dark side to it.

Show a haughty man that you do not look up to him, and he will not feel that he can look down upon you.

Days are lost in lamentations over the loss of days.

One rose upon a bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, bears that which proves it to be a true rose-tree.

All men who do anything, must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw up.

There is a Gaelic proverb: 'If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.'

One is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than a cloudy one: thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

Our customs and habits are like the ruts in roads; the wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire, because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

Unreal religion is the curse of the age. A heavy curse it is.

Perjury is nothing thought of in our day among religious men. They sign articles which they don't believe.

Religion is not a thing which spends itself. It is like a river, which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God, as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought to roll through the generations of time.

In this age of speed, when we travel thirty miles an hour, are we less impatient to be at the end of our journey than when we travelled ten? In this age of cheapness, are we more satisfied with our bargains, or more benevolent with our surplus, than formerly?

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own wickedness at heart.

Every heart has a secret drawer, the spring of which is only known to the owner.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in the stranger's gardens.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts; and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

There is a tendency in all untutored minds, and not in them alone, to consider everything profound that is obscure.

Children always turn toward the light. Oh that grown-up people in this would become like little children!

Ritualism is not religion. It is simply worldliness and love of pleasure assuming a more religious form than in the theatre or the public-house. It is the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life.

THE SABBATH.

ONCE more the day of rest returns,
Once more my spirit in me burns,
And pants to see the Lord.
Yes, Lord, I long to see Thee nigh;
I long to fix my ravish'd eye
Upon the Triune God.

My feet shall tread the house of prayer:
Oh, let me find my Saviour there,
And feast upon his love!
Oh, Jesus! let thy Spirit rest
And breathe upon my clay-cold breast,
And warm it from above!

G. B. C.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ROM. V. 2.

LET us note here—(1) The grace; (2) The introduction into it; (3) The abiding, or standing; (4) The rejoicing.

I. *The grace.*—It is here called '*this* grace,'—a well-known, most suitable, and sufficient grace, or *free love;* the free love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This is 'the true grace of God;' free love in the heart of God to the ungodly, to the unloving and unloveable. This grace, or free love, is absolute and unconditional; considering not our deservings or qualifications, but simply our *need.* It looks at us not as good, but as evil; not as sensible, but insensible; not as penitent, but impenitent; not as good in any sense or degree, but as wholly evil. It is not created or awakened by our amendments, or good feelings, or love, or prayer, or regeneration. It regards us simply as sinners, ungodly, needing God's favour and help. It is this free love that begins, carries on, and consummates a sinner's deliverance. The knowledge of this divine free love is life eternal. Out of this fountain, ever full and flowing, there come to us pardon, and joy, and health, and consolation, and light. He that knows this free love, knows that which saves him, and draws him into happy fellowship with God. He that knows it not, is still afar off; the child of darkness, and the worshipper of an unknown God. We can neither be happy nor holy till we know it. It is the good news of God's free love that we preach. This is 'the ministry of the reconciliation;' this is our mission and commission, to 'testify the gospel of the grace of God,' and to tell that it is 'by his mercy that He saves us;' to speak of 'the exceeding riches of the grace of God.'

II. *The access, or introduction.*—We do not create or awaken this free love by any goodness or qualification of our own. It exists independent of these. Nor did Christ, by his coming and death, create that love. This love existed before; it was this that sent Christ. 'God so loved the world, that He gave his Son.' Yet, without Christ, this love could never have reached us. It would have been a distant and inaccessible well, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. It is through Him that this free love has found its way to us. He brings it to us, and us to it. He gives access, and entrance, and introduction; for the word implies all these. It is used elsewhere to signify the bringing or introducing one person to another (Luke ix. 41; Acts xvi. 20); and is used not simply in reference to the grace of God, but to God himself (1 Peter iii. 18; Eph. ii. 18, iii. 12). Our outward or objective Introducer and introduction is Christ himself; our inward or subjective introduction and introducer is faith. Jesus brings us to the Father and the Father's grace, but He does so by producing faith in us. Without, or apart from Christ, the grace cannot come to us; and without faith, Christ and we are kept at a distance from each other. God has given us his true testimony, both as to his grace and as to his Son; and we, in believing that testimony, become connected with both. The grace is deposited in Christ for us; and we, in coming to Him, get the grace that is in Him. The grace that is in Him, He has received for men, even for the rebellious; and this was the grace which He manifested when here on earth, both in his words and deeds. He was the gracious One, and, as such, the representative of the Father. We go to Him to get his own and the Father's grace—the free love of Godhead.

III. *The standing, or abiding.*—In this grace, or free love, we have stood since we were introduced into it; and in it we are standing, and shall stand. 'We stand in it!' This is a believing man's true position. He takes his stand on the free love of God. This raises him up and holds him up; keeps him from fainting, or falling, or sliding. This free love is to him—(1) abiding peace, (2) abiding strength, (3) abiding security. This free love is to him—(1) sunshine, (2) rain, (3) food, (4) water, (5) medicine, (6) wine. At this well he stands and drinks, in this sun he basks, to this storehouse he comes for everything. Have we used this free love as we ought? Are we using it constantly? Do we use it for strengthening our faith, for quickening our daily life, for increasing our holiness, for dispelling our doubts, for ministering consolation? In the constant recognition of this love, there is material for a close walk with God, and for a useful, zealous life. Are we thus employing it? Are we using it pure and undiluted; LOVE—true, free, unmingled, unmerited love? Or are we diluting it,—polluting it, by mingling something of our own with it; making it less pure, and heavenly, and generous; less absolutely, and unconditionally, and entirely free? Let us remember how much our stedfastness and progress depend on our constant recognising of and living on this free love. Apart from it, all is weakness, bondage, darkness, and instability. O free love of God, what a fountain of life and strength thou art to the weary, helpless sinner!

IV. *The rejoicing.*—This grace is not merely stability for us, but joy, and hope, and glory. Standing in this grace, we are filled with joy. This joy comes not merely from the past and present, but from the future; not merely from the knowledge that we are beloved of God, but from the knowledge of what that love is to do for us hereafter. We rejoice because our future is filled with hope—the hope of the glory of God. Joy comes, then, from *hope;* hope from the God of love; hope sure and stedfast; hope that maketh not ashamed; everlasting hope. Glory is ours in prospect—the glory of God; and so great is it, that we reckon that the sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed—the 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' It is the glory of the new heavens and earth, the glory of resurrection, the glory of the kingdom, the very glory of Christ. And it is all ours, simply as those who have known and believed this free love of God. Hence the apostle's prayer, 'The God of (the) hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing.' Take these lessons:

1. *Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.*—It is on this we plant our feet; it is this that makes us strong. Love is our strength.

2. *Rejoice in the Lord.*—Ours should be a full and constant gladness; for, both before and behind, we are compassed about with that which gladdens.

3. *Abound in hope.*—It is bright, blessed, and glorious. It is the hope of reigning with Christ. It will sustain and sanctify. It will animate and cheer. Thus do we glorify the God of hope.

THE BELIEVER REALIZING HIS CONDITION, AND RESPONDING TO GOD'S CLAIMS.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, IPSWICH.

HOW much failure has there been among God's people in all ages, for want of realizing the condition in which God has placed them! This failure has been seen in the lack of a suitable response to God's claims. I go no further back than the former dispensation. We hear the God of Israel saying respecting his privileged people: 'What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?' (Isa. v. 4.) Similar expressions are found throughout the prophets, proving the truth of what Moses foretold: 'Of the Rock that begat thee thou art unmindful, and hast forgotten God that formed thee' (Deut. xxxii. 18). When 'the prophet like unto Moses,' even Him 'who was Son over his own house,' appeared; by his searching parables of the 'vineyard and husbandmen,' and 'the barren fig-tree,' He taught the same saddening fact. On this account Israel was broken off from their good olive-tree, and the Gentiles were grafted in. But these have not continued in God's goodness, and the threatening hangs over them, soon, it may be, to be executed: 'Thou also shalt be cut off.'

All this proves that external privileges and national advantages must be accounted for, and that corporate responsibility is a very solemn thing. Hitherto every dispensation has failed through the sin of man; but the time is coming when, in one nation at least, it shall be proved that God can and will give the grace of stability. Israel shall be 'a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation.' God's law shall be written in their hearts, and they shall not depart from Him; and then they shall not be plucked up nor thrown down any more for ever. They will then appreciate their blessed condition, perfectly respond to God's claims, and diligently teach all other nations the ways of the Lord.

At the present time there is a 'remnant of Israel according to the election of grace,' and 'God is also gathering out from the Gentiles a people for his name.' These are all one in Christ Jesus. To them He is '*all*,' and He is '*all, in all*.' They enter into this blessed condition, and respond to the same in proportion as they know this, and live on Him, and live by Him, as He lived by the Father. But as regards even these, it is too much a day of feebleness of faith and lack of joy, because there is not enough of separateness from the world around, and communion with the world above. 'Come out, and be separate;' 'Seek the things that are above,' are words that must be acted upon, if we would be happy in the Lord, and strong for the Lord. There is ample provision in the offices and undertakings of the Holy Spirit to bring all this about; and if the heaven-provided prayers of God's word are believingly used, we shall prove that the Spirit of the Lord is not straitened. (See Ps. cxliii. 8, li. 12; Eph. i. 17, 19, iii. 14, 21; 2 Thess. i. 11, 12, iii. 5; Rom. xv. 13.)

It is profitable to go back to 'the beginning of the gospel,' not only to find the pure stream of truth flowing unpolluted by human additions, but to see how plentifully Christians then drank of these waters, and how (like the few tried men of Gideon's army) they were so strengthened as to be ready for all God had for them to bear and to do. We now propose thus to go back to the fountain, and to meditate awhile on that grand description which the apostle gives of primitive Christianity in 2 Cor. v. 16–18: 'Wherefore, henceforth know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more. Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation.' These words are preceded by, and are an inference from, other equally remarkable utterances, in which the apostle defends his conduct as an apostle of Christ, and accounts for it by a glorious exhibition of the gospel of God.

Festus was not the only one who thought Paul 'beside himself.' But the fact was, 'much

learning,' even the study of the science of redeeming love, *had* made him a sober enthusiast,—a man whose enthusiasm was a strong, calm, fervent passion. 'The love of Christ constrained him.' There is no sight, out of heaven, more beautiful than an honest, wise, loving, persevering enthusiast in such a cause as this. The word 'constrained,' we are told, is the same word as the Lord uses in Luke xii. 50: 'How am I straitened!' As the Lord Jesus was bound up, heart and soul, with his great work, and carried on to its glorious consummation, as by a wave of infinite love; so was Paul bound to the cause of Christ, and carried onward, through all manner of trials, to the most self-denying labours, by the love of Christ. He saw that love, as displayed throughout his life, on the cross, and upon the throne, as the greatest of all facts, and felt it to be an almighty motive power. Nothing is so strong as love; nothing so prompts to action, or so carries through difficulties. As if he had said, 'I, every day and hour, constantly and habitually judge and recollect that I owe my soul's eternal salvation to the love of Christ in dying for me; and thus judging, I feel myself irresistibly, but most sweetly, carried forward to all holy exercises, and in every act and work of evangelical obedience.'

The words, '*because we thus judge*,' have a reference to what comes after: 'That if one died for all, then were all dead.' These few emphatic words have often been misinterpreted, and so their bearing on the connection has been lost sight of. 'One died for all,' has been supposed by some to teach that Christ died alike for all men; and the words, 'Then were all dead,' have been cited to prove that all mankind by nature were dead in sin. But let the words be read as follows: 'If one,' *i.e.* the representative, 'died for all,' *i.e.* the represented, 'then all the represented died,' *i.e.* expiated their sins; or, more literally: 'If one died on behalf of all, then did the whole die.' 'If one died for all, then all died: all for whom Christ died, died in Him; his death was their death.' We do not doubt but that the death of Jesus had in it an infinite efficacy, and that it furnishes a ground for inviting all men to look unto Him and be saved. We believe that its bearing upon God's government opens a way for the expression of God's kindness towards MAN as man (John iii. 16, 17; Titus ii. 11, iii. 4; Luke ii. 14; 1 Tim. ii. 5, 6); but we believe also that there was a *special design* in Christ's death, which those only may appropriate who believe in Jesus. They have a right to identify themselves with Him in all He did on earth, and all He is in heaven. The discovery and enjoyment of this magnifies and endears his love, and makes it become a personal inheritance and mighty motive power. We must view ourselves by faith one with Jesus judicially, in order to become one with Him *practically*. If we reckon ourselves judged, condemned, justified in the righteous Surety, raised and blessed in the new covenant Head, we shall aim to imitate Him, who is the Servant of the Father, in loving service, and in the spirit of sonship. As He lived, and ever lives, to the glory of the Father, so shall we desire 'to live not to ourselves, but to Him who died for us, and rose again.' Having received a life growing out of his death, there will be life instead of death; in other words, having found salvation, there will be dedication as an effect. The old way of 'walking after the course of this world,' and of living to ourselves—which is indeed really a 'death in trespasses and sins,'—will be brought to an end, and a new life, growing out of new motives, hopes, and aims, will succeed. Thus, the new condition being realized, God's claims are responded to.

This great change, this renouncement of the old life, not only refers to sin and worldliness, but also to *religiousness*; to everything, in short, with which God has no sympathy. 'Henceforth know we no man after the flesh.' The term 'flesh' is often used by Paul to set forth the religiousness in which he formerly gloried, and in which so many were still glorying (Phil. iii. 3, 4).

He 'had no confidence in the flesh;' he 'counted it all but loss.' He constantly withstood all who contended for it (Gal. ii. 14, vi. 12). He therefore proceeds to say, 'Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet henceforth know we Him no more.' Paul did not undervalue the incarnation of Christ, but earnestly taught its vast importance (Rom. i. 3; 2 Tim. ii. 8). He did not doubt but that Christ, in his resurrection, took up again the very same body that was buried, and that He carried it up to the throne of God. These points were not questioned. He is here referring to Jewish hopes of a Messiah, and to low or restricted views of Him by those Christians who were hampered by Jewish prejudices. The Messiah he preached was a spiritual and glorified one—a Messiah for the world, as he goes on to teach (vers. 19, 20), and not merely a Messiah for the Jews. As if he had said, 'We are advanced above that way and means of the knowledge of Christ, by the fleshly ordinances of the Old Testament. And we know Him not according to that bodily presence of his, which his disciples enjoyed in the days of his flesh. We have attained somewhat above that also. We have his presence with us by his Spirit. We have a clearer view of his glory than we could have had by beholding Him

ı. This is our spiritual posture and
We are past the knowledge of Him
o the flesh; we cannot attain or re-
ght of Him in glory; but "the life
ıow live in the flesh is by the faith
of God."' The apostle then proceeds
is to, and to show its bearing upon,
ers—*i.e.* those before described as
ɔd with Christ, and risen with Him,'
g one with Him. 'Therefore if any
Christ, he is a new creature: old
ı passed away; behold, all things are
ɴ.' Paul was continually teaching
to estimate themselves, as regards
tion and prospects, by what Christ
m in heaven. While he ever taught
s obedience unto death is the meri-
ıe of their justification, and that here
'e to an eternal inheritance of life
2-21), yet he would have them re-
xaltation and priestly life of Christ
s bringing them into, and sustaining
life of oneness with Jesus, and as
em unto the enjoyment of eternal life
tion glory. To the former of these
ers, and shows what a powerful and
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we are not to know men after the
ards earthly honours, and riches, and
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ɔ days of his flesh,'—then surely we
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nind the things of the flesh, but those
it;' we must 'make no provision for
o fulfil the lust thereof;' but must
e Lord Jesus Christ,' and thus act
vith our new condition, and in con-
our glorified Head and Saviour.
ıment of the apostle will appear the
le if we rightly understand the words,
n be in Christ, he is a new creature,'
ıe bearing of the word '*therefore*,'
as it does what he had said about
h what he is now saying about 'the
ɔist.'

ression in our translation, '*He is a*
ɔ*re*,' is generally considered not to
full and true meaning of the apostle.
seems to suggest is that of regenera-
version. But is not this included in
ng words, 'If any man be in Christ?'
which follow, 'Old things have passed
old, all things are become new,' are
ɛd to set forth the moral effects which
ı regeneration. It is quite true that
ıtion a new life is imparted; it is also
wherever that new life is, a great and
blessed change will take place in the character and conduct; but is this the teaching of the Holy Spirit here? We think not. Who of the regenerated people of God ever found that *at* their regeneration, or even years *after*, 'old things are passed away, and all things are become new?' Have not many sincere souls been stumbled by these words having been thus applied, and been led to fear that they are not renewed at all, because they do not prove '*all* things to be new,' as regards inward experience and outward habits.

Our translators evidently were not satisfied with the rendering of the text, and have put in the margin, 'Let him be a new creature.' This also is a blessed thought, and a proper argument, quite in agreement with many exhortations in other epistles; but is *it* the mind of the Spirit in this text? Do not the words mean, that the man in Christ is 'a new creation,' or 'is in a new creation?' He is both. He is associated with that glorious Person spoken of as 'the new thing in the earth,' and who, as a reward for his service and sufferings on earth, is in heaven the head and foundation of a new creation, and who will at last say, 'Behold, I make all things new.' Some read the text, 'There is to him a new creation.' These renderings, though varied, are not opposed; they take nothing away from what our version states, and do not at all lower the moral force of the words, but rather show the ground of, and reason for all the practical results called for. Adam, standing in innocence on his own foundation, was a living soul, 'innocent and intelligent,' with Paradise all around him. Every believer is in Christ; he has *in him* a new man, 'created in righteousness and true holiness' (Eph. iv. 24); and *around* him is a new creation, suited to his new life, containing all spiritual blessings for him to enjoy; and all this in connection with millions who, like himself, are the trophies of redeeming love and the workmanship of the renewing Spirit. He has a new standing, new character, new condition, new employment, and new prospects. As represented by and united to Christ, he no longer belongs to those old things which are under judgment, and which must pass away in a storm of wrath, however man may adorn them, and give them grand *new* names; but he belongs to the new creation; he already bears its impress, and has a title to all its glories, though as yet he is in the world where the old things still are, and though, in his own experience, he sadly feels that he has an old nature which has lustings after them, and requires to be continually watched and mortified (Rom. viii. 12, 13). Therefore the apostle, after that beautiful description of the new condition and hopes of the Christian,

in Col. iii. 1–4, immediately adds, 'Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth.' In Rom. vi. 1–11, he exhibits the believer, in the new creation, as having died and risen with Christ—freed, justified from sin, living unto God; and bids him reckon himself thus dead and alive; and then adds various exhortations to mortify sin—keep it from reigning—to yield himself to God, and to be devoted and diligent in service. His argument here, as elsewhere, substantially is: 'Realize your blessed condition, if you would respond to God's claims; be quite sure that your citizenship is in heaven, then you will live above the world, live for Christ, and look for Him to come to change your yet unredeemed body (Rom. viii. 23), and fashion it like unto his glorious body.'

'Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let it be;
Let us see our *whole salvation*
Perfectly restored in Thee.'

The word '*therefore*' is the connecting link between what the apostle had said in verses 15, 16, and what we have just contemplated as regards the privileges and hopes of God's people. As if he had said, 'Would you understand why I know no man after the flesh, no, nor Christ himself? It is because *I am a new creation, and am in a new creation.* I have had a new principle wrought in me, by which my thoughts and affections are turned in another direction, even toward those spiritual and eternal realities which God hath revealed to me by his Spirit, and which come to me through my union with Christ in death and resurrection, and my *oneness* with Him as the glorified Head of the new creation. My former thoughts and hopes have perished, as is the case with a man when he dies (Ps. cxlvi. 3). I am now born into this new creation, and henceforth would act as one who belongs to that which is heavenly and eternal.'

Having taken this survey, the apostle rises exultingly to the great Source of all: 'All things are of God.' He rejoices in the blessed fact that he had realized in his own soul the power of Christ's work in bringing him to God: 'Who hath reconciled us unto himself by Jesus Christ;' and then surveys, with wondering, trembling joy, 'the grace given unto him to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ:' 'He hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.' He thus teaches us that we should not only seek to respond to God's claims, as regards communion with God and separation from evil, but also by consecration to his service, in diligently publishing that salvation which is so precious to us, and has been so powerful in us. And the more its preciousness is realized and its power felt, the more earnest shall we be to make known the method of reconciliation to sinners, and 'to build up one another in our most holy faith.' But into the wonders and glories of this verse we must not now attempt to enter.

Passing over the remaining part of this chapter, in which the gospel that Paul preached among the Gentiles is so fully and freely set forth, we just quote the first verse of the sixth chapter, which ought never to have been separated from the fifth: 'We then, as workers together with God, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain.' Paul besought sinners to be reconciled, with somewhat of the earnestness of Him who wept over Jerusalem; and he besought saints to be devoted and diligent, with somewhat of the affection of Him who, in the upper room, spent those hours which bordered so closely on his great agony, in calling upon his beloved followers to be fruit-bearing branches in Him, the true vine. 'Receive not,' he says, 'this grace in vain,' or *resultlessly.* 'If ye *have* died with Christ, and risen with Him, seek those things that are above. Live for Him who died for you, and rose again.' Ah! it is sad to think how feeble and how fitful has been our response to God's loving claims. Surely it would be otherwise if there was a deeper and more constant realization of our present blessed condition, and of the love which gave birth to it. Then let us 'continue in the grace of God;' 'cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart;' 'abide in Him,' the true vine; 'continue in his love;' that so, when He speaks to us, by way of requirement, we may, like the true children of Abraham, respond as he did: 'Behold, here I am;' and then, like him, follow out simply the Lord's biddings, without procrastination or questioning. And what a matter of joyful hope is it, that, when the new creation shall be finished, the response will be perfect and perpetual, because then the motive power will be fully and constantly realized! Then love will be that in the new creation, that gravitation now is in the material universe; and the oft-repeated prayer shall be gloriously answered: 'Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven.' No failure will follow upon this consummation; no tempter will be able to break this chain of harmony. Surely the expectation of this should have a powerful influence now. 'Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.'

MISS RUSSELL'S THIRD YEAR IN JERUSALEM.

(A SEQUEL TO HOME IN THE HOLY LAND.)

CHAPTER XI.

CHILDISH VISITORS: A SLAVE AND A BRIDE.

WHEN we got home, I found waiting at our door two men with white turbans, and a little girl of six or seven years old, neatly clad, standing meekly, with hands folded and cast eyes.

ey were shopkeepers—Moslems, of course, d came to offer us the child for sale. She a slave, not long arrived from Egypt with s. She could not understand any Arabic. d to speak to her, and got only a sly glance o in return.

e Moslems, mistaking my interest in the child, began vehemently to recommend her. was healthy, strong, clever; would only fifteen hundred piastres' (less than £15).

t Walter told them that English people ot have slaves; that by English law we d be punished if we bought a human being. ut, Walter, could not we buy the poor child, der to set her free? And then I would teach she looks a nice little thing.'

am afraid that would still be contrary to Emily; but we can ask Mr. Wells. I will ith you to-morrow morning to inquire.'

arcely had the men led her away, before Um eb, my former servant, made her appear- bringing her child-bride to visit me. She ardly larger or older-looking than the little girl. But what a difference between them wise! The one subdued and sad, the other conscious that she was the admiration, not of her mother, but of Katrina and Conine, and, I dare say she thought of me also. puss! she was blazing in embroidery and

She came to kiss my hand. Her baby rs were ornamented with rings; there were lets upon her wrists, a necklace round her ; there were jewels and chains on her tiny n, a gold embossed plate at the top of her osh, and down her back hung scores of ring coins among the braids of her hair. kirt was of light green silk, and her jacket iolet cloth, stiff with gold embroidery. l this be the daughter of our old servant, had been too poor to afford herself a pair of more than once a year? It certainly was h, the very little girl who used to come in hed cotton garments, not unfrequently in rs, to play for half an hour beside her er. Um Habeeb saw my astonishment, and n to tell how Safieh had found a very good nd.

l Hurmdulillah Elias, my son-in-law, is a r tailor. He works with Girgi, the best in the town, and soon, Inshallah, he will a shop of his own. This jacket is his own ordering. He made her three full suits; and ether he spent seven thousand piastres (nearly £70) on her clothes and on her jewels. Perhaps he would have spent less; but I would not consent, until he promised her as much as Yessuf, the stone mason, gave to the sister of Elias, for they were married the same night.'

'I hope Safieh will make a good useful wife,' said I, rather puzzled as to what could be said about so infantile a bride.

'Inshallah, under thy favour, O lady!'

'Can she sew nicely?'

'She cannot sew yet.'

'Then I suppose she can prepare and cook her husband's supper?'

'Inshallah, she will do all these things in time. But at present, is she not a child? I cook, and wash, and do all these things; she will learn (under thy favour), when she is a little older.'

After a few not more interesting remarks, during which the child sat shyly playing with the tips of her henna-stained fingers, they kissed my hand and took leave. Just without the door stood a stupid-looking man, of perhaps six-and-twenty, meanly dressed in cotton clothes. Constantine astonished me by saying that he was Elias, the husband of my little visitor.

'That man the child's husband! How could Um Habeeb give her child to so old a man?'

Constantine said, 'It is our a'adeh, lady; but he is a good husband. Her fortune is very good to get such a one.'

CHAPTER XII.

JEWISH FESTIVALS.—PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

THE Jewish autumnal fasts and feasts were almost ended. . . . Sarah had not come to our house at all since the fast of the New Year—Tenemos mo'aid—'we have festival tide,' was her reason. Ten days after New Year comes the great fast of Atonement; and four days after that, begins the feast of Tabernacles, or ingathering, like Passover—at the time of full moon.

Walter was invited by our old acquaintance, Rabbi Raphael, to be present at the synagogue service. I should gladly have gone also, but was not very well.

The windows were all open. The stars were almost quenched in the splendour of the moonbeams, by the light of which Constantine was actually reading as he sat in the court.

My attention was divided between a letter I was writing to England, on the all-important subject of a box to be packed and sent out speedily to Jerusalem, with wedding dresses, orange flowers, and ornaments for an iced cake, which I had resolved should be made here by the united efforts of Khâsah, the baker, and myself. My attention was divided between that and the exquisite beauty of the moonlight, shed over the great mosque, its matchless dome, the cypresses,

palms, and minarets, so placed between the mosque and our house as to form one group. The scene was so enchanting, that I could not sit still many moments at a time, but felt constrained to get up every now and then, to gaze and listen to the stillness; so different from the grand days of Jewish history, when Solomon and the assembled nation had celebrated the dedication of the temple, and prolonged the feast of Tabernacles 'yet other seven days.' Different even from the more affecting occasion—at the building of the second house,—when Nehemiah and Ezra comforted the weeping people, and exhorted them to keep the feast with gladness, to 'eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared.'

The transition was easy to the still future celebration, of which Zechariah speaks — that great feast of ingathering, when the Passover shall be no more needed, by reason of its Antitype, the great Passover, having been already once offered; and when the dispensation, which was begun at the feast of first-fruits (that Pentecost when Peter first put in the sickle to reap his Master's harvest) shall have for ever passed away. Oh! which among us all shall be present at that ingathering—that harvest-home of the nations?

There was a solemn fitness in the cycle of the Jewish festivals here, in their home in the Land of Promise, which one entirely loses in other countries.

. . . . . .

I had been, I know not how long, at the window, when suddenly there was a sound overhead, as of hundreds and thousands of birds flying, and uttering, as they flew, the peculiar snapping cry of the beecatcher. I went to my terrace and looked up. The sky was perfectly clear, and even blue; I could see every star, but the birds were invisible; yet, there it was—that sound, distinct and unmistakeable! Thousands of beecatchers were certainly flying not very high up between me and the sky. They were migrating for the winter. I have often since heard that same sound on an autumnal night; but never succeeded in seeing the little creatures, though I strained my eyes to the uttermost.

Walter soon came home. He had been much interested by the synagogue service. All the synagogues had been crowded with people in their holiday dress. Of course, no women visible, they being in their own gallery above.

'But they tell me, Emily, that the great day will be at the end—on the last day of the feast—and have invited us to be there.'

'Just the very thing I wished. How is it, Walter, that people are so separated from each other here in Jerusalem? Here we have been living more than two years, and yet we have seen very little of real Oriental life. What do we know about the Jewish quarter? There must be touching histories, strange characters, all the workings of a living people, in that crowded Jewish quarter; but what do we know of it? We are looking as people do at pictures—we see scenes passing before us, but our life in no way seems to mingle with theirs, to become part of one great stream. How is it? And it is just as bad with the Christians, the Greeks, Armenians, Latins, and with the Moslems. I feel as people do in a dream—for ever expecting the person one is looking at to open his lips and speak, and when he does, and you actually see the lips move, not a sound comes forth—you hear nothing.'

'I have felt all this, Emily, and fretted at it, and thought that want of language was the cause—that as soon as we learnt one or two of the languages, we should get a little nearer. But I don't know, we are not getting much nearer yet. Another thing has struck me. Many of these people have one common mother tongue; but are *they* any nearer *to each other?* To take up your comparison. Do the streams of Greek-Arab, and Latin-Arab, and Armenian-Arab life intermingle? I see that they do not,—that they are almost as distinct and separate from each other, as they all are from the Jewish and Moslem-Arab speaking natives. We must go deeper for the cause than language. It must be religion that separates them. Not so much religion, as religious customs and usages. Among the Christians this must be the reason. The Greek is fasting while the Latin is feasting; the one goes by one calendar, the other by a different one; the one reveres one set of saints, the other another. They never can unite in observances common to all. I am inclined to think that the laws about eating and drinking have a good deal to do with this separation. How can people be cordial, who never meet at a social rejoicing? It is not for nothing that the common Arabic word for *stomach* is *heart*. I am sure the way to most hearts is through the stomach, let men say what they will.'

'Of course. You are right about the Jews; they can't eat with other people. But the Christians and Moslems?'

'It is the same thing. And then, you know, they are all trained up from infancy to despise each other. The Jews have no other refuge; they can but repay scorn with scorn. You have noticed how even Abraham, every now and then, talks of "*those* Goyim!" and I was much struck by the Jews to-night in the synagogue—all happy, devoutly keeping their feast. It was evident that they thought themselves *the* people, and that they did not at that moment care, or even waste a thought upon all the Gentile dwellers in Jerusalem or Palestine, or even the whole earth. As to the Moslems, one has only to look at the insufferable pride in their carriage as they walk through the streets, and snuff up the air, to know why they don't associate with others.'

'Talking of these things, Walter, I was shocked to-day by Katrina. The Bait Jala woman, whom we saw last year in the olive groves, when we were with Mr. Anderson, came to sell me some olives. While she was in the kitchen, Katrina ostentatiously gathered up the silver spoons, and carried them into the dining-room, saying to me when she brought them: "It is better, Sitty; because the Bait Jala people have long hands" (are thieves). "Why, Katrina! the Bait Jala people are Christians like you." "God forbid! Like us? No, they are only Greeks." "Why,

you wicked woman," I said, "the Greeks *are Christians*—they believe in the Messiah." She was not a bit ashamed, but laughed, and said: "They believe, yes; but not like us. Yes, they are Nassarah; but not good ones like us Latins."'

'Well, Emily, I can give you a pendant to that story. When I was at the Consulate this morning, an English traveller was there. He was leaving for Jaffa, having lived, during his stay in Jerusalem, at the Latin Casa Nuova. And having visited all the holy places—Bethlehem, St. John's, etc.,—he asked them to give him one of the printed certificates, such as they give to pilgrims, that he had been at these places. The monk gave it, and filled it up in due form, with the traveller's name and country, the date, and so on; but when he came to religion, he put a zero (0). "But," cried the traveller, "I have a religion. I belong to the English Church." "I cannot help that," said the monk, "we don't recognise that religion, it is null to us." I saw the paper, zero, and all!'

'How shameful!'

'Yes. But to come back to your subject, Emily. I do not despair of our getting nearer to many of these classes of people. As English, we have some advantages, and *we* can eat with them all; at any rate, they won't despise us, and I think we shall not despise them,—that is, always supposing that we live here any longer, as you will persist in believing, Emily. By-the-bye, I have written to Mr. Laughton, telling him to re-let those houses, and send us the money. The post goes the day after to-morrow, and we must also sign and return the other documents, in case my Uncle Bancroft insists upon selling Riverside.'

'Oh, don't sell it, Walter!'

'Not if we can help it, Emily. If we could separate ours from Mr. Bancroft's, we certainly would not; but in any case, we must send the needful documents to Mr. Laughton—we can trust him.'

'Yes, of course, we can trust him. But if anything were to happen to the papers?'

Mr. Laughton was trustee for the property left under my mother's will, and had been almost like a father to us. He was indeed entirely to be trusted. But, somehow, I felt misgivings as to sending such documents out of our own hands to so great a distance. But Walter repeated: 'We have no choice, Emily; and if we are obliged to sell Riverside, why, we must invest our money here in Palestine, and settle here as you and Rachel wish.' This was true. My uncle had the absolute right of sale, and we could not refuse to let our share go if he sold his. The documents empowering Mr. Laughton to effect the sale, *if necessary*, of our portion of Riverside, were duly signed by us both in the Consul's presence, and forwarded by the post. But to return.

'Now for something else, Emily. On my way to the synagogue I called at Abraham's. Rachel looked pale and fagged, and I made her promise to go out with me; and I have ordered the horses for eight o'clock—ours, and one for her.'

CHAPTER XIII.

RIDE TO BETHER.

BETHER was the place of our destination. We had never yet seen the Jewish ruins there, and Rachel was pleased at the idea of visiting a place so mournfully connected with the heroic efforts of her nation to cast off the Roman yoke.

We passed near the camp of the Turkish general, who had arrived a day or two ago, at the head of a force of regular cavalry. We had not before seen any regular Turkish force. They seemed in excellent condition, both man and beast, and well disciplined. Very pretty were their lances with fluttering scarlet pennons among the lines of green tents. They had brought a piece of cannon with them.

Rachel's first remark was: 'Oh, how dear water will become now, if so many men and horses have to drink every day.'

It was true, all those horses would drink a great deal of water. Rain was already late in coming, and the poor Jews were suffering much.

'We must hope that rain will soon fall.'

'Please God,' said she, 'Mr. Anderson is going to pray for it in church next Sunday. He told my father so; the well of En Rogel is dry.'

'Yes, Emily; I forgot to tell you, some of the gentlemen went down into it two days ago. It is more than a hundred feet deep, and they found the lowest part of the masonry is of immense old stones, like those of the temple. It is fed by a spring; but there are only a few inches of water now. Indeed, there must be great misery in the Jewish quarter. By-the-bye, Rachel, do you have to buy water?'

'Oh yes; for the last four months.'

'I am ashamed that it never occurred to us before. Emily, we must send over a couple of skins full every day from our well.'

'Thank you very much. My flowers are all dead for want of water—only the rose that you gave me lives. I water it a little every day; but it seemed a sin to give water to flowers when so many people are thirsty. An old Jewess comes every day and gets a cup of water from us.'

'Though she is a Jewess?'

'Yes; she is very poor. She used to know my father before; and he was once kind to her and helped her when her son was put in prison wrongfully; so she likes him still, and comes to see us. She says, the Jews can't be angry if she comes for water to drink: who can live without water?'

Near the Convent of the Cross, we found a party of the soldiers engaged in rifle practice; the echo of each discharge running down the valley and multiplying as it went.

In less than an hour we were enabled to judge of the effect of all these military demonstrations upon the peasantry. We found all the people at work in the fields carrying both guns and swords!

At St. Philip's fountain was a boy watering his goats—a ferocious-looking little fellow of about eight, with a brass-ferruled gun, considerably longer than himself, slung at his back.

Arrived at Bether, we found all labour suspended; all the men in their best clothes, look-

ing very handsome, and swaggering about with guns, pistols, and yataghans, fresh sharpened.

'What's the matter?' cried Walter.

'We are waiting.'

'What for?'

'For our enemies. There is war between us and the Kaboo people.'

Each man wore over the left shoulder a belt of village make, with powder-horn at the end, and four tin cartridge-cases upon the breast. The enemy, belonging to a village half an hour distant, were cresting an opposite hill, and looking at us. Perhaps they thought we were come as reinforcements. However, our Bether friends, on catching sight of the others, slunk away.

Up at the village were none but old men, and women, and children. They told us that, eight days ago, the enemy had come to the crest of the Bether hill, and, shooting down into the village, killed two.

'But we killed one of them, the pigs, in return, and two Bait Jala people besides.'

'Why Bait Jala people?'

'They are allies of our enemies; they make one party, and fight for them. Hark! there is the Waw.'

Instantly there was a scuffling and a running. One or two, mere children of six or seven, snatched up rusty old guns, and dashed like goats up the rocks. Their mothers and sisters flinging their long blue sleeves behind their necks, and tucking up their gowns, flew in the same direction, uttering the same el-el-el-el-loo, as they ran.

'What is the *Waw?*' asked Walter of an old one-eyed man, who sat smoking, and cursing the enemy between each whiff.

'The *Waw?* that's the *Waw*—listen.'

We could hear at a distance a kind of wild cry uttered by the voices of many men, mingled with the screams and trilling of the women. The old man explained that it was the war-cry.

'Where do you get powder?'

'We make it. Here, Fatimah,' calling to a girl of about five, 'bring me my powder-horn.'

It was as much as the child could carry. The sheikh poured out some on the palm of his hand —coarse-looking stuff. Before we were aware, he had set fire to it by means of a spark from his pipe, to show how good it was. Rachel started back in alarm. She had been not a little nervous during the whole of this warlike conversation, and even I felt a little odd at hearing the continued shouts and an occasional musket-shot. But the old man laughed, and told us there would be no fighting here to-day. 'Hush! they are going off; there! don't you hear?' pointing to the eastwards. His hearing was as delicate as his horny hand was callous to pain. *We* could hear nothing. Presently he said: 'They are coming back. I knew there would be no fighting to-day.'

We asked him for a guide to the ruins above.

'I will guide you myself;' and, old as he was, he climbed the rugged path with wonderful agility. We soon had to dismount and lead our horses up the break-neck path; but the remains on the summit amply repaid our fatigue. Fragments of massive wall, lower courses of semicircular towers, jambs of door-posts, the scarping of the rock itself, the marks of the chisel or other tools still fresh, and, above all, the great trench cut deep in the solid rock upon the only side where an assault could possibly have been made. Above this, the fortified part rises in steep terraces to the top. The mould has, in course of so many centuries, been washed down in considerable quantity into the trench.

Rachel was delighted. 'Ah!' exclaimed she, drawing a long breath, 'our fathers were indeed mighty men of valour.'

'Their daughter must learn not to be so much afraid of gunpowder,' said I.

'That is only because it is the first time,' said she, and blushing, stopped, unwilling to remind Walter of the mischief his gun had once done. (One day his gun had gone off accidentally, and the shot had lodged in Rachel's foot.)

'Rachel felt as well as heard the first gun she ever saw, Emily. That is enough to alarm.'

'But if there were a *cause*,' said she energetically, and just the least little flash in her eye, —'if there were a cause, I should not be afraid of a gun or of anything else.'

'I am sure of it,' said Walter, well pleased. 'Timidity and mettle are not unseldom found together. An Arab lady would be flattered at being compared to a mare; and I have often noticed the timid look of the Pasha's Bedawy mare—that grey that he took from the sheikh of the Moab country; but how full of fire she is when ridden on the jereed course! I think she would run until she dropped down dead; and what nostrils and eyes she has!'

'That horse has just been stolen from the Pasha,' said Rachel.

'Stolen!—how?'

'Nathaniel's Arabic teacher told him this morning, that on the night of Monday the people of the sheikh beyond Jordan stole the mare out of the Pasha's stable, and let her down by ropes over the city wall, and took her away to the Arabs beyond Jordan.'

'To her owner. Well done, Bedaween, that was a bold stroke. What a risk they ran if the soldiers had heard them; and all for love of a mare! They deserve to have her.'

'Nathaniel says they tied rags on her hoofs to make her go quietly through the streets.'

Excellent! It ought to be a lesson to the Pasha how he seizes valuable horses.'

'Come, Walter, do look at this grand view here to the west.'

We looked down upon mountains enclosing a natural horseshoe amphitheatre, with the Mediterranean beyond, and two villages which, our guide said, were the headquarters of their enemy. I took a sketch. Walter and Rachel sat down and chatted. We then went down and lunched under the trees. The sheikh brought some cucumbers, grapes, Arab bread, olives, roasted eggs, and some clear spring water.

After we had feasted, as people do in the open air, where everything tastes fresh and sweet, and having given first payment and then backsheesh to the old man, we mounted our horses.

(*To be continued.*)

EARLY PROTESTANTISM.

III.—RENÉE, DUCHESS OF FERRARA.

AMONG the principalities existing in Italy at the dawn of the Reformation, none had risen more rapidly in importance than Ferrara. During the latter years of the fifteenth century, and the earlier ones of the sixteenth, not a few, whose names are memorable in history and literature, were attracted to its court by a splendour and a liberality of patronage which almost rivalled the pomp and munificence of the Medici. The family of Este was distinguished for several generations by its encouragement of artists and men of letters. The Dukes of Ferrara differed little, perhaps, from the other Italian rulers of their time, in the heavy burdens they laid upon their subjects; but some of them undoubtedly had the art of making these burdens seem lighter, by contributing to the enjoyment of those who bore them, and by raising the reputation of their duchy among the other states of Italy. Magnificent buildings, frequent festivals, and an extravagance of courtly splendour, had, no doubt, to be dearly paid for; but they were also the means of winning popularity with a people notable for their love of pleasure and display.

In common with all their countrymen, the Dukes of Ferrara had often suffered from the reckless ambition of the more powerful and turbulent spirits of their day, the perfidy of avaricious Pontiffs, and the strife of neighbouring states; but their capital had still been a refuge for poor scholars, and had not ceased to attract those whose fame had been already won. There came a time, however, when the house of Este was compelled to submit to what may be regarded as no common degradation. At the opening of the sixteenth century, the infamous Rodrigo Borgia, who had gained the Papal chair by his knowledge of the base means by which the 'sacred college' could be influenced, and occupied it under the title of Alexander VI., was exerting all his power to found a family, and connect it with the princely houses of Italy. His daughter Lucrezia, whose name has come down to us, with those of her father and brother, blackened with crimes too hideous and horrible for language to describe, was, at the date we speak of, a widow for the third time, at the age of twenty-five; and for her a new husband was proposed, in the person of Alphonso D'Este, the son and heir of the reigning Duke of Ferrara. Still young and beautiful, her personal attractions, and the power of her daringly unscrupulous family, would have formed strong inducements to such a union; but even in that dark age of the Papacy, the excesses of the woman who had made the Vatican a slough of pollution were things to shudder at, and the intended bridegroom and his father would gladly have escaped from such an alliance. But the power of the Papacy was not to be resisted. The investiture of the duchy had been conferred for some generations by the Holy See; and if the assurance of its being made perpetual did not suffice to wring from its rulers a consent to the marriage, the promise of a splendid dower, and of many special tokens of 'apostolic' favour, effected the purpose of the miscreant who wore the tiara. Lucrezia Borgia became the wife of Alphonso D'Este, rode into Ferrara at the head of a brilliant cavalcade of knights and dignitaries of the church, and, as some of her biographers assure us, lived a virtuous wife, and died lamented alike by her husband and his subjects.

Thirty years had not passed away, ere another *marriage de convenance* was arranged for the heir of Ferrara's dukedom; but although the bride was a king's daughter—the daughter of the powerful and politic Louis XII. of France,—no such reception awaited her as had been accorded to the bad and beautiful Lucrezia. Renëe of France had no personal charm to excite the enthusiasm of the populace. Her features were plain, her figure slightly deformed; and the graces which afterwards endeared her to so many hearts, could be seen by and known only to those who knew the beauty of her character—her high intelligence and her rare virtues. Gay as the court of Ferrara had been for generations, it could not be compared with that of France; and if Renëe had sought her enjoyments in pageantries and festivities, the change for her would have been indeed a dreary one. But her youth had been devoted to the culture of those rare powers of mind with which God had endowed her; and in the society of her kinswoman, Margaret of Navarre, she had early imbibed those opinions on religion and the state of the church, which were now beginning to agitate the minds of thinking men and women in almost every part of Europe. From the study of history, philosophy, and ancient literature, she had passed to that of theology; and while some of those who had accompanied her from France not only shared in her studies, but sympathized warmly in her opinions, she gradually drew around her at Ferrara a circle of accomplished and earnest men—some of the best minds of the age in which she lived. Wandering scholars were attracted by her reputation for learning, and the encouragement she held out to its professors; poets celebrated her virtues and the riches of her mind; and if she could not be said to possess the ardent affection of her husband, he at least respected and esteemed her; while a family of sons and daughters grew up promisingly around them. Clement Marot, the French song-writer, came with her to Ferrara, and held an official position in her household; Bernardo Tasso acted for a time as her secretary; and her daughter Leonora was destined, ere long, to be immortalized by the love, the sorrows, and the song of his more illustrious but hapless son, Torquato. There were others than scholars and poets, however, admitted to the literary society formed in the

palace of the Duchess Renëe. The deeds and writings of the German reformers were becoming widely known in Italy; and they had struck a sympathetic chord in the minds of many good men, who had been earnestly longing for the dawn of a better day. Not a few of these were content to hope for such a change as would leave the 'unity' of the Romish Church untouched, and to dream of the possibility of reconciling its pretensions with the principles they had found in God's word. But there were others who had passed beyond such hopes and dreams, and who were prepared to risk all for their spiritual freedom and the purity of the faith. Of this latter class, some were in intimate fellowship with the duchess; and many sought refuge in Ferrara, secure of her sympathy and protection. One of these was no less notable a personage than John Calvin, who resided for more than a year in Ferrara under an assumed name, mingling in the literary society of the court, and greatly influencing the mind of Renëe. The duchy of the renowned and orthodox house of Este may thus be said to have become the nursery, if not the cradle, of the Reformation in Italy.

But such a state of things as this could not long escape the now active vigilance of the Church of Rome. The pestilent heresy which had already shaken the power of the Papacy in northern Europe, had begun to manifest itself, by alarming signs, in several parts of Italy. Defections from the church were becoming daily more frequent; but Rome could safely trust to the hereditary orthodoxy of Hercules D'Este; for already there existed a secret treaty, by which he had bound himself to aid the cause of the church, and to guard its interests in his duchy against the extending influence of Protestant doctrines. In direct defiance of this agreement, Renëe had encouraged the teachers of these doctrines, and her husband was at once called upon to take measures for the purification of his court. Prompt and zealous in the fulfilment of his duties as a faithful son of the Church, Duke Hercules commanded the instant dismissal of all those suspicious French men and French women who had accompanied his duchess to Ferrara. Madame Soubise, her governess, with her son and daughter, afterwards distinguished in the history of French Protestantism, were forthwith ordered to return to their native country; while Calvin and Marot, more dangerous characters, were sent under an escort to Bologna,—not, however, with such secrecy as to prevent Renëe from taking measures to effect their liberation on the way, and enable them to escape the grasp of the Papacy. But Ferrara was by no means purified from the taint of Protestantism. The duchess was henceforth an object of suspicion to her priest-led husband and his ghostly counsellors. But it was not in the palace alone that Protestant opinions found expression. In the university, and even in some of the churches, they had been covertly inculcated. And all over Italy their influence was being felt. Bernardius Ochino, the eloquent general of the Capuchins, had roused the popular mind from his pulpit at Venice and elsewhere, and been compelled to flee for his life; Celi Curio had been driven from city to city by th priestly enmity which his boldness had awakened and even in Rome itself, and within the precinct of the Vatican, there were whispered suspicion of the growing heresy. To crush at once, an by the most relentless severity, these dangerou manifestations of re-awakening thought, Pop Paul III. had issued the bull which set at wor the infernal machinery of the Inquisition; an the moody and merciless Caraffa—a priestl scion of a dark and cruel race—had been ap pointed to direct and apply it.

That Ferrara, almost a fief of the Holy Se should have been so deeply infected with th doctrines against which the Church was about t employ all her force, was, of course, a fact neces sitating immediate action; and Duke Hercul was again and more seriously warned of th dangers which had been allowed to grow u within his palace and his capital. The Duches Renëe was still found to be harbouring suspi cious persons. The teachers of her children, th brothers Sinapi, Peregrino Morata, and his al ready celebrated daughter Olympia, were all per sons of more than doubtful orthodoxy. If sh still remained obstinate, it would be necessary t remove her children from her, and subject he to a salutary course of more decided discipline Renëe did for a time resist. Convicted of allowin flesh meat to be brought to her table on Friday it was resolved to seclude her in her own apart ments, to send her daughters to a convent, an put her into the hands of the duke's confesso and spiritual director—a zealous and cunnin Jesuit. The most approved means of dealin with an obstinate heretic were applied in th case of this lonely and afflicted wife and mother and it would seem that, for a time at least, the produced the desired effect. The instincts of th maternal nature were, no doubt, strong enoug to induce a show of obedience, which, in th eyes of the father confessor, was a manifest cas of conversion; and, in process of time, Renëe wa restored to her proper position and to her chil dren, if not to the favour and confidence of he husband.

Meanwhile the Inquisition was doing its work A strict search was made for heretics in all part of Italy, and the Papal prisons at Rome an Bologna were beginning to be crowded wit the victims of the Holy Office. The people o Naples had fiercely and successfully resisted th entrance of the inquisitors among them; but al most everywhere else the fell engines of spiritua despotism were doing their deadly work. Duk Hercules D'Este, as eager as ever to give proof of his orthodoxy, had already put forth his hand, and seized a Protestant named Fannio, a native of one of the States of the Church, who had taken refuge within the territories of Ferrara. The captive was thrown into prison, loaded with chains, and remained there for nearly two years, visited and cheered by not a few who shared his opinions. That the prolongation of his life, and the comparative mildness of his imprisonment during that period, were in some degree owing to the influence of Renëe, can scarcely be doubted.

had previously been arrested and im-
l, but had recanted at the agonized en-
of his beloved wife. The recantation
y in words, however, and was speedily
l by a repentance which made the destined
of the Church bolder than ever in his
antism. Strenuous efforts were made to
s life; and Duke Hercules, whose hands
et unstained, would probably have been
that his life should be spared. But vain
l attempts to rescue him from the iron
f the Inquisition; and Fannio was burned
narket-place of Ferrara, though not until
ds to those who were permitted to visit
prison, and the knowledge of his heroic
ace, had produced a powerful effect on
ds of many. Again the Duchess Renëe
jected to the harshness of her husband
persecution of the priests. Her servants
ized and imprisoned as heretics; her
, Henry II. of France, was urged to em-
s influence in bringing her again within
s of the Church; and, finally, a Domini-
can, of more than ordinary zeal and austerity, was appointed chief inquisitor at Ferrara, and spiritual guardian of its duchess. It was now that her firmness was most needed, and it was sorely tried. For a brief space her heroic spirit was shaken by the duke's unkindness, and the humiliations to which he allowed her to be subjected; but she ultimately triumphed.

At the death of her husband, Renëe returned to France, and became more zealous than ever in defending the persecuted Protestants, not only of that country, but of the Italian duchy in which she had passed nearly thirty years of struggle and suffering. Closely connected by family ties with the most violent of the persecutors, she braved the wrath even of her powerful son-in-law, the Duke of Guise, in order to protect the fugitives who sought refuge in her castle; and died in the full faith of the reformed doctrines, leaving an honoured memory, and a name which stands high in the list of those noble women, whom God made the instruments of defending and advancing the truth of the gospel.

THE DAY IS GONE.

R, the day is gone!
rs are gleaming in the distant sky,
irits looking from their homes on high,
e what man has done,
h the long hours that now have passed away,
the cycles of an endless day.

sister, come with me,
; us kneel before our Father's throne;
will listen to each feeble tone,
humble plea
id acceptance in the ear of God,
h Him who washed and saved us with
; blood.

e! for we need to pray:
earts of ours so oft are tempest-tossed,
d to cling to that dear, sacred cross,
closely every day.
s no place our troubled souls may rest,
hen we lean upon our Saviour's breast.

r! the future seems,
young hearts, so full of anxious fears,
tentimes we dread the coming years;
as, in troubled dreams,
metimes tremble lest our feet should slide
e brink into the angry tide.

But, darling, even then
We wake to find our fears are as the wind,
Which rushes by, but leaves no trace behind
In field or glen,
But the same flowers still blooming in the way,
Which cheered our hearts upon a former day.

And may it not be so
With all the fears that make us tremble now,
And cast their flitting shadows o'er the brow,
While on our way we go?
Let us rely upon his promise true;
There is an arm will lead us safely through.

And yet it is not strange
That many mingled thoughts our souls should move,
Of joy and sadness, hope, and fear, and love;
Or that our eyes should range
Through the wide future with an earnest gaze,
And almost fear its strongly-chequered ways.

For we are entering now
Upon the path of life; have thrown aside
Our childhood's mantle, and a deeper shade
Rests on the woman's brow;
Yet there are thoughts we never dreamed of then,
And who would wish to tread the path again?

Then, sister, let us pray—
Pray earnestly that we may live for Him,
Through our whole lives, until these eyes grow dim—
Until a brighter day
Shall dawn in glory on our raptured sight;
Until at last our weary feet may rest
In that blest home, where 'there shall be no night.'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

LUKE XV. 20.

IT was hunger, not love, that drew the prodigal back to his father. There was no high nor disinterested motive in his return. He stayed away as long as he could; he only came back when he could not help himself. It was not the thought of his father, but of the plenty of his house, as contrasted with his own want, that led him out of the far country to seek his father's face. So with the sinner. It is want, misery, danger, not love, nor any noble motive, that lead him to seek the face of God. How foolish the thought of those who would shrink back from God, because they have not come to Him with a pure and disinterested motive!

But it is with the father that we have now specially to do. Here we have—(1) Paternal watchfulness and far-sightedness; (2) Paternal haste; (3) Paternal compassion; (4) Paternal tenderness; (5) Paternal reconciliation.

I. *Paternal watchfulness and far-sightedness.*—'When yet a great way off, his father saw him.' He had doubtless been watching: 'This man *looketh out* for sinners.' How quick-sighted is the paternal eye, made keen and clear by the yearnings of the paternal heart! The figure, seen thus far off, was no doubt very unlike his boy; it was one of rags, and filth, and disfigurement. Yet it is recognised. There is my son at last! Poor wanderer! God's eye is on you in your far land of famine. He has 'not forgotten;' He has his reasons for not coming out and taking you back by force, like the shepherd the sheep; for He wants your heart, and that cannot be won by force or gold: yet He is on the outlook for you, however far off you be.

II. *Paternal haste.*—'He ran.' The son was coming to him, yet he ran to meet him—eager to shorten the distance. He did not keep state or ceremony. He did not think of what might comport with dignity, or with offended authority; he did not wait, nor move slowly towards him; he *ran*—as if every inch of distance or moment of separation were intolerable. What eagerness to meet did that haste imply! What heedlessness of all ceremony! No fear of seeming too eager; no thought of thus encouraging sin, or making the prodigal think lightly of his wickedness. Haste was the best for the prodigal, as well as most congenial to his own feelings. What a rebuke does that word 'ran' furnish to those who think that a sinner can come to Christ too soon, can be reconciled too quickly! God runs, sinner, to you; will you not run to God? He makes haste; oh make you haste! He loves, He pities, He yearns and longs. He has no pleasure in your lingering, and He does not linger. He stretches out his hands to you, in the unutterable tenderness of his paternal and infinite heart.

III. *Paternal compassion.*—'He had compassion.' It would seem as if the pity were stirred up by what he saw. The nearer he came, the more he had compassion. The rags and filth, instead of repelling him, only awoke still more his pity. Instead of turning away from the loathsomeness, his paternal heart was moved by the sight of it. As we read that Jesus, when He *saw* the multitudes, was moved with compassion, so was it with the father here. Poor wanderer! you need not then try to hide your rags, or to hide your filth, or to try to make yourself more like what you were, in order to attract your Father. It is just that which you are which excites his compassion. Your wretchedness, ignorance, defilement, squalor, will be no obstacle. They awake his pity. Go to Him then, just as you are, and see if his compassion are not infinite. Whoever and whatever you may be, He pities you. The tears of Jesus over Jerusalem are the expressions of that pity—sincere and true, and deep. They are both divine and human—most thoroughly *both*. Paternal righteousness is not at variance with paternal compassion. If God were not so righteous, He could not be so compassionate. It is his righteousness that makes Him comprehend and feel for our woful condition as sinners. He is pitiful because He is righteous and holy.

IV. *Paternal tenderness.*—'He fell on his neck.' So was it when Jacob and Esau met, Joseph and Benjamin. Falling on another's neck is the expression of tender love,—love that, for the moment cannot express itself in words, but buries its face (and with it past grief and present joy) out of sight on the neck of the beloved one. Ah, this is tender love! 'He fell on his neck.' It is the tender love of God. Yet all these manifestations of human love, these tokens of family endearment, are poor to express his unutterably earnest yet tender grace. In listening to God's gospel, we too often feel as if it were the mere intimation of his *consent* to our salvation—implying but a cold willingness to save us from hell. How much we mistake! His is true parental fondness, pity, tenderness, yearning: his is the eagerness to bless us which words cannot express. Yes, God is in earnest in his tender love.

V. *Paternal reconciliation.*—'He kissed him.' This is the completion of the whole—the consummated and manifested reconciliation. There was the kiss of affection, Jacob kissed Joseph's sons; the kiss of sorrow, when the disciples fell on Paul's neck and kissed him; the kiss of reconciliation, when Jacob and Esau kissed, and when righteousness and peace are said to kiss each other. How much is implied in that paternal kiss!—love, joy, pardon, pity, reconciliation. Thus God comes up to the sinner with the fulness of reconciliation in his heart. He does not stay to be entreated, or pleaded with, or persuaded. He hastens up to us and embraces us in the fulness of his heart. Ah! this kiss is the seal of pardon to the prodigal; it is this kiss that He is longing to imprint now on your polluted lips. He comes up to you with the reconciliation of the cross; for He is 'reconciling the world to himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses.'

THE SONG OF TRIUMPH.

BY THE EDITOR.

ZEPH. III. 14, 15.

ERE Israel can take up this song of triumph, she must be in very different circumstances from her present ones. To bid her sing it now would be but to mock her. Her judgments are *not* taken away; her enemy is *not* cast out; her King is not in the midst of her; she sees evil. How can she sing a song like this,—scattered and peeled; wrath rolling over her, billow after billow, for 1800 years; outcast, homeless, kingless, friendless, and, as far as human calculations go, *hopeless?* But our text anticipates a wondrous change. It looks forward to a time when such a song shall be heard, even from the lips of scattered Israel. God himself here anticipates the joyful day of her return, restoration, and blessedness, making us feel how sure his promise stands, how unchanging his love, even to this disobedient, gainsaying people; for the gifts and calling of God are without repentance.

Observe, He calls her by three separate names of endearment—(1) 'Daughter of Zion;' (2) 'Israel;' (3) 'Daughter of Jerusalem;' and in so many expressions does He call on her to rejoice. She is to 'sing,' yea, to 'rejoice,' yea, to 'be glad with all her heart.' Thus God speaks of her as of a people still beloved, still unforgotten. He stretches out his arms to embrace her, as the father welcomed the returning prodigal. He looks at Israel sitting once more under her own vine and her own fig-tree, and, anticipating the time, He puts a new song into her mouth. He had often before called her to repentance, to confession, to mourning; but now He calls her to joy and singing; for 'the ransomed of the Lord *shall* return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away' (Isa. xxxv. 10). He enumerates the wonders He will do for her in that day: He will cast out her enemies; He, her King, shall be in the midst of her; and, as the consummation of the whole, she shall not see evil any more. All this He speaks of as done with his own hand. He who slew Egypt's first-born—*He hath done* it. He who bare them through the wilderness, as on eagles' wings, fed them with manna from heaven, and gave them water from the smitten rock—*He hath done* it. The Great Doer of all wonders is his name: the Doer of all Israel's wonders, from the Red Sea onward; wonders not only of power, but of *grace*—unmingled grace. His dealings are all free love, from first to last, with the ungodliest nation that ever provoked the eyes of his glory, that shed the blood of his beloved Son!

But this song of triumph is a song for the redeemed, pardoned sinner now; for one who is delivered from the wrath to come,—from the present evil world. It is the song of a saint—of a believing sinner; of one who has nothing to say for himself, but who can say this in regard to the dealings of the Lord: 'He hath taken away *my* judgments; I shall not see evil.' It is such a song of triumph as this that *we* are called upon to sing at a communion table. True, we have not yet entered into rest, in the full sense of the word: 'There remaineth a rest to the people of God.' Without are still fightings, and within are fears; our tears are not yet wiped away. But still, these blessings in which Israel shall rejoice in the latter day, are those in which faith rejoices now. Faith anticipates the new song, seats us with Christ in heavenly places, teaches us to say, 'We *are* come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel' (Heb. xii. 22-24).

Let us notice four things in reference to this song.

I. *The taking away of judgments.*—This is the 'forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace;' or, as elsewhere expressed, '*no condemnation.*' Up to the time when we tasted that the Lord was gracious, we were under judgment—judgment of the darkest kind. We were under the law, and it was armed with almighty powers

against us. The wrath of an angry God, like a thunder-cloud, overhung us; it raged around us like a tempest, or as an earthquake heaving under our feet. Darker and sadder than Israel's was our condition. Then came the glad message: 'Believe, and be saved. Believe, and live.' We believed, and knew the meaning of the words: 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ' (Rom. v. 1). Through grace we believed, and entered into rest. The dark cloud passed, the storm died away; we could say, 'The Lord hath taken away *my* judgments.'

Here is our message to those who are *yet under judgment*. There is deliverance even for you. However dark and fearful the guilt that is pressing you down, *there is deliverance*. The same deliverance which believers in all ages have found, the deliverance which the jailer found, is still a deliverance for you—as free, as glorious as any has ever been. And the terms are the same; God has not raised his terms. Salvation is not more costly than before: there is no difference; it is free as ever. He that believeth shall enter into rest. God maketh his judgments to pass clean away.

II. *Deliverance from enemies.*—In the days of our unbelief we were in the hands of enemies; they kept us in chains. These were legion, and they surrounded us with their multitudes, so that escape or victory seemed impossible. Yet this has been achieved; deliverance has been sent us. Deliverance from the wrath to come, from the world, from the power of the flesh,—all these have been wrought for us. Our enemies are not yet clean swept off the battle-field, but they are driven back. In believing, we became identified with a conquering Lord, and victory was secure. Then the Lord began to cast out our enemies, to bruise Satan under our feet, and we received the sure pledge that we should be 'more than conquerors.' 'He hath cast out our enemies,' is now our exulting cry. 'Sin hath no more dominion over us.' 'Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory.' The Great Conqueror, in words which, while they show sympathy with our troubles, assure us also of victory, has said, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, *I* have overcome the world.' In joining his ranks and following his banner, we are joining a Conqueror's ranks, we are following the banner of the King of kings,—of Him who has already smitten Satan, and overcome the world, and only waits the fulness of time to complete the victory, and sweep away every enemy. So that, though in one sense a communion table is a table prepared for us in the presence of our enemies, yet we can there sing, 'He hath cast out our enemies.' We are in their presence, yet we are conquerors over them. We find *that* at the table which reminds us of enemies all around; yet we are there reminded also that every enemy has been overcome by our Forerunner, and will soon be overcome by *us*.

III. We have the *presence of our King*.—He comes into the midst of us; nay, more, He and the Father come in (John xiv. 23). Thus we have the invisible presence of our King; He in us, and we in Him. When we first believed, He came in. He came as the Deliverer, as the King in his beauty; and He is now not far off, though invisible; He is yet nearer than any being of our earthly love. The King in his beauty—He on whom our eye rested, and in whom our souls rejoiced, while we first believed—is the same King on whom our eye is this day to rest, and our souls to rejoice, at his table. It needed no long persuasion to bring Him in; He came, glad to take his place within us. He had sought admission long in vain; but He found it at length. Many days and nights He stood outside, lifting up his voice; but at last He found admittance; and from that day to this we have had our King in the midst of us.

He is seeking admittance this day from those who have hitherto excluded Him. This is our message: who is there among you who will this day give Him admission? Young and old, admit the conquering King! Oh, sinner, lose not the present opportunity; admit Him! Ye that are young, admit Him! Ye who are aged, ripening for the grave, *admit Him!* Every one, admit Him *now!* He stands waiting to come in, pleading to be admitted, as your best portion for time and for eternity.

This promise of the King in the midst of us, we realize at his table. We believe that where two or three are gathered together, there He is. And this realizing of his presence now, is to us a pledge of that time, when He, our King—whom, not having seen, we love—shall more gloriously appear in the midst of us, as Head of his church and of a redeemed creation; for 'the tabernacle of God shall be with men.'

IV. We have *everlasting security from evil*.—From the time when we became acquainted with Him who is truly good, we might be said to be done with evil. When He removed our sins as far as the east is from the west, danger was at an end. Death could not overwhelm us, for we were one with Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. No weapon could prosper against us, no storm injure us; we were *safe*, whatever might befall. The heavens might be on fire,

and the earth be dissolved; *we were safe.* Wars and rumours of wars might be heard around us; men's hearts failing them for fear; but *we were safe.* This promises complete safety, deliverance from evil! The words are often repeated elsewhere, 'no evil.' 'There shall no evil befall thee.' 'No evil shall happen to the just.' A wide word that—*no evil!* We are secure against evil. Conflicts may arise, but we are safe. Tribulation may come, but we are safe. Persecution, days of darkness may come, but we are safe. There may be convulsions of earth, shaking of nations, rocking of thrones, but *we are safe.* No evil! This is our security, our freedom. With evil, *as evil*, we are done for ever. All things now work together for our *good.* With evil, as *discipline*, we are not yet done; but come sorrow or joy, death or life, adversity or prosperity, the promise is sure, we shall not see evil. Even *here* we find this true; but how much truer will it be in the kingdom, when we stand on the sea of glass, where there can be no shipwreck, and sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb!

To us, then, as to Israel by anticipation, it can be said even now: 'Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem. The Lord hath taken away thy judgments, He hath cast out thine enemy: the King of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee: thou shalt not see evil any more.' Of us, even now, all this is true; but how much more, when the walls of the New Jerusalem shall encompass us! *Then*, 'We shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on us, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed us, and shall lead us unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes' (Rev. vii. 16, 17).

As we pass through this land of strangers, let us sing; for it is said to us, 'Rejoice in the Lord *always.*' Let us triumph in Him, who triumphed for us. Let us glory in Him, who has gone up to the Father's right hand, and is crowned for us.

At present, much of our rejoicing must be in what is yet to come. We have now only the first-fruits of the Spirit, the earnest of our inheritance; but even this earnest is worthy of a new song. But a little while, and we shall sing this same song in that glory which it anticipates, when that which is perfect shall have come. Now, we see through a glass darkly; but *then*, face to face. Now, our voice is feeble; then, it will be clear and full. Now, our song is poor, and sadly jarring; then, it will be melodious—sweet as 'from blest voices uttering joy.' It is a song such as angels cannot sing—as even restored Israel cannot sing; such as we can hardly understand in this land of exile—a song of everlasting joy.

We sing it here, by the rivers of Babylon, in the defiled cities of earth; but soon we shall sing it in the New Jerusalem, by the river of life, clear as crystal. It is sweet to sing it here; it will be sweeter to sing it yonder, when we have entered on the glory that shall be revealed in us. It is a song of wondrous power, even when sung by the scattered handfuls of the little flock below; but how inconceivably majestic will be its power and grandeur, when it is sung by the whole multitude of the redeemed at once around the throne, and with Jesus in the midst of them, the Leader of the choir!

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA.

No. X.

'WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING.'

WHAT a solemn and humbling announcement! This is naturally the first and most obvious thought that occurs to us when we read the words. But to me another thought always comes with them, distinct and apart from this, and that is the thought of their exceeding preciousness. Is it, can it be really true, that Thou, my blessed Saviour, hast so joined me to thyself, hast made the union between Thee and me so perfect and complete, that without Thee I can do nothing? Gracious Lord, with my whole heart I bless and praise Thee for the comforting and joyful assurance.

Mrs. Melville was from home; but the visitor who called at Elm Grove wished to see her little girl, and was therefore shown into the library, where Mildred was sitting playing with her doll.

'I suppose you are very lonely without your mother?' said Mrs. St. Clair, after talking to the child for a few minutes.

'Indeed I am,' answered Mildred; 'but papa allows me to sit here, where I can see her picture while I am playing about, and that is next best to seeing herself. There it is,' she added, pointing to a very lovely portrait, which hung

in a recess between the windows; 'and as I cannot kiss mother, I kiss her picture the last thing I do every evening before I go to bed.' And she looked up lovingly at it as she spoke, as if she would like to do it now, as well as in the evening.

'But is it not too high for you to reach to?' asked Mrs. St. Clair.

'Oh yes,' answered the child, 'it is a great deal too high; but papa takes me up in his arms, and then I can reach it quite easily. It is so nice to be in his arms, and to feel that he is helping me, that I am very glad I am not taller.'

'And does he help you to do anything else?' said Mrs. St. Clair.

'Indeed he does,' replied Mildred, eagerly; 'he helps me to do quantities of things. Every day, when he is writing to mamma, he lets me write a little letter too. I could not do it by myself, but he holds my hand, and then—I do not know how—but it comes all right. And very often he lets me ride a little way with him on his horse.'

'But are you not afraid of falling off, and being hurt?'

The child looked up in amazement. 'How could I be afraid, when papa is holding me?' she said. 'I was not afraid even when something frightened the horse very much, and he almost galloped down the avenue; for I know that nothing could happen to me while papa's arm was round me. I used to wish I could always be a child,' she added, simply; 'I was so afraid that, when I was older, papa would not help me; but mamma told me that I need not be afraid of that, for that he was so wise and good, that there would always be plenty of things for him to help me about. I was so glad when she told me that, for I do not think I am ever half so happy as when papa is helping me!'

And is not the feeling of that little child just the feeling that we have, or ought to have, towards our heavenly Father, and towards our gracious Saviour? Would not the being independent of her father have been but another name for loneliness and sorrow to her loving heart? And surely it could be only want of love that would make us desire to be able to act independently of our Lord!

Even as regards this world, the way in which people speak of the pleasure of being independent, would seem very strange to me; but that I feel sure they speak of that which they do *not* know, and of a pleasure which they have never tasted. If they had, they would know how very soon it turned to pain. 'I can do exactly as I like,' said a lady to me one day, whose circumstances were what is usually called perfectly independent; 'I can do exactly as I please; but oh, it is so lonely! I get such a longing sometimes to be *obliged* to do something; to have some one to wish I would be home at such an hour, or would go out a little earlier or later! I do not think there is anything so lonely as being able to do exactly what one likes, without a reference to any one else.' Most thoroughly did I sympathize with and pity her, for the very thing that, I dare say, made her envied by many.

But, as I said before, I think it is a question of love. It would be most trying and most irksome to be dependent on those we disliked or disapproved of. But would a true-hearted, loving wife desire to be independent of her husband? Is it not one of her greatest joys that there is a sense in which it is true, that without him she can do nothing? And if God takes him from her, is it not one of the most bitter drops in her cup of sorrow, that she can no longer claim his help, or ask his advice, or consult his wishes about everything she does?

There are many lonely hearts on earth. Some are lonely from their independent position; others because those amongst whom their lot has been cast are strangers to that Saviour who is all in all to them; others, again, because it has pleased God to take from them the desire of their eyes. To all such, how precious our Lord's words must be, 'Without me ye can do nothing!'

Do not think of them as a mere abstract truth—a dry, uninteresting fact. You are lonely, very lonely, are you not? and your heart yearns for true companionship—to be associated with some one in what you do; to feel that some one you love, and who loves you, is ever ready to help and to co-operate with you?

May you not learn, from our Lord's words, that you have your wish, although it may be that you have not yet realized that you have? If we are doing anything with another person, that person must be very near us; and our Lord says, 'Without' (or apart from) 'me ye can do nothing.' Must He not, then, be close beside us? He *is* close,—a living, loving, sympathizing Saviour. Oh, believe, or rather (for you do believe it) realize the blessed truth, that He is beside you now, this very moment, at all times, and in all places. Accustom yourself to listen to his voice, and you shall hear it, alike amid the din and bustle of life, and in your loneliest hours. Lean upon his arm; whisper into the ear bowed down to hear you; look up and watch the guiding of his eye; ask his counsel, plead for his help, consult his wishes about everything you do, the least as well as the greatest. Can you be lonely, whatever your circumstances may be, if you thus live as you may live, and ought to live, in the constant and realized sense of your union with Christ?

Blessed Saviour! we pray Thee, press thine own words home to our hearts by thy Holy Spirit, and enable us to take and to enjoy all the comfort that is to be derived from the assurance that without Thee we can do nothing. Gracious Lord! Thou who knowest all things, knowest that we would not, even if we could.

The Harleys of Chelsea Place.

CHAPTER VIII.

FEW days after Johnny's funeral, the Harleys left Chelsea Place for two or three weeks by the seaside. It was late in the season to go to a watering-place; but the weather ally beautiful and mild, and Mrs. Harley would be a far greater and more bene- ge for her husband and children than ny inland part.

id never seen the sea before, and for ys could not be tempted to go near it, nade her sad with its mournful sounds; a while, she would walk along the ı her uncle, and talk about it and the and the ships it had swallowed up. :d to look upon it with fear and sus- ling it 'the deceitful, cruel sea;' and no persuade her to venture on the sandy ; beach unless her uncle was with her. ı great disappointment to Tom, until red a large pool of water amongst the oat his ships in, and there Dora had no o go with him, attended by Mary; and, pon a rock hard by, would watch, or ınd Constance to play with them, until tired.

inth birthday came round whilst she was th; but it was rather a melancholy one, sed Johnny on the first feast-day after —indeed, they appeared to feel his loss day than they had done since they had Mr. and Mrs. Harley always dined hildren, if well, on birthdays, and they nined to do so as usual; but when the ed, Mr. Harley felt quite unequal to and Mrs. Harley became so anxious ı, that the elder children could not rving it, and hastened through the t her free. At tea, however, he made ance, but looking so pale and careworn, ieved them to see him; and when he m good night, and prayed God to bless t was in a voice scarcely audible. For afterwards the children never saw him, rdly left his own rooms during that never when they were at hand. This at trial for the little Harleys; for they ı accustomed to his society, having en- many weeks, and accordingly missed ıted it very much. On the third day, ively refused to accompany Tom and to the great pool with the ships, say- ıust and would see Uncle Harley; and, ing a good deal of coaxing, they went Mary without her, wondering at her They had scarcely gone, when she uncle's sitting-room door open, and, er the banisters, she saw him go down o the dining-room; but he looked so y sad, that her courage failed her, and running down after him, and throwing about his neck, she crept back to her bedroom, and sitting down upon the floor with her face to the wall (her usual position when troubled), she wept bitterly. Old nurse and nurse were out with Agnes and Guy, so that she was quite alone, and likely to remain so; and there she sat, and thought, and cried for Johnny and her uncle, whom she was afraid to go to. Fortunately a housemaid entered the room unperceived by her, and noticing the poor child's tears and sobs, ran down stairs, and calling Mrs. Harley from the dining-room, told her of them. Mr. Harley overheard the conversation, and immediately forgetting himself in his anxiety about Dora, went up to her, and found her as the servant had described, sitting upon the floor, crying as if her heart would break.

'Dora, my darling,' said Mr. Harley, holding open his arms. 'What is it, my precious?'

'Oh uncle,' sobbed the child, springing up and throwing herself into them. 'Oh, I want Johnny, and I want you. I can't bear it. No, I can't bear it.'

'Bear what?' he inquired.

'Not to see you,' she replied, nestling closer to him.

'Is that the trouble?' he said, kindly, as he sat down and placed her on his knee. 'Did you want to see me so very much?' he asked, as he wiped the tears from her eyes.

'Yes, oh yes! ever so bad,' she whispered.

'Why, my darling?'

'Because Johnny is gone, and because I do love you; and Johnny said I must bring you with me to Jesus, and I cannot do that if I do not see you. Please do let me, uncle,' she pleaded, smiling through her tears.'

'You shall, Dora. With God's help you shall lead me to Johnny. I am but a little child on the heavenly road.'

A long silence ensued; for Dora was satisfied, and had nothing more to beg, but lay content in her uncle's arms, until her little breast had ceased to heave, and her sobs had quite subsided. Then Mrs. Harley came into the room, and proposed that she should bathe her eyes and face, and go for a short walk before dinner. Dora slipped off her uncle's knee, but looked wistfully at him as she prepared to comply with her aunt's wish.

'Yes,' he said, divining her thoughts, 'I will go with you; so make haste and get ready. Let me see which will be dressed first.'

She was not many minutes putting on her hat, mantle, and boots, and was soon waiting on the stairs outside her uncle's room. Her cheeks were still pale, and her eyes very watery; but her heart was light, and her spirit glad, for she felt she was trying to fulfil Johnny's dying request. Mrs. Harley was equally pleased; for Dora had been able to induce her uncle to do, what she had been in vain urging for the three past days—go out for a walk; and as she watched them pass down the garden, she thanked God for sending Dora into their household. She saw the influence the child held over him, and

she prayed that that influence might deepen and increase for good. It was so important, in Mr. Harley's state, that he should be kept from his own melancholy thoughts, and she had been so distressed, the last few days, at seeing him falling back into his old condition, that a ray of hope was kindled anew in her breast when she heard him say that he would accompany Dora in her walk.

From that day, Dora had free access to her uncle, and was his constant companion in his strolls about Seamouth; and when the weather became too cold for sailing ships, Tom and Constance joined them, and the walks were considerably lengthened on their account. Shells were collected from the sea-shore, and cones from the woods, to be carried back to Lotsirl with them; and a special bag was made to contain curiosities for the little Donovans, to be delivered to them by old nurse, directly they got home.

Towards the end of November, the Harleys began to prepare for returning to Chelsea Place, and wonderful-shaped packets and packages were put up by the children; even Agnes had her own peculiar one, consisting of three gulls' feathers, a bone of the cuttle-fish, two large fir-cones, and some pebbles and bits of spar. Tom had a gull's egg amongst his treasures, which an old superannuated sailor, who lived in a cottage on the beach, had given him; and much Tom wished that it were spring instead of autumn, that he might search himself amongst the rocks for gulls' eggs. Indeed, he could not help prowling and prying about whenever he had an opportunity, hoping that he might light upon some extraordinary thing or other, to surprise the boys at school with; and a few days before he left Seamouth, he certainly did meet with an adventure that he was not likely to forget. His papa and mamma often allowed him to ramble about on the beach alone, or with sailor Jack, who, they had ascertained, was a trustworthy good old man; and he had one morning been clambering by himself upon the rocks, and, quite tired out, was preparing to return home, when he heard a sharp cry or scream.

'Oh, oh! Mr. Gull,' said Tom, gazing around him as he spoke; 'you're on the look-out for a squall, and so am I. I wonder where you are roosting;' and bounding upwards, from rock point to rock point, he gained a higher summit than he had hitherto reached. He was so sure that the gull was somewhere above him, for he could hear such a strange wailing noise every now and then, that he forgot all about being previously very tired, in the hopes of really finding a gull's nest. He was a brave, active boy, and was nothing daunted by the thought of facing a gull or two, should he come across them; and when he had reached the top of a large jutting-out rock, he began creeping on his hands and knees along a shelving sort of narrow path which seemed to connect it with the cliffs extending the whole length of the shore. As he cautiously made his way, peeping into every hole and crevice, the screaming and wailing began afresh, and he felt certain he was getting ve near the noisy birds; but as he got nearer, a the crying became more and more distinct, grew very nervous, for he could not help fanc ing the sound was more like that of a hum voice than the cry of a bird. After roundi one more projection, he came suddenly upon small plot of grass in front of a great hole cavern, and there, crouched on the grass front of the cavern, was a little black and scarl thing; but it was no bird, for it was a litt girl, and when Tom gave a jump, exclaimin 'Oh my!' she raised her head, and throwi back the hood of her cloak, disclosed a ve pale, miserable countenance, with a pair of re rimmed, but brilliant dark eyes.

'Where did you come from?' inquired Tor when he had somewhat recovered from his a tonishment. 'From up there,' replied the chil pointing to the top of the cliffs.

'But how did you get here?' asked Tor sitting down by her side to rest.

'I don't know,' she answered. 'I ran awa I did;' and she burst out crying.

'Ran away!' repeated Tom. Then addin 'There, do not cry, I will take you home wi me.' He tried to wipe away the tears from h eyes; but she drew away from him, saying:

'No, you must not take me home again. hate them, I do. I wish I was dead, that I do and she clutched at her cloak convulsively.

'Where's your hat or bonnet?' inquired Tor not seeing either at hand.

'I don't know—I don't care,' she replie pulling up some blades of grass and scatterin them about. 'They'll send me to school now, know they will. I wish I'd run the other wa I do.'

'What way?' asked Tom.

'Why, across the fields, and along the ro I'd have got to London, perhaps, that way.'

'To London!' echoed Tom, looking aghast.

'Yes,' she answered, nodding her head. ' came here because I thought some ships woul come along, and a good captain would take n over to my papa; but I can't get down to t beach, and no ships have gone by this mornin and I am very tired, and I am so afraid; so I ha better go back, if you will please to take me, si

'I will, if I can,' said Tom, wondering all t time how he should be able to do it. 'B won't they be very angry with you at home?' h asked.

'Yes; but I don't care. They'll send me t bed and talk away, and send me to school; b I don't care. I'll run away again. I don care.'

Tom could not help thinking his little com panion must be a very naughty girl, not to ca for anybody or anything; for old nurse had earl taught that 'Don't care' never comes to goo and he knew by heart the story of Tommy an Harry; but he suppressed his opinion, and merel asked her name.

'Madge Allen,' she replied, getting up fro the grass. 'What is yours?'

'Thomas William Harley,' he answered.

'I like your name, sir,' she observed, 'and

ou very much indeed. And now, will you me home?' and she prepared to go.
m saw the tears in her eyes, and he saw she trembling all over, though she tossed her and tried to look as if she did not care, as ndeavoured to follow him up the cliff; but ı she reached a more dangerous point, where could only lie down and stretch down his to help her up, her assumed composure l her, and she sobbed aloud.
)on't cry, don't be frightened,' said Tom ıragingly. 'Put your right foot in that crevice, and your left in that—and now, a long step—and here you are!' he cried, pulled her up to the rock on which he lay. v the worst is done.' But the worst was done, as they soon found out; for Tom, ting it would be better to take her back by vay she said she came, found it a far more ult and dangerous ascent than he supposed, when the wind began to rise, and the clouds ıther black and heavy around them, he could help wishing they were safe on the ground e. His wish would have soon been realized, or Madge; she grew more and more afraid, was so faint and weary that she could e no effort to quicken her steps, and when emendous peal of thunder sounded in her she sat down, declaring she could go no ıer.
was some minutes before Tom could per- e her to try and get up a little farther, and doubtful if she could have taken many steps , if timely help had not arrived in the form strong young man, who had been despatched Mr. Harley to see after Tom, when he did return home to dinner. The man had been stomed to clambering the cliffs from a boy, e speedily led them by a short safe path, n only to the most expert villagers; but before they reached Mr. Harley's lodgings, and Madge were wet to the skin, for the descended in torrents. Mr. and Mrs. Harley surprised beyond measure when they saw dripping children enter the garden, but they ved them gladly; and having dismissed the to the kitchen to dry himself, and Tom to edroom to change his clothes, Mrs. Harley Madge into Constance's and Dora's room, had her undressed and put into Constance's

As soon as the little stranger was combly settled in bed, Mrs. Harley inquired of where she lived, that she might send a age assuring her friends of her safety.
ıdge told her she lived at the Vale; but she not send, for her Aunt Gay was gone with cousins on a visit, and the servants had a r, and no one would miss her; a piece of mation which proved perfectly correct, for, on Harley's sending to the Vale, the servants astonished at discovering that Miss Madge not in the house. Mrs. Harley had told the enger to say that the little girl was far too and poorly to be sent home that day, but ıoped she would be well enough to return following morning. In the course of the noon, Madge informed Mrs. Harley that she away from the Vale immediately after she had finished breakfast, hoping to reach the beach before the ships sailed, and that she had tried to go down the rock way that nobody should see her and take her back; but she missed the path, and at last found herself where she could neither get up nor down. She said she knew it was very naughty to run away, but she did not care; nobody loved her, and she was very miserable; and then she burst out crying.

Mrs. Harley did not like to ask her any questions respecting her relatives, excepting the age of her cousins, to which Madge replied that they were grown-up, big women, and called her 'a little nuisance,' and 'a bore,' and were angry with her papa for sending her over to England to plague them. 'And I hate them—I do,' she cried, springing up in the bed, her eyes flashing with passion; 'and I will go back to papa in India, that I will.'

Mrs. Harley tried to soothe her, by telling her, if she loved her papa, and wished to please him, she would be good, and not say and do naughty things, but patiently remain where he had placed her. But Madge was not then inclined to listen to her advice, and, with a shrug of her shoulders, lay down again, solacing herself with her pet, 'I don't care.'

'She ought not to be a bad child,' observed Mrs. Harley to her husband, as they stood by her bed-side when she had fallen asleep. 'She has a pleasant face and noble brow, and her eyes are beautiful. Poor little creature! I fear she has fallen amongst those who cannot understand her.' Mrs. Harley's surmise was a true one; Mrs. and the Misses Gay did not understand Madge, for they considered her a regularly disagreeable, spoiled child. Nearly spoiled she had been by her fond father; but, until her arrival at the Vale, she had been anything but usually disagreeable. Colonel Allen had rather an objection to schools, and had begged Mrs. Gay to try and have Madge educated at home; a plan which gave great offence to the Misses Gay, and, through them, no arrangement had been made for carrying out his wish, though Madge had been with them three or four months; and, left to herself, disliked and unloved, she had grown reckless and desperate.

Madge was quite recovered from the effect of her fright and wetting when she awoke in the morning; and when she came down to breakfast, no one would have thought she was the naughty little girl of yesterday, from her appearance and manner. Her long tangled black hair was smooth and glossy, and the red rims round her large hazel eyes had quite disappeared, and she looked so bright in her scarlet and black plaid frock, sitting between Constance and Dora in their mourning ones, that Tom mentally compared her to a pretty robin redbreast. She told them her real name was Magdalene, but that everybody called her Madge, that she was ten years old, that her mamma was dead, and that nobody loved her but her papa and old Jenkins, papa's servant in India; and she said she 'loved them both—all that,' and she covered her heart with her hands as she described the extent of her affection.

Mrs. Harley became much interested in her as she talked and played about with the children, who were kept at home that morning to be with her until she should be sent for by her aunt.

They had finished dinner, when the sound of carriage wheels attracted their attention, and drew them to the window; and Madge, peeping over Tom's shoulder, murmured, 'It's Aunt Gay,' and quickly withdrew to a corner of the room, sitting down upon a hassock. Mrs. Harley noticed the expression on the child's face, which said as plainly as possible, 'There, my pleasure is over; but I don't care;' and it grieved her to see it. When she joined Mrs. Gay in the drawing-room, that lady thanked her very much for her great kindness to her naughty little niece, and begged that she would allow Madge to remain an hour or two longer with her, until she could send a carriage to take her back to the Vale. She said that she and her daughters were visiting in the neighbourhood, and they had determined not to return home until they had sent Madge off to a good strict school, for, keep her any longer they would not. Whilst Mrs. Gay was talking, and looking very angry, a sudden idea flashed through Mrs. Harley's brain, and asking Mrs. Gay to excuse her for a few minutes, she withdrew to communicate it to Mr. Harley. The result of that few minutes' conversation decided Madge Allen's future destination; for, on Mrs. Harley's returning to the drawing-room, she said that Mr. Harley had requested her to beg Mrs. Gay to allow Madge to continue with them the few days they should remain at Seamouth, and should Mrs. Gay be still unsettled about a school for her niece, they should be happy to take her to Lotsirl, and place her as a boarder at the establishment where Constance was being educated, until she could hear from Colonel Allen. Mrs. Gay was delighted, and thankfully accepted Mr. and Mrs. Harley's offer, saying, 'It was such a relief to her mind, to get rid of the troublesome, naughty child; if the school were good enough for Miss Harley, it was quite good enough for Madge,' and that her boxes should be sent to Mrs. Harley's that evening or the following morning. She positively refused to see Madge, and parted from Mrs. Harley with a profusion of thanks.

The children saw Mrs. Gay get into the carriage and drive off, and Madge made a rush to the window to be sure that she had done so; but before any of them could express their astonishment in words, Mrs. Harley stood in the doorway, and beckoned Madge out of the room. Madge turned white and red alternately, as Mrs. Harley told her gently, but firmly, what she and Mrs. Gay had decided upon for her; but when she heard that she was to remain with the Harleys until she went to school, where she should see Constance every day, she burst into tears, and looking very timidly at Mrs. Harley, said, 'I will be good, ma'am; indeed I will try now to be good.'

CHAPTER IX.

In a few days after Tom's adventure, the Harleys *returned to Chelsea* Place, taking Madge with them. Mr. and Mrs. Harley would fain have kept her a day or two longer before sending her to school, had they not considered it would have been rewarding her for being naughty, and running away from the Vale. They knew that she had been very unhappy there; but then, that was no reason why she should have acted wickedly; and the result of her conduct might have proved very serious, had not Tom discovered her before the storm commenced, for it was not probable the careless servants would have missed her until bedtime, when it would have been too late to have searched for her amongst the rocks, even if they had thought of doing so. Mrs. Harley, therefore, took her to school the morning after their arrival at Lotsirl, promising her, if she behaved properly, and her governess gave a good report of her, that she should always spend the monthly holiday at Chelsea Place, and that she would ask her aunt to allow her to pass the Christmas ones with them also.

Madge was delighted with the proposal, and pledged herself to be very tractable and good, a pledge which, to her praise, she faithfully redeemed, for her governess had not a fault to complain of, when the monthly holiday came round. She was naturally clever, though backward in her studies; but she determined to get on with her learning, and gave her whole mind to her lessons, so that, in a few weeks, her improvement was manifest. Her ambition was to be in the same class as Constance, who was but little more than a year older than herself; and she worked hard to attain her desire, though she knew some time must elapse ere she could realize it.

Mrs. Gay very willingly consented to her remaining with the Harleys during the Christmas vacation, which, being only for three weeks, passed far too rapidly to please most of the children. Madge's visit helped much to dispel the gloom which had gathered around the Harleys through Johnny's death; even Mr. Harley participated in the general feeling of love and pity towards the neglected high-spirited child. Only Dora stood aloof from her, and seemed to eye her with a degree of distrust, if not annoyance. A little root of bitterness was springing up in her young breast, one that she could feel, but did not rightly understand; it was that insidious, poisonous plant, jealousy.

From the day that Tom had discovered Madge, his affection appeared to have lessened for Dora; and she, too, quickly discovered it, and resented it by having as little to do with Madge as possible. It was so hard to hear Madge appealed to, and deliberated with by Tom, and to know, if she had not been there, he would have consulted her; and, at such times, poor Dora would slip away to her bedroom, and try to forget all about her vexation, by thinking of Johnny, and that he would not have acted so. Dora had been permitted to return to her own old bedroom upon coming back from Seamouth, and little Agnes slept in the inner room, that had been occupied by Johnny, which was a source of great comfort to Dora, who was very fond of her; and when not with her uncle, her happiest hours

were now spent there, especially if she could coax Agnes to be her companion.

Tom, who was perfectly innocent of having grieved Dora, would occasionally wonder at her seeming indifference; but he was so absorbed with his shipbuilding and Madge, that he seldom thought of it many minutes together, and certainly not long enough to lead him to question her on the subject. Madge was also rather afraid of the reserved little girl, with the large eyes, sometimes blue, and sometimes all but black, so dark were they in colour, and could talk much better and more freely with any of the other children; so that she made no overtures of friendship, but rather shunned Dora's society. Dora could scarcely tell whether she was pleased or sorry when the Christmas holidays were over; she was pleased that Madge had returned to school on her own account, but she was sorry for all the rest of the family, for she saw how much they all liked her. It most decidedly had not been a pleasant three weeks to her, whatever it had been to her cousins; and she knew it was entirely her own fault, which made her anything but happy in her mind, and she felt she wanted her own dear mamma very badly to set her right. But the setting right soon came in a way and manner Dora did not expect. Tom had got out his books, and begun his exercise the evening after Madge went back to school, when he observed:

'How I do miss my robin! Oh dear me!'

'Your robin?' said Constance, looking up from her book. Dora also looked up, and her heart beat fast as Tom replied:

'Why, Madge to be sure; she's just like a robin redbreast, so bright and cheerful.'

'I'll tell her so to-morrow,' said Constance, laughing.

'You'd better not, Conny,' remarked Tom, growing very red in the face. 'Girls are always so stupid; they can't hear nothing but they will go and talk about it.'

'If they don't hear nothing, they cannot talk about it, Mr. Tom; so you are out there,' observed Constance, very provokingly.

'Well, tell if you like; she is the nicest, prettiest little girl I ever saw, and that's the real truth. She's just like a robin redbreast, and no mistake. What do you think, Dora?' he inquired.

Dora managed to mumble out something about she 'did not know,' which rather piqued Tom, who immediately replied:

'Then you ought to know; and I shall call you Dora Dull, if you do not keep your eyes open for the future.'

This remark was too much for Dora, whose heart and eyes were, alas! too open, and, with a look of mingled passion and sorrow, she sprang up and darted out of the room, never stopping until she had reached her own, when, shutting to the door, she flumped down on the floor with her face to the wall, and burst out crying.

It so happened that, just as Dora was rushing out of the schoolroom, her uncle was coming up the lower flight of stairs, and saw her dash up the upper ones, looking angrier than he had ever seen her look, and following her, he reopened the door, entering without being observed.

'Dora,' he said, after pausing a few moments, 'what are you angry about?'

Dora threw her pinafore over her face, but made no reply, though her sobs were perfectly audible.

'Dora, my child, get up,' said her uncle, helping to raise her from the floor. 'What is the matter?'

'Tom says, I'm Dora Dull,' sobbed Dora, still keeping the pinafore over her face.

'Surely that would not make you angry,' he remarked.

'No-o, no-o,' answered Dora, 'not if he loved me; but he does not now—no, he does not love me now.'

'Nonsense, Dora, that's a whim of yours. Tom is as fond of you as ever, no doubt, my child.'

'No, he is not—that he is not, he loves Madge best; he says so,' and Dora gave a deep sigh, which seemed to come from the bottom of her heart.

'Dora, my darling, you must not talk and feel like that, it is naughty of you,' said Mr. Harley, kindly.

'Yes, I know it is,' sobbed Dora. 'I'm very naughty bad, uncle—'tis just here, uncle;' and Dora dropped her pinafore, and laid her hand on her breast.

'Yes, I know it is, my dear,' replied her uncle. 'Let me tell you what is the matter with you, that you may ask God to cure you of it;' and he sat down, taking her on his knee.

'Now Dora,' he continued, 'what makes you think Tom loves Madge better than he does you?'

'Because he talks to her, and he says she is the nicest, prettiest little girl he ever saw, just like robin redbreast, uncle, and that I am Dora Dull. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I were pretty too,' and she laid her head against her uncle, and began weeping afresh.

'How pretty would you wish to be, Dora?' he asked.

'As pretty as Madge, uncle,' she managed to reply.

'Why, my dear?' said her uncle.

'Because—because Tom would love me best; and I want him to, ever so much more than Madge; indeed, I do,' she whispered.

'Dora, my darling,' said Mr. Harley, 'do you know what sin it is called, when we desire wrongly what another person possesses, and cannot be happy without it?'

Dora was silent; but she gazed earnestly through her tears at her uncle.

'It is called *envy*, my darling; and dreadful things it leads to, if indulged in. And when we envy beauty, or anything else of another's, for the sake of taking their place, and being thought more of than they, it is *jealousy*. And oh! my precious child, it was envy and jealousy which caused Cain to kill his brother Abel. Strive therefore against it, as you would fly from the very gates of hell, for it is the devil's bait to lure you to destruction.'

Dora clung closer to her uncle, and went faster

and louder, as he showed her what was passing in her heart, and what it might lead to; and she begged him to tell her what to do that she might not grow so wicked, so very wicked.

'You must watch and pray against it now, my darling, whilst the seed is very small, ere it take deep root in your heart; for already you have proved that it has a root of bitterness.'

'Yes, oh yes!' she murmured; 'oh dear! oh dear!' Just then the conversation was interrupted by Tom's coming in search of Dora, having waited a long time expecting her to return, and finding she did not, he had come to see whether she was really angry with him, for he had not failed to notice the look she gave him as she left the room; but his father waved his hand for him to go away, and then kissing Dora, he bade her pray to God to teach her the good and the right way, and left her to see after Tom.

Tom was astounded when Mr. Harley told that he feared he had not been as kind to I as he ought to have been, and promised that should never have to complain of him again that he did love her, and would not vex her all the world. And when he parted from father, he went up to Dora, and putting his round her neck, whispered in her ear, 'Y you're a downright silly Dora! Madge is dear friend; but you are my little cousin s Dora, and you always will be sister Dora.'

Dora wiped away her tears, and descende the schoolroom smiling and happy with The seedling root of bitterness had been wren out from her heart by prayer and love, as it will be, if we use the weapons provided for the Captain of our salvation, Jesus the Lord

(To be continued.)

SALVATION AS A FREE GIFT.

I ONCE found myself in company with a party of friends in the gallery of a small village church, listening to a discourse from a coloured minister, or rather exhorter. After some preliminary exercises, a grey-headed man, evidently quite a patriarchal personage, arose, and announced as his subject, 'The History of Dives and Lazarus,' which he proceeded to explain and enforce.

One illustration he used was so full of quaint simplicity, and at the same time so adapted to express the idea he meant to convey, that it struck me forcibly. He was trying to show how a sinner should accept the gospel offers of salvation.

'Suppose,' said he, 'any of you wanted a coat, and should go to a white gentleman to purchase one. Well, he has one that exactly fits you, and in all respects is just what you need. You ask the price; but, when told, find you have not enough money, and shake your head.

'"No, massa, I am too poor, must go without," and turn away.

'But he says, "I know you cannot pay me, and I have concluded to give it to you: will you have it?"

'What would you do in that case?—stop to hem and haw, and say, "Oh, he's just laughing at me; he don't mean it?" No such thing. There is not one of you who would not take the coat, and say—

'"Yes, massa, and thank you too."

'Now, my dear friends, God's salvation is offered you as freely as that; why won't *take it as freely?* You are lost, undone sin and feel that you need a covering from his wr If you would keep his holy law blameless, might purchase it by good works; but ah! are all full of sin, and that continually. Pr and tears are worthless. You are poor ind and if this is all your dependence, I don't wo that you are turning off in despair. But sto look here—God speaks now, and offers you perfect robe of Christian righteousness, that cover all your sins, and fit all your wants, say that you may have it "without money without price." Oh, brethren, my dear brethr do take God's word for it, and thankfully acc his free gift.'

What impression the words had on the man's coloured auditors, I cannot tell; but our group left the church, one of the ladies marked to another:

'What a strange idea that was about coat!'

'My dear friend,' was the reply, 'it suited state of mind, rough and unpolished as it w better than all Dr. ——'s elaborate and eloqu arguments this morning. I am so glad that came here. This is the way I have been d spairingly seeking for years. How simple! Ho plain! Free grace alone! Yes, I *will* take G at his word.

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Miscellaneous.

The Wave of Life.

'Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?'
'I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time.'

—From the German of Tiedge.

Prayer.—A young lady was taking a nt walk one summer day in a deeply shaded ınd, and, being weary, sat down to rest on a ed mossy bank, near the summit of a hill. ıtly she heard a voice, as of one engaged in t conversation; and, on advancing a step or he saw good Mr. M—— coming leisurely up ll, the reins hanging loosely over his horse's 'What can he be talking about so earnestly ıself?' she thought; but directly she heard ice of prayer; and the words which God's ience caused to be especially impressed upon ind were these: 'O Lord, have mercy upon ar youth of this place.' The good old man ın; but the voice of prayer was heard, after d disappeared from her view, in the leafy ; of the forest. The young lady was struck he thought: 'Is this the way Christians go the town, and mingle with the world? Do ıray thus for our souls? I have hardly ever l for my own.' From that day she began to ınd became the first-fruits of a glorious revival.

ental Discipline.—A recent writer, alludı the prevalence of crime among boys, very rly asserts that one of the main causes of the e of morality, is the decay of parental dise. The family circle, the domestic hearth, ; true fountain of purity or corruption to : morals. Most people become what they are at home. They go forth into the world, to ut the character they have formed in the ourteen years of their lives.

e Opera.—When I think that music too is mned to be mad, and to burn herself upon a funeral-pile, your celestial opera-house dark and infernal to me. Behind its glitter the shadow of eternal death. Through it, look not up into the divine eye, as Richter , but down into the bottomless eye-socket; pward towards God, heaven, and the home ith, but too truly downward, towards falsity, r, and the dwelling-place of everlasting de—*Carlyle.*

alth.—Wealth is given to Christians, not to pended in costly raiment, extravagant equiand luxurious living, but to be employed in the service of the Master. 'Freely ye received, freely give.'

The Soul.

The mind hath no horizon.
looks beyond the eye, and seeks for mind
all it sees, or all it sees o'erruling.

—J. Montgomery.

The Over-sanguine.

And yet I do bethink me of the proverb,
Praise not the day before the evening come.

—Schiller.

Wonders of Creation.—The cheese-mite is an animal of *middling* size in existence; in other words, there are creatures as much smaller than it as there are larger. This is not strictly correct. The largest animal known is the Rorqual (*Balænoptera boops*), which is about 100 feet in length. The smallest is the Twilight Monad above mentioned, whose dimensions are $\frac{1}{15000}$th of an inch! It is evident that the middle term between these extremes is one-third of an inch, which is about the length of the common house-fly—which may be therefore considered as an animal of medium size in creation.

Naked come, Naked go.—Alexander the Great, being upon his deathbed, commanded that, when he was carried forth to his grave, his hands should not be wrapped, as was usual, in the cere-cloths, but should be left outside the bier, that all men might see them, and see that they were *empty*

The World's Friendships.—One morning I found him quite alone. He bade me remark this. 'Formerly,' he said, 'when I was young, scarcely any one passed my door, men or women, without calling to see me. To-day, from that window, I observe them all go by, as formerly, but they enter no more.'—*Guizot on Lord Holland.*

Be Consistent.—Oh the inconsistencies of professing Christians! Cards at eight, family worship at ten! A ball one night, a prayer-meeting the next! A psalm or hymn one hour, some silly song of folly the next! This week the theatre or opera, next week the communion table! When will those who name the name of Christ learn to avoid even the appearance of evil, as well as to depart from all iniquity?

The Cost of Experience.—Experience is a blessed thing, but it is one of the dearest of all commodities. It is only to be purchased by time, and toil, and failure, and sorrow, and anxiety, and *strength*. Perhaps the last is one of the costliest of all the items. Suppose you have got the experience of thirty years, your *strength* to make use of that experience is not what it was. Experience comes in, but strength goes out. Yes, experience is good, but very costly.

Trust and Distrust.—When I rise from my knees, uncertain as to whether God will hear my cries, then I am blaspheming the name of Him who is merciful and gracious; when I rise from my knees confident of an answer (not because of what I am, but of what He is), then I am glorifying his name.

Orators.—Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud where they are the least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of nature. She often gives us the lightning, even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

Conscience.—Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on the deathbed.—*Anon.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

LUKE VI. 19.

JESUS is here the centre of a great crowd from all parts of Palestine. They have heard of Him, and they flock to Him. His words and deeds attract them. He has what they want; so they gather round Him. The scene teaches us such lessons as the following:

I. *There is health in Jesus.*—He came from heaven with all the health of heaven in Him; health, like sunshine, flowing out irrepressibly; health of every kind; health without measure; health inexhaustible. The balm of the mountains of Gilead might wither down and die out; this heavenly balm could not. It was like the leaves of the tree of life, never falling, ever growing, and ever green. The physicians of Gilead died, till none was left; this Physician dies not. He is the ever-living Christ, the Son of God. All health, and skill, and kindness are to be found in Him; for not only is He perfect man, but very God; nay, and the fulness of the healing Spirit, without measure, dwells in Him.

II. *There is sickness in us.*—We are sick, nigh unto death; sick in body, sick in soul; 'the whole head sick, the whole heart faint;' our wound incurable by man; our hurt grievous. It is sickness pervading our whole system; sickness accompanied with pain and weakness, with sorrow, and sadness, and heaviness of spirit. It prostrates the body and clouds the mind. We may cover it over, but it is still there. We may soothe with anodynes, and administer sleeping-draughts, but the disease is unremoved. We may deaden or drown the pain in worldliness, or business, or vanity, or lust; but the mortal malady is still working in every part. O deadly disease of sin! what a world hast thou made here!—what an hospital, a lazar-house, a city of the plague! O pains of earth! not temporary or occasional, but constant and abiding; forerunners of the eternal pain, the eternal sickness, the eternal agony and woe.

III. *Contact with Jesus heals.*—The medicine must be taken; the Physician's hand must touch us; we must, in some way or other, come within the circle where the divine virtue is flowing out. It is indeed the Holy Spirit that applies the remedy; but He does so by bringing us within this healing circle, by making us touch Him who is the divine treasure-house of health. There was no healing for Israel without looking at the brazen serpent; so there is no healing for us without the look, the touch that brings us into contact with Jesus. It is not a clasping or embracing, but a touching; a touching even the hem of his garment; a coming within *his shadow*, as in the case of Peter. Such is the resistless efficacy, the irrepressible virtue that is lodged in Him! And as we are healed by touching, so our health is continued by our *continuing to touch*. It is to be a constant touching, a lifetime's contact; nay, an eternal contact. Thus new health begun and prolonged. Does thi a hard thing? A hard thing to be *always* i munication with Jesus; to be *always* und shadow of the tree of life; to be *always* brink of the crystal river of the New Jeru If some think it hard, they show that all wrong with them, and that it is sheer necessi force that is bringing them to entertain the t of contact with Jesus at all. Should we ca hard thing to be daily obliged to breathe th air and bask in the glorious sunshine? hard thing to be obliged to eat, that we n fed; or to sleep, that we may be refreshe it a hard thing for the friend to be in co with the friend, or the parent with the chil there not among multitudes, who call Jesus S a feeling that they would rather only use H times of great necessity, but at other time the fellowship of every one in preference to But the disease that brings us to Him, ke at his side. There is no health away from neither is there joy. We came for the cure pain, but we find this only a small part of w obtain from Him. We find *all* in Him, and hold Him fast, and will not let Him go. It very life, our very joy, to remain in contac Him.

IV. *This health and this contact are free to* There is no fence around Him to keep us guard to forbid or warn us away. Any one, one may come at once and be healed. It sick, not the whole, that He invites. It leper, the palsied, the fevered, the blind, the the deaf, the devil-possessed, that He bids we to. On every side we may approach Hi any time and in any way we may come. Wh be the length or the deadliness of our disea may come. The Physician is divinely skilf medicine is free, the cure is certain.

Health for sick humanity! medicine for eased world! a Physician for a dying race!- are the messages which we bring; all of overflowing with God's great love to sinne sinners simply as such. The depths of compassion are infinite, so are its heights. pitying love takes in the worst sinner tha breathed the air of earth. Wide as earth, w the bounds of sin, wide as the evil of human wide as heaven, wide as his own infinite he such is the pitying love of God.

Wilt thou, then, be made whole? This question which the Lord puts to us, and put all earnestness and compassion. Dying s the God who made thee pities thee, yearns thee. The Saviour, who, when here, went curing all manner of sicknesses, is still wo the works which He wrought on earth. His are full of health, and He stretches them o thee! What are thy diseases, then, how deadly, when He undertakes to deal with th One touch of his makes them vanish away. To and be healed!

ALL FULNESS.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

'It pleased the Father, that in Him should all fulness dwell.'—Col. i. 19.

HAT 'fulness is this? It needs an explanation. There is a divine fulness, a fulness of Godhead, which dwells originally, inherently, eternally in the glorious, blessed God. a fulness of power, wisdom, goodness, ousness, life, and light. This is the foun- f all that exists; it has filled the universe goodly, holy, happy creatures; and it is ılness, unwearied, unexhausted, as at the We know not all that it has done; we not all that it will yet do. This fulness ;s to Christ equally with the Father and ›irit. In the next chapter we are told of 'For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of odhead bodily.' In this chapter we find :xercising this divine fulness, as Creator 'reserver of all: 'For by Him were all created that are in heaven, and that are th, visible and invisible, whether they be s, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; ings were created by Him, and for Him: Ie is before all things, and by Him all consist.' We should think more of this: ıld strengthen our faith; it would make e from nature, not merely up to nature's but up to our dear Redeemer and elder er; it would help us to realize the great- ›f the sacrifice which He made, and the ıess of the love He must have felt for us, He left this fulness of divine power and fficiency, and descended to a state of crea- ›od and dependence.

; it needed another fulness than this in to redeem and save fallen man. Christ's ıal divine fulness could make man in God's :, and crown him with glory and honour; ıfter he had sinned, Christ, simply as God, only have carried into execution the sen- of the broken law, and said, 'Depart, ye], into everlasting fire.' In order to save ›m this, He had to work out and acquire mself a new kind of fulness, which is called ıediatorial fulness, because it fills up the ı between God and man; it satisfies the of offended God, and supplies the wants ıed man; it brings them together again —41.

in perfect and everlasting peace and friendship. For this purpose, though He was the great God, He humbled himself, made himself of no reputation, was born of a woman, made under the law. He wrought righteousness, glorified God on earth, endured the sharpness of death, and rose again to glory. By this work of perfect obedience, even unto death, Christ brought in and acquired a new kind of fulness, unknown in the universe before. It is a fulness of atonement, of righteousness, forgiveness, peace, life, light, and grace. In virtue of this fulness, which Christ, as his righteous Servant, has introduced, the holy God can now righteously quicken dead souls, give them repentance, justify them, make them accepted in the Beloved, sanctify them, make them fruitful, guide them and keep them through life, bring them to glory, raise them from the grave, and make them perfectly blessed for ever. This is the fulness which is here spoken of. It is called 'all the fulness,' because it contains all that is connected with salvation, all the grace that the individual sinner needs, and all the grace which the whole family, the whole body requires. It is the beginning, the progress, and the perfection of the new creation.

This fulness *dwells* in Christ. It is this that gives Him the pre-eminence among his fellows, his brethren. All godly saved men have grace according to their measure; but in them it is never fulness; it is always imperfect; it is changeable; they cannot impart or communicate it to others. The best must say, 'Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; I am only pressing on.' The best are, at some time or other, found faulty and lacking, even in the good things in which they seem most to excel. The best cannot supply the wants of their fellows; they must say to their nearest and dearest, 'Not so, lest there be not enough for us and for you.' But in Christ there is fulness, always fulness; it is never exhausted, diminished, or wearied. It *dwells* in Him; it is ever ready, morning, noon, and night—'a very present help in time of trouble.' He gives it freely, abundantly, unceasingly, to all that ask, however many they are, and however great and

varied their wants. He says, 'Come unto me, and rest;' 'Come unto me, and drink;' 'Commit thy way to me, and I will direct thy steps.' You never think of Him aright, till you see Him by faith, thus full, overflowing, and ready to respond to every supplicant. It is this that makes Him 'the chief of ten thousand;' 'the Brother born for adversity;' 'the Lamb, as it were slain, in the midst of the throne, having seven horns and seven eyes.' It is this that fits Him to be the Days-man, making and maintaining peace for ever; it is this that makes Him the Captain of salvation, bringing many sons to glory. He is saying at this moment, 'Look unto me, and be saved.' Look, I beseech you, till you are made from the heart to cry, 'Yes, I *am* saved. "Surely in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." They are in Him, but yet they are mine, as really and beneficially mine as if I had them in my own possession and in my own control; for He ministers them to me seasonably, sufficiently, unfailingly.'

'It *pleased* the Father, that in Christ should all the fulness dwell.' There are many reasons for this. It is his right and due. He brought in the fulness by his obedience unto death, and therefore He is worthy to be God's Steward over it, even as Joseph was set over the granaries of Egypt. 'Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God, thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.' But, again, He is the fittest to dispense the treasures; for He is ever near the sufferers, He has had experience of their miseries, He knows the burden of sin, the power of temptation, the hidings of God's face, and so He hastens to succour them in their distress. But, again, this puts honour upon Him, for all salvation comes from Him through faith; and thus every deliverance, restoration, supply, produces a fresh sense of indebtedness, and stirs up a new song of praise to Him who saveth from death. B more than this, it knits the Head and the me bers together in love; for his heart is drawn to them in supplying their many wants, a their hearts are drawn out to Him by the be fits they are constantly receiving.

This arrangement of putting all the fuln into Christ pleases the Father: does it ple you? Are you willing to live a life of fa upon the Son of God; a life of constant, ent dependence; a new-creaturely life? Have y learned to say—

> 'I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
> But Jesus Christ is my all in all?'

Do you begin to see a beauty, sweetness, de ableness in this arrangement, which makes y rejoice and thank God for it? Do you say, is safe for me. I find, every hour, how fi and fickle I am, how soon I lose received gra It passes in the using, amid the tear and w of life. But, when I am cold, and weak, a dark, I know where to go to obtain a fr supply, and He does not upbraid me; He o chides me for not coming sooner, not comi oftener.' What unsearchable riches, what bou less possibilities, are here put within our rea 'He who believeth on me, out of his belly sh flow rivers of living water.' His name, throu faith in his name, is as mighty as ever to m poor sinners like us peaceful, patient, fruitf happy. Lord, greatly increase our faith, t we may be filled with all the fulness of God.

Friend, keep up constant, uninterrupted co munion with Christ. Stop in the midst of yo busiest, happiest moments, to renew your f lowship with Him. Thus you will grow re larly, abundantly; will bear fruit at all seaso will be carried sweetly, comfortably throu duties and trials. You will walk in light, a have much fellowship of divine love.

THE STORY OF A HYMN.

IN passing leisurely up some valley, we alight, perhaps, on a huge boulder, whose size and figure attract us strangely, compelling us to linger and examine. It is rugged and seamed, yet not the less interesting on that account. It stands before us 'moss'd with age,' time-worn and weather-wasted, nestling in its own *débris*, just the very rock on which one loves to sit and muse. It contains no record of its parentage, no date of its emigration, and no record of the scenes it has witnessed, or of the storms that have beaten on its massive front. Whence has it come? and how has it found its way to this solitude? Did it descend from yon *neighbouring* crags? or, clasped in ice, has it *travelled* many a mile, floating over ridges and across plains, till it has settled down in t strange land? We feel such an interest in the rock, that we cannot help putting such questio very impatient for, though hardly counting up an answer.

It is with some such feelings that we turn o and over again this old Scottish 'Broadside' t lies upon our table. About one foot in leng by eight inches in breath, in small type, with 'leads,' in three columns; it contains a hymn sixty stanzas, common measure, like many of t old ballads, and like most of the Scottish Psalm Its title is given in large letters: 'THE NE JERUSALEM;' and its third column finishes wi *Finis*, in due form. It is without date; but o might guess it to be about 160 years old. It embrowned with age as well as soiled with use

l its ragged edges intimate the freedom as ll as the frequency with which it has been umbed' by more than one generation. The ard hand' of the northern peasant has been on it, when, perhaps, going a-field at early vn, or, at even, teaching it to his children nd the hearth, as that which their fathers g in the city prison, or at Cameron's grave, on 'Peden's Knowe,' or on Eckford Moss, or the Moors of Fenwick, or amid the 'Hopes' l 'Cleuchs' of Meggatdale.

This ballad-hymn begins with words which ve gone over the breadth and length of the d, till every cottage-roof has echoed them:

'O mother dear Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!'

Whence has this noble plant come from? at is its pedigree? What story has it to ? Like the boulder we spoke of, it has for erations been embedded in Scottish soil. But it always been there? No; not always. We trace it backwards to England. From Eng- d we can trace it backward to a more southern ion. It has traversed seas, it has crossed untains, it has drifted over plains to the spot ere we find it.

Wodrow, in his *Life of David Dickson*, minister Irvine, in the middle of the seventeenth cen- y, ascribes the hymn to that man of God, o, in his hours of leisure, used to solace him- with song. Here, however, he is incorrect. at Dickson revised it and sent it out in the pe in which we find it in the 'Broadsides,' is, think, certain. He was evidently the editor the Scottish versions of it; and to him Scot- d owes much for putting into the lips of her s, for generations, a song so sweet and holy, a song which threw a fragrance over her hills, ich, even to this day, is not only remembered *felt*.

But the hymn is not Dickson's, nor is it of ottish origin. We can trace it out of Scotland, l show that it existed in England nearly half entury before the minister of Irvine gave it to otland.

Much about the same time that it became own in the north, it seems to have been going oad through the south, though in a briefer m. In the year 1693, the Rev. W. Burkitt, well-known expositor, published a small thin ume of prayers and hymns. Among the latter find the hymn, reduced, however, to eight nzas, and very much the same as Mr. Mont- nery gives in his *Christian Psalmist*, or Dr. lliams in his *Collection*.

In 1692, John Hall published a small volume, itled *Jacob's Ladder*, in which the hymn is en at considerable length. Its heading is 'The al's breathing after her Heavenly Country,' l consists of twenty stanzas. This edition embles, in several respects, that of Dickson. begins—

'Jerusalem, my happy home,
O that I were in thee!
O that my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!'

During the earlier part of the seventeenth century (between 1610 and 1660), we find no traces of the hymn. William Drummond of Hawthornden, and others also, have given us translations of the Latin mediæval hymn, 'Urbs Jerusalem Beata;'* but it is quite distinct in sentiment, tone, and language, from the other class of hymns whose history we are tracing out. The keynote is altogether different. In these Latin hymns the tone is quite jubilant,—full of exultation, because of something already come, or just on its way. In the others, the prevailing sentiment is plaintive, longing for something which still seems afar off.

It is not till we come to the beginning of the seventeenth century that we get trace of our hymn again. In the year 1601 was published a small quarto of forty-five pages, entitled *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*.'† It contains two poems on the 'Heavenly Jerusalem,' the one consisting of fifty-two four-line stanzas, the other of nineteen four-line stanzas. The latter we strongly suspect to be the very hymn in question. We have not been able to cast eyes on the volume in spite of every effort. It is not in the British Museum, nor in the Bodleian. The longer hymn in it is remarkably like the one we are in quest of, and must have been quarried from the same deposit, or composed by the same hand. Most of it is given at length in the *Parker Society Collection of Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 427.‡ It thus begins:—

'My thirsty soule desires her drought,
At heavenly fountaines to refresh;
My prysoned minde would fayne be out
Of chaynes and fetters of the flesh.

She looketh up unto the state
From whence she downe by sin did slide;
She mournes the more the good she lost;
For present ill she doth abide.

She longs from rough and dangerous seas,
To harbour in the haven of blisse;
When safely anchor at her ease,
And store of sweet contentment is.

From banishment she more and more
Desires to see her country deare;
She sits and sends her sighes before,
Her joys and treasures all be there.'

To any one who will read the hymn from beginning to end, the similarity will be quite apparent, and the common fountain-head will seem equally certain. This, however, will be made more manifest as we proceed.

About three or four years ago our attention

* Drummond translated also the 'Dies Iræ.' It would be curious to gather together the various translations of that old hymn. They are far more numerous than is generally supposed. I may add, that Drummond translated a considerable number of the old Latin hymns.

† See Brydges' *Sensura Literaria*, vol. ii.

‡ The reader will find it in full in *The New Jerusalem; a Hymn of the Olden Time*, published by Johnstone and Hunter, Edinburgh.

was called to a manuscript in the British Museum, said to contain the hymn in question, and, moreover, affirmed to establish a Popish origin for it. the manuscript is numbered 15,225, and is lettered on the back 'Queen Elizabeth,' though internal evidence shows it to belong to James.*

That manuscript seems to be the scrap-book of some Popish gentleman about 1617 or 1618, and is of a miscellaneous nature, containing several old and well-known pieces printed in the *Paradise of daintie Devises*, many years before. It contains, at full length, the hymn printed in part by the Parker Society, with this commencing stanza:

'Hierusalem! thy joyes divine,
Noe joyes may be compared to them;
Noe people blessed soe as thine;
Noe cittie like Hierusalem.'

Its title is 'A Prisoner's Songe,' after which, by way of motto, and separate from the rest of the hymn, comes the verse already quoted, 'My thirstie soule,' etc.

Along with this there is another hymn quite in the same tone, and containing many like expressions and figures. It has no title, but runs thus:

'Amounte, my soule, from earth a while,
Sore up with wings of love,
To see where saints and angels dwell
With God in bliss above.

. . . . .

Hierusalem the place is calld,
Most sumptuous to behold,
The place with pretious stones is walld,
And streetes are paved with gold.

The gates with pretious pearles are framed,
There rubies do abound;
The pretious pearles that can be named,
Are there in plenty found.

Amidst the streetes the well of life,
With golden streames doth flowe;
Upon whose banks the tree of life
In statelie sort doth growe.'

Thus the hymn runs on for fifty-four stanzas, all of them, or almost all of them, quite parallel with the other hymn we have described. It contains one or two fierce lines against 'rude and railing heretikes,' as well as against 'persecuting potentates;' and it is evidently the composition of some of those Romanists who, during the reigns both of Elizabeth and James, were imprisoned for their Jesuitical intrigues.

But in this manuscript there is a third hymn which has only this heading, 'A Song by F. B. P. to the tune of Diana.' It is evidently the original of our hymn, being in most respects quite identical. We only give a verse:

'Hierusalem! my happy home!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?'

* We counted some five or six allusions to James as then reigning, besides references to events in his reign, such as the execution of John Thulis in 1616. This is evidently the Thulis whose name occurs in Calderwood, along with one F. Barth-*Pere*. We mention this last name because of its curious coincidence with the initials in the manuscript hymn, and because it shows that the P. in the manuscript stands for *Pere*. (*Calderwood's* Hist. vol. v. p. 194.)

It then goes on precisely like Dickson's most places word for word, so far as it goes. contains, however, only twenty-six stanzas.

It is strange to find three such hymns in manuscript volume, and all of them anonym The first is sometimes ascribed to Breton; this is doubtful. The style is more like th Southwell;* but he was executed in 1595, the volume in which it was printed was not lished till 1601. It is evident, however, they must have been, at least to a certain ex the work of Romanists, to what extent will mediately appear.

In going over these various pieces, one be to draw the conclusion that they must have a common origin. That they all sprang o the last two chapters of the Apocalypse is vious enough; but this is not all. There is cle some one piece or poem on which they modelled; which poem, though itself fou on the Apocalypse, had drawn together kin passages, and embodied peculiar expressions figures, which are preserved in all the diffe hymns.

We have already remarked that we do consider them as having any real affinity the hymns in the Breviary which refer to J salem. But there is a hymn of Hildebert, in beginning of the twelfth century, which co much nearer to them:

'Me receptet Syon illa
Syon, David urbs tranquilla,' etc.

Just about the same time there is the hy of Bernard of Clugny: 'Laus patriæ cælestis, which there is considerable resemblance to hymn. Then, farther back, there is the hy of Damiani, which is generally ascribed to Aug tine, and is often printed among his *Meditati* This is, perhaps, the likest of all the Latin pi to our hymn. Were it not for overstretch our limits we should gladly cite a few lin but we must refer our readers to the origi itself.†

Strange to say, however, these Latin hy resemble the English ones in this, that they g rise to the suspicion of a common fount. Th are expressions and figures common to all them; and they are on the same chord. have been at some pains to trace out th expressions, and we have discovered most them in Augustine, scattered throughout works. Some, for instance, of Hildebert's li are word for word from Augustine ('De spir et anima'). This raises the question, Is Augustine the real fountain-head of all hymns, Latin and English? Such we have doubt is the case; and if the reader has a co of his *Meditations* at hand, and will turn chapter xxv., he will find the whole of Dr Dickson's hymn, and the greater part of all t

* See Southwell's *Epistle of Comfort to the Pris* etc., where there is a passage in prose descriptive the New Jerusalem.

† See Königsfeld's *Lateinische Hymnen*, p. 22; a Daniel, *Thesaurus*, vol. i., p. 116. All these Lati hymns are collected in the volume referred to before *The New Jerusalem*.

He will find the same allusions, the same ·es, the same passages of Scripture; he will all but the Popish references to the Virgin the saints, etc., which were thrust upon the nal by the versifier or versifiers in England ıe end of the sixteenth century. Thus the nal of the hymn has nothing in it of Popery ıperstition; and it is very evident that while d Dickson had before him the English ver- or versions formerly referred to, he had ially Augustine's chapter in his eye; for, e he has more than doubled the length of English hymn, he has taken all his additions . Augustine, making his version a more exact slation of that father than any of the pre- ıg hymns had been.

ere, then, we bring our researches to a . We wish that space had allowed us to be what minuter in details, and more abundant tracts. But we have sketched the story of old hymn, and our readers can go into ls for themselves. We found the rugged oulder upon the 'sandy hillocks of Irvine;' we have traced its journeyings backward o inconsiderable way. We have traced it from land to England, from England to France, ing hill and dale. From France we have d it to the shores of Africa, floated over the terranean in the folios of a Latin father, ıg taken just about a thousand years in the ge between Hippo and Irvine. A long d, we may think, yet not by any means ious either to the fragrance or the vigour of ymn; nay, rather, by such a venerable age, rting a mellow tenderness and solemnity h a less antiquity would have failed to

is soothing to the soul to stroll along the hire strand, with the rustling 'bent' or the sand underfoot, the broad ocean in front, n rising in abrupt majesty from its bosom, un sinking down behind its island-hills, and ng out a burst of radiance, as if it would ter the obstructing peaks of Goatfell; it is ing at such an hour, and in such a scene, ng to the ocean-solitude words which, two red years ago, had been sung to the same :

'Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Oh that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!'

and, while singing, to hear the sound of a more distant and venerable voice from the shores of the Mediterranean, uttering the same words, and breathing out the same melody: 'O Jerusalem, my mother, holy city of God, dearest spouse of Christ; thee my heart loves; for thy beauty my soul longs with excessive desire! How fair, how glorious, how noble, art thou! Altogether beautiful; there is no spot in thee! . . . Happy should my soul for ever be, if I might be thought worthy to behold thy glory, thy blessedness, thy comeliness, thy gates, and walls, and streets, thy many mansions, thy thrice noble citizens, and thy mighty King in his beauty. For thy walls are of precious stones, thy gates of the most excellent pearls, thy streets of purest gold, in which a joyful Allelujah, without ceasing, is sung. Thy many mansions are founded upon square stones, built up with sapphires, covered in with golden tiles, into which no one enters save the clean; no defilement dwells in thee. . . . There charity reigns full and perfect, because God is there all in all. Him without end they see; and in always seeing Him they beam with his love. They love and praise, they praise and love. Their whole employment is the praise of God, without end, without flagging, without toil. Happy were I,—yes, truly and eternally happy, if, after this frail body is dissolved, I might be deemed worthy to hear those songs of heavenly melody which are sung to the praise of the Eternal King, by these citizens of the upper country and the bands of blessed souls. Fortunate were I, and too blessed, if I were deemed worthy to sing those songs, and to stand in the presence of my King, my God, my Captain, and to behold Him in his glory, as He has condescended to promise, saying, "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am," etc.; and again, "If any man serve me, let him follow me," etc.; and again, "He who loves me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."'

H. B.

WHAT LUTHER LOVED.

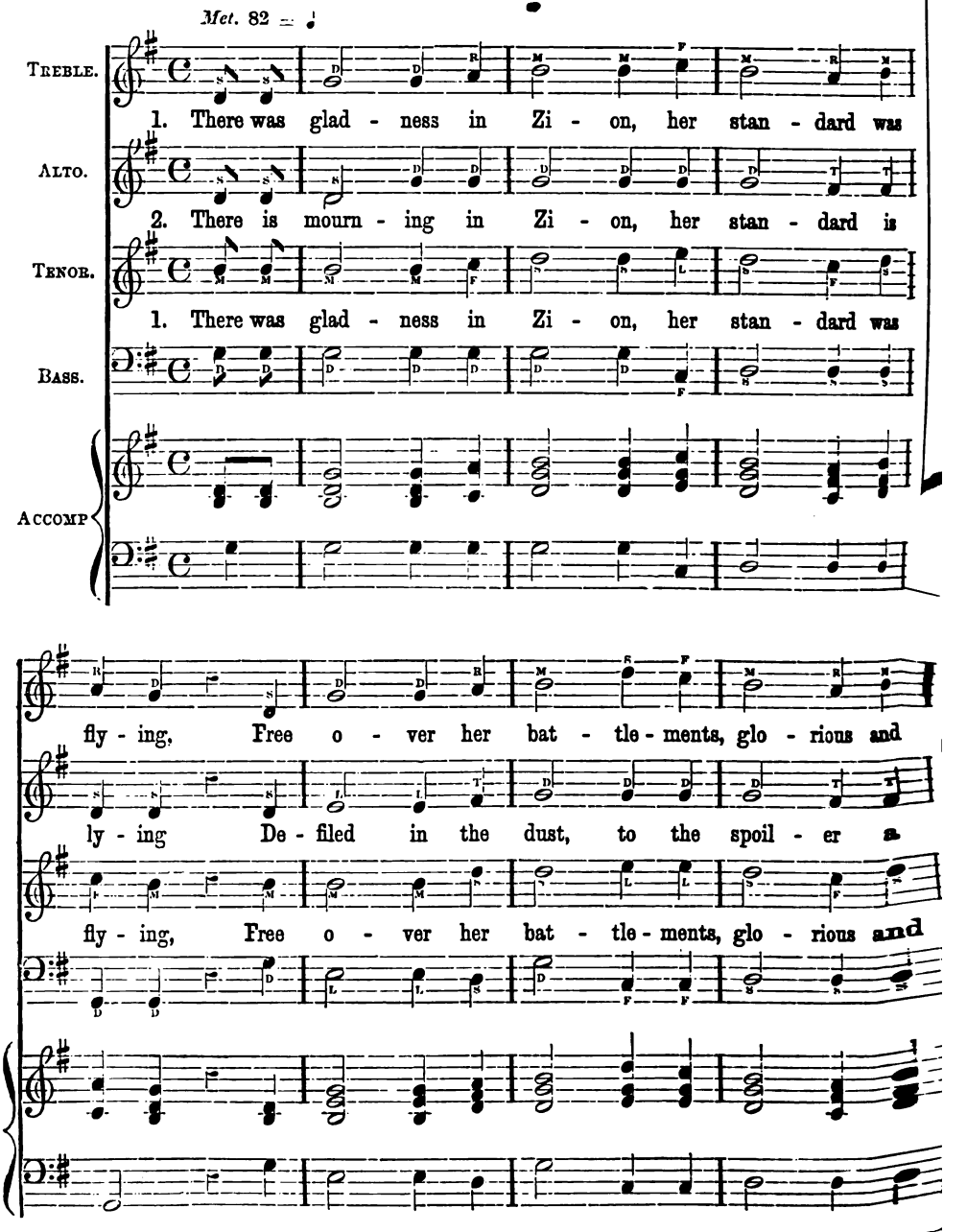
ER, when studying, always had his dog at his feet—a dog he had brought from burg, and of which he was very fond. An crucifix stood at the table before him. He ed at his desk for days together, without out; but when fatigued, and the ideas ı to stagnate, he took his guitar with him e porch, and there executed some musical sy (for he was a skilful musician), when the would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. 'Music,' said he, 'is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight.' Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

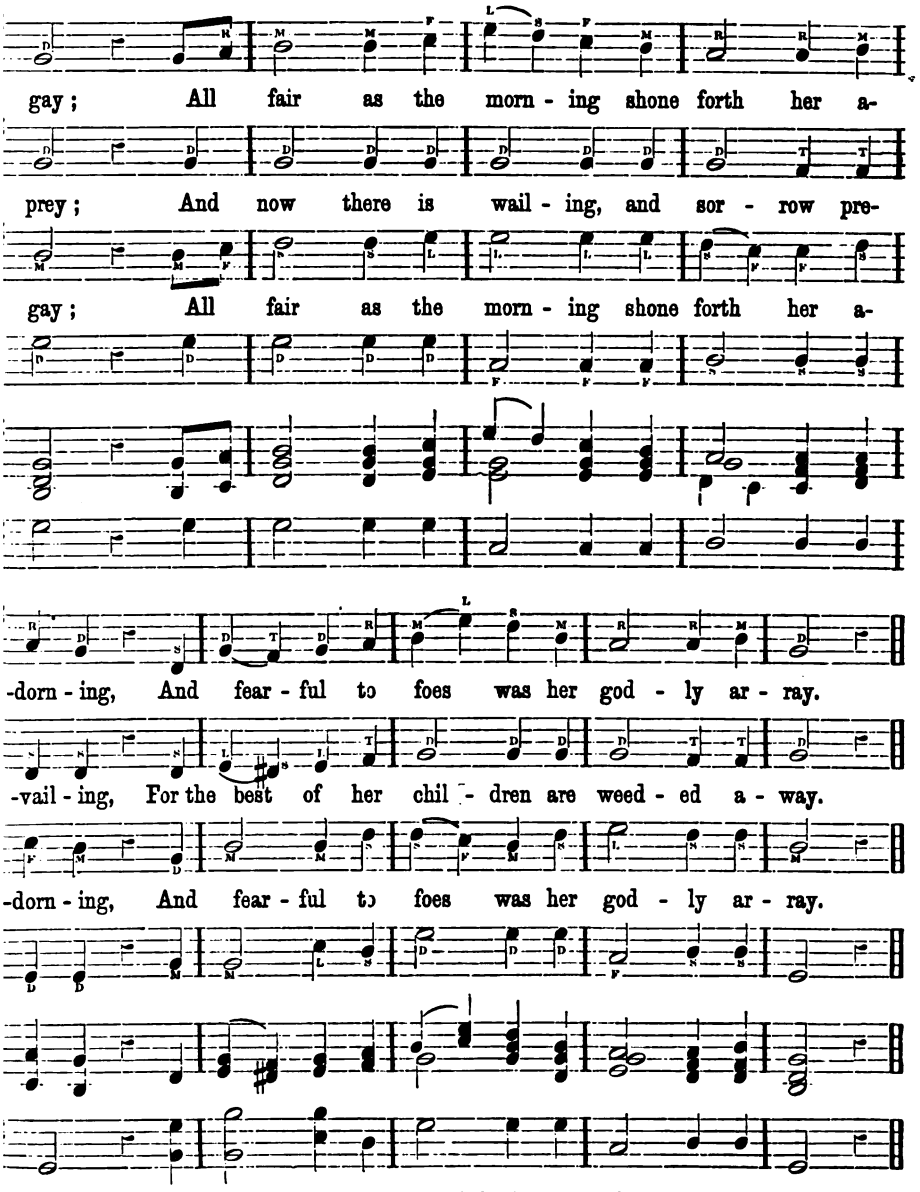
The Treasury Hymnal.

The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Method of musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singers.

MARTYR'S HYMN.

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Hindostanee Melody.*

Met. 82 = ♩

Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp
1. There was glad - ness in Zi - on, her stan - dard was
2. There is mourn - ing in Zi - on, her stan - dard is
1. There was glad - ness in Zi - on, her stan - dard was
fly - ing, Free o - ver her bat - tle - ments, glo - rious and
ly - ing De - filed in the dust, to the spoil - er a
fly - ing, Free o - ver her bat - tle - ments, glo - rious and

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

gay; All fair as the morn - ing shone forth her a-
prey; And now there is wail - ing, and sor - row pre-
gay; All fair as the morn - ing shone forth her a-
-dorn - ing, And fear - ful to foes was her god - ly ar - ray.
-vail - ing, For the best of her chil - dren are weed - ed a - way.
-dorn - ing, And fear - ful to foes was her god - ly ar - ray.

The good have been taken, their place is forsaken;
The man and the maiden, the green and the grey:
The voice of the weepers wails over the sleepers,
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away!

The hue of her waters is crimson'd with slaughters,
The blood of the martyrs has redden'd the clay;
And dark desolation broods over the nations,
For the faithful are perished, the good are away;

On the mountains of heather they slumber together;
On the wastes of the moorland their bodies decay;
How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their keeping,
Though far from their kindred they moulder away.

Their blessings shall hover, their children to cover,
Like the cloud of the desert, by night and by day;
Oh, never to perish, their names let us cherish,
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away!

DIARY OF A COVENANTER.

GENUINE autobiographies have almost always some kind of value; but when written in times of historical interest, and by persons who suffered persecution for their faith, such writings cannot fail to deserve attention. They cast light on the modes of thought of their day; they reveal, often almost unintentionally, matters unnoticed by historians; and when written by those whose simple truthfulness is apparent on every page, they may be accepted not only as faithful pictures of individual characters, but as types of a large class, trained under similar teaching, and influenced by similar circumstances.

A set of memoirs is before us, written by different members of a family of Presbyterians, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. They reveal glimpses both of the inner life and the outward history of the writers; and though there is little of the picturesque or romantic in the story of their lowly lives, and little of anything like literary talent in their simple narratives, they have the charm of being true, and, as such, afford a useful study. When we contrast those times with our own, we may well ask ourselves, if our own faith would be found as stedfast as theirs were it tried as severely. In reading their lives, we find that the sorely persecuted Christians of those days were deeply in earnest. They thought less of hardships than of their inward conflicts; and, in the same way, the deliverances for which they give thanks to God are often rather those of the spirit than of the body,—'soul refreshings' from some verse of Scripture brought seasonably to mind, and 'discoveries of the Lord's kindness,' which filled their hearts with joy, and more than made up for all their trials.

Without pausing to discuss further the peculiar aspect of their religious life, or the means by which it was sustained in those hard times, we proceed to enable our readers to examine it for themselves, by presenting them with extracts from some of those old writings, connected by just so much of narrative as will explain them. And the first of our memoirs is that of James Nimmo. He commences his history by giving some account of his ancestors, who had been for several generations possessed of lands in the parish of Bathgate, Linlithgowshire. James was born in 1654, and educated, first at the parish school of Bathgate, and afterwards at that of Stirling, where he was boarded with a good master, and remained till he was seventeen years of age, when being, as he tells us, 'resolved not to follow my book, I began to think of some other way of bestowing myself in some employment, and at length, by Greenyard's and my father's advice and consent, it was resolved upon to bind me with a relation, one Matthew Cumming, merchant in Glasgow. But when this, by all rational means, was essayed, and we went there, by a very small matter it misgave, and *my father* called me home to himself; and then *the Dutch* war falling out with England, he had no will to let me go abroad, in which I merciful hand of God may be seen by co his chart of providences with me since.'

John therefore remained at home, ass father in farming; but though an onl was treated with great severity, and seems to have been far from happy. He mentions his mother, who was one of t of Rowallan; and from all he says of hi house, we should think that it was not influences of his home that he receive ligious impressions, for he seemed to with little sympathy there. In 1676 severe fever, and at that time he men visit of Mr. William Crichton (*'our ou ster'*), as having for a time produced pression on his mind; but still he rem great ignorance of the way of salvatio following circumstance occurred.

'Some nights thereafter, Mr. James D an outed minister, was at Whytlaw, al a mile distance, who was to exercise p to which place, though mighty low in unfit for travel, I went. And their or reading fell to be 1 Samuel xxiii., where how David sought several times couns Lord what to do, and it is still said, "' answered him;" and so he held out, that then sought counsel, so ought we still i thing we are concerned in. And alth Lord did not answer now by an audit yet to them that could win singly and to seek Him for counsel, He could b with clear and convincing efficacy u spirits the answer of their requests, a them as firmly to believe it as if He sp an audible voice. Which expressions, evidently cleared from the word, I tho longed to my case, and was made to was so, and that there was ground for plead with the Lord. So, returning h more settled in mind, I began again to by prayer. And some nights after, great distress and straitenedness in m and like to sink, it pleased the Lord p to dart in that Scripture (Matt. ix. 2), man sick of the palsy was brought to was borne, and could not go, and Ch "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be thee." This was made very suitable to I could do nothing for myself more than man in the palsy. I then got some vie blessed covenant of redemption, and it c such efficacy that all my discourageme gone, and my fears of wrath gone, and tions of his free love and pardon mad with much light, life, and inexpressible and joy in my soul; so that I wan freedom, admiring the freeness and ri his grace and mercy, so that I cou express what I found, but was made again and again, and rejoice in Him. there was not any in that case but my that I could not live long; and then be plied with secret strength and light fr

self, I wan step by step still to see more and more of my own vileness, and was made to abhor and detest myself because of sin, but still made to exalt Him for owning such a miserable wretch as I was. And I wan more and more to see my own wants, and to plead for supply from Him, and sweetly to believe that He heard my requests, and sensibly answered the same. He made my heart delight in his laws and in all his ways, and bless Him that I was not cast into hell long since; yea, although He should yet cast me there, I had ground to justify Him, considering my deservings, and love Him for what He had done to my soul. And many a sweet blink of his favour in prayer and meditation was I trysted with, and with strong resolutions coming in my mind to be for Him, and being inexpressibly supported in this way.'

This happy state continued for a time; but at last, he says, 'I began too much to *idolize what I had attained*, and look too much to my own strength,' the effects of which were soon seen in loss of peace and much inward distress, which was made more bitter by the unkind conduct of his father.

'Now, about the month of June 1677, there was to be a rendezvous of our militia troop, and upon the same day some ministers had appointed a public fast in the fields, whereat I was desirous to be. But being formerly for some time the rider of the militia horse kept by my father (as baillie and factor for Boghall), he was against my going to the said fast. But I accidentally meeting with an old servant of my father's, and telling him I was unwilling to go to the rendezvous, having a resolution to go somewhere else, he offered for some consideration to go for me, which I easily consented to; but my father was displeased, fearing the other man would spoil the horse; but I was intent, and went to the fast. Mr. William Gilchrist, one of the ministers, did preface upon the 4th verse of the xliii. of Genesis, anent Joseph and his brethren; how his brothers were pressing their father Jacob to send Benjamin, their younger brother, to Joseph, because he had said, "Ye shall not see my face, except ye bring your brother with you." And so the minister said, that if we did desire to see the Lord's face that day, we behoved to bring Christ our Brother with us, for the Lord was saying no less to us this day than Joseph did to his brethren, "Ye shall not see my face except your Brother Jesus be with you." The which did stick to me; but word of a party of the enemies coming, the meeting was dissolved, though it was a mistake. So, being dismissed, and I coming home, the next day being in the fields my alone, and my Bible with me, my heart being affected with the preface the former day, I was reading that Scripture again, at which time in the reading thereof the Lord broke into my soul with such light, life, and joy, in the discovery of Christ, the God-man and Mediator, in whom the Father was well pleased (and no acceptance without Him), and Christ intimating, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me," by whom, and through whose merits alone ye can find access and acceptance.

'Now here I must observe that in all my former trouble and outgate, I still wanted that free and full discovery of Christ, in his nature and offices, particularly as our Brother and only Mediator. . . . . So in many things this was as a second law work and conversion, and clearer light and confirmation.'

Events now took place which were to affect the whole course of James Nimmo's future life, and to subject him for many years to banishment and constant danger. He thus describes the rising in arms of the Covenanters in Avondale, and their success at Drumclog, where Claverhouse at the head of his own troop of horses, and two companies of dragoons, attacked a conventicle assembled for worship, and received a signal defeat.

'Now, in the beginning of June this year 1679, Clavers and his troops coming against a field meeting of the oppressed Presbyterians on the Sabbath-day, the people being still in fears, severals went to the meeting in their arms, in case of attacks, rather to defend themselves than be taken, and either hanged or banished as slaves, and did, upon the enemy's approach, go out to defend themselves, where several of the enemy were killed, and so the men were necessitate to keep in arms for their defence; and friends from several places coming to their aid, they increased to some thousands, and resolved, if possible, to free themselves of their heavy bondage.'

He then describes his own share in this war; and heavy indeed must have been the oppression which induced so quiet and peace-loving a man to take up arms, and engage in so hopeless a struggle.

'I having resolved, when the Lord intimated mercy to my soul, that if ever the Lord called for service at my hand, I would venture my all for Him; and seeing that the party now in arms owned to be for the Lord's cause, I judged myself obliged to own and assist them, and accordingly went, without any discouragement from my father, who by this was become much more kindly to me. But when I came, I was not half an hour there until I feared the Lord was not with them, seeing no authority in discipline. And being ten days with them, I observed I could never get liberty in secret, which made me, with other things, fear the issue, perceiving much division among those that should have guided the rest. However, upon June 22d, we were broke by the enemy and wholly dispersed, and many killed and taken; myself, by the merciful hand of God, safely brought off, though for some time I was in the place of greatest danger, and a cannon ball killed a horse under a man hard by me. Oft has that word been sweet to me, that "He was a cover to me in the day of battle." So I stayed hiddenly, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, in much hazard. About three days after we were broke, an alarm came where I was that a party of the enemy was coming. It being in the night time, I was made to rise, and go to a corn-field and hide myself; when in the morning, getting myself somewhat composed, desired to address my-

self to the Lord by prayer, and therein He fully did satisfy my mind that we were broke, and that it was not yet time, nor were we meet for deliverance; and considering the divisions amongst them, I was made to bless the Lord we were broke, rather than we should have destroyed one another.'

This fatal defeat, known as the battle of Bothwell Brig, was the end of the insurrection; but to James Nimmo it was the beginning of troubles.

'I was often made to lie in cold barns that winter; yet I enjoyed much pleasant quietness in my mind, though cold, and bad diet, and not timely, did affect my body. And in the spring thereafter, I used to come home early, and direct my father's servants to their work, and retire again to the fields, having still a watchful eye, and under fear of the enemy; and at night I went to some retired place, and lay sometimes in one barn, and sometimes in another.

'One night, lying down in a little barn, belonging to an old, honest servant of my father's, I found myself very weary, and my body distressed, and therefore resolved that, if it pleased the Lord to give me rest, I would lie a while longer than my ordinary next morning, which I did. And it was a merciful providence; for the old servant, having been at the head of his own yard, where he could easily see my father's house, coming in by the end of his barn, met his wife, and says to her (so as I heard), "Alas! for I fear James is taken; for there is a party of horsemen on his father's green!" for he knew not but that I was gone early as I used. The which I hearing, immediately rose, and came out, which made them glad. So I, casting off my coat, put on a cotter man's, and went to a moss hard by, and wrought among peats, I knew not for whom. The enemy came by and by again, after they had missed me and rifled my father's house. They passed and repassed to several houses by the moss in my view, and I busy working in the cotter man's coat, and so they missed me, at which I was glad, and desired to bless the Lord for inclining me to lie so long in bed, and determining me where to go and work for my safety when I rose. And though they got some of my clothes, which they took with them, they *missed the substance*.'

He now resolved, if possible, to escape to Holland, and took leave of his parents, intending to sail by a ship, the mate of which was one of his relations. But on going to Bo'ness for this purpose, he found that the wind did not serve to sail, and was disappointed for that day, which gave him an opportunity of going to see his '*outed* minister,' Mr. William Crighton, at Ballancrieff. Here he met the Lady Park Hay, from Morayshire, who, on hearing of his intention, persuaded him to alter his course, and to go north with her husband, the Laird of Park, to take charge of his affairs as chamberlain in his estates in Moray.

'Upon the 24th August 1680, having caused Park buy me a horse, I came to Edinburgh, and on the morrow crossed the ferry and came to Kirkcaldy, Pathhead, and on the Sabbath, being *the 28th, I* was unexpectedly trysted with sermon by Mr. John Moncrieff, in a barn Obadiah, wherein I got much satisfacti sermon I retired to the fields, where helped me to pour out my heart be with weeping and supplication for ma both in behalf of myself, the church, m and other friends left behind me, and t to my guiding and assistance where I w and I hope He who gave me a heart with Him, at that time, also heard my

. . . . September 4, 1680, we took and the 8th we came to Inshork, Park's Moray. . . . And it pleased the Lor me favour in the sight of all I had to and made those I was to stay with mo of me than my father and mother, t was very encouraging to me, and my much calmed, and made the more to Lord with rejoicing and gladness of he

In Moray James became acquainte man greatly esteemed in the church, Mi Hogg, formerly minister of Kiltearn, describes as 'that signally holy man who was a true father in our Israe whom all that feared the Lord had deference; yea, enemies themselves. not only endowed with much of the God, but also with much of a clear j and a solid sound mind, and albeit co all; yet he would not omit with author prove sin in any, but with such gainin that all feared him. The godly loved enemies could find nothing against hi in the matters of his God,—therein he yield a hoof,—and yet managed with th and discretion towards his enemies t they were made to admire him; for, in hi concerns, he spoke as one having auth without the least evidence of rancour tation.'

James Nimmo remained with Park til ber 1681, when he left him, finding th 'no freedom to engage with cesses, an and in paying kirkmen,' which his p overseer required him to do. The pa *cess* was a tax particularly distasteft Presbyterians of those days, as it was the express purpose of keeping up t coerce their own party. He now ent an engagement with Brodie of Lethen, t his affairs, and thus describes his entr his new home: 'The night I went the under some weights, my ordinary rea Ps. xxxvii., and I met with some com it, and the more that the laird th caused sing a part of that psalm. Ye through weights in my mind, and partl acquaintedness in the family, I was s cast down, and attained to little freedo from for some weeks.'

His friends in Moray now strongl mended James to take to himself a wif even took the trouble to select one for pointed out 'one Elizabeth Brodie, a woman of good friends, and truly character well borne out, both by her her own writings. She was of the f Brodie of Brodie, a cousin of Brodie of

and it speaks well for the estimation in which James Nimmo was held, that he met with nothing but kindness from her relations. He made a journey to the south, at great risk, to consult his father, and finding him '*not refractive*,' and the lady herself being 'not refractive,' the matter was at last settled. Her father was dead, but her friends, 'Brodie, Lethen, Windyhills, and Maine, with her eldest brother John, and Milltown,' held a meeting with him to arrange the contract, and it was subscribed. 'But a difficulty arose anent our being proclaimed at the church by the Episcopal precentor, the which to do neither of us had freedom for; and after trying of several outed ministers to marry us without proclamation, they refused out of fear of danger. Yet blessed Mr. Hogg, though under bond to answer the king's council when called, condescended to do it, seeing others had refused, and appointed Monday morning, December 4th, for that end, where I advertised some godly friends to be witnesses, where at Mr. Hogg's own house it was solemnized, and the Lord evidenced his presence to the conviction of severals. . . . Now, having been married privately, both for our own, and blessed Mr. Hogg's own safety, after taking a small refreshment with him, we parted and went home, ... and continued living at a distance, upon the former reason, for some months.'

James had foreseen the difficulties attendant on his marriage, and our readers may be glad to be spared the perusal of the many pages of his diary, which are filled with his anxieties and misgivings on this subject. This makes it the more wonderful that his friends, and especially 'blessed Mr. Hogg,' should have so strongly urged him to matrimony, which was certainly not in accordance with the advice of St. Paul in times of persecution. Elizabeth Brodie proved an excellent wife, however, and bore her part nobly in the trials of their lot, both at home and during their subsequent years of exile abroad, as we may perhaps have an opportunity of illustrating by extracts from her diary, which forms the counterpart of that of her husband.

About this time a fresh impulse seemed to be given to the persecution, and as Nimmo's principles were well known, he was no longer safe in Moray. In this, as in all his concerns, he recognised a hand beyond that of man. 'It seemed the Lord did see a need be to force me out of that place, to which my affections were several ways engaged; but both friends' fear of themselves and of me, made them wish me out of it, for Giddy Mackenzie, with his company of foot, was coming north to put the laws, which were iniquitous, to vigorous execution by military force.

'I desired to plead the Lord would clear up my way, and thought I wan to some submission to his will, to go wherever He called me, if He would go with me. But oh! there is often a flaw in our faith, and in our submission. I desired to lay out several plans before Him; but still no clearness where to go, *but only to himself to rely, plead, and wait.*

'On Wednesday the 11th March 1683, I went east to Pluscardine again' (where his wife lived), 'and in some few days after met with several things, as it were, forcing me from that place. First, two of Giddy Mackenzie's sentinels were coming to my mother-in-law's house, and a boy came running in and told it. I was suddenly advertised thereof, and coming down stairs I put on the boy's bonnet, and slipt out towards ane auld abbacie that was hard by, and when I was there I thought fit to slip into an old vault, and deliberate what to do. I was but a little there till the two soldiers came to the door of that same vault, and righted the works of their muskets; but that place of the vault was dark where I was, that they saw not me, but I them, and I put my hand upon my cravat lest it had appeared white and discovered me. But they went away, and in a little thereafter a servant-maid of my mother-in-law's came to the door where I was, and I called to her, and asked where the soldiers were. She told me they were gone into a change-house. I desired her quickly to be gone, and in a little I resolved to go out, and walked straight forward from the house, and I was hardly well out till the soldiers came after me. But I resolved to keep them at some distance, and walked forward about a mile, they still coming after me. At length I cast a hill betwixt them and me, and returned another way.

'The thing that made me more concerned at this time was, some days before, blessed Mr. Hogg had sent his godly servant, William Balloch, seven or eight miles express to desire me to take care of myself, for my Lord Doune, and Kilravock, with some others, being at a ball in Kilravock House, Doune was heard by the servant that was serving them to swear, that if I was in Moray, he would secure me in prison, which I was not willing of seeing. Then there was nothing for me but death or sinful compliance.'

Soon after this he left Moray. But we reserve the account of his journey south, and other adventures, to a future chapter.

A SUBLIME FAITH.

Faith rests with confidence on the word of God, assured that his promises cannot fail. When one has right views of the divine character, he feels that he could sooner doubt his own existence than doubt the promises of God. The Bible itself furnishes no finer illustration of a sublime faith, than the following reply of a poor Scotch woman to Rev. John Brown of Haddington.

Mr. Brown had been pressing her with hard questions, to test her knowledge of the Scriptures, and the strength and depth of her piety. At last he asked, 'Janet, what if God, after all He has done, should break his promise, and drop you into hell?' The poor woman promptly replied: 'Let Him do c'en as He likes. If He does, He'll lose mair than I do!'

It would be hard for any one to go beyond this in right conceptions of the faithfulness of God.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ACTS II. 36–38.

THIS is part of the *first* sermon preached under the Christian dispensation. It was preached by Peter, who, some seven weeks before, had thrice denied the Lord; not by John, the beloved disciple. It was preached in Jerusalem, not far from the spot where the Lord was crucified. It was preached to those who had slain Him. It was preached immediately after a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit, and by one full of the Spirit. It is strangely calm and unimpassioned; no exaggerated description, no strong language, no sensation. It is a simple narrative about Jesus. He who spoke it manifestly trusted to some power beyond his own to give effect to it; to something in the simple facts themselves to work the end desired. He spoke as a witness and a reprover, not as an orator or a logician. Yet, as for its simplicity, so for its effects, it is one of the most marvellous sermons ever preached. A child could understand it, yet three thousand men were overwhelmed by it. It is a true specimen of preaching or speaking in the Holy Ghost. Such should our preaching be. This would keep us 'abreast of the age;' this would meet the infidel, and confound him; this would be better than eloquence, or science, or the enticing words of man's wisdom. This would do the work of God.

The three verses which we have read bring before us—(1) The crucified One; (2) The crucifiers; (3) The connection between the latter and the former both for evil and good.

I. *The crucified One.*—Let us note concerning this—

(1.) *Who He was.*—'That same Jesus.' Yes, Jesus of Nazareth; He who was born at Bethlehem, who went about doing and speaking only good.

(2.) *What was done to Him.*—He was betrayed, tried, condemned, crucified, slain. All hatred was displayed to Him, all shame poured upon Him; the vilest and most terrible of deaths was inflicted on Him.

(3.) *By whom was this done?*—By 'his own;' by 'Israel,' the house of Israel—the Jews of Jerusalem. Not merely by Romans or Gentiles, but Jews—by them who ought to have been foremost to welcome Him.

(4.) *What God has made Him.*—'Both Lord and Christ.' 'The stone which the builders rejected, has been made the head of the corner.' 'Both Lord and Christ!' All that the prophets predicted concerning the Seed of the woman; all that Israel was expecting; all that could be comprehended of power, and dignity, and authority, and glory, and excellency, in these two names, are given by God to this same Jesus. Whatever man may think of Him, God's thoughts of Him are of the highest kind. Whatever Israel may do to Him, to show hatred and contempt, God treats Him as infini worthy of all honour in earth and heaven.

II. *The crucifiers.*—They were, as we have s 'the house of Israel;' but this is not the poin which I ask your attention here. They are acc of an awful crime. They had deliberately un to crucify—

(1.) *An innocent man.*—One who had d nothing amiss; one against whom no charge substantiated; one whom their own law w have acquitted of having done anything worth death.

(2.) *A good man.*—A bad man may be, in res of certain charges, quite innocent; but this was more. He was righteous, and He was go He had said and done nothing but what was g all his life. His had been a life of pure and l love.

(3.) *A prophet.*—One of their own rulers confessed Him as 'a teacher sent from God;' his whole life proclaimed Him a prophet, gre in word and deed than any of their ancient on

(4.) *The Lord of glory.*—The Son of God, in truest sense of the expression; Son of the High equal with God; truly divine.

(5.) *Their own Messiah.*—The very Christ wh their prophets predicted; whom they and th fathers had been expecting; their King and L

They were thus not merely murderers, but ordinary ones; criminals in the highest and darl sense; their hands red with innocent blood—blood of their own Messiah, the blood of God!

III. *The connection between the Crucified and crucifiers for evil and for good.*

(1.) *For evil.*—For condemnation. It was that they felt so awfully when the apostle stated the simple facts. (1) 'They were pric in their heart;' (2) They cried out, 'What sh we do?' A full sense of their awful crimina flashed through them. They were murderers; worst murderers the world ever saw; the murde of their Lord and Christ. Then, indeed, condemnation, infinite condemnation, was theirs. Th had, perhaps, not actually nailed Him to the t but they had concurred in the deed. They w guilty of his blood, and they did not seek to d it. So is every sinner a concurrent in this infi murder. This is God's charge against us: 'slew my Son.'

(2.) *For good.*—This connection for *evil* mi be disannulled, and a new one formed. An portunity was to be given for disavowing th deed; and that disavowal was not only to disc nect them with all the evil they had incurred, was to connect them with all the good which M siah came to bring. They would then be treat by God as if they had welcomed Him from t first. Not only would they receive remission sins, but also the gift of the Holy Ghost. 'Belie in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be save Believe in Him, and thou shalt receive the Spir and with Him all present and eternal blessing.

SAUL'S MELANCHOLY AND DAVID'S MUSIC.*

THE melancholy of the king naturally lay like a dark pall over the souls of all the courtiers, yea, spread its sorrowful, gloomy shadow even over the surrounding neighbourhood. 'In the light of a king's countenance,' says Solomon, 'is life; but the wrath of the king is a messenger of death.' The truth of this latter saying was now felt throughout almost the whole land. The royal servants advised this and that for the purpose of trying to set free from his dismal state of mind their high lord, whose palace was now more like a dull chamber of sorrow than the proud residence of a monarch. The accustomed scenes of revelry, shows, banquets, spectacles, dancing, and such like, are denied to the servants. Then at last there occurred to them, as one would say, a 'happy thought.' They appeared before their master, and said to him, 'Behold now, an evil spirit from God troubleth thee. Let our lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player on an harp: and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well.'

What a saying was this! Does not the penetration of these people who, in forming a judgment regarding the melancholy of their master, did not look at the surface, but descended into the depths of the matter, excite our surprise? Are we not astonished at the far-reaching enlightenment which they here manifest in their knowledge of the existence of a world of fallen spirits, whom Jehovah is wont to make use of, not seldom, for putting to trial his own people, as well as for visiting with punishment the wicked? Must we not conclude that they were indeed already acquainted with the book of Job, and that it was a constituent part of their holy canonical books? An Israelite adhered to his Bible under all circumstances, even when he was destitute of spiritual life, and his conduct was condemned by it. The testimonies of Moses and the prophets were to him in the last resort decisive oracular sayings; and he would have been filled with amazement if any one had ventured to call in question or to deny anything testified in his sacred book; so deeply rooted in the seed of Abraham was faith in the divine origin and infallible authority of the Scriptures,—a faith which it was all the easier for the Israelites to entertain, inasmuch as they were constant ear and eye-witnesses of the power and the signs by which God, at one time here, and at another time there, gave testimony to the seers and prophets, who were the instruments of his revelations. What we further wonder at, in the courtiers of King Saul, is, first, the clearness with which they recognised demoniacal agency in the disconsolate condition of their master; then the frankness, combined, indeed, with the deepest respectfulness, with which they, regardless of the consequences which might arise to them from such a step, announced their opinion of his case, which was by no means flattering to him; and, finally, the suitableness of the counsel which they felt themselves constrained to give to him. They recommend to him the power of music as a means for relieving his mind, but with a wise discriminating judgment regarding its character. There was, indeed, no lack of musicians at the court at Gibeah; but they appear to have been devoid of the qualifications which were at this time needed. The servants knew well the power of music to produce, according to its kind and quality, not less the most depraved than the holiest impressions. Music can unfetter the most destructive passions; but it can also, at least for a time, tame and mitigate the wildest storms of the human heart. Whatever noble impulses, unobserved and slumbering, may lie concealed within the breast of man, may be aroused by music, and brought forth into the light of day; but, at the same time, it may also stir the vilest passions in the lower regions of human nature, and accelerate their maturity in action. The music which the servants of the king thought of was not that which pleases the world, and which only opens the door to unclean spirits, but such as, animated by a nobler inspiration, might insensibly elevate the soul by its harmonious melody, as on angel's wings, towards heaven. They thought of the harp, then the most solemn instrument of music, and on the melodies which were wont to sound forth in the sanctuary at the time of the sacred festivals of Israel. And when the king, as if in a waking dream, entered into the proposal of his well-meaning servants, and said to them,

* From *David the King of Israel.* By F. W. KRUMMACHER, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Interesting, fresh, and graphic, like the other works of the author of *Elijah the Tishbite.*

'Provide me a man that can play well on the harp, and bring him to me,' one of them remarked, 'Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse the Bethlehemite, that is cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him.' Welcome information this! He who communicated it proved himself hereby to be a man of understanding, in that he placed in the foreground those qualities of the musician he recommended, which he believed would at once secure the favour of the king; but, on the contrary, that which was to him the chief matter, and by which he principally expected the deliverance of the king from the demon of dejection, viz. the piety of the harper, and the fact that God was with him, he mentioned last, as if it had been a trivial circumstance. It is, indeed, greatly to be desired that they who are called to the office of seeking to heal diseased souls, and to help into the right path those who have erred from the ways of morality, should not only possess piety, but also other mental endowments, such as are held in estimation by the world; and that it could be said of them, they are people of understanding and intelligence, men of mind and heart, thoroughly educated, and of great experience. This would facilitate their intercourse with those whom, however much they need counsel and consolation, an ignorant recoil from all serious religion has hitherto estranged from the gospel. Yet it happens, not seldom, that even to such persons, after all the world's expedients for obtaining deliverance from deeply-rooted sorrow that has fallen upon them have been found to be only mockery, religion will be recommended as the last remedy, though it may be reluctantly, by their own like-minded associates; and that they will then, as if in despair, and not without painful self-restraint, acting on their advice, give directions to have a preacher, or some God-fearing man, who is at the same time respected by them because of his pure human virtues, brought to them. And how frequently has the gospel, in such circumstances, proved itself to be a 'power of God,' which is perfectly able to destroy every influence which holds the soul in thraldom; and there has substantially, though with more lasting results, been frequently repeated what we here to-day see happen at the court at Gibeah!

How it was that the royal servant became acquainted with the young harper at Bethlehem, then only nineteen years of age, we are not informed. But it is clear, from what he said to the king, that he was himself a God-fearing man; and such men are wont, especially in those times in which, as was then the case, the word of God is precious in the land, to meet with those who are of like mind with them. On the rep of this servant, messengers were sent imme ately to Jesse, to convey to him, in the name the king, the command, 'Send me thy son Dav who is with the sheep.' We may conceive h this would surprise Jesse. David was then the fields with his father's flocks. The reme brance of his former anointing by Samuel s lingered in his soul as a silent, and to him unexplained, secret. In childlike freedom fr care he there played on his harp, and sang so of praise and of homage to the Lord, and lef wholly in his hands to guide and order his fut steps. But now, without any intimation of purpose, he is suddenly summoned home. O dient to his father's will, he led his sheep aw and when he came to him, learned, not perh without surprise, yet at the same time with equanimity of one who in simplicity confides a divine providence guiding all things, for wh purpose he had been sent for. Prepared for s service to his king, he declared himself ready follow the messenger to Gibeah. Jesse also w tured not to interpose any hindrance. Prepa tions for his journey are immediately ma According to oriental custom, which perm not any one to approach a throne without a g in his hands, Jesse made ready a mule, loaded with bread and a bottle of wine, and added young kid of the goats; and with these homag gifts for his prince, corresponding to the sim habits of the times, he dismissed his belov Benjamin, amid heartfelt and pious benediction

David at length reaches Gibeah, carrying h harp hanging on his shoulder band, and is i mediately introduced to the king. Here no they stand opposite each other—the one like t clear shining of the sun in spring, the other li a black thunder cloud, ominous of evil; the o full of blooming, hopeful life, the other envelop in dark gloom arising from the realm of dest The king said to him, 'Play to me.' Dav bowed his head, and obeyed; and so sweet an grandly solemn was the music which flowed fro the strings of his harp, that the clouded brow the king began visibly to brighten, and the ste features of his countenance strangely to becom relaxed and mild. It was a song without word whose soothing melody then fell upon the ear the king. Words corresponding to the mus would have effected the contrary result to th which was aimed at, and might even have in creased the ill temper of the king. There ar even yet men enough of his sort,—persons with out faith, yea, at variance both with God an the world, whom solemn music is able mos powerfully to delight, and in whom it awakens at least for the time, dispositions which borde on devotion and piety, while yet the word

orrespond to the sacred melody would in them the very opposite effect. What st from this, but that in the soul of such the last point at which they may be by that which is sacred, has not yet lecayed away? Let them be on their owever, lest by constant striving against ghts which, unspoken, echo forth from ionies with which they are delighted and l, the last string in their soul on which enly breath gently sounds may at length nder, and their aversion to the heavenly finally terminate in a decided and in- opposition to all that comes down from

ounds from David's harp had, for the at least, wrought a true miracle. To the joy of those about him, the king breathed lmly, and appeared milder and more han they had for a long time beheld nd often again, when the old melan- gan to gather like a cloud around his harp-music of the shepherd youth ob- ne same happy result. Is it a wonder l loved the young harper? He sent to ying, 'Let David, I pray thee, stand e, for he hath found favour in my sight;' ar did the favour of Saul extend, that ved the Bethlehemite into the number ages and armour-bearers. The history informs us, that 'when the evil spirit d' (*i.e.* the spirit that, by the mysteri- cial permission of God, laid hold on him) on Saul, that David took an harp, and vith his hand: so Saul was refreshed, well, and the evil spirit departed from 'hese last words surprise us. 'Did the ve ask, 'banish the demon?' Not so; higher frame of mind into which the brought by it sufficed to limit at least ere of the operation of the evil spirit im; while a full, clear, conscious life of the part of Saul, would have altogether d the power of the wicked one. Besides, it intercessions which David sent up to on the wings of the music of his harp ve contributed not a little to the results ich his melodies were crowned. It ap- o be God's purpose in sending David to to afford to him a new and a last means . He must become conscious of what a childlike piety, such as David, is able, by the help of God, to do against all the powers of darkness; and, in the way of such an experience, he ought himself to have been won to a life of piety. But, alas! all the efforts to deliver the unhappy man were fruitless. His heart hardened itself more and more.

One of our great secular poets has imagined what an elevating, yea, sanctifying power, may dwell in a God-consecrated music. He represents the hero of his poem as saved from an assault of darkest thoughts by harmonies of a sacred choir sounding out from a neighbouring cathedral into his chamber. But the poet did not understand the rich harmonious music before which the power of all evil spirits must yield, not for a passing moment only, but for ever. This is the music of the holy gospel, for which, however, there must first be created in the heart of him who would listen to it the faculty of hearing, which can only be done by means of repentance and an awakened consciousness of the need of salvation. There cannot be heard in heaven or on earth any music more powerful to pacify and elevate, than that which sounds forth from the spiritual harps of the evangelists and apostles. Here we may listen to melodious notes, which will overpower and make silent every discord within us.

Let us, in conclusion, not overlook the adorable wisdom of God in the circumstance that he brought David so early near to the throne which he was at an after period to ascend. Then he had an opportunity of obtaining an unprejudiced view of court life in its most diverse aspects, and of learning the numberless dangers to which all are exposed who breathe its atmosphere. The system of lies and deceit, of pretence and hypocrisy, which is wont to surround the 'gods of the earth,' unveiled itself to his view, and instilled into him, for his whole future life, a deep-rooted dislike to courtier-life, with its abounding flattery and eye-service, and a decided love for honourable and faithful counsel and service, even though it might be the less polished. At the same time, the case of Saul strengthened him, in a most wonderful manner, in the conviction, that the popular opinion that a royal crown raises its possessor to the summit of all earthly happiness is only a delusion, and that, on the contrary, the fear of God, as 'the beginning of wisdom,' is the only secure foundation of all true happiness, whether in the palace or in the peasant's cottage.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

NO. XIX.—ALLEN LINDSAY.

THE subject of the following sketch was a respectable tradesman; a plain, matter-of-fact man, with a character for skill and integrity, which gained him a ready preference among employers.

A great lover of home he also was, and no wonder, for in addition to the industrial habits and admirable system of economy to be found in his, there were also, in no very stinted proportion, those qualities of mind and heart which add so immensely to the enjoyment of life. Preserved from that taciturnity into which habitual association so often lazily retreats, something like exuberance of spirit on the one side, and acidity of temper on the other, was softened down by the sobering cares and soothing duties of domestic life. Home was indeed to Allen Lindsay

'The sweetest, dearest place in all the earth,'

and one to which, after the toils of the day were over, he gladly hurried; for, amidst its moral charms, its cheerful, tender lovingness, with, to him at least, the pleasing concomitant-noise of infantive merriment, he realized a little Goshen of his own, quite impervious to the gloom of the cold, dark world without.

But how true the saying, 'That from the very heart of gladness sadness suddenly springs!' So, in the lapse of a very few years, a dark shadow crossed this picture of domestic bliss, which, as it lengthened and deepened, only added to its pathos and beauty. Instead now of a healthy and happy husband, going out in the early morning to his welcome toil, there is a delicate woman rising up a long time before day, to secure a few quiet hours for the closest application to some remunerating labour.

This was necessary, for their carefully hoarded savings are now expended, and she *must* do something to eke out the small allowance which they received weekly from a 'friendly society,' and her time throughout the day, except occasional snatches, is wholly taken up in attending to her sick husband and children.

But how willingly are these attentions rendered! Ah, could she only hope that he would be spared to live on with her, even as he is, what a happy woman would she be, despite all the labour which that would entail upon her! It seemed also as if the very thought of this premature breaking-up of youthful health and vigour touched some strange heart-chord, when they allowed themselves to realize it, for, as by mutual consent, all allusions to it were laid aside. The arrangement was a happy one. The determination to hope actually produced a measure of it, which sweetened to a great extent the present of their existence.

Every careful observer of human nature must mark its tendency to put off the concerns of t soul and its interests for eternity to a more co venient season; and perhaps, as it appears dim perspective through a long vista of happ thoughtless years, there is no season consider better suited for such a purpose than a sick death-bed; and how tenaciously people do h this delusive idea, despite the better experien of the many who have proved its fallacy!

With much that was admirable in his ch racter, Allen Lindsay was one of these po poners. Life had not been dull and tasteless him; on the contrary, it had afforded much r enjoyment. But these earthly joys were n passing from his trembling hand, and his he felt dreary and desolate as the rocky channel a dried-up mountain stream. Little wonder, all that pertained to a future state were o cold, dull abstractions to him.

When I first saw Allen Lindsay, although deep under-current of fear existed in his mi as to his state of health, he still clung to ho To a merely cursory observer, his appearan would indicate nothing but the most man triumph over suffering and calamity; but o more observant could not fail to mark his co vulsive clinging to life.

That he might longer enjoy the society those he loved, was not the only reason for th But affliction, through the blessing of Go had already begun a curative process. He w deeply convinced that he had squandered created objects the affections which should ha been supremely centred on God. With lig enough to perceive that a great change w needed, he also deeply felt that the restless da and sleepless nights now appointed him we not the best time for its accomplishment.

Memory does not willingly let slip the facts such a case as Allen Lindsay's, or let die t thoughts and feelings engendered by it; yet f accuracy's sake, I would now refer to the not taken in passing, during the many months I co tinued to visit him.

28*th March* 186—.—Called to-day on a youn man who has been ill for some time. Had r previous knowledge of his character or circum stances. Tried to elicit data for a profitab conversation, but found him far from commun cative; a shrewd expression, also, on his thought ful countenance made me aware that he was n one to be put off with the mere commonplace of religious talk; so felt somewhat at a los until the following suggestion came to the rescue 'There sits a young man on whom death has un mistakeably set his seal. Beside him sit his wif and several young children. He is not now and has not for a considerable time, been able t work for them; may not his mind be burdened with the thought of how they are to be provided for?'

g this suggestion to use, I spoke in a
ray on the providence of God, how
lly He often provided for his creatures
of trial. Then mentioned several in-
: this which had come under my own
on. I could perceive that my remarks
ished, and that I had succeeded to some
gaining his confidence. On leaving, I
ally invited back when he returned from
where he was going for a little change.

subsequent visits, he continued to be
ious and reserved in speaking of his
or rather of anything that led to re-
his own spiritual state as an individual.
alked pretty freely of his ideas and
of religious subjects in general; on
asions I always made a point of agree-
him when I possibly could, yet I did
le, when his opinions were either defec-
oneous, to criticise pretty freely. This
any lengthy conversations, which in a
ay were useful, as, by drawing him out
more, they gave me a tolerably clear
to his real character.

his peculiar turn of mind, I had no
e but take this roundabout mode of
his heart; it would have been worse
ess to have hurried the matter. But,
a little incident occurred, which com-
oke up all reserves, and laid open his
rt to me.

tle prayer-meeting which, at my sug-
he had attended for some time, the
n who addressed it one evening took
sis of his remarks the words, 'Our
Matt. vi. 9). As Allen went out that
noticed a look of intense anguish on
enance. In a few minutes I followed
e, and found him completely broken
The long pent-up feelings of his soul
ly venting themselves in such expres-
'Oh, if *I* could just say *that*—if *I* only
w God to be my Father!' But then,
rt was so hard, and as he had no faith,
not see that there was much hope for

sy it is, when one's eyes are glazed over
n of earthliness, for the mind to sport
n mere opinions on religious matters!
God deals with the sinner, when the
his broken law and despised authority
of him, it requires realities to satisfy
was now with Allen; often did he cry
bitterness of his spirit, 'Nothing will
ne now but to *feel* and *know* the reality
hings.'

ply aroused was he, that it was no
the power of any earthly friend to
lse hope to his wounded spirit. Con-
as scrutinizing his past life too closely,
dering in his ears the threatenings of
n law too incessantly, to admit of any
n but such as flows from the believing
of salvation by grace. A relation one
very much pleased with something he
g, would have him to believe that he
ght.

o!' replied Allen, 'that is only theory,
I do not *feel* what I was saying. Devils can do as much as that.'

He continued for a long time in this slough of despond: worse and worse he constantly became in his own estimation, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary. That he had been kept from external sin, made, as he thought, his case all the more desperate. His hardness he believed so great that no power could melt him down. How he groaned under one part of the curse which is but too little realized—the want of love!

While in this state of mind one of his children died; and very bitterly indeed did the poor fellow feel this blow, though he received it in meek submission. Only a few days had elapsed ere he seemed to take positive pleasure in the thought that, as he phrased it, 'his Tommy was now an angel in heaven, singing the praises of God.'

From the time of this death his earnestness much increased.

'Wouldn't I like,' he used to say, 'to get beside my two boys! It would be sad for them to be in heaven and their father in hell.'

His mental anguish at length became extreme. I had been with him a considerable time one day, and was on my road away when he called me back. When I asked him what he wanted, he took my hand, and drawing me close to him, said:

'I must tell you again that I'm in darkness, I have no light,—will you mind that? I'm in anguish, terrible anguish. What a dreadful thing it is to be lost!' Then he completely broke down and wept convulsively.

After becoming somewhat composed, he told me that he thought God had given him up to hardness of heart; that there was no hope for him; that he did not think these desires for salvation came from God.

'Have you ever had such feelings before?' I inquired.

'Never.'

'Do you think you've had any hand in the raising of them yourself?'

'No! I used to *try* and feel in earnest, and *make* myself distressed about my soul, but I could not.'

'Well, then, if you are given up of God, and have no hand in raising these feelings yourself, is it likely Satan would?'

He sat staring at me as if his eyes would start from their deep pores, while shade after shade of strong emotion passed over his emaciated countenance.

'——,' he said, grasping both my hands firmly 'in the presence of the living God do not deceive me, a dying man. Do you believe that the Spirit of God is working with me?'

'I do.'

Relaxing his grasp, he threw himself back on his pillow, saying as he did so, 'Lord Jesus, reveal thyself to me quickly.'

His state of mind continued much the same, except that his despair (never of that nature which proudly determines, but the agony of a soul which could see no legitimate ground for hope) was changed into an agony of desire and fear

also, lest, to use his own words, 'the door should be shut before he got in.'

Early one morning he sent for me; he was in great distress. When I entered the room, as if fearing that I would suppose he was putting undue confidence in me, he said:

'Don't think, ——, that I am putting my trust in you. I know that it is God alone that can save my soul; but you help me, and that is why I sent for you.'

Some time after, he said, 'Up till this time I have always had some thought about my wife and children—thinking how they were to do—sorry to leave them; but now I care for nothing but just how to find the living God.'

'Then, Allen,' I replied, 'the crisis has come. God has promised to be found in the day that He is searched for with *all* the heart. I am sure He will be faithful to that promise; so I will leave you to-night in the confident expectation of soon seeing you rejoicing in God your Saviour.'

Through the night his distress continued equally great.

'Oh, my Sabbaths! my Sabbaths! how I have broken my Sabbaths!' he cried in anguish.

At another time he said, 'Oh, auntie, if I had my time to begin again, I would be like the man in the Bible who said, "As for me and my house, I will serve the Lord." I would not put off my time as I have done. Oh, to have pardon and God's favour! There is nothing else worth living for.'

'I must have a kirk *now*,' he said. 'And you, Liz,' addressing his wife, 'will read a chapter.'

When that was done, he gave out the hymn, 'The hour of my departure's come.'

Those about him were so overcome that they could not sing. But he insisted that they should 'sing and not cry, for there was no use crying.' He then engaged in prayer for a long time. His wife, poor creature, said to me afterwards, that she never thought Allen could pray like that.

Very early in the morning his distress was so great that he asked his wife to run for me, and gave the most peremptory orders not to come without me.

Fearful of alarming us, she did not knock loud enough to make herself heard, so, of course, did return without me, and he was very much disappointed. But it was all well arranged; for the time had now come that the Lord saw fittest for speaking peace to his troubled heart.

He turned away his face from them, and lay a long time without speaking. His wife getting anxious, said:

'You are very quiet, Allen. Will ye no speak to me?'

'Never mind me just now,' he replied. 'I am going through a dark valley.'

'Is it hard to go through?'

'No! The Lord is with me.'

'Will ye no try and sleep a little?'

'Oh no!' was the rejoinder. 'My time is too precious. I've been a great sinner, and I may pass the door yet.'

'Are you getting through, Allen?' she again *inquired*, after some little interval.

'*Yes*,' he replied, 'a good bit. I do not understand it, but there were two bridges. I have g over one; but as yet I do not see how I am get over the other. But I see Jesus on it, a two little boys.'

'Do you think you will get to Jesus, Allen?

'Yes, I am going to Jesus; and oh, how I w sing hallelujah with my two boys! Willn't th that be lovely? I'll be looking down upon y with your two. Do you not think it was ki of the Lord to take Tommy? He saw it wou be too much for you to struggle for three.'

He then began to describe to her the horror mind he was in when lying so quiet. 'But,' sa he, 'I got to Jesus, and I got light, and I've g a new heart. I am not in the least afraid to d now.'

Shortly after, he said, 'I am wearying f ——. Will you send for her?' When I entere the room, he addressed me thus: 'Now, — you are come, and you must not leave me aga till my dissolution. I know it will put you abo to stay with me; but it will be the last time.'

After assuring him of my willingness to remai and seeing how happy he looked, I asked ho it was with him now.

'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' was h joyful response. 'It is all *peace*, *peace*, peac This,' he added, with increasing energy, 'is ju what I've been seeking all the time, and *tried* t *make* myself to *feel*, but *could not*. God alon has done this.'

Passing over much that is interesting, I notic briefly what occurred a few hours before hi death. Several of his old shopmates came t say farewell. And how earnestly he entreate them to turn to God! With one in particular h pleaded not to put off till a death-bed.

'Mind,' said he, 'church-going won't do here respectability won't do here; nothing but th reality.'

To one of them, who was very young, he bad a very kindly farewell, then urged him mos earnestly to seek the Lord in the days of hi youth, and not put off as he had done.

Then he called for his little boys, kissed them fondly, and bade them be good boys, fear God and obey their mother, and begin at once t prepare for meeting him in heaven.

'Lizzie,' he then said, holding out his arms t his wife. And while she wept on his breast, i that last embrace, as if her heart would burst, not a muscle of his face moved—he had done with earth.

After she became somewhat composed, he be sought her to begin at once to seek the Lord, and not put off—no, not for an hour.

'But what is to come of me, Allen? What will we do?'

'As for the boys,' he replied, 'they will soon forget me, so I leave them to the Lord. He will take care of them. I'm vexed to leave you; but the Lord will look after and provide for you if you do your duty. And, Liz, you must begin at once to prepare. It would be a terrible thing if you were on the left hand. See that you do not put off as I have done. Mind it's a terrible thing when it comes to a death-bed, and it would

be still more terrible for you to be lost. Just begin directly.'

'Have you nothing to say to me?' I asked, some time after.

'No,' he said, smiling, 'nothing but just to thank you for all the good you have done me. And you will carry my dying love to Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, and thank them for their kindness.'

After so much speaking he became very much exhausted, and was to all appearance dying; but he rallied again, and became so happy, that for a considerable time we all seemed to breathe the atmosphere of heaven.

During that time I remember saying that I thought that description which we have of heaven in the twenty-second of Revelations very beautiful, and quoted part of it.

When I came to the words, 'And there shall be no more care,' he made some beautiful remarks, which I cannot remember, and then he laughed an indescribable sort of laugh. His heart seemed so full of joy that he could not help it.

'You may well laugh, Allen,' I said, 'with such a glorious prospect before you.'

'Ay,' he replied, with another laugh, 'and a *whole eternity* of it.'

'Auntie,' he said, a few minutes before his death, 'I am dying in peace—peace with everybody, and peace with God.'

During his last, long struggle, he kept my hands clasped in his. But at length the firm grasp relaxed, and doubtless his disembodied spirit found itself for ever at rest in the everlasting arms of love and mercy.

The Harleys of Chelsea Place.

CHAPTER X.

IN the spring Tom was sent to Lotsirl College, which was situated but a short distance from Chelsea Place, and, much to his parents' gratification, he took a good place in the middle school. Mr. Harley's spirits continued to improve, and he entered more fully into his children's studies and pursuits than he had hitherto done. Johnny was still the frequent subject of thought and conversation; but the Harleys had learned to look upon him as one removed to a higher and happier sphere of existence, and could therefore talk of him without useless regrets, and anticipate the time when, through a Saviour's love, they might be re-united. Johnny lived in heaven, and they lived upon earth; and earth, they knew, was God's appointed road to heaven, if they walked in the steps of his Son Jesus, who had trodden the path before them, and had promised to be with them and guide them if they asked Him.

The Donovans began to lift up their heads, and triumph over poverty and dirt. Old nurse no longer complained, on returning from going to see them, 'that they'd scarcely a rag to cover them, and that she could not find a seat fit to sit down upon,' for they had three rooms all to themselves, instead of one, and, consequently, could keep their sitting-room clean and tidy; whilst the children, being decently clothed, no longer made mud pies in the gutter before the door, but went to schools—the elder ones to the national school, and the young ones to the infant. They were the funniest, merriest little grigs that could be possibly met with. Excepting Kathleen, they had all curly sandy-coloured hair, light, round blue eyes, fair but freckled skins, with cheeks like roses, and mouths that seemed to be always laughing. Kathleen had dark blue eyes like her mother's, and dark brown wavy hair, with a timid gentle expression, unlike her rattling brothers and sisters, and loved her book more than fun and play. Pat's master gave him a capital character for a steady hard-working lad, and one who would be sure to make his way in the world; and Mike Donovan kept his situation and thus drove the wolf (hunger) from his household. Kathleen was sometimes sent for to come to Chelsea Place, Mrs. Harley having taken a marked liking to her for Johnny's sake; and the little girl would gaze with wonder and delight upon the young Harleys, as they clustered around her, and questioned her about her brothers and sisters at home.

Madge continued to improve: she was rather imperious and dictatorial, but very affectionate and generous, and her governess thought that in due time she would get over her managing propensities, for she really strove to do so. Glowing were the monthly letters, despatched by her to her father, of the kindness she met with at school and in Chelsea Place; and such Miss Hughes (her governess) and Mr. and Mrs. Harley discovered them to be, from the letters of thanks sent to them from Colonel Allen—letters from and to parents being the only ones Miss Hughes permitted her young ladies to receive or write without first seeing them. Easter arrived, and Madge was duly invited to spend the Easter holidays with the Harleys; Mrs. Gay having again most willingly given her consent to the plan. Indeed, she appeared relieved at having the child taken off her hands, not that she really disliked children, but that she could not bear the trouble they involved upon herself or family. She was very well off, and, with her daughters, led an indolent luxurious life, which a high-spirited petted child somewhat disturbed; therefore Madge was voted to be a 'little nuisance,' and the getting so well rid of her became the source of much comfort to them.

Madge was overjoyed at the prospect of spending another whole week with her kind friends; and Dora, sorry for her past misgivings and conduct, determined to make it all up by unremitting attentions to their little visitor. But when a case from India arrived for Madge at Chelsea Place, containing presents for herself and friends, and amongst them a beautiful little box for Dora, Dora was so overcome by the

thought of Madge's kindness, when she had felt so unkindly to her, that she begged Madge not to give it her just then, for she did not deserve it, and she ran away crying.

Madge ran after her and overtook her just by her bedroom, and catching hold of her, tried to make her take the box, saying:

'It was papa sent it you, Dora—my own dear papa in India; and you must have it, indeed you must.'

'But I had not ought to have it, Madge, because—because,' sobbed Dora, 'I did not love you then.'

'When?' asked Madge, with some surprise.

'Why, when you were here last. I thought naughty thoughts of you, Madge,' replied penitent Dora.

'But I did not know them, Dora; and I was afraid of you, because you were so quiet and good.'

'Not good—no, not good,' said Dora, with the tears in her eyes; 'for I thought Tom loved you better than me, and I could not bear it then.'

'Well, I did not know it, Dora. Please take the box, and let us kiss and be friends. Tom always will love you, he says he does ever so much.'

'Oh yes, Madge, he told me I was to be his sister, and you are to be his friend. Won't it be nice?' and Dora held up her lips to kiss Madge.

The two children then returned to the room in which the case of pretty things was being unpacked, Dora carrying her own beautiful little box. Wonderful things were taken out of that case from India—so lovely, that as Madge unfastened the wraps around them, and displayed them to the eager lookers-on, 'Splendid!' 'Beautiful!' and 'Real elegant!' resounded on every side. There were two exquisite workboxes of sandal-wood, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and other beautiful woods, one for Mrs. Harley, the other for Miss Hughes, and a large, handsomely carved set of chessmen for Mr. Harley. Then there were puzzles and queer, funny-looking toys for Agnes and Guy, with a box just like Dora's, for Constance, and a tiny set of ivory chessmen for Tom, besides numerous odds and ends pushed into the corners of the case; and there was a square paper box with pictures on it, labelled for Mrs. Gay, which contained a splendid shawl, and which Madge said was the only thing she wished had not come, for she did not want to give it Aunt Gay. But Mrs. Harley told her, she must try and remember that little people were often very troublesome, especially to elderly persons unaccustomed to them; so Madge grew silent, and gave Mrs. Harley the square box to take care of until it could be sent to Seamouth. Guy was so delighted with a large elephant, with its black Mahout (driver), that he toddled about from one to the other, crying, 'Pety ittle back man, all de way from Inda, for Duy.' And Agnes, seated on the ground, in vain endeavoured to count the number of round boxes enclosed in a good-sized globe, nearly as large as a cocoa-nut. 'Another and another! and another!' she kept on calling for, as fast as one was opened, she found another within it. All were pleased with Colonel Allen's remembrances; and Madge, with glowing cheek and glistening eyes, told nurse and the young Harleys that she thought her papa was 'a kin of a man,' and upon being questioned for why replied, 'Because he gave, like a king, beautift things to good kind people, just like King Solo mon gave presents to the Queen of Sheba.'

'But the Queen of Sheba gave gifts to Solomon,' interposed Tom.

'Yes,' interrupted Madge; 'and your mamm has given gifts to my papa, for she has take care of his naughty little girl, and tries to mak her good and wise; so your mamma shall be queen, and my papa shall be King Solomon.'

'And what is my papa to be?' inquired Tom.

'Oh! let me see; I'd quite forgotten abou him,' said Madge. 'Why, if Mrs. Harley is queen, of course Mr. Harley is a king.'

'Oh! oh! oh!' laughed Tom; 'then papa i King Harley the First, and we are the princes an princesses. I do you honour, your highness, said Tom, making a mock bow to Constance who just then came into the room. 'I beg t congratulate you on your newly-discovere dignity.'

'Don't be stupid, Tom,' replied Constance thinking he was ridiculing her. 'I wonder big boy like you are not ashamed to be alway playing the mountebank; I am sure I should, i I were you.'

'Oh yes, of course, you would; princesse never could turn somersaults like this; if the would, 'twould put their curls out of place,' an Tom turned heels over head, bringing himself u bang against Mary, who was carrying a tray ful of tea-things across the room.

'Why, Master Tom!' cried Mary, clutchin the tray, whilst half the cups and saucer startled off it on to the floor. 'Just see wha you have been and gone and done. Oh my if there isn't three cups and two saucers gon to smash, and the milk all upset, just where body didn't want it, and that's over my new gown I wonder you ain't ashamed on yourself.'

Tom, astonished at the unexpected and unfor tunate result of his somersault, and sobered int reason, looked very sorry for his misadventure and tried to console Mary, by representing tha a drop of milk could not much hurt; but Mar indignantly refuted his arguments by maintain ing that milk always did grease, and alway would grease, if there was any goodness in it and she liked things in their proper places, an the place of milk was in a jug basin, or a body' cup of tea, and not about their clothes. Ol nurse also chimed in, and lectured Tom roundly until he promised that he would look before he took another leap; and then the milk-jug having been replenished, and the cups and saucers re placed, the nursery party sat down to tea.

(To be continued.)

Readings for the Young.

NELLY'S PRAYER.

DEAR children, have you learned how graciously Jesus answers the prayers of even the little ones? If He has taught you this himself, there is no need that I should give you proofs of it; but some of us larger children go on and on, making endless mistakes, and suffering bitter losses, from not having learned the easy remedy.

The other day a Christian mother, whose heart rejoices at every sign that her flock of little ones is led by the Good Shepherd, told me that one of her little girls had learned a lesson in a prayer that she would never forget. She came in from school greatly irritated, saying that she never wanted teachers to disappoint and tease her. After her first excited feeling had spent itself, her father said to her quietly, 'Nelly, did you ever try praying for your teacher, to see if God would not make her more gentle?'

'Why, no, father,' said the little girl.

'Well,' said he, 'try that, and see how things get on to-morrow.'

He said no more, but watched the end; and the next day Nelly came bounding into the house, as she had not done for many a day, saying, 'Oh father, you were right; you don't know how good Miss K—— was to me to-day! I have had such a happy day!'

'Well, my little girl,' said the father, 'God has many ways of answering our prayers; and I suspect that one way He took to answer you, was to make you more obedient and studious.'

She had not thought of this before; but now began looking back over the day, and then, in sweet simplicity, said, 'Yes, father, I think that was so. I loved to study to-day, my heart was so happy.'

Many days after, she said to him, as he came in at nightfall, 'Dear father, I never shall forget again to ask God for everything I want; for since that day my teacher has been so changed!'

'Yes,' said the glad father, 'and my little girl is changed too.'

Christ knew, when He was teaching that lesson, that it would bear its fruits; that every day some want would come up that He could satisfy; and in his generous love, He longed to have that young heart come to Him and be comforted.—*The Witness.*

THE CHILD'S JOURNEY.

A LITTLE fair-haired child once started early in the morning on a long, long journey.

She entered a wood, whose tall, old trees seemed to her to touch the sky, and went singing on her way, rejoicing in the fragrant breath of the flowers, as they lifted up their bright faces, offering sweet incense to the sun.

But she did not pluck them, for she loved all things, and did not wish to see one of these bright children of God uprooted, to die. And while she journeyed on, the sun mounted higher and higher in the heavens, and it was noon. She saw, at a short distance, a bright little stream of water, and hastened to satisfy her thirst and rest awhile in the shade. But suddenly she stopped, and tears of pity filled her eyes as she saw a wounded dove lying on the ground, breathing its life away.

Carefully she lifted it from the ground, and carried it under the trees. But her gentle care came too late, for the little eyes grew filmy, and the claws stiff: the little dove was dead!

She laid it in a little nest, which she had fashioned from the green grass, and washed the crimson spots from its breast. And as she bent over the spring, her image was reflected in it; and, behold, it was not the image of a fair-haired child, but that of a lovely woman, with the same sweet love for all God's creatures beaming from her eyes.

And then she went on, for her journey was not yet done.

And when she saw little children wishing for some one to love them, she would say, 'I love you, come with me,' and would take them in her arms, and tell them about Jesus.

And on she went, until, in the place of her loveliness, were grey hairs and faltering steps: she was growing old. But a beautiful *soul* shone from her eyes, and her heart was still full of love. And can we not all do the same? When we see 'one of these little ones' waiting for love, can we not tell them about the wonderful love of Jesus? And then when we cross 'over the river,' we shall hear Christ say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

DOES IT TELL ABOUT JESUS?

MR. BLISS, an agent of the American Bible Society, wrote from Turkey: 'A book hawker, whose work is mostly among the Turks, spends an hour or two every day at a stand near the Seraskier's Tower, at Constantinople. Not long since, while offering his books from this stand to the crowd passing by, a Turkish lady timidly approached, and, taking up a Bible, asked in regard to its teachings. Not quite satisfied with the answer, she asked that she might take it to a Turk, sitting at a little distance, that he might read it, and tell her about its contents. She was allowed to do so. The Turk took the Bible, and looking at it for a few minutes, said, "This is no book for you. It is not one of our books; it is one of the infidel books." "But," replied the woman, "whom does it tell about?" "That is no concern of yours; it is an infidel book," said the Turk. "But does it tell about Jesus Christ?" asked the woman. The Turk again opened the Bible, and read various portions, without making any reply. The woman again

asked, "Does it tell of Jesus Christ?" The Turk said, "Yes; but why do you wish to know?" She replied, "If it is the book that tells about Jesus Christ, I wish to buy it." "Can you read?" asked the Turk. "No; but I can get some one to read it to me." She then took the Bible, and returned to the bookseller, purchased it, and bore it away, as a most precious treasure, to her home.'

THE BOY'S RESOLVE.

I WOULD like to have ruddy cheeks, and bright eyes, and strong limbs. But they say that strong drink dims the eye, and whitens the cheek, and enfeebles the frame; therefore I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a clear mind, so that I may be able to think on great things, and serve God, and do good to others, and prepare to die. But they say that strong drink clouds the mind, and often destroys it; therefore I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a peaceful heart, and a quiet conscience, so that I may be happy while I am here. But they say that strong drink fills many a heart with misery, and implants in many a conscience a sting; therefore I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a quiet home, and happy fireside, where I could rejoice with loving brothers, and sisters, and parents. But they say that strong drink makes ten thousand homes wretched and miserable; therefore I will not drink at all.

I would like to go to heaven when I die, that I may dwell with Jesus in glory for ever. But they say that strong drink keeps many from entering into heaven, and casts them down to hell; therefore I will not drink at all.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

'MOTHER,' said Jane Wiley, 'is Robert Wickes a Christian?'

'I hope he is. I believe he is. He is very young to join the church; but his pastor and friends thought he gave good evidence of being a Christian. Why do you ask the question?'

'Because he plays with the other boys every day when school is out.'

'Does he play like a Christian, or like a wicked boy?'

'I don't know, mother. I only know that he plays with the other boys.'

Jane thought a Christian must always be very sober, if not sad. Her idea was a mistaken one. God wishes us to be happy. He is as willing that children should play as their parents are. He requires them to play as Christians,—that is, that they avoid all wickedness in playing.

GOT TO JESUS.

DEAR children, I want to tell you of a little boy who went to the Sabbath school with which I am connected. As I was going out one day last winter, when there were many awakened ones asking, 'What must I do to be saved?' a little boy, nine or ten years old, put into my hand a slip of paper a couple of inches long, which I have carefully preserved. As children were in the habit of handing me papers in this way, I did not read it till I got home. I then found upon it, written in a very crooked manner, these words, 'Mr. Wells, I've got to Jesus! *I've got to Jesus!*' I don't know who the boy was; I never could find out; but he had found the sum and substance of the whole gospel. That little boy had got to Jesus.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

A LITTLE girl was one night under the starry sky, intently meditating upon the glories of the heavens. At last, looking up to the sky, she said, 'Father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be!'

CATCHING THE SUNBEAM.

TIRED of playing, tired of toy,
Little Johnnie, our two-year boy,
With his bright blue eyes and golden hair,
Sat on the floor by his mother's chair.

'Twas just as the day was beginning to die;
And the sun, ere descending the western sky,
Threw a parting glance through the open door,
In a golden beam upon the floor.

Quickly he seized his little white hat,
And scrambling away as fast as a cat,
He held it firmly upon the floor,
So that the beam should escape no more.

Clapping his hands with joyous glee,
While his laugh rippled out so merrily,
He looked with beaming face into mine,
Saying, '*Auntie, I've caught the shine!*'

ODD AND USEFUL FRAGMENTS.—No. II.

FROM THE GERMAN AND ITALIAN.

COUNSELS.

Honour the old,
Send the young to school;
Question the wise,
Bear with the fool.

SECRETS.

The secret of two is the secret of God.
The secret of three soon travels abroad.

THE SHEDDER OF BLOOD.

The man who bathes his hand in blood,
Must wash it white in ceaseless tears;
No more for him the happy mood;
Ever for him the anguished years.

PURITY.

Like the wanderer's foot on snow,
Ever be my lot;
Leaving the trace of the path I go,
But staining not.

WASTED VOICES.

rodigal praise at the dead man's tomb,
the nightingale's song in the deaf man's room.

A PRINCE'S MOTTO.

Better lose land and people both,
Than stain the name with a broken oath.

THE MELODY OF PRAYER.

There is, in all eternity,
No music half so sweet,
As when man's bosom fervently
Bounds forth its God to meet.

SILK AND GOLD.

With gold fill a sack up to the tie,
The sack is not turned into silk thereby.

SAND AND MARBLE.

To-day you scrawl along the sand,
To be o'erwhelmed by the next wave,
What yesterday, on marble grand,
You should have striven to engrave.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and a human heart
Drive round, and round, and round.
If they have nothing else to grind,
They must themselves be ground.

THE HERO AND THE COWARD.

More victory gains the brave man's glance,
Than the coward's longest, strongest lance.

APOSTLES.

Twelve apostles Christ's standard bore;
Those bearing the devil's are many a score.

DUTY AT HOME.

Your house and your court, if you sweep through and through,
You find work for all your best besoms to do.

LIFE AND DEATH.

In dying, all death ceases;
Life lost, our life increases.

LOVE IMMORTAL.

A mother's love is never cold;
A mother's love is never old;
A mother's love is ever true;
A mother's love is nine times new.

CONSOLATION.

Yes, He your bitter grief shall still!
Think not, too young am I;
For he who dies as God doth will,
Is old enough to die.

THE DIVIDED HEART.

God crowneth no divided heart;
Oh, hallow to Him all thy life!

SOLITUDE.

The more thou deemest thyself alone,
The further thou art from solitude.
Thy devil will come, if thy angel has flown;
Thy angel, if thou thy fiend hast subdued.

REVERENCE.

Honour the old man's hair of snow,
If thou would'st thyself the old man grow.

OFFICIAL RELIGION.

For every egg they the master give,
The king's servants rob the peasant of two;
And sometimes they rob the peasant of ten,
And give the lord the shells to chew.

RECOMPENSE.

The mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

REV. III. 21.

THREE persons are set before us here: the warrior, the conqueror, the king; or, using another figure, we have—(1) The battle; (2) The victory; (3) The reward.

I. *The battle.*—Common life in this world is a warfare, and hence even worldly men speak and write of 'the battle of life;' much more the Christian's life. It is warfare out and out, for all here is hostile. It is called the good fight, the fight of faith, the good warfare.

(1.) *It is inner warfare.*—The seventh of the Romans is the description of this; the battle between faith and unbelief, between the spirit and the flesh. This warfare is private, solitary; with no eye upon the warrior; fought in the closet, on the knees, with the Bible as his weapon; not uncertainly, nor as one that beateth the air.

(2.) *It is outer warfare.*—The enemies are legion: the world, with all its enmities, snares, pomps, pleasures; Satan, with his principalities and powers,—both of these in combination, hating, persecuting, attacking. This is 'the great fight of afflictions' (Heb. x. 32). Thus it is so far public—before men. 'We are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men.'

(3.) *It is daily warfare.*—It is not one great battle, but a multitude; constant warring—no intermission and no discharge in this war. The enemy wearies not, ceases not; nor must we. We wake to warfare each morning, and go out to warfare each day. Everywhere we find the enemy posted, sometimes openly, sometimes in ambush. It is life-long, and it is daily.

(4.) *It is warfare not fought with human arms.*—'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal.' We do not war after the flesh. It is in divine strength; with the sword of the Spirit; clothed in the whole armour of God. It begins when we believe. Faith, instead of being the *end*, is the *beginning* of conflict. Ours is 'the good fight of faith.'

(5.) *It is warfare in which we are sharers with Christ.*—He first fought the good fight, as the Captain of our salvation, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. The inner warfare, indeed, was not his, but all the rest was. He fought, when here, the same battles as we; and it is into *his* warfare that we are called to enter. His battle on earth was ours, and our battle now on earth is his. Let us fight it, with this remembrance and encouragement. We fight along with Paul, but we also fight along with Christ.

II. *The victory.*—Here it is spoken of as one great final victory, but in reality it is a multitude. As are the battles, so are the victories. There may be occasional defeats, wounds, losing ground, but the tide of victory rolls steadily onward. Inner and outer warfare ends in victory; 'we are made more than conquerors through Him that loved us.' He fought, and overcame, and He leads us on to victory: 'Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.' The brunt of the battle has fallen on Him; He has routed the host; and it is with a conquered foe that we have to do. Sin, hell, death, the world, the devil, He has vanquished; and He is now leading us on to victory. Seven times, in these chapters, do we hear the glorious words, 'To him that overcometh.' Each church had its battle and its victory—even Laodicea; so has each individual. No one can fight another's battle, or win another's victory; each for himself. Each has his own battle and his own victory. Fight, then, and overcome; overcome daily; nor faint till the long series of battles and victory is summed up in the one great final triumph—the triumph of each saint and of the whole church of God.

III. *The reward.*—In these epistles seven rewards are promised—a peculiar reward to each. To Ephesus, the tree of life; to Smyrna, deliverance from the second death; to Pergamos, the hidden manna and the white stone; to Thyatira, dominion and the morning star; to Sardis, the white raiment; to Philadelphia, to be a pillar, and to receive the new name; to Laodicea, a seat on Christ's throne. Each according to his peculiar battle and victory. In Laodicea there are warriors and conquerors few, perhaps, but still some—some whose faith remained stedfast ('this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith'), raising them out of lukewarmness and worldliness. To these there is a brilliant hope presented—a seat upon Christ's throne. In Laodicean times, and a Laodicean church, be faithful and true.

(1.) *A throne.*—Not salvation merely, or life, but higher than these—glory, honour, dominion, and power. From being the lowest here, they are made the highest hereafter. Even out of Laodicea there come God's kings and priests—heirs of the throne.

(2.) *Christ's throne.*—He has a seat on the Father's throne as the reward of his victory; we have a seat on his as the reward of ours. He shares with us his crown and throne. We are made 'joint-heirs' with Him. He is on the Father's throne just now; He will shortly be upon his own. To a seat with Him we look forward; and, cheered by this hope, we fight the good fight of faith. We are sharers or 'partakers with Christ' in all things. We share his battles, his victories, his rewards, his cross, his crown.

Let us look *forward*, then, as well as *backward*. All the promises to these churches bid us look forward. Amid toil, conflict, weariness, sorrow, backsliding, we have a hope. Let us hold it fast, let us use it constantly. In the midst of Laodicean lukewarmness, here is something to stimulate and rouse. When our hands hang down, let us think upon the throne,—the throne, and Him who gives it,—the throne, and Him who sits on it, and shares it with us. It will be glorious enough to compensate for hardship and conflict now. It may soon be here; we know not how soon. Events are rushing on: Antichrist is waxing strong; Israel is preparing to return; wars are rising; departures from the faith are multiplying; the gospel is going forth as a witness. The King is on his way. 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!' Let us watch, and be ready.

THE WISE.

BY THE EDITOR.

DAN. XII. 3.

THERE are two classes described here, with their two separate rewards. They are, in some respects, distinct from each other, yet so far the same.

Both are wise, and both are heirs of an eternal ory—a glory such 'as eye hath not seen,' ough it may be set forth to our faith under e likeness of things that are visible to the eye, such as the sun, or the stars, or the sky. oth, too, are of earth,—not angels, but men of sh and blood like ourselves; men once fallen, rk, hateful, like those among whom an apostle asses himself, when he says, 'We ourselves ere sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, rving divers lusts and pleasures.' Both had en lifted up out of the horrible pit, and taken om the miry clay,—children of wrath and ath, even as others; once wholly evil, but now washed, and sanctified, and justified.'

Both, then, are described as *wise;* but then, e one class are only wise for themselves; their isdom delivers their own souls; they are wise ito salvation. The other class go beyond this. hey are wise for others. They use their wisdom making others wise. Their life is not merely e life of the wise, but of the useful. They urn many to righteousness.' They do not live vain. They are specimens of the meaning of at blessed text, 'He that winneth souls is ise.'

Corresponding to the two classes, there are o kinds of rewards, the one more glorious an the other, though both unutterably glorious d equally eternal. The wise shine as the ightness of the sky—the clear, transparent, changing blue of the firmament above us; ey that use their wisdom for turning many to ghteousness, shine more conspicuously, more illiantly still, like the stars in that fair azure, the stars that change not, dim not, pale not, or ever and ever.'

Truly blessed must it be to belong to either these classes,—specially for those whose right- l portion is 'the blackness of darkness for er.' For to both there is given an 'eternal eight of glory.' But still there is a difference, and that difference is worthy of our notice. Just as we are taught to covet the best gifts, so are we to seek the weightiest glory as an inheritance. Just as Paul pressed forward in his course, not merely 'lest he should be a castaway,' but if that by any means he might attain unto the resurrection from the dead; so are we to give all diligence in pressing forward on this path of true and divine ambition.

Let us, then, consider these two classes: (1) The wise; (2) They who turn their wisdom to account in turning others to righteousness;—with their rewards.

I. *The wise.*—Not, of course, the wise of this world. Their wisdom is foolishness. The world by wisdom knows not God. No man has wisdom by nature—every man is, in truth, a born fool; and if he thinks himself to be otherwise, he must learn to become a fool, that he may be wise. Even among those who name the name of Christ, some are found who are not wise. There were five foolish virgins: how much more among the men of this present evil world is this folly to be found! Regarding this wisdom, let us inquire—

1. *What it is.*—It is not the knowledge of the things or works of God that is wisdom; it is the knowledge of God himself—the true God —that very Jehovah which the Bible reveals—that holy Being, that gracious, loving One, that God only wise, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. To know Him, is to be wise; not to know Him, is to be wrapt in the mists of ignorance and folly. Increase in the knowledge of God, is increase of wisdom; to know Him fully, is the perfection of all wisdom.

2. *Where it is to be found.*—In Him whose name is 'the Word made flesh.' Not only is He made unto us wisdom, but He is 'the wisdom of God.' In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. There may be fragments of it elsewhere; but in Him is all its fulness, and that fulness infinite. It is in Him alone that the whole compass of divine wisdom is seen. In his wondrous person we have the embodiment of infinite wisdom; in his mighty work we have

the exemplification of all wisdom. And He is himself the God only wise; incarnate wisdom—wisdom all gathered together, and exhibited in the form of manhood. He is presented to us both as the possessor of all wisdom, and as, in the constitution of his person, and the development of his offices and work, the exhibition of all wisdom. So that to know Him, and to know the Father's meaning in Him, is to become truly wise.

3. *How it is to be got.*—By coming to this divine treasure-house. Acquaintanceship, companionship with Him, is the secret of all wisdom. In two ways do we get this wisdom out of Him—actively and passively. We are made wise by Him as our *Teacher*, and also as the object or subject in whom are contained all the lessons and all the truths that we require to know. All needed knowledge is wrapt up in Him—in Him personally, as the great Immanuel. Would you, then, be wise—truly, eternally wise? Make his unsearchable riches your study. God's counsel is just this, 'Know Christ;' even as his own is, 'Learn of me.' Do you want to know God? Go to Him who is the representative of Godhead. Do you want the great things of eternity? Go to the Son of God; He will teach you, for He is the Eternal One. Do you want to know the wondrous things of heaven? Go to the Incarnate Word; He will show you them, for He came down from heaven. Do you want to know the infinite love of Jehovah? Go to this only-begotten Son; He will tell you of it, and make you to feel it in all its boundlessness. Do you want to know what holiness is? Go to Him; He is the Holy One. Do you want to know what power is? Go to Him who is the Almighty One, in the full form of man. Do you want to know what life is? Go to Him who is the resurrection and the life. He will reveal it to you. Know Christ, and you know all you need to know. If you lack wisdom, go to Him; He will make you wise.

4. *When is this wisdom to be had?*—Not after long years of study, with broken health, it may be, and enfeebled mind. God's teaching is as efficacious as it is skilful, needing no tedious process. The great subject of all his teaching (Christ Jesus) is so divinely simple, that the intellect is not tasked or overborne; and the whole vast store of wisdom is gathered to one single point, and concentrated in a person. And though progress in this wisdom may be said to be truly illimitable, so that day by day we receive it more abundantly; yet, in the simple knowledge of this glorious Person, there pours in at once into the soul such a burst of heavenly radiance, that without delay, without labour, without months of painful study, we become truly wise. Yesterday how dark, to-day h full of light, in opening the eye to look on H who is the soul's true light! Yesterday h foolish and ignorant, to-day how strangely wis wise beyond the ancients; wise unto salvatio wise for eternity!

5. *By whom is this wisdom to be had?*—By who *need* it. Not by the deserving or the qua fied, but by the needy, the ignorant. Previc instruction and fitness are not asked for. T greatness of previous ignorance and unteachab ness is no hindrance. For He who is at o our Teacher and our Lesson, is He who h 'compassion on the ignorant;' to whom t Lord God has given the tongue of the learn that he should know to speak a word in seas to the weary.

It is thus, then, that we become wise—thou born like a wild ass's colt—through the kno ledge of Him who is 'the power of God and t wisdom of God.' 'Wise in Christ' is the expre sion which the Holy Spirit uses; and it is to thus truly wise in Him that his love invites u Pitying our ignorance—an ignorance in whi all sorrow and ruin are wrapt up—He asks to become wise; He offers to teach us; He pr sents us with the glorious lesson. How bless to be wise! (See Prov. ii. 1–6, iii. 13–18, i 5–12, viii. 1.)

But this will be seen more when we look the reward of the wise hereafter: 'They sha shine as the brightness of the firmament,'—ju as it is elsewhere written, 'The wise shall inher glory.'

The glory of the wise hereafter is thus likene to the glory of the blue sky above us. A what a sky is that, which has bent over us i fair circle since this world began! Take it the sky of morning or noonday, or sunset midnight, how excellent is its splendour! Ta it as the fresh blue of spring, or the clear bl of summer, or the soft blue of autumn, or t deep blue of winter,—how perfect is its beauty Clouds have overspread its face, but it com forth undimmed. The smoke of earth's citi has darkened it, yet it remains unstained. A has not wrinkled it, storms have not rent i changes have not altered it. There it bent over us this day as it bent at first,—as blue ever, as bright as when God pronounced it goo

And such is the glory which the wise sha inherit. 'They shall shine as the brightness the firmament,' with a splendour incorruptibl undefiled, unfading, eternal; a splendour of th fairest, purest kind; a splendour altogethe unearthly; a splendour holy, divine. For ju as these skies bear no trace of their connection with the polluted earth, taking on none of its stains or dimness; so these wise ones, then

children of the resurrection, shall so shine forth in their immortal beauty, as if they had never been sons of earth at all, but always sons of heaven. 'It doth not yet appear what they shall be;' for this is a night of cloud and tempest, during which the sky is hidden. But when these clouds pass off, and these storms are laid to rest, and the new heavens and earth appear, then shall these heirs of glory shine forth, not merely with the brightness of these old heavens of ours, but with the still fairer, holier, gladder brightness of the new heavens, under whose canopy they shall then rejoice.

How suitable this wisdom and this glory,—this wisdom now, this glory hereafter! How vast that glory, though eye hath not seen it! How precious must that wisdom be, through which such a glory is reached! And how simply, how freely is that glory obtained, when all the purchase or preparation is, that we be WISE! To be foolish, is to be the heirs of shame; partakers of 'the blackness of darkness for ever!' To be wise, is to inherit glory—a glory which, at the least, is 'an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' To be wise, is not merely to enter into peace here with the God of glory, and to be delivered from the wrath to come—the shame and everlasting contempt which are in reserve for the foolish; but to be wise is to secure a crown; to have in us that earnest of the Spirit, whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption—the day when 'Christ, who is our life, shall appear,' and we 'shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.'

What attraction in such a promise, such a hope as this! To shine as the brightness of the firmament, and that for ever! To be ourselves, as it were, God's glorious heaven, receiving and reflecting his holy light, without a break, or flaw, or change! To be ourselves the celestial arch of unfading azure, when, as one blessed band of ransomed men, we shall be brought up into the clouds, to meet our Lord in the air! Is there not in this something fitted, not only to elevate and sanctify those who are already possessors of the hope, but to attract those that are not? What glory, what blessedness, what heavenly splendour might be yours! All in simply knowing Him, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge! Know Him! learn of Him! Be wise in Him, and without price, or toil, or effort, or waiting, all that glory is yours!

(*To be continued.*)

MISS RUSSELL'S THIRD YEAR IN JERUSALEM.

(A SEQUEL TO HOME IN THE HOLY LAND.)

CHAPTER XIV.

COLD WEATHER—TELLING LIES.

RAIN came at last. The climate suddenly changed, and instead of summer we had, if not winter, at least very cool autumn. The mornings were sharp, almost frosty. The crowds had disappeared from the Jaffa gate; it was too cold for either camels or men to sleep there at night. All the grapes, and all the winter stores of wheat and barley, charcoal and wood, had been brought into the city; as well the immense convoys for Greek, Latin, and Armenian convents, as half dozens or dozens of camel loads for private houses.

The poor people, not being able to buy in this manner, are obliged to supply their daily wants as best they can, at the exorbitant prices charged by the shopkeepers in the city. Within doors, though fires were not yet needed, winter clothing was necessary; and Katrina appeared in her crimson coat the morning after our first night's heavy rain. This coat—I scarcely know what else to call it—is a straight garment, very much the shape of a sack, open down the front from the neck; but a seam forms the shoulders, and there is a hole on each side for the arms. It reaches to the knees. These garments are made of good home-spun and home-dyed wool, and woven at Bethlehem; and their rich red contrasts finely with the blue linen *kamees* worn underneath. Walter was not a little pleased to see her in it; for some of the women in one of his pictures were attired in this way, and he wanted to finish them.

Of course everybody rejoiced in the rain, and we rejoiced in the clear English-feeling mornings, which put life and vigour into us. But poor Sarah looked miserable in the white sheet and print dress, all patched and worn as it was. I gave her a little money to get some warmer clothing; and next time she came, she had on a skirt of some sort of woollen stuff, and a cloth jacket lined with fur. How delighted and thankful she was, poor thing!

Katrina was perhaps at heart as good-natured, but she was much rougher to Sarah than my old Helaneh had been. She neither smoked nor took snuff, and so there was no opportunity for friendly interchange of pipe or snuff-box.

However, Sarah was, as a Jewess, well accustomed to rough words, and did not mind them as long as she was tolerably well treated. But this morning, one of the palettes of Walter's colour-box was found lying broken in the kitchen. I asked who had done it. Katrina, who was in a very ill temper, and had been scolding all the morning, replied sulkily, 'Nobody breaks things

here but that accursed Jewess' (Sarah had broken a dish before).

'Did Sarah break this, or not?'

'Certainly; how can she have any barakeh (blessing) in anything?'

When Sarah came, I asked her how it was that she had not told me of the broken palette.

'Senora, I did not break it. It was lying broken when I left this yesterday evening. By my life, and the life of my child, it was!'

'Don't swear, Sarah; but tell me truly, did you break it, or not?'

'No, Senora, Constantine saw me come in, and I showed it to him.'

Constantine was called.

'Did Sarah break this?'

'No, lady, it was broken when she came; that is the truth.'

'Who broke it?'

'I know not.'

'Did you break it, Katrina?'

'I?—no, by the life of my eyes!'

'Don't swear; people who tell the truth don't need to swear.'

'You told me that Sarah broke it.'

Katrina laughed, and said, 'She broke the dish; why should she not break this also?'

'But you told me a lie; you said she broke it.'

Again she laughed. 'O lady, thou knowest the manner of us fellahheen; it is our a'adeh (custom) to tell lies.'

'And where is your honour?'

'We have none, we are fellahheen—behaim (beasts).'

'Don't you know what the Angiel (the gospel) says about lies?'

'The Angiel!' and she laughed again, and drew the corner of her veil before her mouth. 'I'm a hhamarah (donkey); what should I know of Angiel?'

At this moment Haj Omar came in.

'What's all this stir?' Then seeing me: 'Good morning, Sitty.'

Constantine gave a sly look at the groom, and said, 'Katrina witnessed that the Jewess broke this plate.'

'She lieth; I broke it, and thou sawest me, O Constantine.'

I turned to Constantine: 'You said you did not know who broke it; do you also tell lies?'

'Sitty, I was afraid; I brought it here to be washed, and Haj Omar took it up and it broke.'

Before I could speak, Haj Omar said: 'I broke it, lady, and that is the truth; but should Constantine always speak truth? Is it not said, "A man without lies, is like meat without salt?" Who is there except the Ingleez who don't tell lies?'

'The Ingleez don't tell lies, because God has forbidden in his book; and if you will tell lies, I must send you out of the house.'

The groom went away whistling a low whistle. Katrina laughed again; but Constantine seemed a little ashamed, and said, 'Truly lies are bad things.' Sarah picked up the pieces of the palette, saying she knew a Morocco Jew who could '*sew*' them together.

By and by, I took an opportunity of asking Katrina if she would like to hear some of th Angiel, of which she knew so deplorably litt She seemed pleased, and would come to my roo of an evening, and sit on the mat at my fee while I tried to read some of the Arabic Testa ment to her. Sometimes she did not seem t understand, at others she would repeat after m or help me by correcting my pronunciation, c by putting in a word; and sometimes she woul supplement the gospel narrative, especially abou our Saviour's birth, by Bethlehem histories, whic I now wish I had noted down.

Not only were the days become cold and dull but the nights were dark and blustering. Cloud were gathering for the winter storms. Th former rain had fallen, the fields had bee ploughed, corn was springing up, and the wild melancholy piping of the plover resounded alon the lonely valleys, as Walter and I walked briskl towards the Jaffa gate one boisterous evening We met Mr. Benson, the surgeon, in the gateway

'You are late, Benson.'

'Yes, I have had a patient on my hands til this moment; and now I want a mouthful o fresh air.'

'No lack of fresh air to-night. There must b rain if this wind continues.'

'The barometer is falling fast. Miss Russell have you any objection to turn again? You conversation will add double virtue to the effect of the fresh air; for the solitude outside Jerusalem is rather depressing on a gloomy evening like this.

We turned back, and Mr. Benson and Walte arranged a plover-shooting expedition, which wa to come off the first favourable morning.

'How lovely and sad those few almond blos soms look down in the valley yonder, Miss Russell Not the last rose of summer, but the first early blossoms, too delicate for the rough weather tha is coming. This wind will soon scatter them among the rocks.'

'I was just contrasting them with the crocuses which are quite as delicate in colour, perhaps more so; but yet they look warm and comfort able, peeping up among the rough clods and stones in the ploughed fields.'

'I have not seen any crocuses yet, except a splendid yellow one, almost as large as a tulip, which Richards found near Bethany yesterday.'

'Are they out already? It was later last year when I found some of them.'

'The rain came earlier this year, and they say we are going to have a sharp winter. By-the-bye, Russell, look to your bolts and bars, for they say the thieves are making a fine harvest these dark nights, to make up, I suppose, for the bad times under the last Pasha, when no one but himself was allowed a chance for making money.'

'I never heard of thieves in Jerusalem, Mr. Benson.'

'I hope you may do no more than hear of them, Miss Russell; but there have been several robberies in the Christian and Jewish quarters. They say that the chief of the police is at the bottom of them all.'

'What! that cowardly rascal who was killing the thieves on the plain the day we went to Adullam?'

'Yes; the same—Ibrahim Aga. The Jews say they have recognised his slaves among the housebreakers; but they are afraid to tell, for fear of being murdered.'

'Poor creatures! But do you really think there is any fear of them paying us Europeans a visit, Mr. Benson?'

'No, I don't; at least they will be shy of meddling with English, I think.'

CHAPTER XV.

ROBBERY AT GERSHON THE PEDLAR'S.

THE very next morning Sarah came to me, crying and lamenting.

'Woe is me, Senora, we are undone! The Moros have entered our room in the night, and have taken away Gershon's pack, and all that was in it.'

'What Moros, Sarah?'

'The thieves, the robbers, and murderers, Senora. We are undone! we are undone!'

'What was there in his pack, Sarah? Don't cry for a few yards of calico and print.'

'But they belonged to a merchant—to a Christian. They are not paid for, ahi di me! He will put my son into prison; and then, how shall his children get bread? And besides, in his pack—'

She burst into a flood of tears, and could say no more.

'Be comforted, Sarah, we will not let Gershon be put into prison for this, even if we should pay the merchant for the stuff.'

'May God give you and your brother all good. But that is not the worst—oh! it is much worse than that. My son brought home an old dress last night, belonging to a Moslem woman. She gave it him in pledge for a new turbooch that she had not money to pay for; it was not worth eighty piastres. But in it—oh! what shall we do! what shall we do!—in the pocket of the old thing Gershon found a necklace of pearls, worth at least ten thousand piastres; and he knew the pearls again, for he had often seen them on the neck of Ibrahim Aga's wife, the head of the police.'

'Pearls worth ten thousand piastres in the pocket of an old gown! Can that be true, Sarah?'

'Alas! alas! it is true, and we are ruined—we are undone.'

'Was the owner of the dress the wife of Ibrahim Aga?'

'No, Senora; she is not his wife, she is the wife of an Egyptian. Who knows how she came by the pearls? There are very bad people among these Moros; may they be cut off! Gershon was afraid to take them back last night, for, said he, "Who knows how she came by them; and it is sunset, and her husband will be at home, and if he finds them in my hand, he may kill me, for he will say I have been sent (which God forbid) to his wife with a bribe, for she is a handsome woman; but she is also a wicked woman, for these are the pearls of Ibrahim Aga's wife." And so he waited till this morning to go and carry back the gown and the pearls; and now they are stolen—woe is me! woe is me! they have been stolen.'

And she burst into uncontrollable weeping. Poor Sarah! she was indeed in great trouble, and I could not help seeing that this might become a very serious business.

'Where is Gershon?'

'He is gone to the Consul's, for he is very much afraid.'

'Be comforted, Sarah; perhaps the thieves will be found. Did he not see any of them?' An expression of terror came over her face.

'How could he see them, Senora? Do thieves let themselves be seen?'

'Sarah! you saw them yourself.' I know not why, the thought struck me that she *had* seen them. She shook from head to foot.

'Senora, how should I see them? Do thieves let themselves be seen?'

I now felt convinced that she had seen them, but was afraid to say so.

'But I have not told you all, Senora. There was also a ring in my son's bundle which belonged to the Consul's dragoman, and it also is gone; and Gershon is more afraid of this than all, for the Consul will be angry with him, and then, O Senora, who will help us? Alas! we are undone! we are undone!'

'And this ring—was it valuable too?'

'More than five thousand piastres, Senora. The dragoman is going to marry his daughter, and he gave the ring to my son to place with old Rubeno the Sarrâf, in security for a sum of money for the expenses of the marriage. And now they will say that my son has stolen both the pearls and the ring. Woe is me! woe is me! my son Gershon, who always had clean hands, and a heart as pure as a diamond!' and she beat upon her breast, and cried bitterly.

Poor old woman! I could not bear to see her distress; and yet what was to be done? I tried to comfort her, but it was of no use. The certainty that the things had been stolen, and that her poor honest Gershon would be accused of the robbery, and worse still, that his credit would be gone, that no one would trust him again, were all she could think of. At last it occurred to me that my brother and I would go to the Consul, and tell him that we knew Gershon to be an honest man, and unlikely to have stolen the jewels, and that his own account of the robbery was probably the true one. I told her so, and desired first to see Gershon himself.

This calmed her a little; and kissing my hands fervently, she besought us for God's sake to help them in this unfortunate business.

Gershon came. He had been with the Consul, who had taken down his account of the robbery, and sent his chief dragoman to the Pasha claiming search to be made for the goods, and punishment of the thieves. Gershon had told Mrs. Wells the whole story of the pearls and of the ring. Mr. Wells had written that down too, and so far reassured poor, trembling Gershon as to tell him he would not treat him as a thief until it was proved he had stolen, and as yet no one had so much as accused him of anything.

Gershon had also seen the Consul's dragoman,

to whom the ring belonged. He told us, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, that that person fully believed his story, and would not prosecute him for the ring. Nay, more, he had said he would not even demand the value of it from him at present, but would assist him in every way to find out the thieves. 'The time for the marriage of his daughter is not yet,' he says, and 'perhaps before it comes, we may get the ring back.'

'That must be the Consul's Jewish dragoman, Rabbi Beehon Ariyeh,' said Walter; 'that is noble of him. I know the Jews are kind to each other; but this is a fine instance of forbearance.'

We now questioned Gershon about the robbery. It was about one hour before dawn that he was disturbed by hearing a sound on his terrace, and in another moment, a fellahh, with face bound up in a Bedawa scarf, came into the room with a huge club in his hand. Gershon was afraid to move lest he should be killed; his terror was lest his wife or children should awake while the robber was there, and thus bring destruction upon them all. The man crept about the room, and finally drew out of a cupboard the only thing of value poor Gershon had, excepting his bundle, namely, a roll of Damascus silk, which he was going to sell on the morrow to the Consul's dragoman for his daughter's wedding-dress. The thief seemed not to have noticed Gershon's bundle, which was under his head, and was going out of the room, when other footsteps were heard, and three more men crept in—two negroes and one a townsman, an Arab; and Gershon said the first thief looked surprised, but made them a sign. Gershon saw that they were not of his gang. The townsman pulled the other's beard, laughed, and made a sign of silence, putting his hand upon his own mouth, and then by way of threat he drew his hand across his own throat; the other nodded, but seemed considering how he might get off with his booty. He spied the bundle under Gershon's head, and pulled it away. Gershon pretended all the while to be snoring violently. Fortunately his face was covered with a handkerchief on account of the mosquitoes; but through a hole he saw his bundle handed over to the townsman, who passed it to one of the slaves, and they all went off as quietly as they had come over the roofs of the neighbours' houses. 'Blessed be the Lord of the world for sending a deep sleep upon my family, so that they did not awake, and by crying out bring death upon us all!'

'But your mother, Sarah, was awake,' said I, wishing to ascertain if my guess was correct, that she had seen, and was afraid to tell, who were the thieves.

Gershon started and became very pale, and large drops of perspiration burst out upon his forehead. 'They all slept, Senora. Bendieho el Dio! had one of them moved, we had been as dead men.'

'But Sarah saw the thieves.'

'Has she said so?' said he, almost gasping.

'No; but I am sure that she has seen them; and it is best to tell the Consul so, and let them be caught and punished. You also must have recognised him if your mother did. Was it the townsman?'

'I did not say there was a townsman,' sa Gershon, terrified.

'But you did,' said Walter. 'Come with m Gershon, and tell the Consul all you know, th the robbers may be punished.'

He wrung his hands in extremity of distre 'Woe is me! my days will be cut off.' Then tur ing suddenly to Walter, he caught his feet a kissed them, and entreated that for God's sa he would not repeat what he had said to t Consul, or to any one else.

'But why not? Let the thief be caught; is your duty, Gershon.'

'Oh, Senora, I shall be killed. There are ve bad people among those Moros. I am in gre fear; my soul is become as water, it is melt within me;' and he sank down on the neare chair.

Though much puzzled, yet, out of pity to t poor man's terror, we promised that for the pr sent we would say nothing about his and Sarah having seen the thieves; and he went home pitiable object of terror, shivering and shaki as if he were the robber instead of the robbed.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MUSICAL EVENING.

We went to the Consulate in the evening t speak for Gershon's character. Mr. Wells, how ever, was not at all inclined to charge him wit the theft of the ring and the pearls.

'As far as I can judge at present, there truth in his story; and it is just like the Jews t let themselves be robbed for fear of worse. Onl the other day, a Siloam peasant, one of th water-carriers, walked into the room of Rabb Beehon Ariyeh, my dragoman, and carried awa his fur-lined coat before his eyes. He was afrai to move or to cry out, though it was broad day light, and merely asked the thief what he wante with his coat.'

'I will bring it back next Wednesday,' replie he, and decamped.

'Of course he did not bring it back?'

'Certainly not. But Rabbi Ariyeh would no hear of making search for the thief, for fear o revenge in case we punished him. I much fea that this will be the case now; that if we d trace Gershon's thieves, he will drop the prose cution for fear of consequences.'

'Is there real danger, then?'

'I think not. If an example or two were t be made, we should hear no more of this. I wish an Englishman's house were robbed fo once, that we might give the rogues a lesson, either at the moment or afterwards. But they are too cunning to meddle with any of us; and they know the poor, timid Jews only too well to be afraid of their punishing them.'

Mrs. Wells insisted upon our remaining to finish the evening with her; adding archly, 'I can promise you some music to-night, for I expect a friend of yours who will help me to entertain you.'

And a few minutes afterwards, Rachel entered the room, all smiles and blushes, at the surprise

of finding us there; and while Mrs. Wells was greeting her, I overheard Mr. Wells congratulating Walter. 'The news did not reach us till yesterday, strange to say, for I find it has been a Jerusalem topic much longer. She is a charming creature; and if you love music, you are indeed fortunate. I have seldom met a more decided musical genius.'

It was many months since we had had opportunity of hearing Rachel play. Oh, how much I missed my own English pianoforte, both for Walter's sake and for my own!

It was a treat when Mrs. Wells, with her clear singing touch, gave us some of the delicious airs of Bellini. Walter's eyes took in the delight, as well as his ears; for he watched the influence of the music upon Rachel's countenance, as I had done the first time that she, then almost a child, had discovered her musical susceptibilities here in this very room.

How many things had happened since then! how events had unfolded themselves! how she had improved, altered, and developed! only in simple artlessness and in affectionate warmth, she was just the same as ever.

The effect of the music played over her expressive features as the breeze upon the face of the water: now lightly, just ruffling the surface in playful ripples; now this feeling, now that touched, passed over, touched again. Here deeply stirred in short quick waves, there in long, even undulations; the whole mind subdued, swayed, and borne along easily, without effort. But there was no demonstration of interest; she simply sat and listened, and as simply felt; and was, unknown to herself, under a spell till Mrs. Wells suddenly ceased, when she gave an involuntary sigh.

'Now come and help me, Rachel. She always plays better when I begin first, just to awake her musical senses,' said Mrs. Wells. 'I don't mean that they are ever quite asleep, you know.'

They played music of all kinds, from the intense poetical conceptions of Rachel's countryman, Mendelssohn, to the brilliant fancies of Rossini, the pathetic delicacy of some of Walter's Italian favourites, the graceful imaginings of Haydn, and the grandeur of Corelli and Handel.

'Mr. Wells is never satisfied without some of Handel,' said his wife, as she turned, after finishing some duets from 'Israel in Egypt.'

'No, I am old-fashioned. He was my mother's favourite; and all the others come short of my ideas of a complete musician. They are not broad and deep enough; they don't rise high enough. Handel is the only one that seems to me to have grasped music as a whole, in its range from exquisite delicacy or pathos, to majesty, grandeur, sublimity. Ah! Miss Rachel, if ever you go to England, there is something in store for you,—the great performances of that prince of composers.'

Walter's eye kindled with delight at the thought of taking Rachel to hear these. She stood listening just as she had risen from the piano, flushed, but with a serious expression upon her face, that seemed to say, 'Music is not a thing to be trifled with!' I was reminded of an Arab proverb quoted to me one evening, as we had stood looking at the exquisite emerald hues of a broad field of springing corn in the slanting rays of sunlight, which poured down the valley of Rephaim, 'Verily, green is a bit of paradise;' and I thought, 'Verily, music is a bit of heaven.'

But music is scarcely music without singing, and I begged for a little singing. Mr. Wells had a good tenor voice, and we sung together, and two hours passed swiftly away. Midnight came ere we were aware.

We took Rachel home to her own door, and then walked quietly down the silent streets. Even the dogs forgot to bark. There was not a sound to disturb the repose of the splendid moonlight, streaming down the long vistas of the arched bazaars, casting intense shadows from the buttresses of the old Templar buildings, rounding off the outlines of the domes over the Holy Sepulchre, giving fresh grace to the slender minarets; and at last, as we drew near home, bringing out the loved features of Olivet, not in brilliancy—for there half the moonlight seemed to be absorbed into the mountain,—but grave and softened, as beseemed its venerable outlines.

Just as we reached our door, a wail rose upon the still air. There was death in one of the houses not far off,—we knew not in which, nor whether the passing spirit was that of a child or of a grown-up person. Alas! it was not likely to be that of a Christian. Again the wail rose, more keen and thrilling in its anguish. Indescribably solemn was this voice, which told of the presence of death in the silent hours of the night.

How often since then have I heard the death-wail in the city of Jerusalem,—despairing, hopeless, void, utterly void of the hope which Christianity can give to mourners by the death-bed! Many spirits have passed away for ever from the homes in Jerusalem, since first we heard that death-wail. Some were strangers and pilgrims from far-off lands, others were gathered to the dust of their ancestors; but oh! how very few were laid to sleep 'in *sure and certain* hope of a joyful resurrection!'

How very, very few, had ever heard of the things which could give hope and peace in their last hours! I have often wondered whether, among the multitudes of travellers who come to Jerusalem, any reflect upon the condition in which, when they depart to their happy country, they leave the thousands of dwellers in the Holy City, living, dying in ignorance of all that blesses their own lives, and can give comfort to their own death.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SABBATH SNOW-STORM.

LET me help you to improve a Sabbath snow-storm. Let me take my text from to-day.

1. Did you ever search out how much is said in the Bible about ice, and snow, and hail, and cold, and wintry storms? Did you ever make it one of the ways of rendering Sabbath pleasant to your children? to sit down with them, and set their nimble fingers and memories to work to cull from the word of God, and particularly from the Old Testament, allusions to these things? Did you ever make the hour short to them, by gathering together all the use that the Bible has made of this season of the year? You will be surprised yourselves to see how much there is in it, and how exquisitely beautiful a part it is.

While you are doing that, you may be led to extend your investigation. And if you do, you will find that the Old Testament furnishes the most complete and sublime manual of natural religion yet known. I refer to the habit of deducing religious duties from grounds of nature or constitution, in distinction from conventional or ecclesiastical authority. The Old Testament may be compared to Esau's garments. It smells of the fields all the way through. It is the simplest of books; and it carries back duties to the fact of creative nature, in a way that no other religious book does that I know of.

It attaches a profound moral significance to all the phenomena of nature. Admit that the Old Testament is not technically scientific. It could not be, and answer the purposes of practical instruction. It is better than that; for the teachers of the Old Testament, by assuming poetic diction, assumed a universal language. Reason changes with knowledge; but the imagination is constant. Poetry that includes truth in itself is universal, perpetual, and applicable to every age of the world; while more exact technical statements are obliged to be formed by every generation. Thus it is that the Psalms, Isaiah, Habakkuk, could be read by a devout Comté, or a pious Tyndale, as well as by one of the most spiritual of the mystics.

These Old Testament Scriptures are alone, absolutely, in ancient literature, in regarding the globe as of any higher value than mechanical worth. You may look in vain through oriental literature to find any intimation that it is of any higher value than that, though you will find much descant on gardens and flowers in their relation to love. The Orient did not believe that God had made this world, and that it had in it signs, and hints, and indications of his mind. The Greek literature has almost nothing of nature in it. In the main, it is the product of the human mind. For all of anything that is in it, the world might have been ignorant that there was a physical globe. And that which was true of the Greek literature, was almost as true of the Roman; for although in Roman literature there were treatises that touched on agriculture, yet the Latin tongue leaves the great natural world almost untouched and unthought of. And that which was true of the Greek literature and the Roman literature, was also true of the mediæval literature. And it is one of the signs of coming health, that Cowper, and the schools that followed him, have become so largely imbued with the moral aspects and uses of nature. But the Old Testament, which still is our model, stood up ages and ages ago, and proclaimed, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.' There is not its like anywhere.

2. Did you ever consider what were some of the elements of beauty in the seasons, and particularly in winter? The whole year is but the four movements of one grand symphony. Nor can I regard the solemn preparations for winter without feelings for which I have no name, and which cannot fashion themselves into any form of expression. The falling of the leaves; the silence of the birds that have been singing all summer long, as now they gather themselves together in groups covering the fences, and filling the orchards, in dumb fellowship; the recession of light shortening the day; the colder winds beginning to come by whirls, modulated to melancholy in all their sounds; the hints of frost; the quick yielding of tender things that do not know how to make battle for their life, but that, in their weakness and sweetness, fold themselves to death at the first summons, as if it were easier to die than to live; and then the stout fight made by other things—by chrysanthemums, by sweet alyssums, by white oaks, and by the glorious old evergreen tree, which is the only thing that is able to hold out, and carry green banners through the whole year,—did you ever watch these things in autumn, without a solemn sympathy? without a feeling of something touched in you deeper than you can explain by words?

Then come the days of peace. The ground is covered with snow. The plough at last is free. All growth ceases. The insects that vexed you, or that amused themselves, are gone. All nature rests. This long night of winter is to me a most solemn night. Man takes his night out of every twenty-four hours; and vegetation needs to sleep as much as men. And as through all the spring, and summer, and autumn, they sleep not, but work perpetually, God gives them a rest-period of months together; and Winter is its name. And forests and orchards sleep, or nearly sleep, taking their rest in larger measure and at longer intervals than man takes his. And I know not how one can reflect upon these things, and not have moral feelings awakened within him.

Then come the elements of beauty. The brilliant days of winter are not surpassed by any days. The forms of hills are never so clear cut as at times they are during this season. There are days when it seems as though the earth were carved in marble before your eyes. There never

ich beauty of form as is presented by the
, the branches, the limbs of the trees in
eld, or of the shrubbery that surrounds
dwelling in winter. Then there is the
y of the snow; of the pictures of ice fres-
n the walks and on the windows, which in
and execution are enough to throw any
randt into despair; of the crystals that
the trees with gorgeous splendour. And
an behold all these elements of beauty, and
ve some effect produced upon him?
n there is a beauty of storms—a solemnity
nity that tends to sober the light-hearted
ivolous. For my part, I am very much in
thy with the Scandinavians, whose theology
ade and turbulent, because they lived in
ountries of the far north, where the most
tirring influences were storms and tem-

They read of God in these. And I never
and look at the murky air and the infinite
les that, falling from the clouds, are caught
a fierce wind, and swept hither and thither
gh wide circuits, that I am not lifted up
d Him that is full of power and full of
, though He is invisible, and his works are
rious.

ally come the signs of ending winter—
iful still, and to the very last. The reces-
of darkness, the advance of light, the
ening of days both ways, snows more in-
ant, thawings more and more continuous,
nergence of the ground from its long sleep
overing, tokens of growth in the ruddy
of the tree-tops; and, last of all, who
forgets that thrill, on some bright day,
as the trumpet gives to the sleeping soldier,
t that it addresses itself to the taste and to
ffections, and not to the battle feelings,
the first blue-bird carols out of the tree,
the first sparrow appears, when the first
ow-lark comes, when the first robin greets
ision? I mark down in my calendar the
of the coming of the first birds. They are
of rich experience. Beautiful as the winter
impressive as it was, instructive as it was,
as I was to see it, happy as I was in much
there is a sense of triumph and ecstasy as
driven away, and the earth comes forth
in the garb of spring, and God sends his
to sing pæans of victory.

us much through the imagination; for this
stly an appeal to the imagination.

Let us now pass to some considerations of
ffects which winter works in the way of
al economy. It may perhaps seem strange
that I should say that God has made the
r in the nature of a church, organized, and
ted, and fixed in sky and earth. The
condition of man is that in which he
or the present only, and so by the senses.
ery first step of civilisation is that which
ds a human being to begin to act for a
period; to begin to act for himself in
er and invisible condition—that is, in a
day.

w, in the growing latitudes, there is in
man's year a period of from two to five
hs in which he can gather nothing from
the ground, although the hunter and the fisher may gather something from wood and water. The majority of men in such latitudes are under circumstances in which they are instructed that eight months of the year must be employed in providing for the other four months. In other words, God says to every man, by the voice of cold, by the voice of hunger, by the scourge of necessity, 'Have faith, and learn to have it. Believe in things that you cannot see. Provide in the present for the future.' Every need is cast in such a mould as to be a school in which men are compelled to civilise themselves.

From this results, first, foresight; for what is foresight but the first germinant element of faith itself? It is the use of the upper faculties, in distinction from the lower. Living by sight is living by the senses; and living by faith is living by the higher reason, or forelooking, or foresight. Although it is in a rude form, foresight is the first-fruit of winter in the year.

Then, next, this foresight must be conjoined with self-denial. What is self-denial? It is doing or not doing something with reference to a higher future good. Every man is by nature willing to do easy things; but there stands a stern necessity for men to form the habit of being willing to do things now that are not easy, for the sake of benefits which will be realized by and by; to forego enjoyments in the present for the sake of experiencing enjoyments in the future.

Next is joined to these the eminently moralizing element of frugality and carefulness, which leads to considerateness and reflectiveness of every part of life, making a man divide his time and use it discreetly, under the laws and canons of just reason.

Frugality and carefulness, with foresight and self-denial, are results of being obliged to provide in two-thirds of the year for one-third of the year.

To these are added industry and zeal therein. A methodized industry, that shall give employment to the faculties steadily from day to day, is one of the most civilising and one of the most moralizing of all the influences that can be brought to bear upon a man.

How multitudinous are the results of that provision by which God compels men to lay up during some months of the year those things which are needed during the other months! and how beneficent is that provision, since it lays the foundation in men for a religious character!

These things are fixed in the very constitution of nature. When we look upon nature, and trace it, we say, 'How much better is summer than winter!' but we must remember that winter is the cause of making summer an instrument of moral education to mankind. This will appear still further on.

4. I wish to speak of the great blessings that winter produces in domestic affairs. In summer the family is more or less scattered. Men live out of doors largely during the hot season. This has its advantages, but it leaves out important elements. I may go so far as to say that no nation ever had the family in so rich a state as the Anglo-Saxon nation. A nation without a winter in their year never had a family institu-

tion, according to our ideas of a family institution; and if they ever do have, it will be because it is framed and fashioned where there is a winter, and then transmitted by sympathy or example. The Teutonic races are marked in the power and the blessings of domestic institutions.

But see how this is. Winters in our northern latitudes shut in men from much journeying. They make it impossible for them to find their pleasures out of doors. The nights are long; and though they may be occasionally irradiated by social gatherings, yet, in the main, parents and children are in the house by themselves. And they learn to love each other. And living in an atmosphere of love, which exists nowhere else so purely and so beneficently as in the family, they are saturated by it, and ripened in it. And industries there thrive under the best conditions. There, as part provision against *ennui* or indolence, are readings and games. And so it comes to pass, that, from being shut up during three or four months of the year in the house, we get a family institution that stands out more prominently than that of any other nation. And it all comes from the circumstances of the structure of the year in the climate in which we happen to live.

Go farther south; go to Italy, or middle Europe, where the people spend their time more out of doors than indoors, and you will find that the family changes in the proportion in which you go north or south, and that it is outdoorness or indoorness that makes families as we understand them, or families as more southern nations understand them.

And as for me, I thank God for every wintry storm that drives men into the house, and keeps them there, and makes them live together. I thank God for the necessity that there is of providing for winter all through the summer. I thank God for the influences of winter in developing an economy that brings out the affections of our natures, and makes the heart deep, and sanctifies the reason. If winter did no more than accomplish these things, independent of its natural results, it would be a blessing for which we could never praise God enough.

There is one other relation which I may mention while I am on this subject, and then I will let you take a trial of winter again. I mean the relation of this season to health. My belief is, that man is a unit, and that, when you separate body and soul, you do that which God never did, and which you cannot do with any more safety to a true philosophy than to the life of an individual. Man must be considered, in this state of being, as a body and a soul tempered together; and no analysis can separate them properly. And where a man is rugged, strong, and healthy in body, he is apt to be rugged, strong, and healthy in reason, conscience, and the affections. Where men are comparatively enervate in body, where their bones are soft, and their muscles are relaxed, and their nerves are weak, you will find that their minds are feeble.

Now vigour comes with cold, or with that necessity for exertion which cold inspires. There is tonic in it. It is invigorating.

Civic energy will be found to reside largely i those regions where cold comes. We all kno what has made New England what she is. It not the depth of her summer, but the depth her winter. It is not her heats, but her cold It is true that many die in that section; but it just as true that those who are not killed are to live. It is true that many there are carri away by consumption; but it is just as true th it is owing to a want of knowledge with rega to proper clothing and the best methods of hea ing houses. The mortality there may be dim nished to almost any extext by enlightenment these points.

There can be no question, if men be not push too far into winter, if winter be not too lon that this recurrence of the cold season of t year brings up the conditions of physical ma kind. While it is teaching, as I have sai various civic, and social, and moral truths, it also giving to man a gun-carriage on which h can carry the mighty artillery of the mind. F a man that has a big mind and a puny body like a fifteen-inch gun without any carriage, with one that is so poor, that at every discharg it is knocked into a heap.

It is well to praise the godlike qualities of t mind; but a man that has a mind and no body like a candle without a candlestick to support i

Therefore there is in the simple circumstanc of winter a display of the wisdom of Providenc We see it in the vigour of the body. We see in the hardihood that it inspires.

I will tell you where legislators, and schoo masters, and leading merchants, and men power are to come from. They are to come fro those regions where, during four months of th year, men's breaths freeze. It is men that com from these regions that are to give the law. Yo may rebel, you may shudder, you may reaso and speculate as much as you please; but it i true. God was up in this world before any you; and He made his laws to suit himself; an one of those laws is, that where winter is jus long enough, and not too long, there shall b the strongest conditions of manhood, the highes state of society, and the purest developments morality.

Then do not curse storms. Remember tha they are symbols of nature. Do not forget tha there is a wide reach to these symbols. And bea in mind that, much as is taught in the Bible, th Bible is not the only medium through which Go has instructed mankind. The Bible is but like signboard, a finger-point, saying, 'Look into th heavens and the earth, where God still gives in structions to those that would hear them.'

One word more. I see, coming up upon th earth, a mist filled with all forms of fear; and to my terror, I see, as distinctly as though I wer a prophet, that the tendency is to pantheism o atheism, and that it means to literalize nature, t denude it of order, and to give us bones an chemical elements, and nothing else. Agains this terrible tendency, that will make life drear that will make the soul a desert, that will mak religion apocalyptic, and that will make all o man's hopes as a dream when one waketh—

against this I set, as a cure and a remedy, the habit of cultivating poetic associations with all the phenomena of nature. Morning, noon, and night, cold and heat, winter and summer, the fertile fields and the barren sands, the surging sea and the sounding storm, all that there is in the round year, may say something to you higher than of themselves. Their voice may seem to be some echo from the spirit land; may bring some thought of the boundless realms of immortality; may wake in you some feelings that will not be satisfied with the alembic or measurer's rule; may make nature say to you, from day to day, 'God is Father, ye are his children; and life and immortality are bright beyond, because Christ has brought them to light.'—*Beecher.*

THE FIRST LIE RECORDED IN GOD'S BOOK OF TRUTH.

'And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die.'—GEN. iii. 4.

'GOD cannot lie.' The faithful and true witness testifies, 'Thy word is truth.' Yet God hath recorded many lies in his word; and we may with truth say, that every lie ever spoken is written down by Him. He does this because He is a holy God and a just judge.

A liar is a moral antipodes to God. A lie is an offence against God's omniscience. Its language is, 'Tush! doth God see, and is there knowledge in the Most High?' What a world of lies has this been in all ages! what an awful judgment scene will close its career! Then all unrepentant 'liars must have their part in the lake of fire,' with Satan, who was a liar from the beginning.

The above text contains the *first* recorded lie. It was a bold one, in direct contradiction of God. Yet it was believed and acted on. But mark, it was prefaced by a subtle question, conveying an insinuation, and it was wrapped up in a charge against God, and compliment to the creature; and these were calculated to produce discontent and to foster pride.

It was a murderous lie. Received into the heart, it became a swift and powerful poison, and has spread death through the ocean of human life.

The great truth of the gospel, 'that whosoever believeth on Christ shall not perish, but have eternal life,' is the only thing that can save from the consequences of this one lie. This can expel the poison, and restore to the soul a better life than Satan took away.

But we may be quite sure that the great enemy will labour hard to prevent the souls he hath ruined from receiving the remedy. He tells the multitude, 'Ye shall not surely die,' if ye reject the gospel. Go your way to your farms, your merchandise, your enjoyments, your scientific pursuits, and sensual pleasures. God will not punish *you* with everlasting destruction. He tells the concerned and anxious soul, There is time enough yet—enjoy the world awhile; or else, 'There is no hope for such as you.' Let us all beware of Satan's '*not*,' and simply trust the immutable '*shall*' of a faithful God.

LATE SNOWDROPS.

WHY droop ye so,
Pale children of the tempest and the snow—
The first-fruits of the spring,
Feathers just fallen from her flying wing?
Do ye regret
The star-crown that the frost about you set,
Or are ye jealous of the violet?
Lift up your heads;
For now bright summer at a distance treads,
And through the arches dark,
Where grow the dank, cool mosses on the bark,
And from the thickets, where the ringdoves meet,
We hear the echoes of her hastening feet.
Poor falterers! ye can but vainly wait,
So simple-hearted, in such virgin guise,
With modest, downcast eyes,
Patient and trembling, at her golden gate.
We love you none the less—
Rather the more—for ye come out alone;
Ye are our friends when all the rest are gone;
And timidly our lonely feet caress,
Even as they
That do not in the winter fall away.
Love such as yours,
That through the sharp times of the frost endures,
And changes not, for all the changing skies,
We are too slow to prize.
Yet we will not forget
The pale sweet face, with early tear-drops wet,
Lifted to ours,
Because of finer flowers.
E'en now ye droop and die,
And take your simple farewell of the sky;
E'en now your weary heads
Lie here and there upon the mossy beds;
No summer-air
Shall bring your blossoms back where once they were;
No autumn-rain
Shall ever waken you to life again;
Your very trace shall pass,
And vanish like a shadow from the grass:
Yet shall your memory live—
The rather for the solace that ye give,
Making our hearts glad with the thought of spring,
When earth can spare no other living thing;
And when, next year, amid the fallen snow,
We see you, where before ye used to grow,
Ye shall come back as they
That have been absent only for a day.

—*Weedon.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

HEB. XI. 24–26.

MOSES had everything to bind him to Egypt, to Pharaoh, to Pharaoh's house; ties of silk, chains of gold; natural affection, gratitude, learning, pleasure, love of ease, pomp, splendour, riches; everything that the flesh desires, that the intellect covets, and that the world contains. For what was there in the world, of glory, pleasure, learning, pomp, and power, that were not to be found in Egypt?

Yet he broke every tie; he came out; he separated himself; he ceased to touch the unclean thing; he flung aside the riches of Egypt, and trampled on the crown of Pharaoh.

What prompted this severance? Was he a disappointed man? Had his life been a failure? Had Egypt used him coldly? Was there no prospect of rising in it? Had its pleasures run dry, or its riches failed? No. These were not his reasons. But he had met with something better than all these. It was this which disentangled his feet, and which broke the bonds.

Yet that which had come across his path was not a new thing. As an Israelite, he had known it long; but now his eyes had been opened to see it aright. Nor was it a noble thing or honourable in the eyes of men. It was known as a reproach—a matter of scorn. It is called 'the reproach of Christ,' or the reproach attaching to all who held Israel's hope of a coming Messiah. This hope was a mockery and a derision to all in Egypt. Yet it was this derided hope which Moses took hold of, 'preferring it to all the treasures of Egypt.'

This was, if not Moses' conversion, at least the turning-point in his life, when he was compelled to make an open choice. We know not what was the occasion, but it brought matters to a crisis. It compelled him to decide for Jehovah or for Osiris, for Christ or for the false worship of the Egyptian temples. It was *faith* that led him and enabled him to make the choice; faith that saw through the falsehoods of heathen idolatry, and the vanities of human pleasure and learning; faith that saw the realities of divine truth and joy, as centred in Him who, even when seen afar off, was 'the way, and the truth, and the life.'

What, then, does faith accomplish for us? and how? and when?

As to the *when*, we may answer, the moment that it comes into action by the power of the Holy Ghost. In its state of death, or dormancy, it effects nothing, whatever its words or professions may be. Has the *when* in your life come yet, O man? or is it still a futurity, an uncertainty? *When* art thou to believe, and to act upon what thou believest?

As to the *how*, we answer, it 'is the substance of things hoped for.' It is thus that it operates. It gives to the future its proper magnitude, to the present its proper littleness, to the heavenly things their true fulness, to the earthly their true emptiness. It sets all things on their right basis, and represents everything in its true proportions.

As to the *what*, the answers are endless. Wh is there that faith cannot do? It does everythi for us. But the special thing noted in our te is the change of choice and estimate.

I. *His change of choice.*—He chooses afflicti and oppression. He chooses degradation and ha ship. He chooses them deliberately, joyfully, a not by compulsion. He chooses his company, 'th people of God,' as distinguished from Egypt a from earth. With them he casts in his lot, f better or for worse. In making this choice, he h to reject what the world calls pleasure—the ple sures—the short-lived pleasures of sin. From the he turns away. They are worthless and unendurin as well as evil. He had once chosen them; no he chooses them not.

II. *His change of estimate.*—'Esteeming the r proach of Christ greater riches.' Faith alters th *value* of everything to us. That value *in itself* incapable of change, but to us it is altered. Wh we once esteemed, we esteem no more; what w disesteemed, we now prize, and honour, and lov Faith applies new tests to everything, and finc dross in what it counted gold, and gold in what counted dross. It changes our estimate—

(1) Of sin; (2) Of self; (3) Of righteousness (4) Of Scripture; (5) Of God; (6) Of Christ; (7 Of earth; (8) Of heaven. The aspect of all thes things is altered to us. They are not what the were to us, and we are not what we were to them We no longer call evil good, and good evil.

Or, to use another figure, faith is the great u *veiler*. It takes off the mask, or veil, or coverin from every object, and shows them to us as the are. There are two kinds of veils, or masks, o everything here—bright and dark. The forme hides deformity, and makes objects appear faire than they are; the latter hides beauty, and make objects appear uncomely. Faith removes both o these. It takes off the *bright* veil—(1) From earthl pleasure; (2) From worldly riches; (3) Fro human learning; (4) Royal glory. It shows u the dark interior, the hollowness of all these. I does not misrepresent them or belie them, bu simply removes the unreal attractions which de ceived and misled us. It does not under-estimat yet it does not over-estimate. It takes off the *dar* veil—(1) From Christ, and shows Him to us a 'altogether lovely;' (2) From holiness, and show us what a blessed thing it is to be holy; (3) Fro the kingdom to come, and shows us what a recom pense of reward it is—how infinitely better tha this present evil world; (4) From the church o God, showing us what a glory belongs to her though it doth not now appear what she shall be (5) From reproach and affliction, showing us hov good it is to be afflicted; how honourable to b reproached for Christ, and as He was.

Thus faith works. It does wonders in us, an for us, and through us. It separates us from th world. It brings us out of the haunts of vanity it leads us out of the ball-room, and the theatre and the gay party; it shows us better riches, better pleasures, and a brighter glory than the world contains.

ANOTHER GOSPEL.*

THE Bible tells us there is one perfect and complete atonement, namely that made by Jesus upwards of eighteen centuries ago, upon a cross erected in Judea, by them that hated and persecuted Him unto the death. What He then and there did, extends its efficacy into the remotest ages of the world. 'His blood,' in the language of Scripture, 'cleanseth from all sin.' There is no sin from which it will not cleanse; there is no sinner upon earth to whom it is not available. Any system which professes to dispense with this distinctive fact in Christianity, or to dissolve it in the subtletics of a transcendental philosophy, or to reason it away as a thing improbable, introduces necessarily another gospel. And any system that places side by side with it an atonement offered by man, or professes to reiterate and continue this atonement offered once for all upon the cross, or to make expiation on a table which they call an altar, by a man whom they miscall a priest, so far introduces another gospel, and is an apostasy or departure from the faith once delivered to the saints.

There is only one perfect righteousness by which we are justified in the sight of God. The law remains undiluted and unrepealed; it demands as the condition of our having a right to heaven, or being delivered from the penal consequences of sin, that we shall perfectly keep it, which no human being ever did or ever can; for 'it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps,' much less to keep perfect God's holy law. If, then, we have not observed it, if we cannot keep it, is there any one that God has accepted who has kept it for us? We read that 'He that knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God by Him.' Luther well defined this doctrine of justification by faith in the righteousness of Christ alone, as the article of a standing or a falling church. The grand provision of the gospel is not reparation accomplished in us, or reparation to the law accomplished by us; but a perfect righteousness provided for us, offered to us, unto all, and upon all that believe. If this be fact, to hold that any penances we can perform, any tortures prescribed by a priest or otherwise that we endure, any toils that we may go through, any sums we choose to give, any sacrifices we make, are contributions to our title to heaven, is to dislodge the sovereign supremacy of this great truth, and to introduce another gospel.

There is one only way to heaven. That way is neither a church, nor a chapel, nor a priest, nor a prelate, nor a pope. Christ says, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' And the church, whatever branch of it it may be, is not to proclaim itself the way, and to say, 'You cannot be saved except by this church;' but it is to witness to Christ as the Way, and to say, 'Look to Him; walk ye in it.' It is easy to find a way to the Creator. One can scarcely look upon the opening buds of spring, or up to the starry sky, or to the structure of our own frame, without seeing a Creator. And it is very easy to find a way to the Legislator; but when you have found your way to Him, it is to the burning fire and the sound of words that even Moses could not endure. But this way is a way to the Father, to our Father. And, thank God, there are no rocks to be cloven, no mountains to be rent, no firths to be spanned, no oceans to be traversed. It is nigh thee, even at the door. The great Pacific of time, and the great Atlantic of eternity, are united and made one. Jesus Christ is the way from earth's deepest descent upward to heaven's highest throne. It matters not how near you go to it. If you are not on it, you are not in the way to heaven. It is not uncharitableness, it is not bigotry; it is love, and faithfulness, and truth, to say there is but one way to heaven; that way not the monopoly of any church upon earth, but the proclamation of the great guide-book, the Bible—Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It was an awful and blasphemous pretension, when the Pope, in a recent Allocution, told the assembled cardinals and prelates of Rome, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' And yet when he did so, he did exactly as becomes the vice-Christ. For I may tell you ANTI-CHRIST does not mean one opposed to Christ; it means one who takes the place of Christ.

It is not another in the right sense, but another in the wrong sense of the word, which seeks to put away good works. It is the apostle of justification by faith alone in the atonement of Christ alone who uses with great emphasis the words, 'Do we then make void the law? God forbid; yea, rather we establish the law.' What

* From *Ritualism, the Highway to Rome.* By Dr. J. CUMMING. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

are good works? Fruits fragrant with love. What is the fulfilling of the law? 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind.' What does a man, therefore, mean to say who wishes to be absolved from the privilege of doing good? He wishes to be absolved from loving God. A man that does not wish to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God, is a man that does not wish to love God.

What is Romanism? Another or a corrupt gospel. It retains all the truths of Christianity, and boasts that it is therefore scriptural, apostolic, divine; but instantly appends to them all the doctrines and traditions which overlay the living truths, darken and utterly destroy them. Hence the creed of Pius the Fourth begins with the Nicene Creed—a creed composed in A.D. 325; a most beautiful and scriptural creed as any Protestant could subscribe. But after it has quoted the Articles of the Nicene Creed, it then adds other thirteen Articles, which thirteen Articles constitute the distinctive tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. Romanism is another gospel. It is the word of God made void by the traditions of men; it is Christ superseded by the false Christ, the Antichrist. It is the sacrament turned into an atoning sacrifice; it is the minister perverted into a sacrificing priest; it is the leading and precious truths of Protestant Christianity, which is the Christianity of the Bible, perverted and overlaid, till the truths that save become the errors that destroy; and men, losing the light of the stars of heaven, grope onward by the guide-posts of the earth.

What is Ritualism, as it is called? It is the thing Romanism in all its intensity, while they that teach it and practise it disavow the name. It is Romanism without the name, and I must add, without the splendid consistency of Romanism. The Roman Catholic system is a huge consistency—a piece of perfect mosaic, well fastened, complete and compact; but Ritualism is an inconsistency, and not only an inconsistency—it is the scandalous spectacle of men who have subscribed a Protestant creed, and repeat the prayers of a Protestant liturgy, introducing, and practising, and exhibiting the most entire conformity to Roman Catholic rites, usages, and superstition. Ritualism is Romanism badly done. A priest performs perfectly; he is 'to the manner born;' he has been brought up to it; and he is not hampered by his conscience whispering to him, This is a Protestant place of worship. He is in his own place, and on his own ground. But a Ritualist minister must be awkward, because conscience must always remind him, This place and that teaching are not in harmony. This *place* was built by Latimer, and Ridley, and Cranmer; and that preaching is the very thi for disavowing which they were burned at t stake. Hence, Ritualism is Romanism badly don The Ritualist minister is a Roman Catho priest not up to his business, doing the thi awkwardly. The way they swing the censer awkward; the way they genuflect is awkwar the way they elevate the host is awkward: th cannot do any of these well. It is not th business.

What is Rationalism? Another gospel, and gospel very prevalent in the present day. It the gospel of Christ brought down and laid up the Procrustes bed of a spurious philosophy the gospel adapted to the philosophy, not t philosophy adapted to the gospel. It is retainin the name of Christianity, and undermining i Romanism adds what is human to what is divin and corrupts the Rible; Rationalism subtrac what is divine from the Bible, and leaves deprived of its most glorious and distincti truths. The three—Rationalism, Ritualism, an Romanism—all looking with side-glances at ea other, in order to deceive you, when they con to compare notes, and to trace each othe history, and ancestry, and objects, and aim they find they are sisters. Rationalism batte down the walls of the citadel, what Archbish Manning calls 'the fortress of heresy' in th country; Ritualism plants flowers and scatte perfumes by the wayside, and performs man genuflexions, and displays beautiful colours, an emblazoned banners, amid Gregorian musi making the highway to Rome attractive; an Romanism marches in, and takes possession o the fortress.

'If we, or an angel from heaven.' Here the practical lesson for us to learn. The apost puts a case hypothetically. He says, 'If we What *we*? We just returned from the gates o Damascus; we, who have just recovered o sight, after being struck down with the exce of glory; if we, who have been up in the thir heaven, and seen sights that words cannot ex press; if we, who have preached the gospel ami trials and perils by land, and perils by sea, an perils among false brethren,—'If we,' an apostl 'preach to you any other gospel,' what are yo to do? Do not burn him—that is the attribut of Rome; do not malign him—that is wicked an unhallowed; but give him a wide berth, if I ma use a sea phrase; keep him at a distance fro you, and you as far off as you can possibly kee yourself from him. If it is just possible tha an apostle may preach another gospel, is it un charitable or illogical to infer that an apostle' successor may preach another gospel, and tha we are not discourteous if we treat the apostle's successor as the apostle bids us treat himself if

he were left to preach to us another gospel? But secondly, this passage implies that there may be great moral excellence allied to error. 'If we,' the apostle, 'or an angel from heaven.' If he had said an angel from hell (for Satan is transformed into an angel of light); if he had said Satan, one could easily feel the force of it. But he says, 'Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you.' Now what does this imply? It implies that moral worth may be allied on the side of immensely destructive errors. The devil is a master strategist; he has had the experience of six thousand years in carrying on his warfare. He never selects a morally bad man to teach great errors. Read ecclesiastical history, and you will find that the worst errors that have been broached in the church have not been broached by laymen even, or by bad and immoral priests, but generally by men remarkable for the high tone of their moral character, and for their unimpeachable and consistent conduct before the church and the world. Therefore we are warned not to think the teaching must be true because the man's life is moral. An angel from heaven is the highest exponent of celestial morality. But more than that, it implies also that there will be great genius. The apostle says, 'If we have the tongue of angels:' that means great eloquence. The devil will never employ a very bad speaker to teach and preach deadly error. He will select the best instruments for the work he wishes to accomplish. And we may therefore expect that not only will the successors, as they assume to be, of the apostles, but that men holy as angels, or with the tongues of angels, and eloquent only as angels can be, will one day preach another gospel. No wonder that the Saviour says, 'So that, if it were possible, they should deceive the very elect.'

What is the use of telling us, 'If an apostle or an angel from heaven preach to you another gospel,' if we have no means of ascertaining what the gospel is? The apostle himself tells us: 'If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received;' and in the other verse, 'Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you.' In the one case, it is what we have preached; in the other case, it is what ye have received. Now where do we find what the apostle preached? In this book. Where do we find what ye have received? In this book. What is, therefore, the teaching of this text? That we are to test an apostle's successor's teaching, the teaching of an angel from heaven, not by their moral worth, not by the greatness of their eloquence, but by its conformity or nonconformity to what is written in this inspired book.

(*To be continued.*)

The Harleys of Chelsea Place.

CHAPTER XI.

FOUR years slipped quickly and happily by with the young Harleys, and few were the changes that had taken place amongst them. True, they had grown taller and stouter, and the elder ones could be no longer called children, for Tom prided himself upon being five feet eight inches high, and Constance was as tall as her mamma; even Dora felt rather piqued if designated 'little,' declaring she was the same height as Madge Allen, who was but a wee bit shorter than Constance. Nurse had married and gone to live in the country, and old nurse still reigned supreme in the nursery, with Mary to assist her. Agnes had become a most loveable child, and more of a companion to Dora than Constance, being her constant associate, sharing with her the schoolroom by day, and sleeping in Johnny's inner room at night.

Tom continued at Lotsirl College, but as a pupil in the first division or upper school, instead of the middle one. He was just the same impetuous, straightforward, honourable lad as when first introduced to the reader's notice; rather fond of over much fun, as Doctor Cote frequently told him, when a practical joke got him into occasional trouble. Constance remained a daily pupil at Miss Hughes', Mr. and Mrs. Harley considering it was better for her to mix with girls of her own age, as she was naturally proud of her own attainments, and needed to find that there were others equal, if not superior, to herself abroad, if not at home. Madge Allen had worked her way bravely, and was in the same class with Constance, her four years at school having greatly improved her; even her Aunt Gay allowing that she really had turned out better than she ever thought she would. Mr. Harley's spirits were very much better, and his fits of melancholy were few and far between, never excluding Dora from his presence; for at all times she was a welcome visitor to his rooms, and when he was indisposed, assisted her aunt in waiting on him.

The fourth midsummer was drawing speedily near, and again Madge Allen was expected to pass her holidays at Chelsea Place. Colonel Allen had written, saying he hoped to return soon to England, and should settle down at Lotsirl if the place agreed with him; but the exact period of his coming back was not quite decided on. Tom was working very hard, spending his lesson hours in his papa's study, that he might meet with fewer hindrances, and all looked bright and

prosperous with the Harleys; when suddenly—so suddenly, that they could scarcely believe the reality of the visitation—adversity overtook them, and riches made themselves wings and flew away. A joint-stock concern, in which Mr. Harley had invested the greater part of his property, had failed, and he woke one morning to discover that he was twenty thousand pounds poorer than he believed himself to be the previous night.

Mr. Harley was thoroughly overcome with the intelligence; but Mrs. Harley cared less for the money than the effect the losing of it might have upon her husband. With a calmness scarcely to be supposed, she set herself immediately to the task of retrenching expenditure. She gathered Dora, Agnes, Tom, and Constance around her, telling them of their change in circumstances, and that henceforth each must assist the other, as there would be no longer servants to wait upon them, and that she hoped they would all let papa see that it was not having all their wants supplied which made them happy, but the pleasure of belonging to one family, and being united in the bonds of love. The first thought that entered the young Harleys' minds, and found utterance after their mamma's sad communication, was:

'Oh! must we leave Chelsea Place, mamma?'

'No, my dears, not at present, certainly. It is our own house, and that, with some money settled on me at my marriage, God has mercifully spared to us.'

'So you see, my dears,' she said cheerfully, 'we have much to be thankful for. Many, I fear, who had money in the same concern as papa, will perhaps be left totally destitute, whilst we have supplies for what is needful, but not for luxuries. So now, run away, I must have a talk with old nurse before dismissing those whom I have no longer a right to retain.' Constance, Dora, and Agnes, immediately complied; but Tom lingered behind, until they had left the room: then going up to his mother, he threw his arms round her neck, whispering:

'Tell me all, mamma; is it very bad?'

'Bad for you, my boy, not for us,' she replied, as she returned his embrace.

'But for papa?'

'Not if we can let him see it does not make us unhappy.'

Tom could not trust himself to say more; for that odd, choking ball that he had complained of to Dora years before rose in his throat; so, giving his mother another kiss and hug, he darted off. Later in the day, Tom was closeted a good while with Doctor Cote; and when he emerged from the master's sanctum, determination was more legibly stamped upon his face than it had ever been before. From the time of that conversation, Tom rose with the sun, and went to bed as late as he possibly could, depriving himself of all amusements; a short walk with his father being all the recreation he permitted himself. Evidently, Tom had an object in view, which needed all his energy and powers of mind to attain.

Old nurse was at first greatly distressed, when Mrs. Harley informed her of their reverse of fortune; but she declared her day's work was not nigh done, and so her dear lady should find, as that nought but death should part them in th world. 'I have eat of your bread and drank your cup this many a year,' she said. 'I ha nursed you and yours from the birth. You a all on ye like my own flesh and blood; and have but one wish in the world, and that is, have some one of ye by me when I close my ey on this world. You and I, Mrs. Harley, must part; 'twould kill me outright.'

Mrs. Harley had foreseen that her faithful o nurse would find it hard to leave her; but s had had no idea that her attachment would so decidedly expressed. It had been a great r lief to her mind to remember that old nurse w provided for by her own excellent father, wh when he died, had left her thirty pounds a ye for her life; and that provision, with what s might have saved, Mrs. Harley knew wou amply procure for her the comforts she mig require in her old age. But when nurse dete mined to share with them in their weal or wo Mrs. Harley burst into tears, and sinking in a chair, gave vent to her pent-up feelings b having a good cry.

'Don't ye do it—dont'e cry, my own de Mrs. Harley,' sobbed the old woman, who tears dropped on her mistress as she bent ov and tried to console her. 'I can mind Guy, a mend the clothes, and wash up tea-things a glasses, and help tend the door. Oh! there lots of strength in me yet; come, do let me s you look like my own dear lady. The Lord for us, and who can be against us, praised be h holy name, Amen!'

'Amen,' repeated Mrs. Harley, as she strov to regain her wonted composure.

In the meanwhile, Dora, Constance, an Agnes were consulting together what they cou do to help mamma and papa; they had yet t learn that their doing and helping would consi in faithfully performing small duties—the litt things of life, in which the true happiness o home must ever consist. Dora soon crept off t her uncle's room, and was speedily admitted; a great comfort to Mr. Harley, in his trouble, bein the thought that Dora's property was safe, having remained where her father had placed before his death.

'Where are the rest?' he inquired, as she stoo by his side, with her hand lying in his.

'Constance is looking over her lessons, an Agnes is playing with Guy. Tom was with us when she sent us away. I don't know where h is now.'

'My poor boy!' groaned Mr. Harley. 'There no college for you now.'

'No college, uncle? Will not Tom be able t go to school?'—school coming quite under Dora idea of her aunt's necessaries.

'Yes, to Lotsirl for a time, Dora; but not t Oxford or Cambridge, when he leaves Lotsirl explained Mr. Harley.

'Never mind, uncle,' said Dora encouragingly 'Tom will do without. He is our brave old Tom and we could not get on without him a bit. He will be best here.'

Mr. Harley smiled, as Dora applied the ten

'old' to Tom, who was but a little past sixteen, and then sighed to think how soon Tom's battle in life must begin.

'Please do not sigh, uncle,' whispered Dora, putting her arms round his neck. 'Tom is very clever, and they say clever people always get on. And oh! dear uncle, we'd rather have Tom than all the money in the world; would not we?'

Dora had unconsciously touched the right spring, and instantly her uncle recognised the hand of love and mercy, which, whilst taking away one blessing, had left so many behind. 'Oh,' he thought, 'had God taken my children and left me my money, what would have become of me and my dear wife!' And to the surprise of Dora, he rose from his chair, and taking a little braided cap, which he frequently wore when alone, from off his head, said fervently, 'I thank Thee, O Lord, for all the mercies Thou hast vouchsafed to me and mine.' Then, turning to Dora, he bade her find Tom and send him to him; but Tom was not to be found, for he had gone to school.

Universal regret was expressed by the servants as Mrs. Harley gave them a month's notice, but said she would wish them to leave at the end of a week, as she was desirous of entering upon her new arrangements as speedily as possible, and that she had no doubt that they would have no difficulty, with their good characters, in getting situations quickly. Mary begged to be allowed to stay, saying she was willing to turn her hand to anything if Mrs. Harley would but try her; and, by nurse's advice, she was retained as house and parlour maid, a good plain cook or general servant having to be engaged as her companion in the kitchen.

At the end of a week the changes had been made in Mr. Harley's household, and Mrs. Harley found herself mistress of two servants instead of six; old nurse being looked upon as a friend, not a domestic. As nurse had said, 'there was plenty of work in her yet,' and so she proved; for it is doubtful if all would have been arranged so comfortably and easily had she not been able to manage matters for Mrs. Harley until she got accustomed to the alterations. Guy nearly always spent his mornings in the schoolroom, and it was decided that for the future he was always to do so, that nurse might have the mornings to assist below stairs. Instead of two sets of meals, it was agreed that Mr. and Mrs. Harley should take theirs with and at the same time as the children—a plan which considerably lessened the work for the servants, and gave great satisfaction to the young people, who thought it so nice to have mamma and papa with them. But for the shade of anxiety on Mrs. Harley's face, and more frequent fits of depression on Mr. Harley's part, it would have scarcely been known there had been a change at 6, Chelsea Place, so speedily and noiselessly had it been effected.

CHAPTER XII.

At first the young Harleys fully expected to find some manifest difference in their manner of living, extending to the food they ate. Loss of money, or want of money, entailed poverty; and poverty, in their sight, was the deprivation of food and clothing. Mrs. Harley had told them, that God had mercifully spared to them a sufficiency for needful things; but then they could not tell what were really necessaries, and, for some days after they had been acquainted with Mr. Harley's misfortune, they anxiously watched to discover what were the unnecessary requirements which had to be relinquished. However, when they found that they had the same good plain food, and that the difference to them consisted in having less pocket-money, and seeing fewer servants around, they soon recovered their spirits, and went about the house as cheerful and happy as of old. Sometimes they had to be reminded that they must be careful not to increase the labour of the servants by carelessness, and that they must think, and wait upon themselves as much as possible.

These hints sank deep into Dora's mind, and she pondered over them, wondering what she could really do to make herself useful. After breakfast was schooltime until twelve o'clock; but then she had a full hour before breakfast for play, lessons being learned over-night: so Dora thought she might as well devote that hour to household duties, and thus help nurse and Mary. She had no idea that one sort of work was more proper for her than another; but having watched Mary one morning busy in the stairs, she determined to fill her place the next. So, rising a little earlier to have plenty of time, she managed to get a large apron of nurse's, which wrapped her round, and tying a coloured handkerchief over her head, she popped into Constance's room to show herself.

'Oh, Dora!' cried Constance, 'what a funny creature you do look! What are you going about?'

'House-work. Auntie said we must make ourselves useful; so I am going to help Mary.'

'Oh, do wait a minute for me, and get me a handkerchief and apron; there's a dear! It will be such fun.'

'I cannot stay now, or I shall not get my work done before breakfast, Conny,' replied Dora; 'you shall help me another day;' and off she darted.

It was not long before she had procured from the housemaid's cupboard, a brush and dust-pan, and was on her knees busily engaged brushing the stair carpet. And hard work she found it; for, not understanding how to use the brush, she scrubbed and rubbed too heavily, thereby occasioning unnecessary fatigue, and enveloping herself in a cloud of dust. Nothing daunted, she worked away with right good will, until a voice behind her said:

'Why, bless my heart, who's this?'

'Only me, nursey,' she answered, springing up, revealing to nurse a very hot, dusty face.

'Why, Miss Dora, what in the world are you thinking about? Jump up, I wouldn't that your aunt and uncle should see you for a sovereign—that I would not.'

'Why, it's no harm, nurse,' pleaded Dora.

'No, 'tis no harm; but 'tis not proper for a

young lady like you, when there's servants to do it.'

'But auntie said you had all so much to do, and that we must be thoughtful and considerate, and help where we could; and so, you see, I thought I could manage the stairs every morning before breakfast for Mary.'

'Manage the stairs! Don't you let me catch you at them again, Miss Dora.'

'Don't be cross, nursey,' cried Dora, throwing her arms round the old woman's neck; 'I did not mean wrong.'

'I'll be bound you did not,' replied nurse, 'you are too good a girl for that. But you must not do those sort of jobs again; they are not fit for young ladies, especially you, Miss Dora.'

'Why especially me?' inquired Dora, opening her eyes.

'Because, my dear, you will have plenty of money some day, to pay servants to do them.'

'Plenty of money, nurse?'

'Yes, Miss Dora, when you are a young woman.'

'More than Tom, and Constance, and Agnes?'

'More than all of them put together.'

'Then why does not uncle use some of it, and keep on the servants, nursey, and let us be just like we were before he lost his money?'

'Because it is your money, not his, my dear; and it would not be right of him to touch it.'

Dora gave up the brush and dust-pan to nurse, and slowly returned to her room. Nurse's information had given her anything but pleasure. She did not want to be rich, she thought, unless uncle could have some of it. She'd rather be poor and useful. Besides, what would Constance and Tom say? She'd ask Uncle Bennett about it, when he came to Lotsirl. Perhaps he would be able to tell her how to get some of the money, to give Uncle Harley now. It would be so long before she would be a woman, and she did not want to be one either; no, she would rather be a young girl, and live with Uncle and Aunt Harley, and be poor like them. And Dora washed her face and hands, and brushed her hair, with a sore feeling about her heart—an uncomfortable something, which she could not define.

Uncle and Aunt Bennett had rented a house for a few weeks close to Chelsea Place, and were expected very soon to take possession of it. Mr. Bennett had spent a day at Lotsirl, after Mr. Harley's loss, and had then promised, as soon as his wife was well enough to bear a change, to take up his residence for a short period near them; and to this visit all the Harleys were anxiously looking forward. Mr. Harley particularly wished to consult with his brother-in-law about Dora. Up to the time of his misfortune, he had never touched the handsome allowance made for her maintenance and education, but had let it accumulate so as to increase her principal, when she should come of age, arguing that he had unhappily deprived her of her natural protector, and ought, therefore, as far as possible, to supply his brother's place, by letting her share in all the privileges of his own family. But now that his circumstances were reversed, he felt that *he must* henceforth receive the appointed salary if she remained with him; and he was not certai whether she ought to do so, now that his style living was so altered. The thought of Dora passing into other hands, caused Mr. and Mr Harley intense sorrow; yet they both had doub whether the young girl, who would have mo than £20,000 when she came of age, should l brought up in the quiet manner they were the obliged to adopt. To Mr. Bennett they bot looked for advice and counsel, and by his decisio had determined to abide.

Dora, perfectly unconscious of what was de pending upon Uncle Bennett's visit, had, with he cousins, been counting the days for his arrival, an had that morning discovered another reason fc wishing him to come to Lotsirl. Had she had th faintest idea of what importance his opinion woul be to her, she would have been most miserable and would have wished that she had been bor without any money at all. It was in a very un comfortable mood Dora betook herself to th study to see after Tom, who, she knew, would b preparing his lessons there. She did so want t tell him what nurse had said, and hear whethe he knew anything about it; but when sh entered the room, all thoughts of self vanished as she saw Tom brooding over his books with wet towel bound round his head.

'Oh Tom! dear Tom! what is the matter? she exclaimed as she sprang to his side.

'Only that my head seems ready to split Dora, and my brow throbs and burns so, that thought a cold pad might do me good. Yo know mamma puts them on papa, when his hea aches.'

'Yes,' replied Dora; 'but Tom?'

'What, little Wisdom?' he inquired, as h noticed her anxious face.

'Why, I do think you are killing yourself wit those horrid books. Oh! please, do put them aside a bit.'

'I cannot for a few days longer. The exami nation will soon be over, and then I am entirel at the disposal of the sagacious owl, and robi redbreast.'

'Now, Tom,' said Dora, laying her hand upo his mouth. 'I won't be called an owl, for I am not a bit wise; but I do love you, and it worrie me to see you make yourself ill. I will tel Madge how unkind you are. You will min robin, if you do not me;' and Dora's eyes gli tened rather more than usual.

Tom saw that tears were there, and drawin her closer to him, said in a kind though serion voice:

'Listen, Dora: before papa lost his money, was working in hopes of winning a prize; sinc then, I have been working to win honour, and tha honour is the stepping-stone to fortune. Yo would not hinder me, would you?'

'Oh no, no, Tom,' she cried, as she kissed him 'not if it will not kill you, or make you bad,' sh added, anxiously looking into his face, which wa pale enough to justify her concern about him.

'Now run along, turtle dove, as you will no be designated owl. The breakfast-bell will ring in a few minutes, and I have not nearly finished my lessons.'

Dora turned aside, but not to leave the room; for she went and sat at the study window, apparently occupied with a book, but mentally calculating the advantages and disadvantages connected with the possession of money, or fortune, as Tom styled it; and her thoughts were anything but satisfactory. It was not until the first bell rang that Tom observed she was in the room, when he remarked, as he opened the door to leave it, 'Come along, Dora. Doves only coo and look melancholy; but owls meditate and reflect. You must be called owl after all.'

CHAPTER XIII.

In the course of a few days Mr. and Mrs. Bennett arrived at Lotsirl, to the delight of the Harleys, and more especially to Mr. Harley and Dora, who could not be reconciled to nurse's information about her having money. She had found no opportunity of holding communication with Tom on the subject, for he seemed to be busier than ever, and to Constance she could seldom open her heart. But when she saw Mr. Bennett enter the schoolroom, she knew that relief was near at hand; and it was with her brightest smile she gave him a welcome.

'Oh! Uncle Bennett,' she cried, as a short time after she met him crossing the hall; 'I have wanted you ever so badly this long while. I am so glad you are here at last. I do so want to talk to you about something very particular.'

'Very particular, Dora? What?—a real secret, or business affairs?' inquired Mr. Bennett, pretending to look very mystified.

'Now I will not have you laugh. Please don't,' said Dora imploringly, 'because it is about something which worries me very much.'

'Worries you, my child? Christians must not have them; they have a panacea against all worries. Let us step in here, and talk over this little fox which is eating the tender grapes. He must be cast out, or the Master's young plant will be seriously injured. We shall be as quiet as we please in here;' and Mr. Bennett threw open the dining-room door as he spoke.

'Uncle,' said Dora, as she seated herself beside him on the sofa, 'is it true that I shall have money some day?'

'Yes, my dear, most certainly,' he replied.

'Then is it not mine now?' she inquired.

'It is yours, and yet not yours,—that is, you cannot do anything with it until you are of age,' he explained, instantly divining Dora's thoughts.

'Until I am of age! Why, that is when I am twenty-one, is it not?'

'Yes.'

'And I am only a little over thirteen,' she sighed. 'More than seven years for me to wait. Oh dear! I am so sorry;' and she leaned wearily against Mr. Bennett's shoulder.

'Tell me what it is that grieves you, Dora, or what you wish to do,' he said kindly.

'Oh, uncle,' she replied, 'I did not know until lately that I had money; and nurse told me of it, and told me the same as you have done, that I should have it when I am a young woman. But, oh, uncle, I want it now. I want to give it to Uncle Harley, and to help Tom; for he is killing himself with those horrid books, because he says, honours lead to fortune, and you know fortune is money. It is so hard, so very hard. I'd rather not have had any.'

'You must not say that, Dora. You will find it, if used rightly, a source of much comfort. It is so pleasant to have it in one's power to do good to others; and the feeling you have already anticipated, in desiring to assist your uncle and cousin. The non-fulfilment of that desire, which you are now grieving for, is the constant experience of the generous heart without means. My dear child, money is a blessing, not an evil; it is the abuse or ill-using of it that makes it a curse to the possessor.'

'But, dear Uncle Bennett, I do so wish I could have it now.'

'Dora—

> "Not what we wish, but what we want,
> Do Thou, O Lord, supply:
> The good unasked in mercy grant;
> The ill, though asked, deny,"

must be the prayer of the Christian. Our Lord has constant reason to say to each of us, "Ye know not what ye ask." Besides, my dear child, if you could give your uncle all your money, I am sure he would never take it; it would not be right of him to do so. And as for Tom,—boys are more likely to succeed in life who work their way, than those who are born with a silver spoon in their mouths.'

'A silver spoon, uncle!' said Dora, smiling through her tears.

'Yes, "Born with a silver spoon" is an old saying, synonymous with inheriting riches.'

'But, uncle, Tom was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, though some way or other it has dropped out again,' laughed Dora, amused with the simile.

'Well, never mind, Dora; most likely he will pick up a golden one in its place.'

'Oh, do you think it?' inquired Dora, rejoiced at the idea.

'Yes; for he is a noble boy.'

'Isn't he?' said Dora, drawing herself up. 'Madge and I think him beautiful.'

'What! the East Indian lassie? But beautiful is not the proper epithet for a boy; handsome, or noble, or brave, sounds better, does it not?'

'Perhaps it does. But it seems to me that beautiful is best, because, as Madge says, he looks so much lovelier when he is talking or listening; he is not a bit the same as when quiet; lots of boys are handsomer then. But it is when he is excited or interested that he is really beautiful. Handsome people are always handsome people, and Tom is not that. Madge and I think he has got a beautiful soul, and that it peeps out of his eyes into his face when he is talking.'

Whatever Tom's soul might be, as it looked out from his eyes upon the beholder, Mr. Bennett had no doubt in his own mind as to what Dora's was, whilst sounding the praises of her cousin. Certainly the once little brown thing, with a nose like nobody else's, had a charm pecu-

liar to herself, which, when exercised, there was no resisting.

Dora, in her delight at meeting with some one who admired Tom, had nearly forgotten the previous theme of conversation, and was imperceptibly gliding into other family matters, when her attention, and that of her uncle, was arrested by the sound of many voices and feet outside the house.

'Whatever can it be!' exclaimed Dora, rushing to one of the windows, followed by Mr. Bennett. 'See, uncle, what a lot of boys are coming to the door! And oh! pray do look; why, they have got Tom upon their shoulders. What can it be? Oh, he is not hurt, is he?' And she turned white at the very thought.

'Hurt! no, my child. But we will go and see what the hubbub means.' And Mr. Bennett went into the hall, accompanied by Dora, and opened the street door; but as he did so, his ears were assailed with such a din that he was nearly ready to shut it again.

'See, the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,'

sang, or rather shouted, two or three youths at the top of their voices; whilst one, with his hands rounded, roo-too-rooed through them, and another supplemented a drum by banging away on his neighbour's back, who, finding the process more provocative of mirth than conducive to comfort, at a smarter twirl or bang expostulated with the performer, crying out, 'Easy, Lawrence! I say you are coming it too strong on a fellow. I am very happy to make myself useful in a good cause; but I have cogent reasons for protesting against being turned into a musical instrument.'

'Put me down! put me down!' called Tom to a couple of long-legged lads who were carrying him on their shoulders. 'Don't be stupids, Gregg and Thompson! Do not you see my uncle is at the door? Let a fellow get down.'

'We hasten to obey your majesty's commands,' replied the lads, going up two of the steps under the portico, and then kneeling each upon one knee so as to place Tom's feet upon the upper step, they deposited him safely at his father's door.

'Three cheers for Tom Harley! and three cheers for Lotsirl College! and three-times-three for its founder, Johanan Bullum! and then we will go, boys!' shouted the leader; when instantly such an hip-hip-hurrahing arose in Chelsea Place as probably never arose before. The noise brought Mr. and Mrs. Harley into the hall, though they were not visible to the boisterous group without, who, having cheered until they were tired, and shaken Tom's hand and arm until he was tired, at last departed. The door had no sooner closed than Tom darted past his uncle and Dora, and throwing his arms round his mother's neck, cried:

'I've done it!—yes, I've done it, my own dear mother!'

'What, my boy?' inquired Mrs. Harley, pale with emotion.

'Gained an exhibition,' replied Tom tremulously.

'An exhibition!' exclaimed Mr. Harley, possessing himself of one of Tom's hands. 'Honours?'

'Yes,' answered Tom, releasing his mother from his embrace. 'Forty pounds a year until I have finished my education.'

It was quite true. Tom Harley had gained one of three exhibitions to be awarded that midsummer. He had worked hard all the half-year but it was not until his father's loss that he had set his mind wholly to attaining such an important reward and assistance. Then he had consulted Dr. Cote; and having ascertained that the doctor thought he had a chance of winning if he made the most of his time and opportunities, he had studied unremittingly, and that day had heard the result of his labours.

'Not quite killed, Miss sagacious birdie,' whispered Tom to Dora. 'But I must go and fetch Constance. The boys brought me home without consulting me as to prior engagements. Will not Madge be pleased?'

'Yes; and she is to return with Constance this afternoon. They break up to-day. Do make haste and fetch them. They will think you are never coming. And, Tom, I am so glad about you.'

'Exhibitioner, cavalier, harlequin, cousin teaser, Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none am I, the redoubtable Tom Harley of Chelsea Place, Lotsirl! and as such I bid thee farewell sage bird of Minerva, my own dear coz.' And off Tom darted to call for his sister, whose school was not far from the college; for he had been in the habit of accompanying Constance to and from school, ever since the number of servants had been reduced at home, Mrs. Harley never liking her to go alone. Tom amused himself by assuming a very doleful, woe-begone face as he returned with Madge and Constance; and so well did he counterfeit disappointment, that they fully made up their minds he had been one of the unsuccessful competitors at the college for prizes. Once or twice he sighed so deeply, that Madge could not help casting a sympathizing glance at him, and hid her own prize under her mantle lest seeing it should add to his painful reflections and annoyance. She was so very sorry for him—and so, indeed, was Constance—that they scarcely spoke at all; and when they did ask any question, mischievous Tom only replied in monosyllables. It was not until they reached home, and Dora, who had been watching from the dining-room window for their arrival, threw open the door, demanding if they had 'heard the news,' that matters came to an explanation.

'Hush, Dora!' said Madge. 'How can you? Poor Tom! I am so sorry.'

'And so am I,' chimed in Constance.

'Sorry!' exclaimed Dora, her eyes sparkling, and her face beaming with delight. 'Why, I am so glad, that I do not know what to do. You are joking about being sorry.' At that moment Dora caught a glimpse of Tom's countenance, and saw by its expression that he had been hoaxing them; and, unable to contain her joy, she cried, 'Why, Tom is second boy at the college. Only Mr. Pearce is above him. He

has won forty pounds a year for I do not know how long;' and Dora concluded by clapping her hands, and dancing round and round the hall; whilst Tom, fairly detected, dashed upstairs, and favoured them with an apologetical harangue from the window-sill, between some flower-pots, wherein he declared that, 'being a public character, he must be allowed a licence denied to private individuals, and be treated with a deference due to his—' position, he would have added; but just at that moment his feet slipped, and down he came, in anything but a triumphant posture, on the landing.

'Well done, Tom!' 'Consequence rewarded!' and 'Pride must have a fall!' exclaimed his listeners, running, however, to his rescue. But before they could get to him, he had risen from the floor, and making them a most polite bow, had darted off, leaving them to have their laugh to themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley were not only delighted, but astonished, at Tom's success. They considered him intelligent and clever, but not particularly so; and they had not had the faintest idea at what he was aiming. Indeed, so impressed was Mr. Harley with the idea that Tom would never distinguish himself in literary attainments, that Mrs. Harley had had some difficulty in persuading him to retain his classical books, which at the time of Johnny's death he had packed up, and purposed getting rid of, saying, 'He had no one left him that they would be of use to;' and when Mrs. Harley mentioned Tom, he said, 'Oh no, he would never appreciate them; only Johnny would have done it.' However, she coaxed him into waiting to see what Guy would prove to be; and, after all, Tom had turned out worthy of them. Forty pounds a year, and the chance of a scholarship at Cambridge, was, independent of the surprise, a just cause of rejoicing to the Harleys; and Tom never felt happier in his life than when his father grasped his hand, saying:

'God bless you, my son. You have made me a proud father this day.'

Tom was a general favourite at school, as his manner of bringing home proved. The two other exhibitions having been gained by boarders, the day-boys thought they had a perfect right to testify their satisfaction at one of their number having been victorious, by a triumphal procession, in which Tom, as we have already seen, was the most conspicuous person, chaired, or rather borne on Gregg's and Thompson's shoulders. Out of 250 boys, or rather out of the 100 in the first division, or upper-school, the day-boys could at last boast that one of their number had come out in honours; for it was generally cast at them, by way of reproach, 'that day-boys let the boarders jump over their heads, and run away with the laurels.' Now it had been shown that 'where there's a will there's a way;' and the attainment of honour depends not upon place, but person.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTIAN CONSISTENCY.*

IN exhorting others, we are rather inclined to attack in detail those numberless infirmities which still cleave to the children of God, and by laying bare their self-delusions, convince them of the defects of their spiritual walk. Such exhortations may not be without their use. But I think that it would be far more profitable to go at once to the cause of all these spiritual maladies, by pointing out the radical defect in the Christianity of many amongst us. This defect is, the lack of habitual communion with the Lord Jesus, and by Him with the Father. For often, alas! we are contented with the inward testimony that we are resting on Jesus for eternal life, and that we have passed from death unto life. But we do not habitually walk in the light; nor are we habitually, as the branch abiding in the vine, drawing life and strength from it every moment. We are as a man who might have an excellent friend whom he would visit occasionally, but could dispense with his society in everyday life; doing many things without seeking his advice, or depending on his support.

Yes, let us acknowledge that it is this constant presence of the Lord which is wanting to us, and therefore we are weak. We are strong when we can say with David, 'I have set the Lord always before me: because He is on my right hand, I shall not be moved.'

We often speak in severe terms of the unbelieving and self-righteous; but are we not ourselves practically unbelievers when we spend part of our time far from the Lord, and very much as worldlings would do who are without God and without Christ in the world? Faith is in the heart and not in the head, and so likewise is the heart the seat of unbelief. 'The fool hath said in his heart that there is no God.' And we, my brethren, in our hearts we forsake the Saviour, and are unbelieving towards Him, when we can live at such a distance from Him for the greater part of our time. And is it not really self-righteousness to say, to do, to purpose so many things without seeking counsel from Him, our Counsellor, our Life, our Strength? What should we think of a person who should say, 'You are everything to me; I can do nothing without you,' and who nevertheless would scarcely ever consult us, or in any way ask our aid? We should say that the confidence expressed in us was nothing worth. And yet this is what we do with the Lord Jesus. We say fine things to Him in our prayers about our weakness, our trust in his promises, our need of his help, and the happiness we enjoy in hoping in and resting on Him. We ask Him to be always with us; and yet, soon after having thus prayed, we

* A letter of PASTOR ROCHAT of Rolle, Canton de Vaud.

seem to have forgotten it all, and go on our way without taking Jesus with us; we leave Him, as it were, in a corner, to be sought out by us at certain periods which we call our seasons of prayer and meditation.

This is a miserable case; yet it is, I fear, but too common among Christians, though not in the same degree with all. Are there not even some who can pray, join in public prayer, speak to Jesus, and hear affecting sermons, without being in heart-communion with Jesus? Alas! how many things may be done, even in the kingdom of God, out of communion with Him who is the Life! And on this account have they little or nothing of that power of the Spirit, which is to be obtained only by a living intercourse with Him who gives the Spirit. It is no wonder that, in this condition, we dwell in the midst of abundant means, like the dead seated at a feast; or that passing impressions only should be received, to vanish as the morning dew; or if God does bestow some grace, it should either minister to pride, or be used to maintain a particular opinion, and thereby promote divisions among the brethren.

If Christians lived in habitual communion with the Saviour, the gift of grace already possessed by them would be maintained in humility of mind; their joy and strength increased, and themselves preserved from those sad contrasts between their prayers and their words and actions.

It is a common saying, 'Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are.' This maxim is eminently true of the Christian. What *he* is, depends entirely on the degree of his acquaintance with the Saviour. Living habitually with Jesus, little by little one is transformed into 'the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.' Looking unto Him habitually, peace and joy would continue; for it is written, 'They looked unto Him, and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed.' If nourished habitually by the body and blood of Christ, we could not but have life in our souls. Were the love of Christ constantly realized, we should find in that love a wondrous strength that would in a manner carry us through all difficulties. When habitually friends with the Lord, we cannot but be friendly with his children. The heart is enlarged in communion with Jesus. It learns to love all that is of Christ, and not to narrow its affections within the limits of this or that system.

Whence, then, is it that we have so little of this habitual communion with the Saviour, precious in itself, and strengthening to our souls? Certainly it is our own fault, and not his, who wills that we should have life, and that more abundantly, and who urges upon us to abi in Him, that we may bring forth much fru Several causes in us are opposed to this intima communion with the Lord.

First of all is unbelief. Truth is much mo in our heads as a system than as a reality. No we cannot be in communion with an idea or wi a system, but with a living person. The reme for this evil is to ask more of that faith which 'the substance of things hoped for, the eviden of things not seen.' If Jesus is really living the midst of us by the power of the Spirit, shall know the truth of that promise, 'Lo, I a with you alway, even to the end of the world and, his presence realized, it will be easy to li in fellowship with Him.

Another cause of our failure in communic with the Saviour is self-righteousness. We not know how to live with Him and go to Hi just as we are. It almost seems as if we were ceremony, and could not venture freely to t Him our wants; openly confess to Him our sin live with Him just as we are every moment; i troduce Him into all our affairs; make Him t all and in all of our life,—in one word, to mal Him our friend and confidant in all things a at all times. I think we are still under bondag and therefore do not 'serve Him without fea in holiness and righteousness before Him, the days of our life' (Luke i. 74, 75). Th remedy for this evil is to consider in the wo the goodness of the Lord, and the gracio familiarity which He permits to his own, and ask of Him more of the spirit of adoption.

Another obstacle to communion is the wa of uprightness. We fear the presence of G because it condemns sin. It is a fearful thing say, but it is nevertheless true. We must p the finger on the wound, and not hide it. A evil acknowledged is already half cured. W have only to draw near to God, and to ask Him a true heart, which He never will refus 'Good and upright is the Lord, therefore w He teach sinners in the way. The meek will l guide in judgment; the meek will He teach h way.'

Finally, there is this obstacle to communic with the Lord—the little care we take to avo those things which separate from Him. F example, a multitude of words, an increase worldly affairs, needless agitations, quarrels home and abroad, etc. Then we do not enoug seek communion with the Lord by reading t Scriptures, by prayer and that intercourse wit the brethren to which the Lord has promise life and blessing for evermore.

I conclude, my brethren, in saying to yo and myself, 'Let us ask, and we shall re ceive.'

Miscellaneous.

The Sea of Galilee.

Fair Sea of Galilee!
How have I longed to tread thy sacred shore,
To trace his footprints, who so meekly bore
My sins upon the tree!

Thy clear blue waters lie
So placid 'mid thy hills and mountain height,
Reflecting on their surface, calm and bright,
The burning sunset sky!

Remembrance brings to me
Such wondrous scenes at this still twilight hour.
Rapt in deep thought, I feel their mystic power,
And God Incarnate see!

Upon thy stormy wave
He walks in majesty divine. His voice
So moves his faithless ones, that they rejoice
In his dread power to save!

The mighty works He wrought,
When resting by thy side, I feel and see;
While every tree and flower declares to me,
The grace and truth He brought.

Fair Sea of Galilee!
Thy shores were hallowed by his sacred feet;
So that, in scenes and memories so sweet,
I feel Him near to me.

Go on, Sir, go on!—Arago says, in his *Autobiography*, that his master in mathematics was a word or two of advice, which he found in the binding of one of his text-books. Puzzled and discouraged by the difficulties he met with in his early studies, he was almost ready to give over the pursuit. Some words which he found on the waste-leaf, used to stiffen the cover of his paper-bound text-book, caught his eye, and interested him. 'Impelled,' he says, 'by an indefinable curiosity, I dampened the cover of the book, and carefully unrolled the leaf, to see what was on the other side. It proved to be a short letter from D'Alembert to a young person disheartened, like myself, by the difficulties of mathematical study, and who had written to him for counsel. "Go on, sir, go on!" was the counsel which D'Alembert gave him; "the difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn and shine with increased clearness on your path." That maxim,' says Arago, 'was my greatest master in mathematics.' Following out these simple words, 'Go on, sir, go on!' made him the first astronomical mathematician of his age. What Christians it would make of us! What heroes of faith, what sages in holy wisdom, should we become, just by acting out that maxim, 'Go on, sir, go on!'

'The Lord Liveth.'—There dwelt in the east of Scotland a pious clergyman, who had presided for a number of years over a small but respectable congregation. In the midst of his active career of usefulness, he was suddenly removed by death, leaving behind him a wife and a number of helpless children. The small stipend allowed him by his congregation had been barely sufficient to meet the current expenses of his family; and at his death no visible means were left for their support. The death of her husband preyed deeply upon the heart of the poor afflicted widow; while the dark prospect which the future presented filled her mind with the most gloomy apprehensions. By her lonely fireside she sat—the morning after her sad bereavement—lamenting her forlorn and destitute condition, when her little son, a boy of five years of age, entered the room. Seeing the deep distress of his mother, he stole softly to her side, and, placing his little hand in hers, looked wistfully into her face, and said, 'Mother, mother, is God dead?' Soft as the gentle whisper of an angel did the simple accent of the dear boy fall upon the ear of the disconsolate and almost heart-broken mother. A gleam of heavenly radiance lighted up, for a moment, her pale features. Then snatching up her little boy, and pressing him fondly to her bosom, she exclaimed: 'No, no, my son, God is not dead; He lives, and has promised to be a Father to the fatherless—a Husband to the widow. His promises are sure and stedfast, and upon them I will firmly and implicitly rely.' Her tears were dried, and her murmurings for ever hushed. The event proved that her confidence was not misplaced. The congregation over which her husband had worthily presided, generously settled upon her a handsome annuity, by which she was enabled to support her family, not only comfortably, but genteelly. The talents of her sons, as they advanced in years, soon brought them into notice, and finally procured them high and honourable stations in society.

A Powerful and Universal Idol.—Those who worship gold in a world so corrupt as this we live in, have at least one thing to plead in defence of their idolatry—the power of their idol. It is true that, like other idols, it can neither move, see, hear, feel, nor understand; but, unlike other idols, it has often communicated all these powers to those who had them not, and annihilated them in those who had. This idol can boast of two peculiarities: it is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple; and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

Authors.—Some authors write nonsense in a clear style, and others sense in an obscure one. Some can reason without being able to persuade; others can persuade without being able to reason. Some dive so deep that they descend into darkness, and others soar so high that they give us no light. Some, in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us only that which is cut and dried. We should labour, therefore, to treat with ease of things that are difficult; with familiarity of things that are novel; and with perspicuity of things that are profound.

The Flower Fadeth.

Yes, beautiful, alas! like this cold flower,
That proudly glances on the frosty pane.
Short is the violet's, short the cowslip's spring;
The frost-flowers live far longer. Cold as they
The beautiful should be, that they may share
The splendour of the light without the heat.
For else the sun of life must soon dissolve
The hard, cold, shining pearls to liquid tears,
And tears flow fast away.

—*Atterbom (Swedish).*

All Flesh is Grass.

All things are dying round us; days and hours,
A multitudinous troop, are passing on.

—*Alford.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 Cor. vii. 22.

A Christian is one who is 'called;' not by self or man, but by God. The voice that calls him is almighty, irresistible. He must needs obey. He is born 'of the will of God.'

He is called 'in the Lord.' This refers not so much to his being called *by* the Lord, as to his being called to be 'in the Lord.' Christ in him, and he in Christ—this is his standing. As once he was 'in the world,' and in himself, so now he is 'in the Lord.'

He is not of any one nation. He may be a Jew or a Gentile; a Greek or a Roman; a barbarian, a Scythian, an African, an Indian, or a Briton. His nationality is not of earth; his citizenship is in heaven.

He is not of any special condition or rank. He may be a servant or a master, a peasant or a monarch, a merchant or a ploughman, a man of learning or a half-witted beggar.

Yet these two things are common to each: he is 'called,' and he is 'in the Lord.' The other things connected with him are unessential and unenduring. These two only are important, and abiding, and eternal.

Keeping this in mind, the apostle takes up the two great conditions of society in his day—master and slave—in order to bring out the true and high bearing of Christianity on these. If you be a servant, what then? if a master, what then? These are the two questions he answers.

The answers to these two questions are contained in these two statements: a Christian is the Lord's freeman; a Christian is Christ's servant. Let us look at each of these in turn.

I. *A Christian is the Lord's freeman.*—This expression means the following things:

(1.) *He was once a slave.*—He was not born free. He did not free himself. He was like Israel in Egypt.

(2.) *He was set free by the Lord.*—The name of his liberator is a glorious one; one betokening power and authority. His former masters were sin, the flesh, the devil. From these this mighty Lord hath set him free.

(3.) *As a freeman, he still belongs to Christ.*—Nay, he belongs more to Him than ever; more to Him than to his former masters. A new tie has been formed between him and the Lord,—the tie of liberty, the tie of love, the tie of gratitude.

(4.) *His life is one of liberty.*—There is no return to bondage. All is the joy of freedom; Christ's own freedom; true, divine, heavenly liberty; liberty in every part; perfect throughout.

(5.) *His is liberty which earthly service cannot affect.*—He may be a slave or a prisoner; he is still the Lord's freeman. Hands, and feet, and body may be in chains; he is as free as ever. N earthly bondage can intermeddle with or neutrali the heavenly and eternal liberty.

But *how* and *when* does all this begin? In wh way is it carried on? The answer to this may given in the following three passages:

(1.) '*Ye are bought with a price.*'—A ransom h been paid for our liberation; and the spring of our liberty comes from this ransom. Christ ha redeemed us. 'We are redeemed, not with c ruptible things, but with the precious blood Christ.'

(2.) '*If the Son make you free, ye shall be f indeed.*'—Our liberty is the direct work of the S of God. He unbinds us and disimprisons us. became a bondman for us. He took our cha and prison, that we might have his liberty.

(3.) '*The truth shall make you free.*'—The tru revealed in Christ contains in it all liberating e ments and ingredients. It is fitted to neutral and undo all that made us slaves. And from moment that we *know* it, we are free! Our bel of this glorious liberating truth sets us at f liberty.

II. *A Christian is Christ's servant.*—Freed fr one service, which is bondage, he enters anoth which is liberty. Though free, he is a serva free *because* a servant; a servant *because* fr Such is the wonderful yet happy contradicti As Messiah is the Father's Servant, come to his will, so are we Messiah's servants, engaged do his will; to bear our cross in following Hi to do his work in all things.

Thus we are both freemen and servants; tr *both*. And we begin our liberty and our serv at the same time and in the same way. T truth which sets us free, introduces us into servi The two, so far from being incompatible, are h monious and helpful to each other.

If we are Christ's servants, then we wear livery; we dwell in his house; we do his wo we fix our eye on Him; we merge our wills in h we get his wages, his reward, 'Well done, g and faithful servant.' Let us, then, realize act out both our freemanship and our servi faithfully and fully; at all times, all places, conditions. Freemen, yet servants always; s vants, yet freemen always!

Let us close with the apostolic use of this tr Are we masters? Let us remember we are Chri servants, and only masters under Him: let keep us humble and kind. We have a good, ki Master: let us be good and kind. Are we vants? Let not this trouble us or make us fret We are the Lord's freemen. That makes up all. Though we were chained, imprisoned, exil like Paul at Rome, or John in Patmos, we are fr Nothing on earth can interfere with this privile or rob us of this honour. We are free inde Ours is glorious liberty.

THE WISE.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Continued from p.* 507.)

II. THEY *that turn many to righteousness.*—The expression, 'turning many to righteousness,' recalls such passages as these: 'He walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity' (Mal. ii. 6). 'If they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings' (Jer. xxiii. 22). 'Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto Thee' (Ps. li. 13). 'He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins' (Jas. v. 20).

Such passages as these show us the following things, in reference to this turning of the wicked from his wickedness:—

1. God's desire is, that they should be turned to righteousness. Not their remaining in sin, but their coming out of it—this is his desire: not that they should die, but live; not that they should be lost, but saved. Hence his vehement assertion regarding himself: 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked;' and hence his urgent appeal and expostulation: 'Turn ye, turn ye! for why will ye die?'

2. The stress which God lays on this. The manner in which it is introduced in our text, in connection with the glorious reward, shows the stress which God lays upon it. It is a mighty thing in his eyes. The gathering up yon stray leaf, which the winds are tossing to and fro, soon to fling into the devouring fire; the plucking of yon brand from the burning; the bringing back yon stray sheep from its weary wanderings; the receiving yon returning prodigal, though perhaps the most worthless that ever sought refuge beneath the paternal roof,—these, whatever they may appear to man, are great things in the eyes of God!

3. God expects that his saints should aim at this. He would have them be mindful of their own deliverance, and spend their delivered life in saving others. He assumes that men, who have found their way back to his love, should seek to win others to it, as they have been won; that those who have been made wise in Christ should, with all their might and zeal, aim at making others partakers of like blessed wisdom. It would be so strange, so inconsistent, to be otherwise! What! shall we be saved, and not seek to save? Shall we be blessed, and not seek to bless? Shall we see men plunging into woe, and not seek to win them to blessedness? Shall we see men becoming more and more children of darkness, nay, preparing for the blackness of darkness for ever, and not make one effort to make them children of light, who shall shine hereafter as the brightness of the firmament?

4. God will honour this; for 'they that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.' There is glory for all the saved, but special glory for those who have been the instruments of saving others. There is a reward for all the wise, but a special reward for those who have used their wisdom for turning many to righteousness. And evidently with this feeling it was that the apostle said to the Thessalonians: 'What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? for ye are our glory and joy;' and to Timothy: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' There is a recompense for every deed done for God, for every sacrifice incurred. There is, too, a reward for leading on the redeemed ones in their path, feeding Christ's sheep; but here the special reward is for turning men to righteousness. The saving of the lost is, in God's sight, so momentous and so blessed, that He singles it out here for particular mention, as something in which He greatly delights—something which He will abundantly honour.

And the word *many* gives yet deeper meaning to this truth. For it is as if it were said: 'In proportion to the number saved by you, shall be the weight and brilliance of your crown. One soul saved by you from death will bring addition to your recompense, and *many* will yet more largely enhance it—each added soul being an added jewel in your crown.'

These, surely, are thoughts fitted to rouse us —those of us who profess to be saved. Do we look upon the unsaved as God regards them? Do we yearn over them as He yearns and longs? Passing through our streets, is pity for the unsaved, that pass and repass us on every side, uppermost in our minds? Or, standing on some height which commands our town, as Olivet did Jerusalem, and looking down upon its inhabitants, is it mere admiration for the beauty of the scene that fills us, or is it compassion for the multitudes of the impenitent that rises within us, drawing, if not tears from our eyes, at least the deep-breathed prayer from the heart: 'Lord, convert this town! Lord, save these lost ones! by all means save some!'

This of itself would make life worth living for; this would make us willing to bear the grief, to face the storms, to wage the war of this sore-tried life on earth. To save a soul from death; to turn the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to pour the joy of heaven into a heart that was fast filling with the torment of hell; to snatch an immortal spirit from the hands of the destroyer; nay, to save not one—*many;* to have not one, but *many;* to snatch not one, but *many;* ah! this is surely worth living for, worth suffering for; this is surely of itself the recompense of a thousand sorrows!

But when, above and beyond this, there is provided for us a special and glorious reward; when, apart from the joy of saving a lost one, there is the blessedness of a brighter crown and a higher throne; ah! surely there is something to quicken the deadest, to warm the coldest; something to encourage and stimulate the most desponding; something to make us shake off all sloth, and selfishness, and love of ease, and to resolve that we shall not rest till, through the blessing of the mighty God, we have turned many to righteousness.

But let us look at the special reward here promised: 'They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.' To shine as the firmament itself, is the recompense of the *wise;* but to shine as the STARS in that firmament, is the reward of those who have so made use of that wisdom as to turn many to righteousness.

The stars stand out from the firmament,—apparently set in it, part of it, and yet distinct from it,—shining out of it in their sparkling beauty; so are these blessed ones. They belong to the one company of the redeemed, yet they stand out from it, as honoured with a peculiar honour; shining out in the midst as more glorious and more resplendent—stars in the bright blue of heaven.

The stars are not all of the same magnitude. 'One star differeth from another star in glory' One just faintly twinkles, hardly distinguishab from the blue ocean on which it floats; othe shine out in clear, mild beauty; others spark forth in yet more dazzling effulgence—brigl gems of midnight, which the eye ever loves look upon. So is it with these honoured on among the wise. To all is given a star-lil glory; but each is different. Some are bright some are fainter; some sparkle with greate others with less intensity.

The stars fade not. They move in the ordered courses, yet they change not. The light is not exhausted, their glow is not dimme They do not wither like the flowers of earth, n pass away like the rainbow of the sky. Th have shone for ages, they are shining still, a they shall shine for ever; and if any chan shall pass upon them, it will be to render the yet more purely brilliant, in the day when th old firmament shall be cleansed, and all its or put on new lustre. So shall it be with the rewarded, honoured ones among the wise. Th shall shine for ever. They cannot grow dir When they shall rise in the resurrection, th shall put on that glorious lustre, that celesti brilliance, which they shall wear throughou eternity.

And as the stars are beyond the reach of earth defilement, unpolluted and unstained, so shall be with these righteous. Pollution cannot touc them. Sin cannot reach them. They are eter nally holy, unchangeable, pure,—like Him wh lighted up their radiance, and made them in h own image, pure and holy.

How excellent the glory! how rich the reward To be God's stars for the universe, and, as h stars, to shine in his firmament for ever! T be set by his own hand in his own heavens; h gems of sparkling light, sending forth, through out all space, his blessed radiance,—ah! this unutterable glory. Having helped to light u dark souls here, in this dark world; to be mad God's lights for the universe, his everlastin stars,—ah! this is a prize worthy of ambition a prize, for the obtaining of which we may we sacrifice, and suffer, and toil; spending, an being spent; counting not even our life dear t us, if that we may succeed in turning many t righteousness; and taking our place as stars i God's heaven hereafter, when the Lord appear to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe. Blessed to be wise but more blessed to use that wisdom for turning others to righteousness. It will be glorious t form part of God's wondrous firmament—to b but a fragment of its happy blue; but it will b more glorious still to 'shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

REMEMBER ELI.

BY THE REV. A. A. BONAR, GLASGOW.

THERE is a report in heaven, as well as among us, that many of you are guilty of your children's blood. It is believed that many of you allow your children to perish miserably. ish you to inquire whether or not you be chargeable with this fearful crime.

I know that every minister and elder has a ld account to give at the judgment-seat of ; and so has every father and mother. f these accounts is to be regarding their *wn souls;* and the other is to be regarding they attended to *those under their care.* ast account will be as strict as the first; e of the holy prophets declares that there unutterable woe lying upon those who themselves, and do not feed the flock' (Ezek. . 2). Now, parents, you 'feed yourselves' ll under this woe, when you are content getting meat, and drink, and clothing, you let your children become a prey to s, that is, to wicked companions, bad ex- , temptations to sinful amusements and rc, by which their souls are ruined for ever.

remember you have to give an account ur own souls! and that will be fearful h, and sad enough! God will open the book of judgment, and turn to the page in your sins are written. His bright light ine on the page, and you will be forced to up the steps of the judgment-seat, and what is written against you. Your con- e will testify that every word is true; and evil will be a witness, for he led you into ire; and holy angels will declare how they nd shuddered at your sin; and many of neighbours will be brought up to tell how id they sinned together; and God himself eak and declare it to be all true! Oh, how is the prospect! You will on that day be ed, if all these things are found in the book. ere is another account even after all this e, namely, the account you have to give for children,—for each of your children, and f their sins! *You* will be reckoned guilty r sins, if you did not check them; *you* will counted chargeable with *their* follies and if you agreed to let them go on in what they pleased (1 Sam. iii. 13). And who e the witnesses against you here? Will it science? and the devil? and your neigh- ' and the Holy God? Yes, but in addi- your *own little children!* Your own chil- will face you at the judgment-seat, and mn you. Alas! their agonized looks, their their cries, their gnashing of teeth, will waken your conscience, and you will be d before the universe to be *murderers of wn children's souls!*

a mother of a little girl used to teach her ay, but only at times that suited her own nience. One day this little girl looked in her mother's face, and said, 'Mother, when I die, and go to heaven, and God Almighty asks me, "Did your mother teach you to pray?" I will tell Him, Yes, except on washing-days.' Was not this a case where the child seemed already to be beginning her office as witness against her parent's sin? But there was another girl, whose history was far more awful. She had once cared about her soul, and sought a Saviour, till her father led her away back to the world and its sins. In the course of a year after he had succeeded in making his daughter thoughtless and gay, a rapid fever attacked her. She called for her father in her last moments, fixed her eye on him, and was able to utter, 'Father, last year I would have sought Christ; but now, father, your child is—' She had not time to finish the sentence, death arrested her; but, oh! what a witness she will be when she meets him again, and reproaches him with having ruined her soul! There is a hymn which has often struck us as being very solemn and alarming,—a hymn that represents lost children upbraiding their parents. They are crying from the lowest hell, telling their parents that if they had taken an interest in their souls, they would never have come into that place of torment.

'Father, weep with shame and rueing,
Weep, for thy child's undoing,
For the days when I was young,
And no prayer was taught my tongue—
I ran the world's race well,
And find my portion, *hell!*

Weep, mother, weep; but know
'Twill not shorten endless woe!
Weep, my lost spirit's fate,
But know thy tears too late!
Had they sooner fallen,—well,
I had not wept in *hell!*'

O parents! are any of you already stained with this crimson guilt? Have any of you cause to fear that you have sent some of your children to hell by your conduct? Or have you reason to fear lest you have set them on the way, although they are still alive? Up, and flee to the city of refuge! You are like the ancient manslayers (Num. xxxv.); the avenger of blood is at your heels! There is no remission for your sin, except in the blood of Jesus. And Jesus has made so full and ample an atonement that, on the ground of it, even a *murderer of souls* may be forgiven. Manasseh was a murderer of souls; and he was forgiven through this precious blood (2 Chron. xxxiii.). You, too, may be forgiven, if your blood-stained conscience be washed in the precious blood of the Lamb. Your souls may now be sore vexed and ill at ease; your peace may be broken up, and remorse may have well nigh begun that gnawing which shall never end; but hearken to the words that bring you good tidings: 'The chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him' (Isa. liii. 5).

We know, that if you would bathe in the blood of Him who 'his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree,' then would your souls be delivered from the oppressive and intolerable thought of the past; and you would be refreshed in the future by the glorious prospect of bringing those that remain to the same Saviour that redeemed you. It is true, you may feel like the South Sea murderers of their children, who, on being awakened and taught the power of the blood of Christ, even then found the consciousness of that sin—the murder of their children—the last which they could bring to the atoning blood. Some lamented in agony over seven, others over seventeen or twenty, whom they had destroyed. Yet even these did at last find their souls cleansed in that full, deep fountain. And you may find the same. You will then be like pardoned Manasseh, who, when justified from all things, by bathing in the ocean of Immanuel's blood, could walk at evening round Zion, and look down into the very valley of Hinnom—the black, gloomy valley where he had made so many of his children pass through the fire to Moloch,—and still retain his peace with God, and say, 'Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died' (Rom. viii. 34). If you would thus try the power of Christ's sacrifice to purify your guilty conscience, you would soon care for and yearn over your children's souls. You would discover their guilt, and perceive their danger, and you would long to see them saved and made 'accepted in the Beloved.' We know, also, in regard to those of you that have sought Christ for yourselves, but have not been sufficiently careful to fulfil your baptismal promise, and comply with the demand of the Lord, by bringing your children to Christ,—we know that the cause is to be found in your meagre views and most inadequate feelings of the Saviour's glorious work. Your sense of the heinousness of the sin which it purges away is so dull, and your apprehension of its infinitely urgent necessity and overwhelming grace is so dim, that your languid feelings are not stirred, though your offspring are living in the open neglect of the great salvation. Were you to die in your present unfaithfulness to your family, and be saved yourselves, 'so as by fire,' you would need to take an *eternal farewell* of your children. Like Eli, you might be saved; but your feelings on reaching glory would be like his. No doubt he learned in heaven what he dreaded to think upon on earth, that his sons, Hophni and Phinehas, were cast away as brands for the burning; and now all that he could do, as he stood before the throne—himself saved, but none of his offspring—was first to adore the sovereign grace that had led himself to wash in the blood of the Lamb that removed *even that sin* of crimson and scarlet dye, and next, to join the hallelujahs of the company that were praising the righteous wrath of their God against the lost souls of Hophni and Phinehas, while they saw the smoke of their torment rising up for ever and ever (Rev. xix. 3).

Bearing these solemn truths in mind, hear us when we propose to you that your children should be sent to the SABBATH SCHOOL.

1. *You that care about your own and yo children's souls.* We believe you are seeking o the best means of benefiting those under yo care. We therefore do no more than ask y to consider whether or not it would be useful send your children to our schools. If other c cumstances are suitable, then your example mig influence some of your neighbours; and by yo attention to your children in preparing them home for the Sabbath school, you would ha the satisfaction of seeing your children becom pattern to others.

2. *You that care about your children, tho you are not yourselves converted.* We know th this is no uncommon case; even infidels ha wished their children to know Christ. Now, you feel that you yourselves have got no chan of heart, we entreat you to send your children the Sabbath school. There, by the blessing God, they may be led to Christ. The teache whole aim is to bring them to the cross of Chri to carry them to the Shepherd who gave his l for the sheep, and to bathe them in the fount opened for sin and uncleanness. But if y allow them to spend Sabbath evening, and p haps all the day too, in whatever manner th please, you may expect soon to hear them utt ing oaths, and be grieved by their profani their contempt for the ordinances of God, th filthy and foolish deeds, and other signs of hardened heart. But oh! if they were sav you would be freed at the great day from t reproach of their ruin. And perhaps they mig even carry home salvation to you. What if th should lead you by the hand to Jesus? What your experience should be that of a parent, w said, 'I was thirty years old before I knew th I had a soul. But one of our boys went out a Sabbath to play, and was brought in with ankle-bone out of joint. Next Sabbath, anoth of the boys got himself lamed. I resolved send them to school to be out of the way. was there that they learned, and I learned throu them, that I had a soul.'

3. *You that care neither for your own nor yo children's souls.* Whether you care or not, st it is true that there is a Saviour standing wi open arms, saying, 'Suffer the little children come unto me, and forbid them not' (Mark 14). Will you allow us to be kind to them, a lead them to this Saviour? You would wi them to be obedient, to be well-behaved, to useful; you would not wish to see them grow t to be thieves, drunkards, and pests to societ Let us, then, try what we can to lead them Christ. Do not hinder us from showing kindn to your children. We entreat you not to be u merciful to their souls. Let not your eye evil toward the children of your own bowe Would you wish that any of them should y curse the day that ever they were born in yo house, and had you for their parent?

And now that we have ended our few wor of expostulation, we must say to those of y who agree to put your children under our ca for a few hours on Sabbath, that we do not any degree free you from the obligations y yourselves are under to attend to their soul

e cannot take upon us *your* responsibility, became yours at your children's birth, as sealed on you at their baptism. We stand in your place in the judgment-day. ast yourselves at home watch over them, r them and with them, help them in their for their classes, and speak to them on turning home, as anxiously as if we had aid a word. We offer only to help you. It will prove your more sure condemnation at last, if it be the case that strangers cared more for your children's souls than you yourselves do, —the father that begat them, and the mother that bore them. But, oh, how blessed, if, led by the Holy Spirit yourselves, you become the means of leading your children to Jesus! We will stand by, rejoicing to hear you say, 'Behold, Lord, I and the children whom Thou hast given me!'

THERE AND HERE.

'There remaineth therefore a rest' (the keeping of a Sabbath) 'for the people of God.'—Heb. iv. 9.

ING from these words, Matthew Henry 'Tis good to be *here*, but better to be for, 1. *Here* we are at a distance from *ere* we are brought near Him; now absent ne Lord, then present. Here we have a h now and then in the camp, there a con- ne in the court. Here boarded at school, tched home to our Father's house.

Here we are in the dark and under a veil; re we shall see all things clearly. Here uire in God's temple; but after all our s, our discoveries are short and defective: w but in part. The word we read and in many places obscure to us. But *there* will be rent, doubts resolved: we shall things clearly.

Here we are dull—defective in our best ances; but there we shall be all light, and well as light. Now we cannot do good should; are disturbed by vain thoughts, tions. Sabbath work is done by halves, the vanity of our minds and the infirmity flesh. The body is a clog. But *there* will orrupt nature, no body of sin, no body of o flaws in our work.

Here we are often disquieted and in sorrow. ve other work to do besides that of joy ise. We repent now in tears, hang our on the willow trees; we go mourning; s mock at our Sabbaths,—our spiritual s (Lam. i. 7). But *there* will be nothing and praise: all pleasant.

Here we lose a great deal of our Sabbath navoidably; but there will be none lost in . We lose a great deal in the morning in but from the morning of the resurrection ll never sleep, nor need it;—in dressing; re always dressed;—in going to the as- ; but there going no more out;—in bodily ments; no eating or drinking there.

Here our Sabbath assemblies are but small ixed; but *there* full and perfectly pure. ve meet with a few, the doors shut for the Jews—those of our own neighbour- but in heaven all, from east and west. hose of our own age and day; there, Abra- saac, and Jacob. Here there are spots; here: all saints, and all the saints, and nade perfect—no unclean person or thing; ct concert and not a jarring string.

Sabbaths here are but signs; *that* Sabbath is stance, and has in it all the thing signified. ave his Sabbaths for signs, tokens of his favour; but in heaven He gives his favour itself, the full communication of it. It is but a typical rest we have here; *that* is a real rest, a Sabbath indeed.

'8. Sabbaths here have nights at the end of them, and week-days to come after them; but *that* is an everlasting Sabbath. As Christ is a priest, so heaven is a Sabbath, that has no succes- sor. *That* rest is perpetual, and we shall never return to our toil; that work is continual, and we shall never return to our sleep or inactivity.'

Blessed prospect! But by every one beholding it, the inquiry should be addressed to his own soul, 'Will that prospect be realized by me?'

THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT.

Rom. xiii. 11, 12.

Christians, wake! no more be sleeping,
Up! and let us watch be keeping;
Far spent is the night of weeping,
And the day is near at hand!

Nearer than when we believed,
And the grace of God received,
And from bondage were relieved,
Our desired salvation is.

Up! iniquity's abounding,
Danger is our path surrounding,
And the cry will soon be sounding,
Lo! the Bridegroom cometh now!

Many cold in love are growing;
Many from the faith are going.
Let our love and zeal be glowing;
Let us ever ready stand!

Worldliness and sin eschewing,
Trustfully our path pursuing,
And our work appointed doing,
Let us at our posts be found!

Up! and instant be in praying,
Faithful unto Jesus staying,
Faint not though He be delaying,—
He will surely come at last!

Patiently may we await Him,
Joyfully go forth to meet Him,
And with loud hosannas greet Him,
When He comes to take us home!

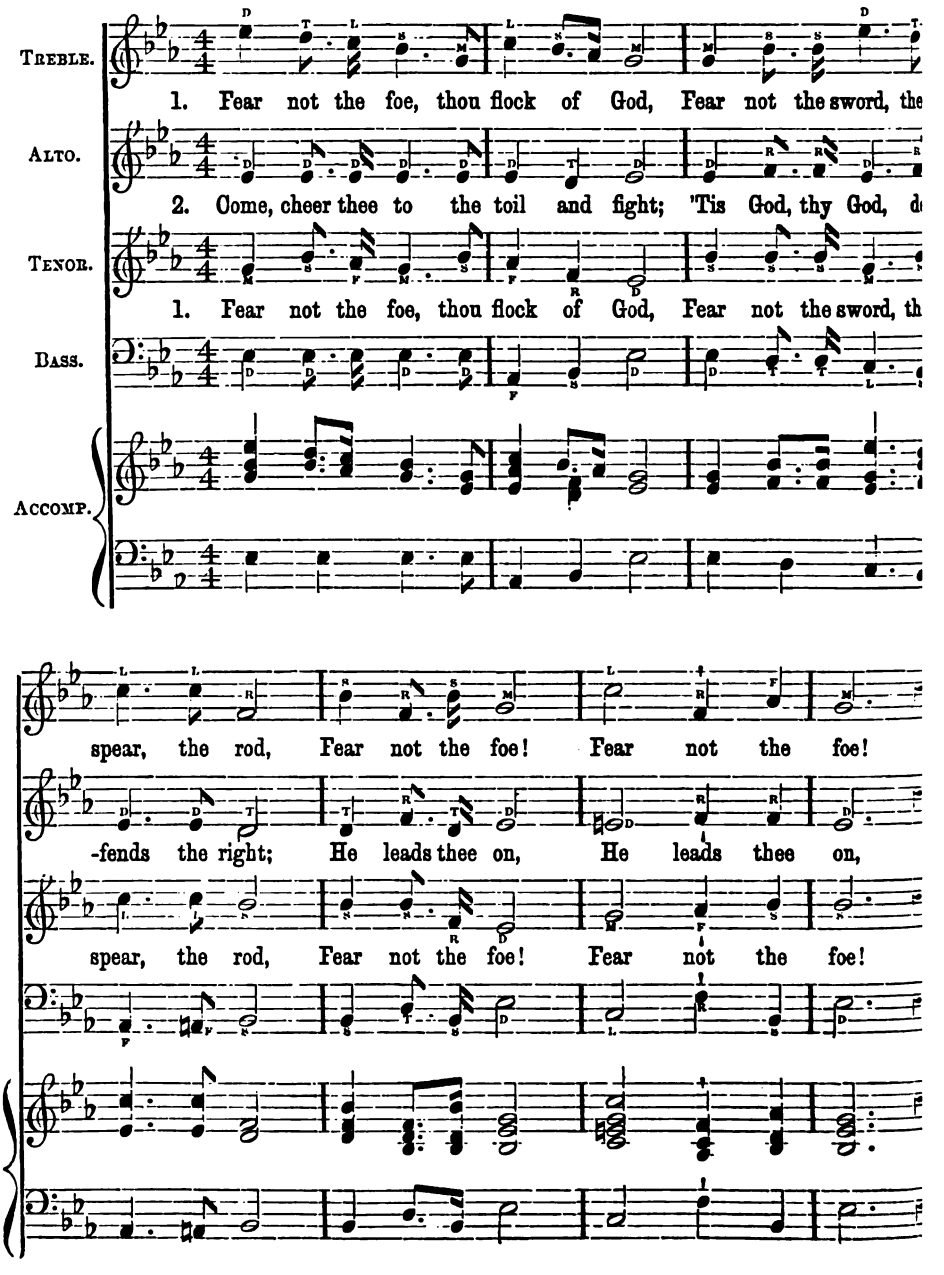
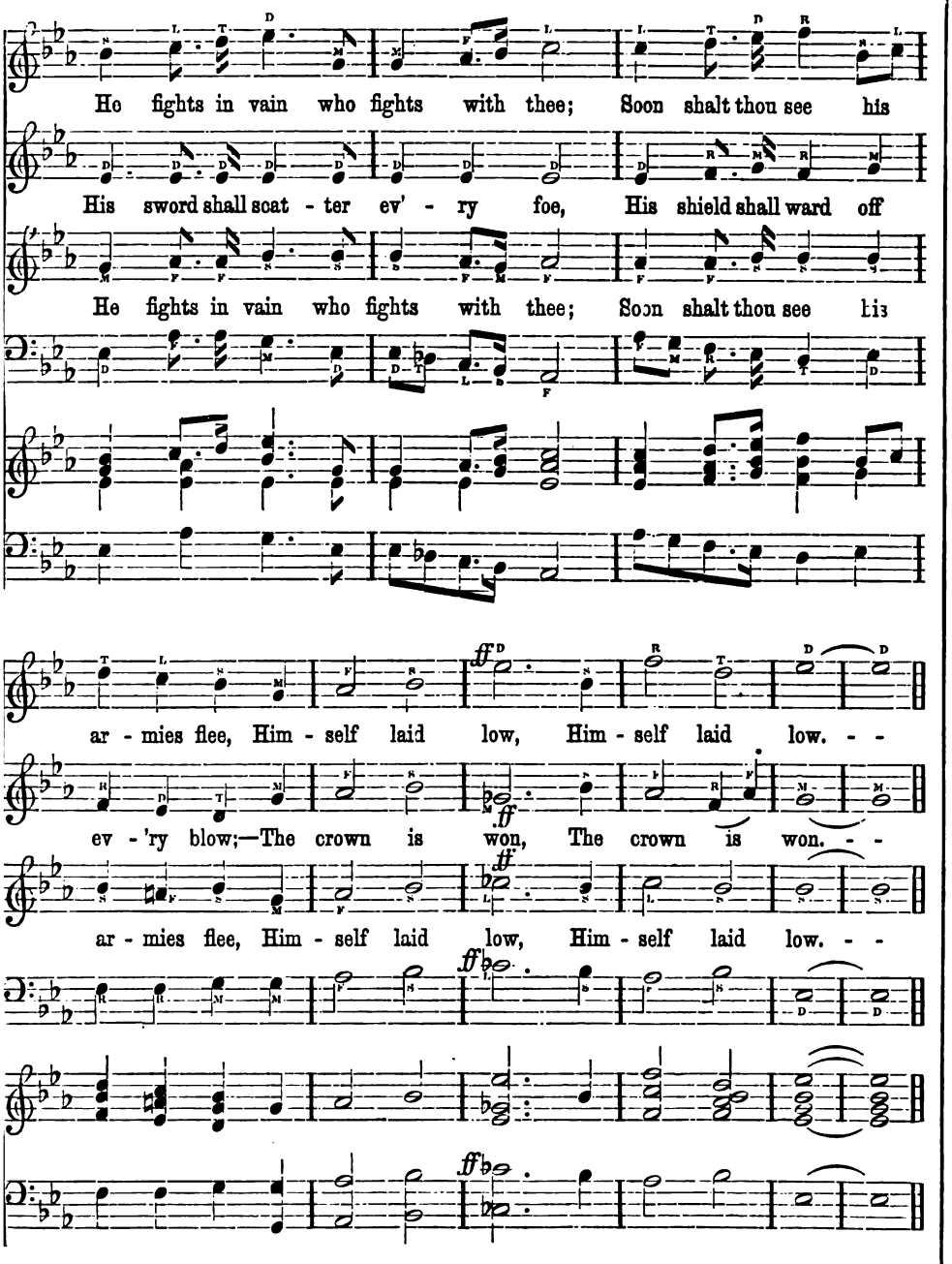
—*John Kelly.*

The Treasury Hymnal.

The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note Method of musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young singers.

THE BATTLE SONG OF THE CHURCH.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

With vigour. Met. 96 = ♩

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP.
1. Fear not the foe, thou flock of God, Fear not the sword, the
2. Come, cheer thee to the toil and fight; 'Tis God, thy God, d
1. Fear not the foe, thou flock of God, Fear not the sword, th
spear, the rod, Fear not the foe! Fear not the foe!
-fends the right; He leads thee on, He leads thee on,
spear, the rod, Fear not the foe! Fear not the foe!

He fights in vain who fights with thee; Soon shalt thou see his
His sword shall scat - ter ev' - ry foe, His shield shall ward off
He fights in vain who fights with thee; Soon shalt thou see his
ar - mies flee, Him - self laid low, Him - self laid low. - -
ev - 'ry blow;—The crown is won, The crown is won. - -
ar - mies flee, Him - self laid low, Him - self laid low. - -

His is the battle, His the power,
His is the triumph in that hour;
In Him be strong.
So round thy brow the wreath shall twine,
So shall the victory be thine,
And thine the song.

Not long the sigh, the toil, the sweat,
Not long the fight-day's wasting heat;
The shadows come.
Slack not thy weapon in the fight;
Courage! for God defends the right;
Strike home! strike home!

MISS RUSSELL'S THIRD YEAR IN JERUSALEM.

(A SEQUEL TO HOME IN THE HOLY LAND.)

CHAPTER XVII.

STOLEN PEARLS SENT BACK.

GERSHON'S fears came true. He was summoned to the Consulate to answer to the charge of having stolen the pearl necklace.

Little Yakovieo came running, pale and breathless, to tell me that his father had been taken to the Consulate, and that he would surely be put in prison; 'and it was not my father who stole the pearls, Senora, it was that wicked Ibrahim Aga.'

'Ibrahim Aga! How do you know, child?'

The same expression of fear came over his face that I had seen upon the faces of Sarah and Gershon;' but it was far less, and he seemed to think more how his father was to be defended from the charge of theft.

He came up close to me, and whispered, 'Senora, don't tell any one, for I am afraid. Ibrahim Aga is a bad man; he will kill me if he hears it. But I was not asleep, I saw him give the slave my father's bundle.'

Just then Sarah came in; she was in great misery about her son. She thought his fate was sealed; for, had he not had the pearls? and were they not missing? and they now asked not ten, but thirty thousand piastres as their value.

Walter advised me to tell his grandmother what the boy had told us. I did so, and now every other idea seemed lost in terror. It was easy to perceive that the child was right, that Ibrahim Aga was the very man whom Sarah had also seen. But she would not pronounce his name, would not admit that she had seen him; but upbraided the child for his folly—in having spoken out what he knew—so bitterly that the poor boy shrunk into a corner, hid his face, and cried as if his heart would break. 'Why make mischief for ourselves? When God—blessed be He!—sends us affliction, shall we not bear it? Why, thou foolish child, why wast thou not dumb? Why shouldest thou bring the wrath of that accursed man—may his name be blotted out!—upon thy father's head?'

At last I got her to listen to me, and to admit that this man was indeed Ibrahim Aga, chief of the police.

'Of course,' cried Walter; 'did not Benson tell us that that fellow and his slaves were suspected of the robberies going on? How came I to forget it? But Mr. Wells ought instantly to be informed.' On hearing that Walter was going to tell the Consul, Sarah wept, she entreated, fell at his feet, and supplicated that he would not do so.

'Try and get her to understand, Emily, if Mr. Wells is not told, I don't see how her son can be cleared.'

I got her to understand this. But she said that, some years ago, a poor Jew had offended this terrible Ibrahim Aga, and he had disappeared and had never since been heard of; and she was afraid for her son's life, if robbery should be brought home to the chief of the police through his means.

'But thirty thousand piastres, Sarah! how will your son ever pay that? He will be imprisoned all his life, and that will be as bad for you.'

At last we got her to consent to our telling the whole to Mr. Wells under the seal of secrecy and asking his advice as to what ought to be done.

At the Consulate we found the trial of the case was going on. There was Gershon standing pale and trembling, before the Consul, who was surrounded by his secretaries and dragomans. I was glad to catch a glimpse of Abraham's face among them; for I thought his ready wit would have discerned the truth of Gershon's story, and his kind feelings would be certainly enlisted on his behalf. I also saw a woman standing closely veiled near the door, with bright yellow silk trousers peeping below her white sheet. She must be the woman in whose gown pocket the pearls were. Beside her was a coarse-featured one-eyed man, in a great big turban,—her husband, I suppose. Walter went into the court, upstairs to Mrs. Wells.

In about an hour my brother joined us, looking grave. 'It is a most distressing case; they have proved beyond all doubt that the pearls were in the dress when given to Gershon, and they want to make him responsible for their value. He, of course, says the gown was stolen from him; but can he prove that?'

'But if he did not know that they were in the pocket. People don't give pearls worth ten thousand piastres as security for a tarboosh worth fifty or a hundred.'

'That is about the best point in the whole case Mrs. Wells; and I think Mr. Wells means to consider it, judging by his cross-examination of the woman's two slaves. Her husband knew nothing about the pearls—had never heard of them before.'

'Strange!'

A kawass here brought up a note from Rabbi Abraham: 'Dear Mr. Walter, will you be bail for this poor man? Why shall he be put in prison as a thief, when he himself is the one robbed?'

'Yes, I will,' cried Walter. 'Gershon put in prison,'—and he added, in a low tone, to me, 'in the power of the villain who has robbed him!—no, not if I can prevent it.'

The Consul and my brother came up in quarter of an hour.

'Matters have taken a curious turn, Miss Russell. Your brother's kindness is not needed. Just as I was about to take his security for Gershon, a black slave whispered something to the woman who claims the pearls. She clapped her

hands, and exclaimed, 'El Hamdulillah! the pearls are found.'

'Found!'

'Yes,' cried the slave, 'found. I was crossing the terrace of my master's house, and something fell at my feet. It was the dress of my mistress, and in the pocket of it were the pearls.' Then she came close and whispered something more in her mistress's ear.

The husband stood with open mouth; but the wife thanked me, and prepared to leave the court, followed by her slaves.

'How very extraordinary!' said Mrs. Wells. 'Where is Gershon?'

'We left him down-stairs stupefied, and, I thought, not pleased, as he ought to be. Perhaps he was bewildered. But, Mr. Russell, there is some mystery in the case. The husband did not know his wife had any such pearls; he could not describe them; he could not tell their value, nor where she got them, nor how long she had had them. I don't believe one word of the woman's tale about her sister; and altogether they seem to be a bad set. Gershon's story, too, about the robbery was not so clear to-day as before.'

'I had almost forgotten,' said Walter, 'the business that brought me here;' then taking Mr. Wells' promise of secrecy, as Sarah had desired, he told him who the robber really was.

The Consul became very grave indeed. 'That explains everything, even about the pearls. They belong to his wife, you say. Yes, yes, I see now why the case was stopped. Ibrahim Aga is a very bad man. No wonder the poor Jew is not pleased. If that fellow should suspect that he saw him, he has good reason to fear. This being so, I will grant the request for a guard to sleep in Gershon's house for a few nights.'

'Did you expect to discover the robbery, Mr. Wells?'

'I had not much hope, and now I have little or none, even supposing that Gershon allows me to proceed. But he will stop the case, now that the pearls are brought back. And I think he will be wise. Had he any chance of convicting that scoundrel, it would be otherwise; but as it is, he had better drop it.'

'And the ring?'

'True, there is the ring. But the owner has not put in his claim.'

These words passed as Mr. Wells conducted me down-stairs to the door. Abraham was standing there, and overheard the last, and said, 'If the owner does not claim his ring, why shall any one else do it for him?'

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRISTMAS SQUABBLES AT BETHLEHEM.

THE cold wintry weather, which had threatened us before Christmas, passed off again; and, like last year and the year before, Christmas-tide was remarkable for the beauty of its spring-like weather: green grass everywhere, brought out by the former rains; warm sunshine; gentle breezes; and clear, sparkling, yet not frosty nights. Abraham, and Rachel, and Nathaniel, with Judah and Miriam (happy couple that they were!), came, and made our Christmas party; and it was a very peaceful and happy day. Again, like last year, Walter and I rode, after service, to the hill, whence we could get a view of Bethlehem; and this time we looked upon it with the feeling—and a sad feeling it was—that ere long we must look our last upon its dear hills; that by next Christmas we should be far away in a distant land.

But Bethlehem was not at peace within itself. Bitter strife and hatred were rife among both priests and people, instead of peace and goodwill towards men. A few weeks before, the Greek and Latin monks had had a serious fray in the very sanctuary. Blows had been exchanged. The populace had heard of the fight, and rushed in, to take their part on either side; but they were expelled by the monks, who closed the doors, and fought it out among themselves, with such weapons as came to hand—bars of wood, and wax tapers from the altars. When all was over, the silver star, with Latin inscription, which marked the very spot of our Saviour's birth, was gone—taken, 'stolen,' as Katrina, with all the vehemence of Latin partisanship, told me,—'*stolen* by the accursed Greeks (may their great-grandfather's grandfather be burnt!), in order that they may put a new one, and make the place theirs; and they have been bribing the Kadi, and he has given a sentence in their favour (may their house be destroyed!).'

All this had happened only a few weeks ago.

We now met the Turkish Pasha and his soldiers returning to Jerusalem. They had spent the night in Bethlehem, in order to prevent the Christians from a fresh, and perhaps murderous outbreak, at the midnight mass on Christmas eve.

Mr. Wells' dragoman came up soon afterwards, and told us all had passed off quietly, and that the French Consul had referred the dispute about the right of replacing the star to Constantinople. 'But,' he added, 'we' (Latins) 'are obliged to keep watch night and day; for if not, the Greeks would insert a star of their own, which they have got ready, in place of ours, and then we could not remove it again.'

'But,' said Walter, 'would it not be better to let the Greeks put their star there?'

The dragoman looked shocked at the sacrilegious idea. 'The Greeks put their star in our holiest sanctuary! Santa Maria! that could not be.'

'But would it not be better than fighting over the birthplace of our Redeemer? What must the unbelieving Moslems think of Christianity when they see such doings?'

CHAPTER XIX.

RAIN AND SNOW—KEDRON FLOWING.

THUS Christmas passed, and January came, and with it winter—real winter, cold and severe, but very welcome, for the sake of the crops, and the trees, and the household cisterns.

A violent wind-storm was followed by heavy rains; and, in a day or two, the rain turned to hail, and that again to snow; and Jerusalem, and the mountains which stand round about her, were robed in a white and spotless mantle —beautiful in the grey morning light, or in the bright noonday sun; and yet more beautiful by night, when the moon shed her rays upon city and mountains, valleys and plains.

At the end of a week came more rain and more snow, and then a thunderstorm. In this country thunder-storms do not come in summer, but in winter. Lightnings in the north are a sure precursor of rain.

Very grand were the broad flashes of light over the snow-clad city, and grander still the pealing echoes of the thunder, as they rolled over Jerusalem, reverberating from mountain to mountain—multiplying as they ran down the valleys, faint and fainter, until the last distant sound was lost—swallowed up by a fresh burst overhead; while yet more brilliant lightning flashed over minaret, and mosque, and the domes of the houses.

For a few hours the sky became clear, and we thought the rain and snow were over. Our cistern was nearly full. It would certainly be quite full as soon as the masses of snow upon the terraces had melted. But there was more rain in store for us. The wind rose again, blowing from the west, and swiftly bringing up clouds from the Mediterranean. Down came the rain again.

'Very good! very good!' cried Katrina.

'El Hamdulillah!' echoed the groom. 'There has been no such rain since Ibrahim Pasha.'

'There will be plenty of olives this year,' said she (Katrina had some olive-trees of her own at Bethlehem).

'There will be plenty of everything,' replied he. 'This is a year of blessing. Praised be the Creator of heaven and earth!'

It poured all that evening, and the snow began to melt, and to be washed away; and it poured all night; and when day dawned, it was pouring still.

Before I was half dressed, Katrina was at my door, her red coat drawn up over her head. She cried out—saluting me with the form used on New Year's day, or in great feasts—'Sitty! Sitty! may you have a happy year! Beer Eyoob has overflowed. Here, here is the water! The Fellahheen have brought it!'

What had not happened during ten or eleven years before, had now occurred. The water had suddenly risen to the top of the deep shaft at the well of Beer Eyoob, and was overflowing in a stream down the Kedron valley; and parties of the Siloam peasantry were carrying fantastic little black and red jars of the water in triumph from house to house of the city.

Of course, everybody gave them a backsheesh; for was it not Sennet khair—'a year of good'—a year such as only comes once in eleven years or more? We gladly gave our backsheesh, drank some of the water, and put the rest in a bottle, as memorial. It was almost the colour of milk, but sweet in taste, and, when settled, was excellent.

The rough fellows who had brought it cried joyously, as Katrina had done, 'May you have a happy year!' from under the thick, brown-striped aba (mantle), which, covering head turban, and all, seemed to keep out the pelting rain as well as any mackintosh could.

Besides their usual linen garment, they had on large jackets made of sheepskins, the fleecy side turned inwards; but their feet and legs were bare, and yet they did not seem to mind a bit, as they waded through the half-melted snow and mud, for the drenching rain was kept off by their upper garments.

The news that Beer Eyoob had overflowed seemed to be a signal for every one to break loose from the imprisonment which the last ten days' rain and snow had caused; and, in spite of the still pouring rain, to hurry about, congratulating their friends and each other upon the blessed year of plenty that was before us. There was general rejoicing in the midst of the pelting rain; but women, in their miserable white sheets, were fain to stay and rejoice in-doors.

We had scarcely done breakfast, before Abraham came in to tell the news; and, finding we had heard it, to ask Walter to go down with him, and see the stream flowing.

'Why, you will be wet through! Don't go yet, Walter; it may clear up later.'

'But I am not wet through,' cried Abraham 'and I have been there already.'

'All the way down to Siloam, in this rain?'

'Yes, to see the *river;* and many people have been there. The Consul was there before me and I met the Kadi as I was coming back. Everybody goes: why not? Beer Eyoob has not overflowed since Ibrahim Pasha's time.'

Walter went, and Haj Omar would not stay behind; and Constantine went. I told Katrina she must stay at least till the others came back; but I had no sooner seated myself at my work than she also disappeared; and I was left alone in the house, to listen to the pattering of the rain, and reflect upon the rejoicing there will one day be in this land, when all the ancient springs burst forth, and the dry stony channels are once more musical with the sound of rippling streams.

Walter came back very wet indeed. He shook himself before entering the room, and yet the water ran plentifully down his mackintosh, and to the ground; while he told me that I *must* go also, as soon as the weather had mended a little.

'Everybody, great and small—all Jerusalem will be there. Already the road is lined with people going and coming—on foot and on horseback; and by to-morrow it will be a sight worth seeing.'

'Is there much water?'

'A good deal. The deep shaft of 120 feet is suddenly filled, and a spring has broken out lower down the valley.'

In the afternoon, the steady rain changed to heavy showers; and I went with my brother, and saw the brooklet bubbling, and boiling, and making haste to escape and wander among the olive-trees in the valley below. But it was too showery for us to follow it that night, much as

ished to see what became of it. Next day—hat a beautiful day it was! The sun shone t, and the birds sang: only patches of snow left in sheltered spots, to remind us of the

A light south breeze was blowing, just gh to stir the scarlet anemones, and give ighest possible effect to their dazzling bril- r as they waved in the sunshine. And yebright, and speedwell, and crocuses, and t-me-not, and star of Bethlehem, blossomed every bank. Rooks cawed overhead, and hattered among the trees. Larks ran on e us, and sprang up singing from under our

And down in the warm valley of Hinnom goldfinches fluttered from spray to spray g the almond flowers, and joined the rosy- cyclamens, that blushed and bloomed g the rocks, in proclaiming that winter was and gone;' that henceforth the fields to rejoice, and the husbandmen to be glad. in truth the husbandmen were glad; and out with their oxen ploughing the terraced tain-sides, and sowing corn, while their and children were busy, in the gardens in the green valley, planting vegetables, hering the earliest lettuces, spinach, salads, es, cabbages, and cauliflowers, for the lem market. Oh, what cauliflowers I saw eason! (Siloam is famous for its cauli- s. All the steep slopes of Ophel and of are planted with forests of cauliflowers, g immense leaves, and heads delicate, close, hite as snow. I saw a man one day carry- ne single enormous cauliflower over his ler. The stem was considerably thicker his arm. The head of another, which I red, was more than thirteen inches in ter.)

I must not forget our visit to Beer Eyoob. ad done as all the world was doing—taken heon out for a picnic by the water's side. Abraham, and Rachel, and her brother were to meet us there, and help us to enjoy the day, and to eat our dates and almonds, walnuts and oranges. (The markets were full of Jaffa oranges and sweet lemons.)

What a scene it was at the Kedron! All ranks and all ages of people enjoying themselves,—the Pasha and his suite; the Kadi; the chief rabbi, and all his learned men; Consul and janizaries; Latin monks, and Greek bishops, and black-robed Armenians, and the Syrian bishop; dervishes, negro slaves, and soldiers; peasants and children, seated on carpets and mats, enjoying pipes and coffee, sherbets and sweetmeats; riding, walking, running, playing! What a Babel of tongues! What a variety of costumes and colours—moving or at rest among the trees and the water: companies of white-sheeted women, screaming their shrill note of pleasure; the neighing of gaily dressed horses, tied up to the trees; the laughter of the children, dabbling in the water, making miniature mills of reeds across the runnels, or cascades over large stones; sturdy peasant women chatting to each other across the valley, while they sat barelegged in the stream, beating out and washing blue-dyed garments upon flat stones in the course of the merry brook; itinerant sellers of sweetmeats crying out their wares by poetical names, such as, 'Rest to the throat,' 'Gazelles' hoofs,' sugared almonds, toasted melon seeds, fruits, nuts, and cakes; coffee-makers, with temporary kitchens, built of two or three stones; and men with gay-cut glass narghiles of various colours, ranged in rows, to tempt the smokers. Oh, it was a sight not easily forgotten!

There was fun, too, among the children; and actually, in one place, a group of sturdy young Greek pilgrims were playing at leap-frog—unmindful of the hindrance occasioned by their clumsy, full cotton trousers.

(To be continued.)

LEANING ON THE BELOVED.

TRAVELLING life's wilderness,
Ofttimes in deep distress,
One there is near to bless;
Lean, then, on Him.

He will make dark days bright;
Walk, then, by faith, not sight;
Make it thy chief delight
To lean on Him.

When all seems dark and drear,
Or all is bright and clear,
Strive, strive to feel Him near,
And lean on Him.

Earth, and each earthly thing,
But transient joy can bring;
Cling, then, to Jesus cling,
And lean on Him.

When flesh and heart shall fail,
Treading death's awful vale,
With Him thou shalt prevail:
Lean, then, on Him.

When life's last day is o'er,
Safe on the heavenly shore,
We shall for evermore
Live, live with Him.

C. E. H.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 JOHN IV. 1–3.

Do these words not suit us well in these last days? Do they not seem almost as if written for us, on whom the ends of the world are come? For are not evil men and seducers waxing worse and worse? Are not the subtleties and sophistries of error more plausible and delusive than ever? Do we not need to be ever on our guard, lest we be insensibly and imperceptibly led captive by Satan at his will? As at the first, so at the last, shall the false prophets go forth; and the unclean spirits, like frogs, shall do their work of gathering together the nations to the battle of the great day of God Almighty.

How tenderly does John begin his warning! 'Beloved,' or beloved ones! He speaks as a father; he speaks as the Master himself, in his words and tones. Ah! this is love, which we too seldom feel or manifest.

How mildly does he frame his warning! 'Believe not every spirit.' These spirits of error went forth in his days, each one with a doctrine, each one with an interpretation. Their number was legion. They came claiming to be believed. They had reason, or revelation, or antiquity, or intuition, or learning on their side. 'Believe not every spirit,' says the apostle. 'Be on your guard. Give not your faith at once or implicitly to any one, however urgent his claims, however plausible his creed. *It is a solemn thing to believe!* It is no matter of taste, or logic, or poetry, or custom; it is something which appeals to the conscience, to the seat of responsibility, to the innermost part of man's soul; it is something which connects us with a coming judgment.'

He speaks of error as connected with some evil spirit; of all lies as originating in the father of lies, and propagated by his emissaries. They hatch them, suggest them, ornament them, present them in every seductive shape. From the day of Adam to our own, this has been the case. Error is Satan's delight; the weapon with which he works, the bait with which he seduces, the poison with which he ruins the soul.

'Try the spirits,' says the apostle. 'Put them to the proof; see whether they bear marks of having come from God. Do not reject unreasonably, or without evidence. Bring them to the test; prove all things. For the danger is great, seeing many false prophets are gone out into the world. They are *many!* They are spread wide and far. They work wisely and cautiously. They come as near the truth as possible. It is error that they whisper, but it sounds like truth; error from a thousand voices, all of them seeking to mislead, all of them from hell!'

In opposition to these false spirits, we have the Spirit of God—the Holy Ghost. It is He who can alone enable us to discern these, and to overcome. For this end is He given. He is the Spirit of truth; and, as such, he exposes error, and delivers us from it. It is to Him, and not to reason, science, or intellect, that we are to look for su cess in opposing falsehood, and in maintaini and witnessing for the truth. He is the Spirit Christ; and, as such, He specially bears witn to Christ. Where is this true witness-bearing, t confession that Jesus Christ is come in the fles We are assured that the Spirit which teaches t is the Spirit of God: 'Every spirit that confess that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of Go But then, on the other hand, 'every spirit t confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in t flesh, is not of God.' Here, then, is the test, t divine touchstone; that which separates the tr from the false.

It is round the person and work of Christ th all true testimony gathers; and it is against the that all false testimony is directed. This is Go citadel; his Zion; the key of the whole positio the one centre and fortress of religion. Min truths and minor errors there are; not unimporta either; but it is here that the true and false me and do battle. All is subordinate to this. T constitution of Christ's person, and the constru tion or nature of his work—these are the alp and omega of Scripture; the testimony of Jesus the spirit of prophecy. Error elsewhere is injur ous, error here is fatal. In vain men cry, 'Ec homo,' Behold the man, if the man they point is not the 'Word made flesh,' the very Christ God.

All error here is antichristian — essential antichristian. 'This is that spirit of Antichris whereof ye have heard that it should come, an even now already is it in the world.' Let us n tamper with error, nor palliate it, nor excuse i propagators, as men of earnest spirit and nobl intellect. They may be antichristian for all that they may be Judases. Let us stand in awe i these days, and shun each departure from th truth. Let us hold fast that which we have re ceived. Let us not be carried away by what i called 'liberality,' or 'breadth,' or 'freshness,' o 'large views;' nor let us be afraid of what is calle 'bigotry' and 'narrow-mindedness.' Let us clear to the divine testimony, in all its completeness, a to the Christ of God; for Christ is all, and in all Each jot and tittle of his name let us prize, let u reverence; each part of his work let us cleave to as our anchor, our hope, our joy.

Listen to the Lord's own questions regardin himself:—

1. '*Whom do* MEN *say that I am?*'—Thei opinions are no guide, no authority; but it i sometimes needful to know what they say.

2. '*Whom do* YE *say that I am?*'—Ye who pro fess to know me—ye my disciples?—ye who know the Scriptures?

3. '*What think ye of Christ?*'—What is He t you? Are your thoughts of Him right, true, high scriptural? Do they bring peace into your soul? All true thoughts of Christ are fraught with peace; and if peace has not come in, there must be some thing wrong in your thoughts concerning Him.

ANOTHER GOSPEL.*

(*Continued from p.* 519.)

O miracles, the most stupendous and brilliant, could convince me that what God has written is untrue, and that what man devises must be the truth of God; therefore, let and miracles be wrought, they never can to me that this book is false. On the est evidence, on the clearest and most invertible proofs, I am satisfied that from s to Revelation we have, in the language n, the inspiration of the Almighty, and that, I am satisfied to cleave to the Bible. rayer Book, the Thirty-nine Articles, the sion of Faith, hymn-books, and everyof the kind, occupy beside it a humble This alone must be exalted as the book above all books,—as it is emphatically 'The Book,' because there is no other the world to match it, or be compared

To introduce another gospel is a great is a great sin. If you were to change upon the sea-coast by which vessels many shipwrecks would there be! If to mingle with the waters that the is drinks deadly poison, what a crime be! But if God has told us that we are ough the truth, and by the knowledge th, then, I do say, it is at our peril that anything that controverts that truth, e refuse to test by an appeal to the that pretends to be truth, or that we one moment the Saviour's admonition, e Scriptures.' 'What say the Scrip-

ery important line of thought, that we y one essential doctrine of evangelical y without impinging on and injuring ths besides. You may deny a specific l polity, and yet not touch a single You may prefer or you may reiturgy, and yet hold and practise irit and in truth. But if you touch essential truth, you instantly affect tial truths of Christianity. Circumths must always be distinguished al ones. The one is the wine, the cup, either of gold, or silver, or earthenware, that contains it; the one is the thing, the other is the drapery or the embellishment of the thing; the one is the foundation, the other an ornament, or a pillar, or a buttress, subsidiary to the work of the complete and perfect temple. When, therefore, we come to essential truths we leave the class of the circumstantial, about which men may agree to differ, and deal with a class of truths, each of which so depends upon the other, that the rejection of one becomes either the rejection or the deterioration of the whole. And, indeed, analogy might show this. Remove a limb from the body, and all the physical economy is more or less affected by the loss; extinguish one of the seven colours, and the pure light that shines upon the page is pure light no more; put out the sun, and the whole is darkness. Were you to extinguish, if it were possible, the tiniest orb that shines in the infinitude of space, the whole balance of our great mundane economy would be disturbed. Now, if this be so in these things, it is more in reference to the great truths of Christianity. Let me give you instances. Take the atheist; his creed involves the rejection of all the truths of Christianity. Blot out the sun, no flower retains its tints, the sea loses its fluidity. It is a capital error; it is the loss, not of a subsidiary stone, but of the key-stone of the arch. There is conscience and no law, a creature and no Creator; the world has no Maker; and, of course, the Bible has no Divine Author. Take up, therefore, the crotchet of the atheist, his miserable and freezing crotchet, and all Christianity necessarily falls with it. Repudiate the Bible, and then all its doctrines go,—all its hopes, its promises, its joys, its motives go. You are on a stormy sea without a chart, without a compass. You are creatures without a Creator; orphans without a father; strangers, pilgrims, and sojourners, and no prospect of a happy and blessed home. Reject the overruling providence of God, and see how that affects innumerable doctrines of Christianity. If God does not rule, reign, control, withhold, give, then I receive mercies for which I need not praise Him; then in the midst of afflictions I need not pray to Him; then chance regulates the world; then incidents may plunge me in everlasting ruin. In short, deny or repudiate God in orbs and in

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alism, the Highway to Rome. By Dr. J. ondon: J. Nisbet and Co.

atoms, God in the movement of an angel and in the fall of a sparrow, God in all that is exquisitely minute and in all that is magnificently great, and you are involved in endless confusion; and there is scarcely a duty, privilege, or belief instilled in the gospel that you must not consistently repudiate. To go a step farther, reject, for instance, the sovereignty of God in his own arrangement of things, and what confusion would that introduce! Then one man may sway Him to do this, another man may sway Him to do that; and were God to listen to the conflicting desires of mankind, the whole world would be in confusion. One man prays for rain, another for sunshine; one for health, another for money. If God were to lay aside his own sovereignty—arranging for what He sees to be best for his glory, and most for our good,—the whole moral management of the world would be chaos, and half the Bible would be inexplicable. Reject the doctrine of human responsibility, and see what it involves. If we are not responsible for our deeds, then law has no authority, its penalties need not alarm us, promises need not cheer us. If we have no responsibility, we are mere automata, moved by a force without us; mere machines, not rational and reflecting beings; and law, promise, precept, penalty, are of no value. But let us come to the more distinctive doctrines of Christianity, and let me assume that you reject that doctrine that lies at the very root of the Christian system,—the entire depravity and alienation of the human heart. I do not mean to say that every man is equally depraved; but that every man by nature has a heart so far gone wrong, that unless it be completely regenerated by the Holy Spirit of God, it never can beat in the atmosphere, light, and sunshine of heaven. If you deny the great doctrine of human depravity, what follows? That man is not dead in trespasses and in sins; that he is not so far gone that it needs the Deity to change him; it is not necessary that he should be born again; he may be patched up, or he may be reformed and improved; he does not need to be revolutionized or regenerated. The sacraments may purify him, the priest's absolution may forgive him; management or diplomacy may put him right, and replace him in paradise. And if he be not utterly depraved, we do not need the Spirit's work within us; for we can do for ourselves what it is his great function to achieve, and replace our own hearts where they should be. This great truth seems to me to lie at the very foundation of the Christian economy; for if it be not true, the interposition of the cross was a work of supererogation; unless our fall was so deep as to be irretrievable by human power, Christ's descent to redeem us was uncalled for. Nothing short of an infini ruin warrants an infinite interposition. Dea that man is thoroughly fallen, helpless, witho God, without Christ, without hope in the worl and you may justly deny that Christ is God, that He made an atonement. Deny the immo tality of the soul, and the whole condition of m is altered. Then you need not live in the pr spect of eternity; you need not act as for future world; you must sow so as to reap no you must toil so as to be rewarded now. A if you can set a creature afloat upon this wo with the belief that he has no existence in t world to come, fears and hopes, sacrifices a duties, bright prospects and terrible penalti are all vain words idly wasted upon one w has no relationship to that futurity, in relati to which they can play a part or be called in action. Again, deny the deity of our bles Lord, and what must follow? That He ma no atonement. A creature needed atoneme for itself; it could not, by the very necessity the case, make an atonement for another. Christ were the highest angel in glory, or, as t Arian believes Him to be, the highest creatu that ever came from the hand of God, He w utterly incompetent to make an atonement; b cause, as a creature, He owed to God all m could give; and when He had given all, He h only done that which it was his duty to do. mere creature, therefore, cannot give merit others, as he has none to spare; he cannot d for others, as he has no call nor commission do so. If Christ were the loftiest creature the universe of God, infinitely and unspeakab innocent, it would have been as great injusti on the part of God to doom that creature to d for me, as it would have been to admit t guiltiest sinner into the realms of glory. F what is God's law? Perfect holiness is perfe happiness; and of this there must be no i fraction. What is the counterpart of that law Sin is infinite and endless misery. Now, to mal a perfectly holy creature suffer, and be thus u happy, is as inconsistent with God's law as make a sinful creature rejoice and be happy heaven for ever. And, therefore, by the ve law of God's own moral government, an innoce and spotless creature never could have be doomed to suffer; and if he had suffered, could not have borne and exhausted our curs and if he had obeyed, he never could ha wrought out an excess of righteousness availab for others, seeing all that he did and wroug was already mortgaged to God.

A Socinian Christ and a Socinian gospel follo And then what a transformation takes place the whole of what we believe! The Bible becom the mere expository of the Decalogue; Calvi

is constructed from the ruins of Sinai; the gospel is a directory for the healthy, not a pharmacopœia for the diseased; the pulpit is a desk from which cold lessons are snowed down, and from which no glad tidings of a glorious deliverance are made to thrill the anxious and the waiting heart; the whole New Testament is a second edition of the Law; man is helpless, but there is no strength for him; dying, but there is no life. You show the dead how to walk; you show the sick how to enjoy themselves; you teach the helpless how they are to go forth into the world and be strong; but you do not give life, you do not impart strength; your whole system is a system of direction to them that are well, not a system of prescription and remedy for the sick and the dying.

Suppose you deny the necessity of the Holy Spirit's work, the result must be that you can change your own heart, believe in Christ in your own strength, and fit yourself for heaven in virtue of your own exertions. If I understand the gospel, it is that in Christ's death I have a right to heaven; in the Spirit's work I receive a fitness for heaven; but if it needs God to redeem me, and needs God to sanctify me, how can I for one moment deny the necessity of the Spirit's divine work within me, without denying the necessity of the Saviour's divine work without me? It is a terrible proof of the fall of poor man that it needs God to persuade him to believe that Christ died for him; that it needs a divine work within him to convince him that a divine righteousness was wrought for him and without him. And if you deny that you must be born again by the Holy Spirit, then you may seat yourself in the realms of glory, you may fit yourself for the companionship of the redeemed, and you may stand before the throne with the palm of victory in your hand; and whilst you give the chief praise to Him that redeemed you, there will be an undernote of ceaseless praise to yourself for fitting you for the place you are to occupy in heaven for ever.

Take now the converse of this idea, and suppose, not that you do not need the Spirit, but that the Spirit's work supersedes your own doing, then what will be the result? You lie listless, waiting for a miracle that God has not promised; you cease to sow, because you cannot guarantee the harvest; you cease to labour, because you cannot make sure the results. Whereas, on opening the sacred page, we find that the two things are so intimately associated, that any failure on either side is a failure of all man's hopes and prospects. If, for instance, the husbandman do not sow the seed in spring, and weed the soil, he will have no harvest. On the other hand, if God do not give the sunshine, the showers, and the element of fertility to the soil, man will have no harvest. It is so arranged, that sow and till as man please, he will have no harvest without God's blessing; and it is so ordered that, even if God's blessing were given, unless man sow and till, there will be no harvest. It is the same in the Christian system. If you think that God must do all,—that you may not pray, nor read, nor study, nor think,—you make the sovereignty of God the grave of the responsibility of man. If, on the other hand, you think that you can do all, and that you need not the Spirit's aid, then you exalt man's merit to an equality with God, and you give to a creature the glory that belongs exclusively to Him.

Suppose that the Bible is not the complete rule of faith, and then see where you are landed. You must ask the priest for the taper of his tradition, or you must appeal to the commentary of man to eke out the imperfect communication of God. Once give way to the admission that the Bible, as it is, is not the complete and perfect rule of Christian faith and of Christian conduct, and in that admission you open the door to all the pretensions, the superstitions, and blasphemies of Hildebrand and the popes of the middle ages. Take a wrong notion of the minister of the gospel, assume that he is a priest, a sacrificing priest, and not simply a preacher of the truth, and what does that land you in? If the minister of the gospel be a sacrificing priest, then he must have a sacrifice to offer; then Christ's sacrifice is not complete; he must have an altar on which to offer it; then a communion-table is not sufficient; then Christ's once-shed blood does not cleanse from all sin; then Christ's once-offered sacrifice is not enough. Admit the one corrupting element, and it goes like a ploughshare through all the great truths of the gospel of Christ; or, rather, saps like a deadly poison the great and precious elements of the kingdom of heaven.

We thus see that the way to introduce another gospel, which is not another, is to admit or connive at one single deadly error that touches the fundamental and essential truths of the gospel of Christ. The moment you admit one great error into your creed, you have admitted a human element into contact with a divine one; and as no man can serve two masters, one or other will gain the ascendancy. Wherever, for instance, tradition has been admitted as coeval with inspired scriptural truth, the result has been, not the maintenance of their equality, but the gradual growth of one into absolute ascendancy, and the gradual depression of the other. And when we remember what the human heart is, we know that if a corrupting principle and a

Christian truth be admitted into that heart, being instinctively inclined to what is evil, giving hospitality to error in preference to what is truth, loving the prophet that speaks smooth things, hating the truth that says unpalatable things, the human element will get the ascendancy, and the divine one will sink and subordinate until it disappear.

It therefore is of importance what a man believes. It is one of the greatest mistakes in the world to imagine that it does not matter much what a man believes. If God has commanded us to believe the truth, it is as much our duty to believe that truth as it is our duty to do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly with our God. Duty is not what seems to us the most important, but what God in his word has most explicitly revealed to be so. If it does not matter what we believe, it was of no matter that Christ should have died; it was of no consequence that the Spirit should have inspired evangelists to record it, or apostles to proclaim it. No matter then it is that we should not believe what has been purchased by a Saviour's blood, what has been inspired by a Saviour's Spirit, what has been handed down in this gospel at a tremendous sacrifice, what is the very reflection of God himself; for while God is love, it is equally written that He is truth. What we believe has everything to do with our hopes, our joys, our griefs, our prospects, our daily life, our consistent conduct, our relationship to all above, around, and beneath us. What is conduct? Creed visible. What is life? What was creed written on our outward doings. And, therefore, what a man believes, is just what a man in his life will ceaselessly and exactly express. If that be so, to believe falsely will necessarily land us in doing wickedly. It is, therefore, of importance to show men what is truth, to vindicate its distinction and discrimination from what is error. What we believe is of such importance, that unless we be lieve that Christ died for our sins, and rose agai for our justification, there is no pardon belov no prospect of eternal peace above; and the Bibl need not have been written, and our preachin of Christ is altogether vain. That we may re ceive the truth, that we may know it in its savin efficacy, and that we may reject the error that often intermixed in all its destructive and deadl influences, let us pray that the Holy Spirit God would remove from our minds every clou of prejudice, and scatter from our hearts ever corrupt appetite and desire. And let us nev forget that a pure heart has more to do with true creed than a vigorous or powerful min It is not logic, it is not argument, it is n evidence that men need, for they have abun dance of all that; but it is the removal of th film from the mind's eye, the correction of th disturbing and distorting influence of the heart and when that heart is made right, and the ey of the mind is made pure, then all things wi be seen in their just and beautiful proportions the truth will be received in all its purity, will be unfolded in all its practical excellence and holding no error, and loving every truth we shall walk in no crooked way, but rise as eagles' wings, run and not faint, walk and n be weary, until faith is lost in enjoyment, hop in having, and things seen and temporal in thing that are unseen and eternal.

Because the truth is so precious, let us rep the Romanizing efforts of those who have brough in another gospel. Let us contend boldly, an at whatever sacrifice, for the truth once de livered to the saints: any suffering, any sacr fice, rather than see souls destroyed, the livin waters poisoned, and the victories of the glorio Reformation rolled back; confiscation to ou goods, martyrdom to our ministers, but faith fulness to our God.

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA.

No. XI.

BIRDIE.

YES, I think I can quite understand your meaning, when you tell me that you have often wondered of late why it was that God should so frequently bestow gifts on his children, which yet, by his providential dealings with them, He prevents their being able to use either for their own enjoyment, or that of those around them, or for his glory. You do not, yo say, doubt either his wisdom or his love, an yet—

I am quite sure that you do not think yo doubt either. You would shrink from doin so; but concealed beneath that 'and yet,'—con cealed from you, perhaps, but, it may be, quit visible to Him 'who understandeth our thought afar off' (Ps. cxxxix. 2),—does there not some times lie a vague, undefined feeling, which yo

ave never put into words?—'Might not God ave spared the trial? might He not permit the ift to be used? Does it not seem almost like aking a person hide their talent in the earth, hile yet those that do so are severely censured nd terribly punished?' (Matt. xxv. 26–30.)

It is sometimes well to bring an undefined hought to the surface, to look at it, and examine it carefully, and compel it to answer our uestions. Let us not shrink from the pain or umiliation which such an investigation may nvolve, but let us take the sin we may detect o the 'fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness' (Zech. xiii. 1); while at the same time we sk God the Holy Spirit—He whose office it is to guide us into all truth' (John xvi. 13), or the whole truth,' as it might more correctly e translated—to enlighten our ignorance, and ncrease our faith, that, when we cannot see God's wisdom or God's love, we may still, with he simple, undoubting faith of a little child, believe that they are his.

To your present difficulty I think a letter, that I got not very long ago, gives a most comforting and satisfactory solution. A young girl, with an almost passionate love for music, and to whom God had granted the gift of a very beautiful voice, was prevented using it, by a long and serious illness which affected her throat. Most deeply did she feel the trial. Many a time I have seen her bright eyes dimmed with tears as she spoke of it, while she looked forward most earnestly to the time when the power of using it should be restored to her.

Months passed on, and still the trial lasted, still she could not sing. But was her voice useless? Had God allowed her to hide it in the earth? Was she just as she would have been, had that gift never been bestowed on her? Let the following extract from the letter I have alluded to, give the answer. I had asked her how her pet bird was (a canary, which had been given to her by a kind friend, and of which she was extremely fond), and if he was very tame, and she writes: 'My little birdie is a great pet, but not as tame as I should wish. He is too proud of his voice to care much whether I love him or not. I sometimes envy him, when he can sing as much as he likes, and at all times. His mistress would like to do the same; but is now quite content to wait until the right time comes, even though it should not be until we all join in singing "that nobler, sweeter song."'

You will not wonder that, as I read the letter, I could not help saying, '*Fear not;* ye are of more value than many' birdies. Yes, birdie has no soul, no hereafter. God never set his love upon him. The Lord Jesus did not die for him. He is indeed cared for, as one of God's works, and he may sing to his heart's content, and enjoy himself as much as he can. God has not any ulterior object respecting him. He does not want him, or want his love. But He does want birdie's mistress; He does want her love, want her will, want her heart. More than this, He wants to give her a joy more deep, and full, and lasting than her voice could have given her, even had she been able to sing, like birdie, 'as much as she liked, and at all times.' And so He says to her, as He has done to many another—

> 'I broke thy schemes of earthly joy,
> That thou might'st find thy all in me.'

It may be that, if her wish had been granted, she would not have longed, as she now does, for 'the love that passeth knowledge.' She certainly would not have known in the same way how that love can more—a thousand times more—than make up for any disappointment, however great. She would not have known the *test* of giving up her will to her Saviour. She would have missed a part of her training which was needed, else the trial would not have been sent (see 1 Pet. i. 6), to prepare her for what God is preparing for her, here and hereafter. And although she cannot praise God with her voice, I am sure she can 'sing and make melody in her heart to the Lord,' as she did not and could not have done in the days when her voice was a constant source of enjoyment and pleasure. For now she can feel the truth of the words—

> 'While withholding, Thou art giving
> In thine own appointed way;
> And, while waiting, we're receiving
> Blessings suited to our day.'

You do not wonder any longer that God gave that blood-bought child of his a gift, of which, in one sense, He deprived her of the use? No; you feel that that gift was 'set apart' by Him for a wise and blessed purpose, for which she shall thank Him with it when its use has been restored to her. For not always shall her voice be silent. One by one God is taking his children home; day by day is adding to the number of that 'great multitude, whom no man can number.' When all have been gathered in—and how soon that may be we know not,—birdie's voice shall be silent; *his* song was but for a few fleeting hours on earth. But his mistress shall stand amid the glorious company of heaven, and, with unfailing and unfaltering voice, she shall join in the mighty anthem of the ransomed host, and sing a new song, saying, 'Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth' (Rev. v. 9, 10). Now, a few low notes weary her; but then she shall 'rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come' (Rev. iv. 8).

Then, too, in all its completeness, shall be fulfilled the gracious promise of our Lord: 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter' (John xiii. 7). Then shall we be comforted concerning much that seems strange and mysterious now; for we shall know that God has not done without cause all that He has done in his people and for them (Ezek. xiv. 23).

MANY LESSONS; NOT ONE ONLY.

I have been pondering much over the new phase of trial which is now troubling you so

deeply; and I could not but think, as I did ponder, what a marvellously clever adversary Satan is! Before you had learned to know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, how hard that adversary tried to persuade you that you did not need a Saviour! *You* need a Saviour! Why, what harm had you ever done? Of course, you were not quite perfect—no one was; but then, God was merciful. Your own Bible told you that; at all events, you need not think about such things now; it would be quite time enough when you were dying, or at least when you were tired of the world, and had had all the enjoyment that you could.

But he failed. You did not believe him; you did come to Jesus, and in his precious blood all your sins were washed away. And now, as Satan could not make you believe that you were too good to require a Saviour, he is trying to make you believe that, if you were really a child of God, you would be different from what you are.

And am I right in supposing your trouble to be this? You know many persons who have been deeply tried and chastened of God; you have seen that the discipline was greatly blessed, and then removed. The lesson that the trial was sent to teach was learned, and therefore the trial was taken away. You have been greatly tried—tried, too, in various ways—tried for years; *therefore* your trials cannot be accomplishing the purpose for which they were sent. And far, far more sorrowful to you than even the trials themselves, heavy though they may be, is the thought that you have not learnt your lesson, and that, for this reason, God cannot stay his chastening hand. You can truly say, that although flesh and heart do sometimes shrink from the prolonged suffering, yet that you are not weary of God's correction, but are sad and disappointed because you need its continuance—because you are so slow a learner in the school of which God himself is the Teacher.

Will you think me unkind or unsympathizing if I venture to say that you remind me of a merry-hearted little boy, who, one wet winter's afternoon, got tired of playing by himself, and could not go to the nursery, for little sister was fast asleep; so he went to look for his mother, and asked her to read him a story.

She was too busy, however; so he had to run away, and amuse himself as best he could. 'I wish I could read for myself,' he said, 'and then I should have plenty to amuse me, and should not care how many wet days there were.' So he determined that he would ask his mother to teach him.

Accordingly, as soon as he saw her disengaged, he said:

'Mother, I would like to learn to read; will you teach me, please?'

'Most willingly, darling,' she replied. 'Bring me the box of letters out of the lower shelf in the cabinet, and I will give you your first lesson this very moment.'

Off he trotted for the letters, and most attentively did he learn the first three, which were all that his mother would teach him then; but so anxious was he to master them all, that in a few days he knew them perfectly.

In great delight, he got a book from which his mother had been in the habit of reading him stories, and, sitting down in his little chair, he thought how nice it was to be able to read. But alas! when he opened the book, he found that although he knew every letter perfectly, he could not read. He tried page after page, but in vain; and, greatly puzzled and disappointed he hastened to find his mother, and said in dismay—

'Oh, mother, why can't I read? I know every one of my letters.'

His mother could hardly help laughing; but his grief was so real, that she checked herself, and, stroking his long curls, she said, gently and tenderly:

'But, my child, knowing your letters is only the first lesson in learning to read. You must now learn how to make the letters into words, and then how to make the words into sentences.'

'And when I know how to read, shall I have anything else to learn?' he asked, thoughtfully.

'Yes, indeed, dear,' replied his mother, 'you will have a great many other things to learn.'

'But will they be as difficult as learning to read?' he asked.

'I am afraid they will be more difficult,' was her answer; 'for the easiest lessons are always taught first. You will be obliged to learn a great many things that you could not learn until you know how to read. You will have to learn spelling, and history, and geography, and French, and Latin, and Greek, and—'

But here the child interrupted her, saying, 'I do not think I will mind learning to read, mother. I will go and play with my toys. I think play is nicer than reading.'

His mother allowed him to go; but afterwards she was sorry she had done so, as his letters were forgotten as quickly as they had been learnt. And in another year it was *necessary* that he should learn them; so he had all the trouble over again; and besides, as he had many other things to do at the same time, he did not learn them with nearly as much ease as he had done at first.

Now, in one way, at all events, are you not somewhat like that little boy? Have you not thought that you were to learn *all* your lessons in a few days, and that then you were not to have any further trouble?—that in one lesson, and that a short one, your will was to be conformed to the will of God; your patience to have her perfect work; your faith to be unassailable by any of the fiery darts of the wicked one; your love, and peace, and joy to abound; selfishness to be utterly eradicated; pride to be for ever rooted out, and meekness, and gentleness and humility to take its place?

If such was your expectation, no wonder that you are grieved and disappointed; although, I think, quite as unreasonably so as the foolish little child, who thought that, when he knew his letters, he would know how to read. And was he stupid, or idle, or naughty, or careless, because he did not? Did his mother blame him

or punish him? Oh no; she only told him his mistake, and knew that he would understand all about it when he was a little older. Do not, then, make your heart sad, when God would not have it sad; nor imagine that, because the trials of others have been removed, while yours are still left, that therefore they are not accomplishing the purpose for which they have been sent.

An earthly father does not give all his children exactly the same education. If one of his sons is to be a clergyman, and another a doctor, and another a barrister, he does not train them in the same way; they do not learn the same lessons, nor study the same books. The course of reading which is absolutely essential to the barrister, would be useless to the clergyman; while for him to follow the medical student in his daily walks through the hospital, would be waste of time.

And it is just so with our heavenly Father. He knows, and He alone, the work that He has prepared, and the place that He has assigned, for each one of his children, both here and hereafter. To train and educate them to accomplish that work, and to fill that position, is his great object in all his dealings with them. He knows exactly the character and disposition of each. He knows what needs to be cultivated, and what corrected, and what changed, and what rooted out. He knows, too, the exact means by which his purposes may best be accomplished. Very gently, and patiently, and wisely is his training carried on. He is never in a hurry, never impatient, never makes a mistake. Earthly fathers are sometimes in such a hurry to push their children forward, that they press them too much, and give them lessons beyond their capacity; and then, how often either mind or body gives way!

But God, as I said before, never makes a mistake. He never gives any of his children a lesson which would be too difficult for them to learn, if only they would seek the promised and freely given help of the Holy Spirit. Gently and gradually He leads them on. He never gives to feeble faith the lesson which it would require great faith to learn, or lays a burden too heavy to be carried on the shoulders of the feeblest of his flock.

Do not, then, doubt his wisdom in arranging, or his power in carrying out his purposes towards you, any more than you would doubt his love. Look back for a moment on his past dealings with you, and try if you cannot see that your heavy and prolonged trial has in some measure been blessed. Have you not learned more of God's faithfulness and love? Can you not trust Him more simply than you used to do? Do you not try more continually and more watchfully to subdue your impatience and irritability? Do you not earnestly desire that his whole will should be accomplished in you? And do you not feel that you could thank Him, though it might be with tearful eye and bleeding heart, for any sorrow that would draw you closer to Him, and be the means of conforming you to the image of his dear Son?

If humbly, but truthfully, you can in any measure answer these questions in the affirmative, will you not 'thank God, and take courage,' knowing full well that 'it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure?' (Phil. ii. 13.)

May not these be the very lessons that God has as yet intended your trials to teach you? It may be, indeed, that you have only learned your letters; but you will not any longer be discouraged by finding that you have more to learn. You will not, like the little child, forget what you have learnt, and ask God not to teach you any more. Oh no. I am sure your heart's prayer is, 'That which I see not, teach Thou me' (Job xxxiv. 32). God may be trying you now in a way that you feel you could not have borne a few years ago. But if so, surely it is not necessarily a sign that you have not profited by the lighter one. May it not rather be, that, through his grace given unto you, you have so thoroughly learned the easier lesson, that you may now be given a more difficult one? We do not teach a child to spell until he knows his letters; nor arithmetic, until he knows his figures.

If heavy trials, and long-continued ones, were a proof that those to whom they are sent are not profiting by them, what shall we say to the great apostle of the Gentiles? There is not any one, except our blessed Lord, whose history is given to us in the Bible, whose trials appear to have been so great and incessant as those of St. Paul. Read his own enumeration of them: 'In stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness' (2 Cor. xi. 23–27). And greater, perhaps, than any of these, was what he called 'the messenger of Satan,' that 'thorn in the flesh,' which he so often and so earnestly prayed to have removed, and which yet was left.

Are we, therefore, to suppose that St. Paul was not, as you express it, learning the lessons which God intended those trials to teach him? God forbid! you exclaim, and I echo your words. No; he needed those great and varied trials to fit him for his work, and to conform him to the image of his Saviour; and you need your trials for the very same purpose—to fit you for your work, small and unimportant as it may appear, and to conform you to the likeness of Him, who 'has left us an example that we should follow his steps.'

It is never wise to judge of God's dealings with other people by his dealings with us. There is so much of every one's history known only to God and to themselves, that those who seem to us to be exempt from trial may yet be suffering from one so severe, that our more apparent one

would perhaps sink into insignificance beside it. The great thing is for each of us to yield ourselves up entirely to God. Our chief desire should be, 'that He would fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power; that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in us, and we in Him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ' (2 Thess. i. 11, 12). *How* this is to be accomplished, we may safely leave to Him who has formed us for his glory, and who has declared that we 'shall show forth his praise' (Isa. xliii. 21).

We read in the Bible that we 'must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God' (Acts xiv. 22). Will you, then, be disheartened or discouraged because much tribulation is your portion? Those who have a race to run, and a prize to win, are not trained in a day, but are obliged to undergo a long and trying discipline. After the first day's lesson is over, would it be reasonable for one of them to say to the master, under whose instruction he had placed himself, 'To-day's lesson has been lost, because, if I ran for the prize now, I would not win?'

Would not the master say to him, 'Have patience; to-day's lesson is not lost; it will strengthen you to do more to-morrow; and to-morrow's lesson will help you onward still?'

Our God often teaches many lessons at the same time, and by the same trial. Patience, submission, and trust may be some of the lessons He is teaching you simultaneously now,—just as we do not wait to teach a child geography until he knows history perfectly, or French until he knows history. Of one thing, at all events, you may be quite certain—that prolonged, or varied, or heavy trials are not a proof, at least necessarily a proof, that you are not profiting by them. It is the branch that beareth not fruit that is taken away, while the 'branch that beareth fruit is purged,' or pruned, 'that it may bring forth more fruit' (John xv. 2). And when the Great Husbandman asks us not to be weary of his correction, He does not say, *for* it is not painful, or, *for* you are not profiting by it, but, 'For whom the Lord *loveth* He correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth' (Prov. iii. 11, 12). Oh, surely these words were written by Him 'who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust!' (Ps. ciii. 14.)

Do not, then, as I said before, be disheartened or discouraged, even though you may 'be in heaviness through manifold temptations' (1 Pet. i. 7); for these temptations are sent 'that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.'

Remember that it is not only the more precious the jewel, the more carefully it is cut and polished; but that even what does not possess any intrinsic value of its own, becomes of importance if it is to have a place in the palace of a king. It must not have the smallest flaw, the slightest defect or imperfection. And if you are to have a place, not merely in the palace, but in the very crown of the King of kings, can you marvel that you need much cutting, and much polishing, before you are fit for such an honour?

It is not by looking at yourself, or by trying to scrutinize the effect of God's dealings with you, that the object of those dealings is accomplished. No. It is while you are looking, not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen, that your afflictions are 'working for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory' (1 Cor. iv. 17, 18). It is while you are beholding with open, or unveiled face, 'the glory of the Lord,' that you 'are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord' (2 Cor. iv. 18).

Very dim and very imperfect is that wondrous change as yet; but, when you 'awake' on the resurrection morning, 'you shall be satisfied' with your Saviour's likeness in you (Ps. xvii. 15). You 'shall be like Him,' for the blessed reason that you 'shall see Him as He is' (1 John iii. 2), 'not through a glass darkly, but face to face' (1 Cor. xiii. 12), in all the perfection of his beauty and his glory.

WHY SINNERS DO NOT COME TO CHRIST.

To come to Christ, is to be willing to be saved by Christ in his own way; which is, to be saved *freely*, at *once*, and *completely*. It is to be willing to receive Christ as the gift of God, and to receive, without money and without price, all that Christ has to give; and then, as an evidence and proof of this, to be willing to serve Christ, and to be found among those who love Him and live to Him. It is to leave the wrong side, and go over to the right side; to go from self to Christ; from the law to the gospel; from living for time, to living for eternity; from seeking a portion in this world, to laying up treasure in heaven. Reader, are you *willing* thus to go to Christ? When He was on earth, He laid much stress upon *willingness*. He said of some: 'I *would*, but ye would not.' 'Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life.' It is the same now. Few are really willing to go to Christ.

Let us inquire into the reason for this. There are many reasons; but all have one root, and that a very bad one. Let us search out these reasons, and, as we do so, seek to go down to the root of them. It is a root bearing gall and wormwood, as thousands have found to their eternal sorrow. But first let us see what are not the reasons. It is not because there are no sinners to go. The world is full of people who *need* Christ, though they do not want Him nor desire Him. Lost sinners are *everywhere* who must go down to the pit, unless they and Christ are brought together.

It is not because they are not invited. Every one who hears the gospel is as much called on to come to Christ, as though an angel from heaven called out his name, and mentioned the place where he lives. It is not because there is such a crowd at Christ's door, that there is no hope of getting near or getting in; for the voice is still sounding, 'Yet there is room.' It is not because others have tried, and not succeeded; for thousands, who have truly gone to Christ, are crying out to others, 'COME! COME!' It is not because another day will do as well; for the Holy Ghost says, '*To-day*;' and the finger of God points to the word 'NOW,' written very large. It is not because the sinner can find any real excuse for not coming at once; for if he never comes, he will be '*without excuse*' in the day of God. What, then, *are* the reasons why sinners do not come to Christ?

Some think that Christ will not receive *them*. Satan tells them so; and they listen to this great liar, rather than to Christ, the true Witness, who says, 'Him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out.' What can be said or done to overcome this evil thought? Let me entreat such to think where Christ has already come to, that so He might be *able* to say, 'Come unto me.' He came into the world. He came to poverty, sorrow, temptation, to pain, shame, death, and the grave, that He might say 'Come' to you. He has gone to heaven. God has raised Him to his throne, that from it He might say, 'Come!' with mighty emphasis. Oh! do you not think He means what He says, and that He can do what He promises? There ought to be no doubt about this, and so there ought to be no delay. Let there, then, be soul motion towards Christ at once. Go with all your ill deservings; confess all your unworthiness, and you shall find that 'He is able, He is willing;' yea, that He will be delighted to save such as you.

Some do not go to Christ, *because they love something else best*. They love sin, and do not wish to part with it. They would like Christ to save them at *last* from God's wrath, but not to save them *now* from their sins. But this cannot be; nor should any one wish it. Just think, O lover of sin, what it is you love, and *who* it is you refuse. You love sin, which is the vilest and ugliest thing that can be named; sin that God hates; sin which makes hell what it is; sin which breeds the worm that never dies,—you love *that*, and you neglect, yea, hate Christ, whom God loves, whom heaven adores, who is everything that is lovely! Is this wise? Will this bear to be thought upon on a dying bed? What will you think of this, if you should die in your sins? and you will, if you go on loving them. Hark! there is a voice now saying, 'Will you leave your sins, and go to Christ?' What will you say to this question? Which will you choose,—poison or health; a hellish serpent or a heavenly Friend,—oh! which?

Some do not come to Christ, *because they have something else to do first*. Christ tells us of one who had bought a farm, another who had bought some cattle, and a third who had married a wife. All wanted to do something, or enjoy something, *just then*, before they obeyed God; and so each one said, 'I cannot come.'

Thus it is now: a worldly spirit is one of the greatest hindrances to real decision for Christ. Care quenches conviction; the thorns choke the word; earth outbids heaven. But can riches, or social enjoyment, or business, or science, save the soul? Can they heal its wounds, or satisfy its desires, or furnish a fountain to wash it, a robe to clothe it, or a Spirit to renew it, or a friend to comfort it? Ah no! Besides, you will be able to attend to all lawful things best by coming to Christ first. You will then cease to love sinful things, and you will love lawful things only, as much as you ought. You will be a better parent, husband, wife, child, master, servant, by coming to Christ. Your earthly blessings will then be sanctified. You will have the Holy Spirit to help your infirmities and to strengthen your weakness. You will live for the good of others, because you will live to the glory of God, if you really come to Christ. But if you will not come to Christ till you have got what you call 'just enough of this world,' or have gained the position you want to rise to, you will never come at all. Your heart will get so encased with care, and steeped in the love of this world, that all feeling will *die out* of you. Conscience will be silent and powerless, until it is roused into eternal activity, just as you enter eternity, and have to leave all behind. Then will conscience shout to your despairing soul, 'Thou fool! whose shall those things be that thou hast provided?'

Some say that they cannot come to Christ, *because of their many cares and sorrows*. Their poverty and trying circumstances hinder them. This is the very reason why you should come. Other doors of comfort and hope are shut against you; but this one door of happiness and hope stands wide open. Come, ye that are heavy laden, bring all your cares, sins, and sorrows, your perplexities and burdens, to this loving, almighty Saviour. He will take you in, and, having saved you, will help you to bear your burdens. Because you have poverty on earth, is that a good reason why you should put from you heavenly riches? Because you are shut out from human kindness, will you shut yourself out from heavenly love? Because others are unkind to you, will you be cruel to your own soul? The things which you bring as excuses for not coming, are all reasons why you should come, *and come now*. Yes, come now; 'tis madness to delay. You say that you mean to come some time: why not at once? You do not mean, you say, to perish; but you will, if you stay away from Christ. See that youth, down by the sea-side, picking up shells. The tide is fast rising, and will soon cover the path by which he came down; so that, unless he can climb up these rocks, which no one ever did climb, he will be drowned. Some one sees his danger, and cries, 'Run for your life; there is not a moment to spare!' He listens, he looks, he heeds, for he sees his danger; but not one moment too soon. It is a run for life; it is a rush through breakers almost too strong for him.

But he gets through. Breathless he stands on the shore, and says, 'If I had stopped to pick up a few more shells, I should have been now a corpse beneath yon waves!' Take warning, and 'flee from the wrath to come.' Fly to Jesus. He still says, 'Come.' Obey the call, and you shall not only escape, but enter upon a new state, possess a new heart, be called by a new name, and at last be found in the 'new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

'WHAT DO I WANT?'

SOME years ago a young lady of Boston presented herself to an evangelical pastor, proposing publicly to profess her faith in Christ. The suggestion greatly surprised him, as all her family were noted for their adherence to what he regarded as 'another gospel,' and for their consequent aversion to strict Bible views of human sinfulness and divine redemption. He was anxious to know the true state of her mind; and the way being thus prepared, she unreservedly gave him a record of her religious life.

'I was taught from early childhood to think much of the natural goodness of the human heart, and of the almost angelic purity to which a soul, trained under refining domestic and social influences, might attain even in this life. That every heart, or, indeed, that any heart was wholly depraved, and needed a divine influence to purify and save it, I was taught to disbelieve and deny. I was told to love God as my Creator and Father, who loved me, and gave me all my blessings, and I supposed that I did so.

'Jesus I was taught to love as the best and most perfect man that ever lived, who came to set the world an example of spotless purity, teaching the sublimest and most ennobling faith, and dying to prove that faith and that life sincere. All this seemed beautiful to me, and though it did not touch my heart deeply, yet it won my admiring regard, and I was satisfied with God, and with Christ, and with myself.

'But a year ago the trial of such a religion came upon me with great suddenness. My mother, whom I loved almost to idolatry, was seized with a violent illness. She was conscious of death's approach, and distressed in view of it. At her request a clergyman was sent for, and as none of our own ministers could be procured without too much delay, an evangelical pastor was brought to her bedside to pray with her.

'To his inquiry, "What shall I ask of the Lord for you?" her only and agitated reply was, "That my sins may be forgiven, if possible."

'Oh, I shall never forget that prayer—never! At first I was wholly incredulous of the idea that my mother could be a sinner. She had always seemed to me so nearly perfect, that it had been the height of my ambition to resemble her; and the thought of prayer for her, as wicked and needing forgiveness, shocked and repelled me.

'But as the minister knelt and made confession, on her behalf, of the sins which had justly called the wrath of God upon a human soul, my eyes were opened. I saw that no outward morality could meet the requirements of that divine law, which reached to the thoughts and intents of the heart. I saw that God justly claimed the perfect obedience of his creatures, and that failing in this obedience, all were under its righteous penalty. Then I felt that I, still more than my mother, needed to pray for pardon.

'But my heart was full of bitterness instead of penitence. And now that the Divine Being, whom I had supposed I loved, had interfered with my happiness, and taken from me my darling mother I was conscious of hard and rebellious feelings towards Him. This in turn increased my sense of guilt and condemnation; for I knew that He was holy, just, and good. So I became as miserable and wretched as I was sinful.

'My friends gently chid me for my extreme and long-continued depression, which they supposed arose from my great bereavement, and tried to persuade me to seek relief in social recreations. Even my minister advised me to "go out more with my young friends, and take more cheerful views of life, lest I should become morbid."

'None of these attempts gave me any comfort for the trouble was between God and my own soul, and until there was peace with Him, there could be no peace for me.

'I was thinking one day of my miserable state of mind, and contrasting it with the careless ease of my life hitherto, when it suddenly occurred to me whether my previous tranquillity, after which I sometimes yearned, was not based upon error and so worthless and unsound. Certainly my religious training had been defective in one particular, I was sure. It had not imparted those estimates and convictions of sin which I now saw and felt to be true. Might there not be other and grave deficiencies? How could I know?

'I would not go to any clergyman; my ministers had led me wrong, and I distrusted them. But there was the Bible, that must be true. I would try to learn the truth at the fountain-head. I took the blessed book in my hand, and then stopped to ask myself, "*What do I want?*" "Pardon and peace," was the instant answer of my soul. Then I thought, as God only can give me what I want, I will ask Him to help me search his own word.

'I did so humbly and earnestly, and sat down to read the Bible as I had never read it before. And oh! what light and truth I found in every page! Especially that great central truth—a *Divine Redeemer*,—how it flashed into my poor dark nature, showing me depths of ingratitude and baseness unseen hitherto! How it illumined with love and pity the face of my offended God and Father! how it placed a rock beneath my sliding feet, and outstretched arms for my weary head and aching heart!

'The death of Christ as an atonement for sin

was the only and all-sufficient guarantee of the pardon and peace of which I was in perishing need. His blood to answer the law's demands in my behalf; his Spirit to do what no human training or power can accomplish in renewing a sinful heart; his promised grace to lead me home to heaven,—all, all stood revealed in the gospel, and was sealed by the Holy Ghost, as I humbly trust, to my salvation.

'Now I love the Lord *for what He is*, and for what He has done for me; and I want to testify that love by confessing Him before men, hoping that He will at last confess me before his Father and the holy angels.' E. N. H.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

A REGIMENT of French soldiers, on their march to the Crimea, halted for some days at Toulon, in the south of France. While there, a colporteur came among them. A young soldier, pretending to be much moved by the good man's exhortations, asked for a copy, which was of course given to him. The soldier and his comrades roared with laughter, telling the poor colporteur that it was all a joke; but the soldier refused to return the book, saying, 'It would do to light his pipe with.' The colporteur replied, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!'

Fifteen months afterwards, the same colporteur stopped for a night at an inn more than three hundred miles from Toulon. The landlady was in great distress, having just lost her son, of whom she spoke in terms of the most tender affection. He conversed with her for a few moments, when she withdrew; but soon returned, bringing a little book, which her deceased son had left to her as his precious legacy.

It was much mutilated, many pages having been torn out. But on the inside of the cover, written in large letters, was the following inscription: 'Received at Toulon, on the ——, 1855. Despised at first, and badly used; but afterwards read, believed, and made the instrument of my salvation. J. L., fusilier of the 4th company of the — regiment of the line.'

From the condition of the little volume, it was plain that the young soldier had made use of the missing leaves to *light his pipe*, as he had boasted he should. But, as he related to his mother, this work of destruction was stopped on the evening before a battle, in which his regiment was to occupy the perilous post of the advanced guard. He stated that at this juncture serious thoughts came into his mind in a very strange manner; and all on a sudden the words of the man whom he had tricked out of the book, came to his recollection like a thunder clap: 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!' *And if I should fall into his hands?*' This thought hunted him, he said, without intermission, the whole of the night; and, in consequence, as soon as it became light in the morning, he took from his knapsack the book which appeared to have become his accuser. The verses which he had read in the dim grey light of that morning had been brought home to his heart by the Holy Spirit. In the battle which ensued he was severely wounded. Old things had passed away, and he had now realized the truth of the faithful saying, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.'

After removal from one hospital to another, he was brought back to his home about six weeks before the visit of the colporteur. The mutilated Testament was scarcely ever out of his hand during his waking moments. It was the only one he ever possessed—perhaps the only one in his native village. His mouth was full of tender entreaties that his dear mother and friends might embrace Christ and his salvation. To his very last breath he ceased not to exhort them all to accept God's offered mercy in Jesus, and not to run the risk of falling, in an unconverted state, 'into the hands of the living God.'

AN HOUR OF TRIAL AND CONFLICT.

WEARY and faint, where shall I lay my head?
On whom but Christ! whose arm of love outspread,
Invites me to return, and seek his face,
Assur'd He still will prove a hiding-place—
A covert from the storm—a sure retreat—
A refuge from the angry waves that beat
Against my feeble bark, whose every sail
Is rent and torn, and which each passing gale
Well-nigh o'erwhelms beneath the raging deep,
Whose fierce, tempestuous surges furious sweep
Out of deep waters! Lord, to Thee I cry;
In infinite compassion bend thine eye;
Oh! save me from the floods that round me roll,
And threaten to engulph my trembling soul.

G. B. C.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.'—LUKE XIX. 40.

THE meaning of this passage is briefly this: 'Christ must have praise somewhere; if not at one place, and by one class, then assuredly at another, and by another. Rather than that He should not have this, a miracle would be wrought, and the stones made to cry out.'

Christ must have praise. Why?

I. *Because it is his due.*—It is due to his *person.* He is Son of God, and Son of man; the possessor of all created and all uncreated excellence; the centre of every divine and every human perfection. Praise is his due, his right, his lawful and necessary claim. It is due to Him as the Word made flesh, as Messiah, as the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. It is due to his *work and office.* He comes as the revealer of the Father, and the Father's will; the executor of the Father's purpose; the object of the Father's love; the doer of the mighty work, in which the Father was to be glorified, and peace made, and love carried out to the sinner in a righteous way.

II. *Because it is the Father's purpose.*—That purpose is, that Christ should be praised; that He should receive honour, and glory, and blessing. The Father presents Him to us as the great object of universal praise. He says, 'Let all the angels of God worship Him;' let all men worship Him; let creation worship Him; let this earth worship Him—even its stones. For such a purpose,—concentrating all praise on Jesus,—He must have infinitely wise reasons, even though we did not see them. But what has been made known concerning the person and work of Messiah, shows how infinitely reasonable and glorious that purpose is.

There are some who dislike this praise and this purpose. Such were the Pharisees. Not the 'publicans and sinners.' Self-righteousness,—a self-justifying, self-exalting religion,—is the most opposed to the praise of Christ. The professors of it hate such praise. They cannot bear to hear it from others, far less to give it themselves. The voice of praise calls forth their enmity. There are others who are simply *silent.* They are engrossed with other things, or indifferent. They do not trouble themselves about the matter. They close their lips and their ears. Does either of these classes describe any here? Are there some disregarding the Father's purpose, and giving no praise to Him whom He delighteth to honour? What! neither praise nor love? neither homa nor obedience?

Now, what will this refusal, this silence, t anger do?

1. *It will not profit themselves.*—It will not ma them happier. It will not secure any favour honour for them. It will not forward their pr spects for eternity. It will not avail them in t day of wrath, or serve them at the judgment-sea

2. *It will not lessen Christ's honour.*—He will st deserve the honour, though they refuse to give He will still be the infinitely lovable, infinit glorious One, possessed of the 'name that is abo every name.'

3. *It will not silence others.*—Heaven will st praise Him, the redeemed will still praise Hi His enemies may be dumb, but that will not silen angels. It will not close one lip, nor cause o tongue to falter.

4. *It will not hinder the fulfilment of the Fathe purpose.*—That purpose shall stand, whoever m resist. If these be silent, the stones shall imme ately cry out. If one will not praise Him, anot shall. He must have praise; and that praise sh never sink lower than a certain amount. If should do so, from the silence of those who we expected to praise Him, others, even the unlikeli —even the dead creation, the stones,—will cry o cry out in praise, and cry out against the wretch men who have refused the honour. God's purpo concerning Christ, and the praise due to Him, sh be carried out to the uttermost, both in time a eternity, both in earth and heaven. That purpo is even now unfolding itself. Christ is glorifi even here. There are *some* that praise Him, every kingdom, and out of every kindred; a every new soul gathered in adds to the song praise. All earth shall yet praise Him. Creatio universal song of praise shall begin when He turns, in his glory, to make all things new. heaven praises, and shall praise Him. Every an glorifies Him. The host of heaven ascribe blessi to the Lamb. Nay, all the universe shall yet pra Him. Everything that hath breath and being sh praise Him. Sun, moon, and stars shall pra Him, throughout the widest space!

Are *you* praising Him, brethren,—by lip a life, by word and deed; helping others to pra Him,—gathering in the unpraising ones of eart that they may praise Him?

Will you praise Him, O men? You who ha praised self, the creature, the world,—'nature,' you call it,—will you now begin to praise Hi who is infinitely worthy of all your praise a love?

THE BELIEVER'S PORTION.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

1 Cor. iii. 21-23.

GOD'S children are minors here. They have not *yet* come to their inheritance and everlasting possession. They should have an onward, upward, heavenward look. But Paul n this place, speaking by the Spirit, says that here is a sense in which God's children have a portion even now, and even here. The heir of a large property stands in a very different relation to that property from what other men do. He can look upon it, and say, 'This is mine; really, inalienably mine, though I have not yet entered on the full enjoyment of it.' And so the apostle here says, 'All things are yours;' now yours, already yours. Does this sound paradoxical? does it seem contradicted by fact and daily experience? Let us see. Let us take a few items or samples of the believer's *present* portion.

'Paul, Apollos, Cephas, are yours.' The Corinthian Christians had been quarrelling about the comparative merits, and gifts, and usefulness of their different ministers. They had been saying, 'I am of Paul, and I of Apollos.' The apostle seeks to raise them above this narrow, carnal view of things. He says, 'They are all yours; all the ministers and means of grace are yours; they are all intended for the growth, comfort, and edification of that body of which you are members, and for the work and glory of Him who is your Head and Husband. They are all your servants for Jesus' sake, and therefore you should feel a hearty interest in them all; you should pray for their welfare, and rejoice in their success. They are all earthen vessels, compassed about with infirmity, and all needing sympathy and support. They are men of different gifts, different ranks; they have different parts to fill, and different spheres to occupy; some to plough, some to sow, some to plant, some to water: but they are all serving Christ, and so serving you; all seeking to promote his joy, and so to promote your joy; all seeking to complete his fulness, and so to complete your fulness. He holds them all in his right hand, and prays that their faith may not fail.' Should not you hold them all up in the arms of faith and love, and pray that they may be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, and that they may get grace to quit them like men in the day of battle? Is not this the right state of feeling, this large Christian *l'esprit de corps?* There should be no rivalry, no setting of man over against man. We should be thankful that the church has so many to do her work and seek her welfare. Our heart's desire should be, that they may be all more and more endued with power by the Holy Ghost. Is it not true, that we never know our personal interest in the means of grace till we believe on Christ? we never know their value, power, and sweetness? But when we come to Him, then the Bible becomes ours, the Sabbath ours, the house of God ours, the ministers ours. We say, 'They are God's mouth to me; they search me, find me, speak to my heart.'

The *world* is yours. The apostle to the Romans says, that Abraham was heir of the world; and so are all who have his faith. 'The meek shall inherit the earth.' But even now, children of God, the world is yours. You alone make the right use of it. It is your path to glory; it is your nursery, your training-place, your working-place, where you lay up treasures in heaven, and where you ripen, and go home. It is your body's quiet resting-place, till the Master comes. It is for your sakes that the world is spared, kept up, and blessed. When the waters of the deluge lay upon the earth, God remembered Noah, and removed them away. When Sodom was to be destroyed, the angels could do nothing till Lot was in safety. And so the world will remain till all God's children have left it. All that is going on in the world is overruled for the good of the church, and of individual believers. Its vicissitudes and changes, trials and sorrows, are all turned into means of grace. Even its external aspect has a new meaning and power, when a man is born again. The child of God looks upon it, and says, 'It is all my Father's. "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament shows his handiwork."'

Life is yours. It is an opportunity of serving, enjoying, and spreading the knowledge of your

Lord. Till men come to Christ, life is wasted, lost, spent on vanity. Paul calls it 'loss,' 'dross,' 'dung.' It has all to be blotted out and forgiven. Hence, when a child of God is asked how old he is, he dates his life from the time of his second birth. He in a manner envies those who were in Christ before him. It is then that real life begins; all before is but vain show.

Death is yours. When God's children die, they are at rest; they have done with their trials, toils, and sorrows; better still, they have done with their sins. They go to Christ, which is great gain. They are perhaps enabled to glorify God in their dying hour: friends are encouraged by the grace they manifest; and some, who were thoughtless, are led to seek the Lord. Sometimes their memoirs are published, as in the case of R. M'Cheyne, by a congenial spirit, and far more are benefited by their death than even by their life.

Things present are yours. They all work together for your good. Even those things that, for the moment, seem contrary and hostile, soon change their character, and become friendly and helpful, so that we glory in tribulations also. We are the slaves of things present till we believe: then we change places, through Christ; we become the masters, and they the servants. They minister to us. They chip, and smooth, and polish the stones for the everlasting temple.

Things to come are yours. The elder Brother has gone to take possession for you. He says, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' The new heavens and new earth are for you. The whole creation is bound up with you; it cannot be renewed and glorified without you. It is 'waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.' But even now you have the good of things to come. You feed on the promises, you taste the earnests, you live under the power of the unseen world. Thus you see that grace changes all things; it makes all things yours.

Objections.—Yes, I know there are objections, for I have felt them myself. You say, 'Is there not some juggle here? are you not coming over us, and mystifying us with plausible words?' Let us think of a case or two. Perhaps you say, 'I am a helpless invalid. I can never attend the public means of grace, and no minister ever comes to see me.' I do not justify this state of things; I mourn that it should ever occur. But, neglected, overlooked child of God, go up by faith, and join your elder Brother in his watch-tower on high, and you will at once see that ministers and means of grace are working for you; they are helping and comforting your companions in distress. You will rejoice in their joy, and will return comforted to your solitary lot, feeling that, though you are forgotten by man, you are not forgotten by God; and that meanwhile, the cause nearest and dearest to your heart is advancing to its blessed consummation.

The world.—You say, 'I have little beyond bread and water.' Well, but you have God's blessing; and you can say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' You cannot tell how far your poor needy condition may be the basket of silver, in which your golden apples of grace and contentment appear to the greatest advantage, and preach a continual sermon to those around you. The world is yours, through the *want* of it.

Life.—'How,' says the believing, bereaved parent—'how is this the property of my little one; taken away in the bud, when it has scarcely begun to live?' But, sorrowing one, it has lived long enough to be a part of the world, which God has loved; to be a member of Adam's fallen race, and so capable of the great salvation. But another says, 'I have lived—lived long; but such a life!—ceaseless infirmity and pain.' Friend, remember that 'these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are working for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

Death.—We sometimes think this hard to account for. In our haste and ignorance, we perhaps venture to call it mysterious, premature—taken away in the beginning of days, in the promise of usefulness, when most needed. But we are bad judges. There is a depth of meaning in that word, 'Taken away from the evil to come!' Perhaps it might have been well for Hezekiah if he had not lived to tarnish the beauty of his early days. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints,'—the time, the manner, the place. Let us leave it with Him, and say, 'Just and true are thy judgments, yea, our God is merciful.'

Friend, are you in Christ? then all things are yours. Are you out of Christ? then you are poor indeed. But come to Him at once, just as you are, and then you will be rich, now and for ever!

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

NO. XX.—MRS. M'INTOSH.

N the side of a noble hill, overlooking a narrow Highland glen,—beautiful as ever poet or romancer dreamt of,—stands a little cottage, which, judging from appearances, has not uilt during the last two centuries.
s inhabited by an old woman and her ter. Simple-minded the old lady is, per- ignorant of all conventionalisms. Little r, when she has never been beyond sight native hills! Simple-minded did I say ıs? Well, yes—yet no, also; for though ıred in anything like art, her unsophisti- ıpirit had long since burst all the trammels vould have fixed her status—spiritually ıtellectually at least—little higher than a ain zoophyte.
hout the least apparent consciousness of ct, in her character has been manifested ı elements of a heroine. Very nobly, in- and very successfully also, has she done with poverty, ignorance, and Romanism. ıst as, when the fight is over, the master hard-won field, with honest pride, directs on to this point, where some favourite ıvre was successfully carried out; or to ıther, where, perhaps, some well-timed nptu helped so greatly towards the gene- ıt,—so this fine old character, mistress of ! and of circumstances, takes the greatest re in speaking—not ostentatiously, how- of the victories she has won, and of the which has made her more than conqueror.
library, in early life, consisted almost of a Bible, and a history of the world, d in 1611. A rare old book the last was, lescriptions of places, histories of nations ıdividuals, explanations of natural pheno- etc., sufficiently grotesque in the light of n discoveries.
day, while we were having an interesting n the training of children, I questioned ırrectness of some of her statements, and l to know the source of her information. ut saying a word, she left the room, and few minutes returned with a ponderous e—the old history before mentioned.
ing it on the table, she said, in a manner tly inimitable—
r, the like o' you, that reads lots o' books, come upon gey queer things!'
dently it had not occurred to her to ques- he correctness of her old informer; but, ding from what she found in it, concluded , having read so many more books than nust have come upon things still more rdinary than those to which she had just utterance. She also expressed a wish to some of them.

As her own system of training had been successful under great disadvantages, and supposing, from her peculiar character, that it would be original also, I wished to draw her out on that subject. I endeavoured, therefore, to turn the conversation from the queer things *read*, to the equally queer things *seen* and *experienced* in every-day life.

In order to accomplish my purpose, I had, of course, to contribute my own quota. And as it may not be amiss that others should know something of the way in which much of the young life, in many of our large towns and cities, is nurtured, I may, before proceeding with Mrs. M'Intosh and her interesting history, state a few of the facts related to her, as coming under my own observation.

In the *Saturday Review* of July 30, 1859, it is stated that, about a century before that date, the proportion of children that died in London workhouses was twenty-three out of every twenty-four.

Fearful carnage this! and yet, less fearful is it to see these precious, beautiful beings waste and die, than to see them continuing to exist under such conditions of life as are to be found in the homes of the vicious.

Not many visitors but have seen enough to understand and sympathize with Mrs. Wightman, when, after describing a visit to the home of a drunkard, she says, in reference to the children:

'May God forgive me, if, in the agony of my soul, I have knelt down on the floor beside them, and prayed that they might never more waken!'

How often do we find the fountain of infant life poisoned by the use of spirituous liquors! Instead of the physical beauty and strength, intellectual power, and that infinite, priceless capability of virtue and happiness, which might be developed, there is one foul, seething mass of suffering, disease, and death!

How abnormal such circumstances, when, despite the pain of seeing young children die, a hearty 'Thank God!' is often elicited, when one and another of the helpless victims escape the still more dreadful infliction of life under such conditions!

I remember being requested by Dr. —— to look after a poor woman and her twin children. She was a drunkard; and the miserable condition under which these beautiful children made their *debût* on the stage of life is indescribable. Much was done to ameliorate; but it was of little use, while the mother remained what she was.

At length death came, and released one of the little sufferers. The other lingered on a few weeks, and, during that time, presented a most

curious phenomenon. Its little countenance began gradually to assume all the appearance of old age. Deep wrinkles marked its forehead. Its cheeks became wasted and hollow, while its features set into that peculiar style, where nose and chin come into close proximity. The babe of eight weeks presented all the appearance of an old man of eighty years, though only in miniature. It was a painful sight; and death never seemed so beautiful as when it released that little sufferer.

Unhappily, this was no solitary instance. In the same street lived a woman, who 'brought up,' as she termed it, the children of a daughter, who travelled about with her husband hawking. One after another of the little ones wasted and died; the third one was ill when I called to see the grandmother.

That day she was sitting feeding it with a beverage smelling strongly of whisky; and in a little time I found out that a mixture of whisky and sweet milk was the only thing she gave it.

I endeavoured to convince her that it was hurtful to the child, and that it was most probably the cause of its extreme irritability and puny appearance. But no; she was not to be moved from her own opinion, that this mixture was the best possible thing it could have. So, in a little time, it also escaped away, to meet its little brothers in a better world.

From a multitude of other cases, I select only one other, as it shows how very surely the seeds of drunkenness and death are sown by giving spirits to young children. It is that of Anthony Lannigan, an Irish boy, who died, about eight years of age, a confirmed drunkard.

'Tony,' as his mother called him, had been ill for a considerable time, and was quite confined to bed when I called to see him. His home was a little attic, in one of the dingy closes in ——. In a small recess or closet of the large room stood his little bed, extremely clean and neat, though everything about it denoted great poverty.

He was very much wasted. Bushy black hair, and small keen eyes of the same colour, contrasted strangely with an almost infantile set of features of marbly paleness.

His mother received me in true Irish fashion. Many a blessing did her voluble tongue invoke on my head for coming to see her Tony.

'Here, Tony, my darlint! Here's a lady come to see you, aroon! to tell you all the beautiful things about heaven and the Saviour. But it's meself that's glad to see you,' etc.

Tony took all this very quietly. Except a side-long glance from his cunning-looking eye, he seemed quite imperturbable. There seemed to me a sad lack of the freshness and simplicity of childhood about him, although I did not then know how sin had withered and made old the heart in his little breast.

At his mother's request, he repeated to me several hymns, such as 'The Happy Land,' and 'Rest for the Weary,' etc. And most touching it was to see the little creature lying so helpless, and hear him repeat them, in a sweet, tinkling, though rather high-set tone of voice. And I did hope, with the friend who wished me to call upon them, that the Holy Spirit, in the deep sanctuary of his heart, had breathed the breath of life, and that he had really become a living soul.

To some of his mother's questions, he replied in a sharp, formal sort of manner; but seemed much interested when heaven was spoken of. His conceptions of its happiness I found to be very gross, however, when I began to converse a little with him. Still, when I reflected that the mother of this child had, until recently, been a Roman Catholic, and so could have given him but very little correct teaching, I felt quite disposed to acquiesce in the opinion of my friend that he was an interesting little fellow.

By this thought, and his youth, I was thrown off my guard to a great extent. I am sure, had I seen in a grown-up person half the suspicious looking circumstances, I would have been inclined to set him down a rank hypocrite.

It seemed a sort of wasting or consumption that was his complaint. He was allowed, by Dr. ——, a certain amount of spirits daily; and as they were very poor, I often left a little money to help in getting it.

I could not help beginning to notice that it went extremely soon. I knew the mother did not drink, so was puzzled to account for this. My uneasiness was also increased by finding out that Dr. —— not only ordered so much spirit daily, but also supplied it; and that another lady, who also visited them, left money for the same purpose.

On my next visit, knowing that Miss — had given some money recently, I did not, as usual, leave them anything. This was a great disappointment to Tony. The little fury behaved in such a way to his mother, for not acting her part better, that she resolved, whatever the consequences were, that she would no longer conceal his real character.

When I called again, the mother was remarkably quiet; neither did she come into the room all the time I spoke to Tony as usual. But when I was ready to come away, she did so. An extraordinary look passed between the mother and child; but she turned away from him quickly and said to me—

'I cannot but tell you, *alanna*, though it crushes me to the earth to do it, that my Tony the child of my heart, is a drunkard!' Then spreading her hands upon her face, she wept, as if in agony.

For several minutes there was unbroken silence. I looked at the child; while he, in turn lay gazing at his mother, with a look of intense malignity.

'Can that be possible?'

'Yes, it is quite true. My Tony, seven times dearer than the soul within, would sell the shirt off his back for whisky! Oh, it's my heart that's sore, sore! Many's the tear I've shed to-night for my soul's darlint!'

It would lengthen this little narrative too much, to relate all that passed at this painful interview. But the substance of what I learned was that, after her husband's death, she had to go out washing, etc., to provide for herself and

children. As Tony was but a baby, the woman with whom he was left in charge had given him drink, to keep him quiet, make him sleep, etc. Thus the poor child became its victim. Gradually enough, perhaps, this deadly work was done. And though probably taken at the first with reluctance, his desire for the destructive draught had now become insatiable.

The mother went on to tell me how he had raged, and sworn, and screamed at such a rate, as brought in the neighbours to see what was the matter; and but for their interference, she would have been compelled to go and pawn the last dress that she had, to get drink for him, as she had left no money.

For the truth of her account, she referred me to any of the neighbours; and from them I afterwards learned that he swore in the most appalling manner at his mother always when a visitor left without giving money, as he thought it was owing to her not having acted her part better.

During the time his mother gave me this dismal account, Tony lay perfectly still. I sat down again beside his little bed, and, taking his hand, I said—

'Poor child! this is very sad.' He looked very indifferent. 'Do you know that I am very sorry for you?'

'You are angry,' he said.

'No, I'm not angry; but you were very angry just now—weren't you?' He did not speak. 'And if I had not been here, you would have cursed your mother again.' His little frame shook, but still he did not speak. 'Now, I'm not angry at all, but sorry for you; and I must tell you why I am so. You remember the pretty little hymn, that you sometimes repeat to me—

"Around the throne of God in heaven?"

and you remember, too, that part which says—

"What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair;
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:
What brought these children there?
Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean?'

Well, I am afraid, Tony, that unless you become a very different boy, you will not be permitted to join that happy band.'

'Is that for the drink?' he inquired.

'Not so much for the drink, Tony,—for I think that bad woman, who gave it to you when a baby, and made you like it before you knew that it was wrong, is far more to blame than you; but it is for the way you behave to your mother, and the bad things you do to her. Now, you know she loves you very much; and since God took your father away, she has had to work very hard, to get clothes and food for you, and a home to live in. And what return are you making? Why, you curse her, and do all the bad things you can to her, when she won't tell lies, and sell her clothes, to get drink for you. I do not think it possible, therefore, that a little boy who does that, can get into a place "where all is peace, and joy, and love;" so I am sorry for you,' etc.

It would be tedious to relate more, perhaps; so I merely state, that any little improvement, during the few months that he lived, was always followed by a corresponding relapse.

At last death came; not lovingly. Hatred, hypocrisy, and sin had long darkened his little face; and deeper and deeper grew the ghastly imprint, as it gained its dread victory. It is a fearful thing thus to wait and watch for its approach, when there is no light of hope around the dying pillow! Poor Tony! his last words were such as no one would wish to hear repeated.

Such a death teaches important lessons. May the relation of it incline some heart to commiserate the suffering myriads of little children, and do something also to help in sealing up the terrible vampire in its grave, which now stalks abroad so widely, sucking the life's blood of so many helpless ones!

The Harleys of Chelsea Place.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE eight weeks' holidays were drawing rapidly to a close, for the summer vacation was always a long one, and Madge was beginning with some regret to anticipate a speedy return to school; not but she was very happy when here, but then it was so delightful to visit in Chelsea Place, that she found it hard work to say good-bye, and go back to lessons and school discipline. Tom had already resumed evening studies, and Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were talking of returning to Leighton. All was in a transition state, and an unusual degree of excitement manifested itself amongst the usually quiet Harleys. Mr. Harley had been for some weeks inquiring after some occupation, considering he ought to be doing something for his family; but he had been invariably unsuccessful, a result which his relatives fully expected, though they did not like to discourage him by hinting it. Mr. Bennett had taken the young Harleys one day to see the Donovans, and Tom was gone out for a walk with his father; and the two sisters, Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Harley, had at last a long morning to themselves. They went over the large old house together, and held a protracted conversation with nurse about domestic affairs, and then they returned to the dining-room, and sitting side by side, talked of those that were gone, and those God had spared to them, making

themselves the link between the living and the dead. Truly they had had their sorrows; but like the plant which yields a pleasing perfume beneath the bruising hand or foot, so they, beneath the chastening hand of the Almighty, had been enabled to produce some of the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and could testify that, in the midst of affliction, God's comforts had refreshed their souls. It was a melancholy pleasure to those loving sisters and mothers to speak of those little ones—whose feet should never more patter in their earthly homes, and whose gladsome voices should never again sound like music in their ears—as living in the presence of the Lord, uniting their lisping praises with the songs of angels, and archangels, and all the company of heaven, in honour of the children's Saviour and Friend. And though tears trickled down their cheeks, and they clasped each other's hand more tightly, yet the mutual language of their soul was, It is well. They had been so occupied in conversation that neither Mrs. Bennett nor her sister had heard a carriage stop outside; and it was not until Mary had opened the dining-room door, and given to Mrs. Harley a card, that they became aware of the presence of a stranger.

'Colonel Allen!' exclaimed Mrs. Harley, rising and extending her hand; 'what an unexpected pleasure!'

The Colonel assured her it was one he had been long anticipating, and which he was delighted to realize; and that it was gratifying to meet with a kindly welcome after a twenty-one years' absence, though it came from persons he had never seen before. He then heard that Madge was expected to return every minute, and apologizing to Mrs. Harley for withdrawing to one of the windows, he stationed himself there to watch for her arrival.

He was a slight-made man, of middle height, with grizzled or iron-grey hair, and black eyes and eyebrows, with a countenance denoting extreme kindness, yet decision of character. And as he stood at the window, now glancing from it, and now addressing himself to the ladies, they thought they had seldom met with a more prepossessing face. A quarter of an hour, or perhaps more, elapsed before Mr. Bennett and his young companions made their appearance, when Mary, who had been instructed by her mistress, informed Madge that some one wanted to see her in the dining-room.

'Do wait, Conny and Dora,' she whispered, 'I shall not be many minutes in there; no one of any consequence can want me,' and in she went. But when she saw a thin, dark gentleman come from the window to meet her, she gave a great bound, and throwing her arms around him, screamed out, 'It's papa! my own papa!'

Constance and the rest of the party hearing Madge's scream of delight, could not withstand the temptation of taking a peep at the Colonel; but the keen black eyes discovered them instantly, and holding Madge with one arm, he stretched out the other, saying, 'Come all of you; Madge's *father must* know you all, and love you for her *sake.*' They needed no second invitation, but gathered round him, shaking his hand; and Guy put up his rosy lips, crying, 'Kiss me, please, I love Madge very much, indeed I do,' which set them all laughing. Madge's first inquiry was after she had recovered a little from her surprise, and found herself alone with her father (Mrs. Harley having taken all away with her when she left the room)—

'Where is dear old Jenkins, papa?'

'Oh, I left him in London for the present, in charge of the baggage.'

'But you will bring him down here, will you not?'

'Yes, when my plans are a little settled.'

'And oh, papa, do you know—have you had my last letter?'

'I have not received any since the early part of May; the rest have crossed me on the road, my dear.'

'Then you have not heard good Mr. Harley has lost nearly all his money. And brave Tom (the one who found me when I ran away) is working his way in the world. And nearly all the servants are sent away; and Mr. and Mrs Harley have their meals with us; and all is so changed, except that they are kinder than ever, and I am happier than ever.'

'Do you really mean Mr. Harley has been unfortunate?'

'He has lost nearly all his money. But I do not think he calls himself unfortunate since Tom gained the exhibition.'

'Exhibition, Madge?'

'Yes, Tom gained honours at school,—a sort of prize, papa; only it is a money prize, not a book. Why, it is forty pounds a year. But I have a prize of my own, and you must see it; such a beauty, papa!' and off she darted to fetch it, leaving Colonel Allen to reflect on the changes and chances in this mortal life.

When Madge returned, she was accompanied by Mr. Harley, who cordially greeted the Colonel, and after a short conversation, invited him to make their house his present home, if he did not object to their quiet mode of life.

The Colonel thankfully accepted his invitation for a few days; and Madge, delighted beyond measure, ran off to the schoolroom to communicate the pleasing intelligence, Mr. Harley and her father remaining together in the dining-room. The affection and unity of purpose which pervaded the Harley household, most strongly impressed the Colonel's mind.

Accustomed to command, and to be implicitly obeyed, he knew little or nothing of that 'spirit which works by love;' and when the few days of his visit had come to an end, he felt irresistibly drawn towards Madge's friends, and wished that his lot had been cast among them. This wish having been confided to Mr. Bennett, that gentleman entered most fully into it, and drew from the Colonel the secret desire of his heart, which was that he and his old servant, Jenkins, might be received at Chelsea Place as one of the Harley family, and continue with them for at least the coming winter. 'If I am a disagreeable member, they can expel me,' he said. 'But if they will give me houseroom, Mr. Ben-

lett, I shall consider myself under lasting obligations. Money is no object, nor is fashionable society either; I care for neither. All I wish is a quiet home near my child; and surely, if happiness is to be found, it is here, beneath the roof of these excellent people.'

The Harleys required some little time to consider the Colonel's proposal; but promised they would let him know in a few days; and having taken Madge back to school, he returned to London, to await their decision. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were so much in favour of the Colonel's plan, that they soon won Mrs. Harley over to their way of thinking; and she, readily foreseeing the benefit a sensible companion might prove to her husband, endeavoured all she could to induce him to give his consent. But for the first day or two he would scarcely hear of it; but having met with another repulse in his efforts to obtain employment, he at last agreed to the proposition, feeling that the Colonel's handsome allowance would materially lessen his wife's anxiety about domestic matters, and the Colonel was accordingly written to, and invited to winter at Chelsea Place. In less than a week Colonel Allen and Jenkins arrived, and another female servant was added to Mrs. Harley's household, such an addition being perfectly necessary and consistent with the new arrangement; and once more the anxious expression disappeared from the pale, patient face of Mrs. Harley, as she realized that now she should be able, without effort, to make two ends meet.

As to Jenkins, he had not been a couple of days in the house, before he had ingratiated himself with all the family. He studied old nurse's comfort in everything, played with Guy and Agnes, answered the door-bell, assisted in waiting at table, and made himself not only generally useful, but a general favourite with all parties.

CHAPTER XV.

Colonel Allen's regular habits were a source of much comfort to the Harleys; and his society proved most beneficial to Mr. Harley, who thoroughly enjoyed his company, and not unfrequently accompanied him in his walks; and it was always with a feeling of gratitude and relief Mrs. Harley saw them start together on an exploring expedition. Tom continued to work hard, determined if possible to keep the position at college which he had attained the previous half. It was no small honour to be second boy at Lotsirl College, and so Tom and all his friends knew; but Dora, in her love and anxiety for Tom's welfare, desired for him a higher, nobler position than any earthly distinction could confer. She longed to know that he was ranked amongst the nobility of heaven, with a good hope which none can take away.

'Oh, Tom,' she said one day, when she could bear her uncertainty about him no longer, 'do you love God?'

'Love God, Dora! Of course I try to love Him,' replied Tom, astonished at her question.

'Try, Tom! Don't you really know whether you do or not?'

'Do you, Dora?'

'Oh yes,' and Dora's face attested she spoke the truth.

'But how can I really know?' asked Tom.

'How do you know whether you love aunt, or uncle, or me?'

'Why, of course I know that, Dora. I could not help loving those who love me. There, run along, little coz. I want to prepare some Greek for to-morrow.'

'Oh, Tom, do answer me,' pleaded Dora.

'But I cannot, Dora. What can I say? I really do not know whether I love God as you mean. Certainly I do not as I do mamma, and papa, and you.'

'Oh, Tom, I am so sorry,' said Dora, with a deep sigh. 'And you so clever and high at college.'

'Whatever does that matter, in connection with religion?' inquired Tom, rather impatiently.

'Oh, it makes it so much the worse,' she replied; 'for Jesus says, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"' And Dora, without further comment, left the room.

In vain Tom turned over his books, and sought to understand the subject he was endeavouring to prepare, after Dora had gone, but he could not. Her pained look, her solemn words, kept rising in his mind. She was quite right, he thought; if he loved God he ought to know it, and he felt the knowledge was one of the greatest importance to him. How dreadful would it be, to be approved by man, and disapproved by God; honoured and exalted upon earth, but the gates of heaven closed upon him; and Tom shuddered at the very idea! He was inclined to be angry with Dora for having disturbed his peace of mind, knowing that allowances might be made for the ignorant; but henceforth his would be wilful ignorance, and, continuing in such a state, there could be no extenuation. With Tom it was a case of *must*, or duty. It was, no love to God here, no heaven hereafter; and he had yet to learn the force of the apostle and evangelist's words, 'We love Him *because* He first loved us.' He had to be taught that the argument he had used to prove to Dora why he loved his parents and herself, were equally applicable to his right appreciation of his love to God. It was a long time before Tom could settle into his studies that evening, for he had to contend with the difficulties arising from a disturbed mind, and divided attention, and he had scarcely concluded them when the bell rang for reading and prayers. He fancied Dora seemed to shun him when he entered the room, for she went and sat by Colonel Allen; but when family worship was over, and they were dispersing for the night, she put her arms around his neck, as he stooped to kiss her, and whispered, 'Dear Tom, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us,"' and before he could make any reply she was gone. But he had looked into her eyes—those eyes which he and Madge were wont to tease her

about, calling them chameleon,—and there was such an expression of tenderness and affection in them, that he chided himself for having doubted her kindly feeling towards him for a moment.

'"God commendeth his love towards us,"' repeated Tom, when alone in his room; 'that is, He would recommend it to our notice. He would have us think of it as worthy of our consideration,' continued Tom. 'It is strange I should never have thought of it before. Surely the love of God ought not to need recommendation. One sees it everywhere.' But do you feel it? something within him seemed to ask. And Tom was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he did not; and it was with more lowly views of his own nature, and more exalted ideas of God's condescension to man, that he bent before the throne of grace, and prayed to be led into all truth. Early instructed in the gospel, he knew by the hearing of the ear the wondrous scheme of man's redemption, and its marvellous fulfilment in the Son of God; but he had yet to learn what little Johnny had been so divinely taught. He had not a doubt that Jesus had died; but he was not able to say, 'He died for me;' and in that appropriating '*for me*' alone the love is found which links the sinner to the Saviour. A sore struggle was going on in Tom's heart; for the great enemy of souls uses all his devices to ensnare and keep the youthful captive in his net. The strong man which keepeth the city yieldeth not until a stronger than he hath come; but Tom, from a child, had heard of one 'mighty to save,' and betook himself at once to Him who saveth 'to the uttermost.' Mighty to save, and mighty to hear, is our great High Priest, Jesus, who hath passed into heaven, and there intercedes for all who come unto Him; and so Dora felt that night, as, slipping out of bed when nurse had taken away the light, she pleaded for Cousin Tom in prayer and supplication. Hers was the faith which availeth much; for it was the simple, confiding trust of a child, pouring out its wishes and wants to a loving parent, knowing that only what was hurtful would be denied.

Days, weeks, and more than a month passed by, and Tom and Dora continued praying. He did not know his little cousin was constant in prayer for him, for no allusion had afterwards been made to her conversation by either. Tom was always so busy with his books, that, unless Dora purposely sought him in the study, she seldom saw him alone. Besides, she had so much to occupy her own time, now that she was getting older, that she had not much leisure. What with practising music for Signor Piozzi, French for Madame Giroux, drawing for Mr. White, German for Mademoiselle Lineau, and general information for Miss Mills, she could ill afford to be idle. She was intelligent and industrious, but not nearly so clever as her cousin Constance; and, consequently, the acquiring knowledge was far more difficult to her. As to music, whilst learning of Miss Mills, she loved it dearly; but when she became a pupil of Signor Piozzi, she all but hated it. The talented, impetuous Italian but little understood the thoughtful, sensitive child he had to teach, and by his restlessness and impatience made her literally dread his lesson She tried to please him, and endeavoured t learn her pieces correctly; but when the tim came for her to play them before him, she in variably made a number of mistakes, elicitin such shrugs of the shoulders, such shakes of th head, and such exclamations in broken Englis that, had she dared, she would have rushed ou of the room and left the hasty foreigner to him self or Miss Mills. How glad she was that h lesson came only twice in a week, and lasted bu an hour; and how often she determined tha when she was grown up, she would never touc a piano again! Dora was sitting one autum afternoon, about six or seven weeks after he talk with Tom, listlessly leaning out of the ope window, hoping thereby to cool her burning fac and calm her ruffled spirit. It had been a ba afternoon with her, for Signor Piozzi had gon off in a pet with her, saying, 'Ah! you Englis you are so—why, insensáto;' and Miss Mills ha said, 'Really, Dora, you are getting very stupid and poor Dora felt she had been judged harshly for she had erred from fear, not stupidity; an she wished the signor and the piano at the ant podes. She had sat a long time seeing nothin and caring for nothing externally, but internall thinking over her grievances, when she hear her name called; and, looking up, she saw To standing a short distance from her.

'Oh, Tom!' she cried, springing up, 'I am s glad to see you. I want you or somebody ver much. I am all wrong this afternoon.'

'Little sister,' he said, so tenderly that hardly seemed kind but teasing Cousin Tom voice, 'and I wanted you;' and he held ope his arms towards her.

'Oh, did you?' she exclaimed, bounding for wards, and laying her fevered cheek against his 'Dear Tom, do talk to me. I do not feel happ as I used to before Signor Piozzi used to come I wish he would not come again, or I could be a clever as you or Constance.'

'Dora,' replied Tom, 'you are better tha clever to me. You have been my monitor an best friend. You have tried to lead me to God Dora darling, I can say now, I love God.'

'Is it true?' questioned Dora, raising her eye inquiringly towards him.

'Yes, Dora. I hope henceforth to be able t say, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, wh loved me, and gave himself for me"' (Gal. ii. 20)

Dora's heart was too full to give utterance t her feelings; she could only rest her head upo Tom's breast, and weep for very joy. After a little while she grew calmer, and she and Tom went and sat in the open window, when h observed:

'I do not want any one just yet to know m secret, Dora. I am so afraid I shall say or d something wrong, which the boys or people wil cast at me, if they know what I have told you I do not mind being laughed at, and called Methodist, canty, or too good, at school; bu I should be very vexed if, in my love of fun, should disgrace my religious profession. There fore, Dora, you will not tell any one until I giv you leave, will you?'

'Oh no, Tom; but I am so glad for you, Tom. ear old Tom!' and Dora stroked his hand affec-onately.

'It seems to me cowardly to be ashamed to ll what I feel. How I wish I had never teased oor Moore so at school! I, with the rest, used think it was mean of him when he would not in in our tricks; and we used to call him "No luck," and "Fear doctor," and "Canty," and l sorts of ridiculous names; but he never got ngry and said unkind things again. He was ne of the best-hearted of the first class boys, I an tell you, Dora, though we teased and used im so badly. Many and many a can of water ave I helped to pour on him when he has been ading one of his good books behind the shed in ne play-ground. He used to get there to be uiet; and we had to climb on the roof to do it. ut he never told of us, though he knew it was 00 lines imposition for any one that got there. understand now what helped him to bear with s, and I wish I had known it then.'

'Cannot you tell him now how sorry you are, om?'

'No, Dora; he is gone away. He left last half. Doctor said he was the noblest boy in the school; and during the five years he had been with him, he had never been in disgrace.'

'What was his name, Tom, that I may remember him sometimes, when Signor Piozzi is cross with me for not trying when I do try?'

'Walter Moore.'

'Poor Walter! I will try and be patient like you, and will ask God to make me so;' and the flush having faded from Dora's cheek, and her bright spirit having regained its wonted cheerfulness, she tripped off to arrange her hair, which she had pushed off her face, at first in annoyance, and later from excitement, and had so sadly disarranged, that Tom declared her head looked as if it had 'been drawn through a gooseberry bush.' As she left the room, she turned round to have one more good look at Tom, who was still standing by the window, and, unable to restrain her feelings, she called out, 'Tom, you are real beautiful now, because you are a Christian; for God loves you, and you love God; and, oh, I never was so happy!' and then away she ran.

(To be continued.)

PRAY ON.

I HAD a brother once, now more than a brother. He was wild, wayward, reckless. Elder brother as he was, and the natural guide of a younger, I could not look to him for an example of good. He loved the wine-cup, he ved the paths of folly and sensual pleasure. hen a boy—for God showed his great mercy me in calling me early to a knowledge of mself—I used to pray for him often, with gony of soul. But on he went in his career of lly and sin, a burden and a grief to his parents. We grew up to manhood. Still prayer seemed navailing. He had intelligence, ability. He ight have been a useful, a happy, and a disnguished man. But he clung to his idols. At mes, indeed, there was reflection, remorse, and feeble effort to break away from his chains; it this soon passed, and he was as before.

Prayer followed him still—the prayers and ars of a believing mother, whose heart swelled ell-nigh unto breaking. But apparently there as no answer. He became a wanderer, went to a, roamed in foreign lands. What he suffered e never knew. He returned destitute, wretched, mere wreck of his former self; returned to a idowed mother, for our father had passed away. or a time he reformed, and hope again sprang , alas! too soon to be dashed. His old habits sumed their wonted power.

Once more he goes forth; now to the distant ast. Years pass—years of anxiety. Our loved other, whose prayers, and patience, and hope ver ceased, in a ripe old age goes to her gracious ward, her prayers unanswered, her hopes unalized. But they were all laid up before God. me in its ceaseless course rolls on. More than rty winters whiten the head of that brother. Increasing infirmities warn him of the approaching end; yet he lives on without God, he turns in anger from every gospel appeal.

The ocean rolls between us; but on a foreign shore, to which God in his providence has called me, my heart anxiously turns to the loved ones in my native land. Shall that brother descend to the grave having no interest in the Great Redeemer? Shall he in the great day be the only one of this family circle who has no crown to cast at his feet? It seems like hoping against hope, yet prayer in his behalf ceases not. Letters come, the seals are eagerly broken. What do I read? Is it possible? Is prayer, after so many years of patient waiting, indeed answered? Yes, that brother, so long, so very long a wanderer, sits at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind.

Hope deferred makes the heart sick; but when, after years of waiting, hope is realized, what joy fills the soul! It is not always so. Henry Martyn, when he gained that on which, during years of toil, his heart had been set, and appeared as senior wrangler in the university, exclaimed, 'I obtained the object of my highest wishes, and found I had grasped a shadow.' But a shadow is not what I grasp. Enduring as eternity is this joy that fills my heart. A brother born into the kingdom of God; a brother made an heir, a joint-heir with Christ. Kingdoms may fall, cities may become desolate, earth may pass away, but his song of praise shall never cease. O my soul, magnify the Lord, who is indeed the hearer of prayer! Rejoice, for your joy no man taketh from you. Poverty may come, toil may come, change may come, sickness may come, death may come; but this joy remains, eternal as Jesus Christ himself, the author and finisher of our faith.

A. W. H.

THE VOLUNTARY SUFFERER.

'I hid not my face from shame and spitting.'—Isa. l. 6.

Here we have wanton barbarity, willing surrender, and a gracious design. In order to have our minds properly impressed with the 'grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,' as displayed in this act, and that our expectations from this grace might be very large, we should consider *who* it is that speaks of himself thus. How frequently does the word 'I' occur in this description! There is no egotism in using it, no exaggeration in the description He gives; there could not be, for his person is infinite, and his sufferings unexampled. Just listen to some other testimonies where the word occurs: '*I* that speak unto thee, am He;' 'Before Abraham was, *I* am;' 'Thou deaf and dumb spirit, *I* charge thee come out of him, and enter no more into him;' 'Young man, *I* say unto thee, Arise;' '*I* am the Good Shepherd;' '*I* am the true vine;' '*I* am the Bread of Life;' '*I* am the Son of God;' and yet '*I* hid not my face from shame and spitting.' That face in which God's glory shines, that face before which the heavens and earth shall flee away, was spit upon! He who lay in the bosom of the Father was spit upon, and He hid not his face from it! He might have hidden it among the blazing array of twelve legions of angels; but He would not. And why not? His own answer is, 'How then should the Scripture be fulfilled?' Jesus was an intelligent, voluntary, sublime, and vicarious sufferer. He knew all that should come upon Him; met all with unshrinking courage; exercised all graces while He suffered; and did all for the sake of others. How willing will He be to save, who was so willing to suffer! What honour and happiness will He bestow on those for whom He bore such shame! This it was that sustained Him: 'For the joy set before Him He endured the cross, He despised the shame.' He solaced his soul with God's promises, and with the prospect of coming glory. While He stood silent before mocking Herod, vacillating Pilate, and the envious priests, He was revolving over in his mind the wondrous words written by Isaiah, yea, fulfilling them, and giving to every syllable form and substance. Thus, with steady faith and undimmed hope, He walked through his great sea of sorrow, working out a complete salvation, and leaving us a perfect example. While we rest alone on Him for life, let us be willing to suffer for his sake, and not hide ourselves from anything whereby He may be glorified.

'The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven his languid eye
In nature's hour of danger.
For man He bore the weight of woe,
For man He gave his blood to flow,
And met God's righteous anger.

The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim his right,
On clouds of glory seated,
With trumpet sound, and angel's song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.'

THE REASONABLE REQUEST.

'Thy hands have made me, and fashioned me: give me understanding, that I may learn thy commandments.'—Ps. cxix. 73.

The Psalmist is here intelligently considering himself, and devoutly recognising God's hand in his own existence, preservation, and circumstances. This was frequently the habit of holy men. While they surveyed all creation, they did not overlook themselves. Thus it was with Job (x. 8–12) and David (Ps. cxxxix. 13, 14). It is well to think of the mercy and mystery connected with our existence. To trace the union of mind and matter, and especially to think of our capabilities, immortality, and responsibility, is most reasonable and useful. But all should be done devotionally. 'He hath made us, and not we ourselves;' therefore 'let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.' This fact is forgotten by most. The workmanship of God deny or doubt his existence; and many who allow it, 'honour Him not as God, neither are they thankful.'

But the Psalmist saw something more in himself than mere creatureship. He saw himself ruined and defiled by sin, which, like a deep and dreadful die, had saturated his nature. God had not left him, but had introduced a new life in his soul, and thus remade him. He was God's workmanship in the highest sense.

The proof of this is seen in the soul's turning to God in trustful love and earnest prayer. It is the new creature which cries, 'Give me understanding,' etc. Here is an appreciation of God's words, by which the soul was begotten to a new life, and by which the new life was nourished. Here is a desire to apprehend its meaning, and to yield to its requirements. A degree of darkness yet remained, but there was docility and desire; and where these are, everything good must be. God loves the spirit of little children, and will attend to the prayer of faith. Such shall possess the mercies and know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

'High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly ordereth all that is;
And yet Thou deign'dst to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I with Thee
Enthroned may reign in endless bliss.'

WHERE ARE THE MORALISTS?

The word of God divides mankind into two classes, which it designates by different names—as saints and sinners, the righteous and the wicked, the just and the unjust, the good and the bad.

Those whom men call moralists, and whom they regard as occupying ground midway between the above-named classes, God, who sees the hidden recesses of the heart, and knows what is in man, places among the wicked. Men will be so divided throughout time, and in eternity.

If any one wishes to see a beautiful illustration of this truth, let him read carefully the first psalm.

It seems wonderful how any one can receive

e inspired word of God, and believe either
xistence of a third class, or in the doc-
universal salvation. Its closing verses
'herefore the ungodly shall not stand in
gment, nor sinners in the congregation
righteous. For the Lord knoweth the
the righteous; but the way of the un-
all perish.'
ther illustration is needed, see the various
itations of the scene on the judgment
given in the New Testament. That
the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew is,
, as plain as any. Its concluding words
nd these shall go away into everlasting
ent; but the righteous into life eternal.'
classes—then and for ever.
ll remember, then, that while men are
noralists because of the correctness of
their external conduct, that God regards them as sinners—'children of wrath, even as others,' and 'condemned already.'

There is no safety where there is no union with Christ by a living faith. He that is in Christ, has a principle of life in him that will distinguish him, in time and through eternity, as a child of God. He that remains out of Christ is now, and will be for ever, condemned as a sinner and enemy of God.

Reader, trust not in morality, so called. Rest not until you have found Christ, and have eternal life begun in you.

'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him' (John iii. 36).

G. K. M.

THE NESS GLEN.

eet the glen down which the torrent roars,
ssic Doon its infant fury pours!
n either side, the rocks uprear
om and beauty of the smiling year—
cence of foliage shooting high,
the bending glory of the sky;
hododendron, pine and mountain fern,
ided meek and bold, the sweet and stern,
idow queen's autumnal fragrance shed,
ent of thyme and mint from heather bed.
d-ruff wraps the elm, and, bending o'er
the willow hides the torrent's roar.
ted water rushes to the cool
n of a lily-shaded pool,
sts awhile, then eddies forth in might,
with breeze and rock a foamy fight.

Ness, in Scotland's days of trial past,
ıy bracken shelter from the blast,
enant heroes found, who stood the strife
tland's cause, and for the word of life.
st-like hiding-place the mirrored moon
ied, from quiet depths of glassy Doon;
they gazed, they thought of holy spheres,
sun nor moon should guide the rolling
rs.

hoots the crag from yon pine-feathered
ep,
rdian angel watched the martyr's sleep,
ssed him, as his soul arose in dream,
the rushing wind, the roar of stream,
of blood-hound, and the crouching spy,
ouldering cottage of his infancy.

To Eden's fields, life's river and its tree,
His eyes again the lost and loved ones see.
But hark! the hunter's shout, the felon stroke;
The tortured body leaps from rock to rock;
Till free from pain, with suffering heart at rest,
From Doon's low bank the spirit joins the blest.

Sweet Glen of Ness, I might imagine thee
Emblem of life, in scenes afar that be
From crowd and tumult, where the soul, shut in
From outward strife, encounters shapes of sin,—
Passion and error, pride and scorn of rules,
Life's linns and quicksands, crags and gloomy pools;
By keen remorse youth's headlong fury rent,
By pain and shame impetuous folly pent,
Till the soul, sad with fruitless sorrow, seeks
A glimpse of heaven from life-secluded creeks.
Nor seeks in vain. Its path of torture past,
Faith guides its course to hallowed calm at last.

What cleft the rock, and clothed with lithe festoon,
Thicket and furzy copse, thy cradle, Doon?
What force thy granite barriers burst asunder,
And made thy infant couch a beauteous wonder?
What eye beholds and guides thy torrent o'er
The booming cliffs to Ayr's resounding shore?
Watches the humming bee, the heather bell,
The life that stirs the pool and clothes the fell?
The hand, the eye of Him who comes to reign
With martyrs on thy craggy margin slain;
With saints whose ashes sleep beneath the cairn
On Wardlaw's brow, or wilds of drear Carsphairn;
The slain at Airsmoss, and the men whose blood
Bedewed Drumclog, and crimsoned Irvine's flood.

—*G. Paulin.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'The fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.'—1 Cor. i. 9.

God's faithfulness is our resting-place. His true and unchanging love is our security. From first to last it is with a 'faithful' God that we have to do. The Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. There is none like the God of Jeshurun,—'the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning.'

It is this faithful God who calls us, saves us, blesses us, keeps us. It is He who begins the good work in us, and 'will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.' He 'will keep what we have committed to Him.'

This calling of his is often referred to. That which He calls us *out of* is noted: 'Who hath called you out of darkness' (1 Pet. ii. 9). That *to which* He calls us is also noted: 'Called unto liberty' (Gal. v. 13); 'called to glory' (2 Pet. i. 3); 'called you unto his kingdom and glory' (1 Thess. ii. 12). That *by which* He calls us is also noted: 'Called by grace' (Gal. i. 15); 'called by our gospel' (2 Thess. ii. 14). But, in the passage before us, it is simply said that we are called into 'the fellowship of his Son.' What does this mean?

'Fellowship' does not mean friendship, or converse, or sympathy; it means 'partnership'—sharing what belongs to others: 'All that I have is thine.' Thus the word is used Luke v. 10: 'Which were *partners* with Simon.' There is not merely partaking of something as the gift, but sharing, as common property, what another possesses. It is business partnership, family partnership, filial partnership, conjugal partnership, the partnership of adoption or heritage. Our text embraces all these, when it speaks of our being called to 'the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ;' just as, in the Hebrews, it is said that we 'are made partakers of Christ.' So that *intercourse* with Christ is only part of the boundless privilege which fellowship implies.

Let us consider this fellowship, or partnership with Christ, in the following aspects:—

I. *Partnership with Him in what He was.*—He was crucified, He died, was buried, rose again. In all these we have part. Not that we helped Him to do his work and to bear his cross; not that we were joint-sinbearers, assisting Him to save us. In all this He was *alone*—suffering the wrath *alone*. But still we are said to be crucified with Him, to have died with Him, to be buried with Him, to have risen with Him. One cross, one death, one grave, one resurrection. Such is our fellowship with Him, that God looks on us as one with Him in all these things; treats us as having passed through what He did, as if *we* had actually pa the eternal penalty, and were entitled to the etern righteousness. In believing, we enter on this pa nership, and into all the benefits of his death a resurrection. As one with Him, all these are ou

II. *Partnership with Him in what He is.*—He h not only risen, but He has ascended; He has be seated on the throne of the Majesty in the heave We share this present dignity; for we are said be seated with Him in heavenly places, and a treated by God as such. His ascension is ou his dignity and glory are ours. We are still, doubt, here on earth; but we are called to fe and act, and live as those who are already at t right hand of God. Simple forgiveness is not our portion. We are raised higher than thi raised into high favour with God, and made share in the fulness which belongs to Christ, the risen, and ascended, and glorified Son of ma Besides all this, we share his name, and are call 'sons of God.' We share the Father's love: 'Th the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may in them.' We share his offices: we are prophe priests, and kings; heirs of God, and joint-heirs Christ Jesus.

III. *Partnership with Him in what He shall be.*—Much of his glory is yet in reserve; for now w see not yet all things put under Him. The d of glory and dominion; the day of the crown, a the throne, and the royal robe, is coming; and all that we are to have fellowship with Him, one with Him, members of his body, sharing t glory of the Head; as the bride of Christ, sharin the glory of the Bridegroom; one with Him in a this honour throughout eternity.

Thus, then, there is complete fellowship wi Christ. It is to this that we are called by a faithf God; and is it not a high and glorious calling,-fellowship in his cross, his grave, his resurrectio his throne, his glory? All this faith secures us; and of all this the Holy Spirit bears witne to us. Believing, we are reconciled, saved, a cepted, blessed with all spiritual blessings in Chri Jesus.

Let us understand our calling,—what it mak us now, what it shall make us hereafter; for ' doth not yet appear what we shall be.' Onene with the Son of God is the key to all this myster the root of all this blessing.

Let us walk worthy of it, as men who really b lieve it; happy, holy, unworldly, zealous, generou loving. Let us carry the consciousness of o calling into everything, great or small; into bus ness, daily life, recreations, reading, conversatio everything; maintaining our true position befo men; manifesting our proper character; lettin the world know our prospects; and doing nothin inconsistent with what we profess to be now, an with what we shall be when the Lord comes.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RULE OF LIFE.*

'Being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ.'—1 Cor. ix. 21.

IN this expression, St. Paul describes the exact condition of a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He introduces it, as a parenthesis, in the midst of a discourse upon the freedom which he claimed in his ministry of the gospel. He declares his cheerful conformity to the various habits and prejudices of those to whom he ministered, that he might be made the instrument of winning them to Christ; so that, though he was wholly free from the authority of men, yet he willingly submitted himself to their customs and desires, that he might gain the more. But he would not have this varying compliance with the feelings of others, in things indifferent, construed into a neglect, on his part, of the unvarying authority and law of God, as if he were without any abiding rule in this relation.

He felt himself entirely free from all those appointments and precepts, which had been given to his nation, that had been fulfilled and ended in Christ. But to the permanent precepts of holiness, which God had proclaimed in connection with these, he could not be indifferent. They were written in his heart with a divine power. They governed his conduct with an unceasing constraint. His joyful acceptance of the hopes and promises of the gospel, had confirmed and increased the power of these precepts over his heart. He was 'not without law to God,' because he was 'under the law to Christ.' The Saviour whom he served, and in whom he had his whole relation to God, had renewed for him the same perfect standard of obedience, and had added new and more powerful motives to lead him to love and regard it. He thus describes the condition of every believer,—entire and everlasting freedom from the law, as a dispensation of condemnation and death; but everlasting and delightful subjection to the law, as a rule of conformity to Christ, leading to entire love to God, and universal love to men for his sake. The great salvation of the Lord Jesus, though it is founded upon a perfect satisfaction of the law, in all its penalties and precepts, as a righteousness for man, adopts all the holy commandments of the law, as the rule of life and conduct, for those who have accepted this righteousness, and been made partakers of this salvation.

This is the condition of every justified man. He has been delivered from the bondage of the law. He is made free from its denunciations. It has no penalties to demand of him, and no judgments to inflict upon him. It has no longer dominion over him. He is not under the law. He is in possession of a divine righteousness, through the gift of grace, which meets all its claims, and sets him free from its power for ever. But he is not without law in his relation to God. He has been placed under a new dispensation, which furnishes new obligations to a holy obedience to God, presents new motives to this obedience, and gives him new power to put them into actual effect. He is under the law to Christ, who has bought him with a price, and perpetuated and confirmed upon him every divine commandment. The motives to obedience are changed; the influence and effects of this obedience are also changed; but the rule of holiness remains the same; and, in the same conformity to it, he 'glorifies God in his body, and his spirit, which are his.'

The man who has truly embraced the gospel of the Lord Jesus, has cast out all dependence upon his own obedience, and rests his whole hope of justification before God upon the perfect righteousness of his divinely appointed Saviour. He does not expect to earn a single hour of peace or glory by his own holiness of character. The obedience in which he trusts, and in which he envelopes himself by faith, was long since finished. He cannot add an iota of merit to that great offering which has been, once for all, made for his soul, and which has perfected his title and his hope for ever. The inheritance has been given him by promise, through grace; and he labours, and strives, and obeys, from love and gratitude to Him who hath bestowed it, and that he may become prepared and capable for the enjoyment of that glory, for which he is apprehended of Christ Jesus. But as his rule of character—as the governing standard of his life—the law hath dominion over him so long as he liveth. By its precepts he is led to bring forth fruits of holiness unto God. And perfectly righteous as he is, in the imputed righteousness of his Lord, he labours to become

* *Lectures on the Law and the Gospel.* By Dr. Tyng. Edinburgh: D. Grant. 1867.

increasingly holy in the spirit and character of his mind, that he may honour Him who hath chosen him to be his servant.

To this view of the divine law I desire now to call your attention. It is *the perfect rule of life to every believer in the Lord Jesus;* governing him, as the declaration of his Saviour's will; and made, by the renewing of the Holy Spirit, the standard of his choice, and the path in which he delights to walk. In the work of justification, our own obedience forms no part. Our righteousness, and the righteousness of Christ our Lord, are opposites here. We have renounced the one, that we may gain the other. We are taught to 'count all things loss, that we may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness of God by faith.' We are accepted in his obedience alone. We are thus accepted, when with our hearts we believe in Him. But being accepted, and having 'obtained access through Him into this grace wherein we stand, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God,' the precepts of God's holy law become the rule of our life; we are made ready and able to say, 'O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.'

The divine law is *the believer's rule of life.* It is the perfect and unalterable standard, to which his character is to become conformed. In itself it is perfectly excellent and holy. It is a description and transcript of the character and perfections of the Creator himself. A conformity to its precepts is an attainment of the pure and holy image of God. Righteousness is an entire fulfilment of these precepts. Holiness is a conformity to the image of God, in which they are thus embodied. And though man can never have this perfect righteousness in himself, the believer increasingly attains this holiness—this conformity to the perfect image, after which he is renewed by the Spirit of God. The one principle which fulfils this law, and marks this divine image, is love. 'Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.' The more we gain this love to God, and this love to others, for his sake, the more are we conformed to his image, and the more fully do we honour and obey Him. 'Hereb shall all men know that ye are my disciples saith the Lord Jesus, 'that ye love one anothe as I have loved you.' This holy requirement love—entire and unlimited love—was laid up man by his Creator, as it was laid upon eve other intelligent creature that He formed. change in man's circumstances or condition cou ever alter the holy and perfect standard whi God had thus set up before him. Whatev station we might occupy in the scale of intel gent being, it must be everywhere equally duty to maintain, and cultivate, and exercise t disposition of universal love. The obligation this could not be set aside, without authorizi that destruction of the image of God which accomplishes, and robbing God of the gl which is his due. When we have been delive from the condemnation of sin, and are partak of the mercies of God in the gospel, and a n heart, 'under the law to Christ,' has been giv to us, the constraint of this obligation to u versal love is immeasurably increased, by t vast privileges which redemption has bestow and the exalted motives which it has furnish No being in the universe has received su benefits from God, as a sinner who has be ransomed by the blood of his dear Son. being, therefore, is under such obligations love God with all his powers, and with an u ceasing, everlasting love. This love God requi of us according to the blessings we have receive and the gospel, which brings his greatest ble ing, his unspeakable gift to man, places t standard before us with new authority. A cording to its principles, we are to serve God newness of spirit. In conformity to its patte we are to be renewed from day to day. By t increasing conformity, we become more and mo like God, and prepared for his kingdom. A though we are forgiven and accepted in Chr our Lord alone, the holy law is still our rul and the freeness of pardon and the fulness our salvation make us to love it, and to stri to follow it yet more earnestly. The standa is unchanged; but we have received that lo for its holiness, which casts out all fear of j judgments, and urges and enables us to rend the very obedience which, before, we had neith the wish nor the ability to present.

MISS RUSSELL'S THIRD YEAR IN JERUSALEM.

(A SEQUEL TO HOME IN THE HOLY LAND.)

CHAPTER XX.

THE STOLEN RING FOUND.

WE wandered about, meeting all our acquaintances, exchanging greetings, coming at every step upon some fresh group, more picturesque and lively than the rest.

But our special friends were nowhere to be seen. Amongst a set of little boys I recognised Sarah's grandson, Yakoveio; and not far off were Sarah and other Jewesses; and Gershon was there also, with another young Jew, arranging narghiles and coffee for passers-by.

'How ill and altered he looks, Emily! I should scarcely have known him again.'

'His mother told me that he is in constant dread of something happening to him, on account of that robbery affair.'

'But nothing has happened?'

'Not yet. I suppose nothing will happen, unless that dreadful Ibraham Aga knows that he was seen by them that night.'

'Hush, Emily! there he is.'

'What! that man on the bay horse, with the splendid crimson and silver trappings?'

'Yes, that's the man. Look! he has turned.'

It was the same sallow, cruel, cowardly face which had haunted my feverish dreams that day at Adullam.

'A pretty fellow to be chief of the police!'

'I suppose, on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief. A man with such a face is capable of anything.'

He passed us, and dismounted not far from where the Pasha was sitting. We went on; and at last, in a retired nook, beyond the last of the pleasure-taking groups, found Rachel and her father and brother.

Constantine had, by their direction, spread out our little feast there, under the shade of a jutting rock; and we all sat down—with the infant Kedron babbling at our feet—happy as exquisite weather and dear companionship could make us. The being in the open air gives a quickened sense of life, which I had formerly felt when we lived in tents in the summer, and now whenever—as we not unfrequently did—Walter and I took our luncheon, and spent several hours at a time out of doors; for Walter had still many sketches which he wished to take, and his time was getting short.

Abraham led the subject of our conversation to England. He often did so of late. This was natural, as being the future home of his dear daughter. But most of his nation have a special love and regard for England. He longed to see it.

'But you must go first and prepare for me, Rachel; then, when all is ready, I will come and see you.'

Nathaniel, who had been very silent and pensive ever since his brother's death, looked up eagerly, but said nothing.

'You want to go to England too, Nathaniel?'

'Oh yes, Mr. Walter, to learn; not to stay, but to *learn;* and I will come back here.' Then, with a sudden burst, he exclaimed: 'Oh *do* take me to England with you! I can serve you; I can do everything you want; but if I stay here, how *shall* I learn?'

In his eagerness he had risen up, and clasped his hands, and looked as if his very life depended upon the answer he was to get.

'You go to England, Nathaniel!' said his father; 'where could you live?'

'With Mr. Walter. I will do everything for him—*everything;* and then I can learn. Oh yes! Oh, Mr. Walter, who will teach me if you go, and leave me here?'

He rushed away to hide a burst of tears. Rachel was scarcely less excited than her brother, but could see difficulties in the way better than he could.

'You have not told me,' presently said Abraham, sighing, 'how my boy gets on in his learning. I can see that he is diligent.'

'Indeed, he is doing extremely well,' said Walter; 'and I have thought much about this very point. It would be a great pity for him to stop now, for want of a teacher. He has a decided taste for mathematics. In fact, he knows almost as much as I can teach him; for I always cared more for painting than for Euclid; and in Latin I think him as well up as most boys of his age. He has got on very fast.'

'He thinks of nothing else,' said Rachel. 'He says Mr. Wa—. He says (correcting herself, and colouring; for Walter had made a compact with her for dropping the Mr., and she had not yet courage to call him by his name) you shall *never* be ashamed of your scholar. I should be very sorry if he were to forget what you have taught him.'

'No fear of that,' cried Walter, rising to bring the boy back; for he had scarcely tasted the refreshments, and it was almost time to begin our walk home, as we intended going round by the Valley of Jehoshaphat, in search of some unusually large anemones which grew in the upper bed of the Kedron.

In walking back, Abraham and I had a little more conversation about Nathaniel's going to England, and found he desired it almost as much as the boy himself.

'He is determined to continue his studies; and I am afraid, when you are gone, if we can find no other teacher, he will go to the Latin Convent, like young Isaac.'

'Isaac gone to the Latins?'

'Yes; he says he *must* study. He will not be a Latin, he says; but they have promised to

send him to Rome to study; and when he has learned all, he will leave them, and be what he likes.'

'Where is he now?'

'In the convent, employed at the printing-press. Oh, my dear lady, you English are *too slow here!* Why do you not have a printing-press also? Why don't you have schools and colleges?'

'People don't think they are needed.'

'You will see if other people say so. You know the Latins have now a new Patriarch.'

'I heard so.'

'I saw him come in the week before last. It was a grand sight. All the Latins were there from Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, and Jaffa; all their Consuls and Vice-Consuls in uniform. The Sardinian wore a most beautiful scarlet uniform; for they say he calls his king the King of Jerusalem (what a foolishness that is!). And there came people from the Pasha, and soldiers, and firing of guns. And in the street, before the Casa Nuova, the Patriarch put on the most splendid robes, and a crown with diamonds and jewels; and the priests had their robes, and candles, and incense in gold and silver vessels, and a kind of tabernacle, or—I don't know the name—like what brides stand under in the Jewish marriages.'

'A canopy. That must have been over the Host.'

'I don't know what that is either. They had a vessel under it, of gold and diamonds; and they sang and prayed, and then went into the church.'

'Did you go into the church?'

'I never go into their churches. Perhaps they might do with me as they did with Judah. The Patriarch looks very clever. He has a fine gold-coloured beard, and eyes like two stars; and they say he knows Hebrew, and all the languages. He was living in Persia before; and now he will do many new things here,—make schools and—'

Abraham suddenly stopped, and, darting forward, exclaimed: 'My ring!—the ring that I gave to Gershon!' and he laid hold of the bridle of a horse, which I at once saw was the one Ibrahim Aga had been riding. A man, with his back to us, was in the act of mounting, and had laid his right hand on the saddle to raise himself. Abraham caught the sparkle of a ring on the little finger, sprang forward, and claimed it.

The man was Ibrahim Aga himself; and I never shall forget the look he turned upon us, livid and distorted with rage, as Abraham made him understand that he wanted the ring from his finger. He was about to kick him off—and laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword; but Abraham cried, 'Ingleezy; I belong to the English Consul.'

The Aga muttered curses between his teeth, and again endeavoured to mount his horse. But Abraham held the bridle fast. The Aga called upon his slave, an immense brawny fellow, to *dash* him aside. I ran after Walter, who, not *knowing* what had happened, was walking leisurely on with Rachel. As I overtook the Mr. Wells met us. I was so glad, for he h his two janissaries with him; and we hasten back, just as the black slave had succeeded wrenching the bridle from Abraham.

This all happened near the little building ov the spring of Bir Eyoob. Most of the peo were gone, for it was nearly sunset; and t rest were hurrying home with their mats a stools. As we came up, Gershon was passi with the young Jew whom we had seen in t morning; they also were carrying home th narghiles and tobacco.

Poor fellow! how his countenance changed he caught sight of our group, even before he h time to hear a syllable of what was passing! thought he would have sunk to the ground wi terror.

Mr. Wells, and his kawasses and the re filled up the road, so that Gershon could not g by, as he would fain have done; but he shru back as far as he could, without losing the wor spoken, in which he evidently took painful i terest. Rachel and I drew aside, and sat on rock; but we could hear all that was said.

'It must be my mother's ring,' said sh 'father lost it about six weeks ago. Oh, I sh be so glad if it is found; he has been so s about it.'

Then Abraham was the dragoman who h so handsomely refrained from making Gersh responsible for the stolen ring! It was not Rab Beehor Ariyeh after all; and he wanted to rai money upon it for the marriage of his daughte Poor fellow! he wanted to fit out his Rach suitably, though it should cost him the ring his lost wife. Now I see why Gershon wou not tell us whose the ring was.

By the time Mr. Wells got up to the plac the chief of the police had assumed a blusteri tone, and demanded satisfaction for his honou Abraham had insulted him, and he must hav justice.

'Sir,' said Abraham sturdily, 'I saw my ow ring that I have lost upon his finger this momen I can swear it is my ring. It has a ruby, almo as large as a quarter of a piastre, and four goo diamonds; and I know the work of the gol It was my ring on his right hand.'

The Aga burst out: 'Thou accursed infide I have no ring on my right hand; and on m left I have only this signet, given me by our lo the Pasha.' As he spoke, he stretched out h hand. The ring had disappeared.

'Sir, he has taken it off. Perhaps it is in h pocket. I saw it—my ring. It has my wife name, in Hebrew, inside—Esther Malcah. Sh gave it me the day we were betrothed.'

'I have no power to arrest this man, Abraham said Mr. Wells, 'though I believe what you sa I can only send immediately to the Pasha, an ask to have him searched; but he must not kno that I am doing so.' Then turning to Ibraha Aga, who was impatiently handling his hors silken bridle, the Consul said, 'This is my drag man, and he accuses you of having his ring. must bring the matter before his Excellenc and he will decide.'

'What can he decide, O Bek?' said the Aga, smiling scornfully; 'can your dragoman bring witnesses that I have had his ring? El Hamdulillah! by our law, nothing can be done without witnesses;' and making a deferential salaam to Mr. Wells, and scowling at Abraham, he was about to vault on his horse, but missed his footing, and instead of reaching the saddle, came to his feet again with a jerk. Nathaniel screamed out, 'There it is, father!' dashed forward, and, picking up a ring from under the horse's feet, gave it to his father, who, exclaiming, 'I knew he had it!' handed the ring to Mr. Wells. 'Now, sir, look inside, and see if it is not as I said. Her name is inside it.'

At this moment, turning round, Abraham for the first time spied Gershon, who, forgetting his fear in the interest of the scene, had come a little nearer.

'You here, Gershon! Say, is not that the ring which I gave you, and which was stolen that night with the pearls?'

The Aga turned round also, and for the first time saw Gershon, who had instinctively got behind his back the moment Abraham addressed him.

Rage, and fear, and diabolical expressions were in the Aga's face. 'What hast thou to say, thou Jewish dog?'

Gershon summoned up all his strength, and, addressing Mr. Wells, said, 'This is the ring which was stolen from me: that is the truth; and it was your dragoman who gave it into my hands, as I have already told your honour.'

'Then how dost thou dare to say *I* had it?' thundered the Aga to Abraham.

'Because I saw it in thy hand,' repeated Abraham determinedly.

'Say no more at present,' interfered Mr. Wells.

'Speak, O Jew,' once more roared the Aga, 'or I will tear thy soul out of thy body! Who stole this ring from thee? or to whom didst thou sell it, thou lying defrauder of other men's goods?'

'I sold it to no one, my lord. It was stolen from my chamber one night, with all my goods, when I was asleep,' said Gershon.

'It is a lie! If it was stolen, why didst thou not come to me? Am I not the chief of the police? El Hamdulillah! no one can steal without my finding him out. Say who were the thieves, if there be truth in thy mouth! and if not, thou shalt rot in prison till thou dost!'

'My lord,' gasped Gershon, 'I was asleep; I cannot say who were the thieves; and I did not seek my lord's help, because I am an Ingleezy,* and I went to my Consul (may God lengthen his days!).'

A marked change came over the expression of the Aga's face when he heard the word Ingleezy. At first fear was visible, but it was soon replaced by audacity.

'Thou art under the English Consul! It is well for thee, or thy lying tongue should have been cut out this night!' Then, turning to Mr. Wells, he said, very respectfully, 'If this be the ring of your Excellency's dragoman, let him keep it. I can prove where I bought it as soon as your Excellency desires. But as for myself, I can recover the ten thousand piastres which I paid to the goldsmith who sold it me.'

'My dragoman,' replied the Consul dryly, 'shall certainly keep the ring, for it bears an inscription and marks which are sufficient proof that it is his; for the rest, we shall see, Inshallah, another day.'

The slave led his master's horse to a little distance, where he mounted; and, digging his shovel stirrups furiously into the poor beast's sides, he galloped madly up Mount Moriah, reckless of the steep and dangerous path. We all went home, meditating upon the strange event, and its probable consequences. Mr. Wells, at Gershon's entreaty, sent a kawass to see him safe to his abode in the Jewish quarter.

I thought that Ibrahim Aga appeared not to have suspected Gershon; but I was afraid to talk about so dangerous a subject until Walter and I should be alone. But I could hear my brother rebuking Abraham for his intended outlay on wedding garments, at such a costly sacrifice; and Abraham turned the conversation to the chief of the police, and his having possession of the ring.

'It will be an interesting thing to know how he came by it. I should like to know which of his robber partners, or policemen, was obliged to give it him, for leave to go and steal more rings and more pearls!'

'No doubt it would be interesting,' said Walter; and so the conversation dropped.

But why was it that the pearls had been returned to their owner? Here was a riddle that would surely attract Abraham's attention. Well—poor Gershon's secret would be safe with him.

CHAPTER XXI.

LATIN AND GREEK SERVANTS—MORE ABOUT IBRAHIM AGA.

STRANGE to say, the rule of the new Latin Patriarch was felt in our little household. Katrina came in when I was just finishing my weekly accounts with Constantine, and stood leaning against the door, as was her wont when she had anything particular to say, one corner of her veil across her mouth, because Walter happened to come into the room for something. Constantine lingered to hear what she was going to say, putting the chairs right, and dusting the sideboard for the third time.

'Well, Katrina!'

'Sitti! may God give you a good morning! Our Patriarch has sent for us Bethlehemites who serve in English houses, and has ordered us to leave, because the Ingleez are all farmason (freemasons), and have no religion.'

'And will you leave my service?'

She laughed her usual little short laugh. 'I shall not leave. The Ingleez are not farmason; and the rais (president) of our convent says the Patriarch has no business to order about

* Gershon was a British subject, his father having been a Gibraltar Jew.

Bethlehemites. We are not under him; we are under the convent.'

'Then why do you tell me about it?'

'That you may know, Sitti, that I am not chaff, to be blown about by every wind. I like you and Walter Bey—may God lengthen your day!—and I shall not leave you until the rais of our convent tells me. There is much stir between the Patriarch and the convents. He is very clever—*shâter kateer*—the Patriarch, and there is much stir already. The monks won't allow him to have the money that comes from Frank countries for them. Why should they? And the new Austrian Consul is for the convents, and says he will send back the boxes of dollars to his country, rather than let the Patriarch touch them; but the French Consul helps the Patriarch.'

The old story, thought I,—strife between seculars and regulars; and so it really proved. The Patriarch and monks had entered upon a long contest, which, for aught I know, is still undecided. However, I dismissed Katrina to her duties. By and by I heard her and Constantine and Haj Omar discussing the same subject.

'A nice Patriarch is yours, Katrina, to meddle with servants! That is not the way ours does,' began Constantine.

'Don't talk of what you don't understand, boy! Your religion is one thing, ours is another. Our Patriarch is very clever, and ten times handsomer than the old man the Greek Patriarch.'

'Then if he is so clever, why don't the convents obey him?'

'The convents—may God build them up!—do obey him; only in the affairs of their own money they won't. Is it not their own?'

Haj Omar laid down the spur that he was polishing. 'So long as they can hide the purse from him, they won't obey him more than they like,—Sahheb el Mâl—Sahheb el Kuwah' (Keeper of purse—Keeper of power).

'What was the use of his coming, if his sect don't submit to him in all things? El Hamdulillah! *our* Patriarch is somebody. His white beard is respected,' said Constantine saucily.

'Thou child of little sense! is not the beard of our Patriarch respected also? Thou speaker of mixed-up words! El Hamdulillah! our Patriarch has a strong hand. Has not the Pasha already put three men into prison to please him; and do not the Consuls kiss his hand in the church?'

'I don't understand you and your Patriarch,' replied Constantine, unwilling to let Katrina have the last word. 'You obey him, and you don't obey him.'

'Clean thy knives and spoons then. We understand our own affairs: be thou modest, and mind thine own!'

Before Constantine could make the angry reply which was on his lips, a knock came to the door, and in walked Mr. Andersen. Since his return to Jerusalem we had seen very little of him. He was always busy. Walter had called upon him; but I had only once seen him (except in *church*), when he called upon us on New Year's *day, in conformity* with the usage, by which everybody calls on everybody to wish them a happy year.

'First, Miss Russell, I have a message for you from Mary. She sends you her love; and if you wish it, you are to divide that root of iris in her garden, and take part of it.'

'The one with the dark green and brown velvet blossoms? Oh, thank you! It is such a curious flower. I should much like to have one of them. How are she and Mrs. Andersen?'

'Thank you, well; but they find the long English winter very severe and gloomy, after our winters here. Though we have real winters here as to cold, they only last a few days at a time. However, to-day and yesterday have been very keen.'

'Yes,' said Walter. 'I saw thick ice this morning as I came from church.'

'I don't remember so severe a winter as this in Jerusalem, either for frost or snow,' remarked Mr. Andersen, 'or for abundance of rain; and it appears to have been general over the country. The Turkish postman was drowned the week before last in attempting to cross the Damoor near Sidon; and the little bridge over the Aujah near Ramlah, has been carried away. Even in this neighbourhood the torrents have risen high. Mr. Benson found that at Kuloniah the water has been at least eight feet high.'

'And yet our English postman contrived to get safely here.'

'He knows the best paths—over the mountains instead of the flooded plains.'

Mr. Andersen had come to inform us that Nathaniel was one of the candidates for the next confirmation, and to inquire about his improvement in learning. He had scarcely left us before Sarah came to tell me something about her son Gershon and Ibrahim Aga.

Gershon was walking in a street leading towards the Jewish quarter, when, under a dark archway, he suddenly met the chief of the police with a slave. Ibrahim Aga sent the slave to a distance, and began by asking Gershon if it was true that he was a British subject.

'"My lord heard me say so in the Consul's presence. It is truth, and the Consul always protects me."

'"Well, Jew," said the Aga, "I have somewhat to say to thee. Thou wast prudent in the matter of the pearls and the ring. It is well; for if not, no Consul could have delivered thee out of my hand. Beware, if my wife asks thee when the pearls were found, that thou tell her nothing. She is about to send for thee to buy some silk; but beware, I tell thee again;" and the Aga went his way. Gershon is more puzzled than ever. The Aga spoke in a friendly way; but he is such a bad man, that makes me more afraid. And how did he know that my son knew the pearl belonged to his own wife? Were they not found in the dress of the wife of the Egyptian? And he said nothing about the night of the robbery. My son thinks he suspects that he saw him that night, but is afraid to ask, now he knows he belongs to the English Consulate.'

'Well, well, Sarah, the best way is to think no more about it. If Ibrahim Aga is afraid to

ask Gershon, so much the better for you; and if anything else should happen, why, you have the Consul to go to.'

'Bendisho el Dio for that! They were bad days for the Jews before the English Consul came to live in Jerusalem. May the Queen of England live for ever.'

I could not help wishing that Gershon could at once charge this dreadful Ibrahim Aga with the robbery, and have him punished; but he had no witnesses. Neither his own word nor that of his mother would avail in a Turkish court against a Moslem. He was powerless, poor fellow!

CHAPTER XXII.

MISS BRANDON'S ARRIVAL.

ONE morning early a letter was put into my hands by one of the Consul's kawasses. It was from Jaffa, from Miss Brandon. She had arrived. Our account of the manner of life in Jerusalem had reassured her friends; and they had consented to her making trial for herself.

'I ought to go and fetch her up, Emily. It will never do to let her come alone.'

'No, certainly. And take my saddle with you for her use.'

Rover was ordered out of the stable, his hoofs examined, his shoes freshly nailed. Saddle-bags were filled with provisions for the way, a quiet pony chosen, on which Constantine could ride down, and Miss Brandon ride up, if she had no better animal; and by one hour after noon Walter rode off, purposing to sleep in Ramlah that night, and to be in Jaffa after sunrise next day.

Katrina and I had plenty to do arranging the room for our guest to occupy. We had not a spare bed-room, so I gave her mine, and took Walter's for myself, making up a temporary bed—removable by day—for him in the painting *alias* dining-room. Certainly the oriental fashion is very convenient, by which any number of unexpected guests may be accommodated at five minutes' notice. There is no preparation of bed-rooms and dressing-rooms. Some of the pile of mattresses and coverlets kept stored up in a recess for such emergencies is unrolled at night, and laid down on the floor of the reception-room for each guest. In the morning the slaves come in, roll up the beds, put them back into the curtained recess, and all is done. It is true the day-clothes are not put off in such cases, and the process of the toilette is reduced to a simple washing of face and hands at day-break in the morning.

Miss Brandon arrived safe and well, though fatigued by what she called 'that terrible road from Jaffa.' We had become accustomed to riding up hill and down dale, and almost forgot that there could be any use for better roads in the world.

She was too tired the first evening to do more than give me a few particulars about old friends in England, who had charged her with messages to us. Yet, weary as she was, the view from my terrace riveted her to the spot. She stood gazing at the city, rising tier above tier to the top of Zion, the domes of the Sepulchre Church, the castle, the battlements, the minarets, our own church, and the country beyond.

'I had no idea our church was so far advanced!'

'Yes, it is all but finished. The roof came from England many months ago. Is it not beautiful?'

'Beautiful! It takes me by surprise to see our own church there on the very crest of Mount Zion, though I remember I heard it before. It is so different seeing for one's-self.'

The sun was already set; and though it had been hot by day, yet the evening was keen and chill.

'I must not allow you to stay any longer here. It is too cold.'

'Oh! a little longer. This is *such* a view!'

'But you will see it better to-morrow. You know you are going to *stay* in Jerusalem.'

'Yes, I am going to *stay* in Jerusalem. Oh! how glad I am!' And she burst into tears.

I had observed that she was strongly excited, and under the influence of almost overpowering emotions, when first I met her at the door of our house. Her eyes had filled, and her lip quivered when I said, 'Welcome to Jerusalem, welcome to the Holy City!' and she had only kept back her feelings with an effort. However, she recovered herself, and said seriously:

'Yes, thank God, I *am* going to stay in Jerusalem; and you will tell me what there is for me to do.'

'Not to-night at any rate.'

I left her a moment, and going into my room, closed the window blind, and shut out the view of Olivet. She was weary, and had had excitement enough, and would lose nothing by seeing that spot first by the light of the rising sun.

Next morning we all met at the breakfast table. Miss Brandon was full of life and energy; but still, I could see, weary.

'Did you open your window this morning?' I asked.

'Surely. I am always an early riser; and here one would not lose a moment of the delights of the dawning or sunrise; and I longed to see if my guess by moonlight last night was correct.'

'Did you not sleep last night? The moon is late in rising,' asked Walter.

'Does any one sleep the first night in Jerusalem, Mr. Russell? I don't think it would be possible. However, I did sleep a little before daybreak; then the muezzin woke me. What a crowd of new feelings and ideas come over one! I feel as if I were in a dream, and as if we ought not to be sitting here drinking coffee, and eating bread and butter, as if it were England. It is almost profane.'

'One must eat in Jerusalem as well as everywhere else upon earth,' replied my brother, smiling; 'and after I had been here a while, I found unspeakable comfort in the discovery that our deepest and best feelings are not incompatible with the needs and incidents of daily life.'

'But at first they must jar; at least one thinks they must.'

'You recognised the Mount of Olives, Miss Brandon?'

'Oh, yes! That is one comfort in coming to the Holy Land; one knows it already. I felt as if I were looking at an old friend, seen very, very long ago in childhood, of whom my recollections have grown misty. But there is more solemnity about it than I expected, perhaps because I saw it first by that strange pathetic light which the waning moon always sheds.'

'You have seen it also by daylight?'

'Oh, yes! by the first dawn of morning. I was very impatient to see it, and got up as soon as there was a streak of light in the sky, and then watched the sun rise—the first sunrise in Jerusalem!' And again her eyes filled.

'But not your last. And now, Miss Brandon, we are going to have the pleasure, for the first time in our lives, of showing a friend all these interesting places in holy ground—that is, as soon as you are rested. By this evening a little walk would refresh you.'

'Thank you, that it would. But *now* you are going to tell me what there is for me to do in Jerusalem. I have not forgotten that part of your letter. You said we should talk over that when we met in the Holy City.'

'And so we will, I hope; but not until you have seen something for yourself. And I must ask first, what do you *wish* to do here?'

'Something for the Jews, of course.'

'If it is not impertinent, Miss Brandon, I should like to ask you why "*of course?*"'

'Simply because Christians owe a debt of gratitude to the Jews; and until it has been paid, every one who can, ought to do something for them. Do the other sects in Jerusalem do anything for them,—I mean Greeks, Armenians, or Latins?'

'No, certainly not. The Greeks hate them; the Armenians forget that there is such a people; and the Latins—I think they might be willing to receive proselytes; but they don't give themselves any trouble about them.'

'All the more need for us to do what we can. Are they accessible?'

'As far as I have tried, I have found them so—allowing for the great differences of manners and languages.'

'Now, then, please keep your word, and tell me what is there particularly needing doing, that a woman could with propriety undertake.'

'Ask me this day four weeks, Miss Brandon.'

'Why?'

'Because then you will have had time to see a little of what is being done here already. Besides, there is so very much to be said, it will never do to begin until you are rested.'

'This is too bad, when I am so impatient; but if you won't tell me, I suppose I must be content for four weeks.'

'You are not bound to wait four weeks before you make up your own mind, if you see sufficient reason, without my opinion. You know—'

'I understand,' said she, half amused and half vexed; 'and meanwhile, Mr. Russell, will you *not let* me see your picture? Your uncle has *talked to* me so much about it. He and your cousin Ralph are most impatient for your arriv in England.'

'And my sister is at least equally anxio that we should remain here.'

'I cannot bear the thought of leaving Jer salem.'

'But all your old friends—don't you care see them?'

'Surely. It is not that; but one becomes attached to Jerusalem. It has been a real hom to me. Where shall we go this afternoon?'

'If it is not too far, let us go where we c obtain a view of the Garden of Gethsemane. wish not to crowd things together, but to tal them one at a time, they are so overpowering interesting.'

We went in the afternoon by the Damasc Gate, along the quiet path under the great pin tree, at the north-east corner of the city, a thus round to Moriah; and there we sat dow on the edge of the steep descent opposite to t Mount of Olives, and looking down at Get semane.

Very little was said. We were unwilling disturb the thoughts of our friend, brought, f the first time in her life, face to face with t very valley, rocks, and mountains, bound up f ever with the history of our Saviour's passion.

Walter left us for a while. When he can back, we walked quietly home.

The next day was taken up in receiving visit The arrival of another resident was a great ever in our little community; and, according to cu tom, all the old settlers came to bid the new comer welcome.

After that, my brother and I conducted ou friend leisurely, as she desired, to see the plac in and around Jerusalem. The streets were a ready thronged with pilgrims, for Lent w begun; and Miss Brandon was as much interest as I could wish, by the ever-varying groups, all imaginable costumes, complexions, feature and expressions, and by the wondrous variety languages.

Being the Feast of Purim, we paid visits our Jewish friends, the widow Tarragon and h family, and met there an old brother-in-law an his wife. He spoke Portuguese, and she Moroc Arabic. He was aged, with snow-white beard but full of fun and humour. She was pretty good-natured, and stout.

Our hostess brought in a tambourine-playe for our entertainment, and also a performer (i beard and oriental dress) on a good Europea violin. He sat cross-legged on the floor, wit his tambourine accompanier, and one who sung

They played, with spirit enough, a most ex traordinary mixture of tunes, Hebrew and Ara —'God Save the Queen,' the 'Vienna Anthem the 'Parisienne,' and 'Marseillaise.' The cou was soon filled with auditors, and several beg gars, to whom paras were given. There wa variety enough of character and costume; an Walter could not resist sketching one tall, gaun old man—a Jew, like the rest—in wretched flow ing robe of dirty white; a cloth for head-dres kept on, over his streaming locks, by a handker chief, in the manner of the Bedaween, by a cord

long, dirty, white beard, thin face, and pursed-p lips. Near him stood some pretty young irls, with kohh'led eyes and rouged cheeks, and lenty of spangles, flowers, and coins. Then ame the youngest son of the house (a baby in rms at our first visit), and danced before us,) the great admiration of his mother and the ystanders.

We also visited Rabbi Raphael, and his in-eresting wife and children.

'How very sweet the expression of her face !' was Miss Brandon's remark, after we had ft. 'I cannot tell you how these young women nd girls interested me. How their faces lighted p when you spoke to them in their own lan-uage! Is it difficult? for I must learn it. I now German, and a little Hebrew, but have ever tried Spanish. But I *must* be able to peak to those young creatures in their own ongue.'

'I think no language is difficult, when one ves among those who speak it constantly. If ou could persuade Sarah to be your servant hen we leave Jerusalem, you would soon pick up.'

'I hope you will leave me the legacy of all our servants. I shall be most fortunate in get-ing them ready trained.'

'I will speak to them; but our groom is en-aged by the Consul.'

'I shall not want a groom; a good donkey is y utmost ambition.'

'Oh! I am sorry. I had so hoped you would ave taken my dear little horse Zareef. Mr. 'ells is going to buy Walter's Rover; and I on't want to sell mine to a stranger.'

'I am sorry too; but a donkey will be quite nough for me at present.'

Miss Brandon knew of Walter's engagement, nd was very desirous of seeing Rachel. I ncied that she had doubts whether a young irl, brought up in Jerusalem, could possibly ake a suitable wife for my brother. It was nerefore no small pleasure to me to see the lance of surprise which passed over Miss Bran-on's face when Rachel entered the room. Even before she knew who it was, the sweet expression of the intelligent face won her heart; and during every moment of her stay, I was delighted to see that Miss Brandon became more and more charmed with my future sister.

'Indeed,' said Miss Brandon, as soon as the door closed, and she was gone, 'I congratulate you with all my heart. She is a lovely creature. I must see more of her, while there is time. Have you fixed the day for the wedding?'

'Not quite; but it is to be some time in April. I suppose, not before Easter.'

'Why, Easter is scarcely a month hence; and are we to lose you so soon as that?'

'Easter will be on the 23d. I believe my brother intends to leave for England at the end of April or the beginning of May.'

Time was indeed running short. How many things there were to be thought of and done in these few weeks! I had not counted them before. I had felt unwilling to look the truth in the face, and know exactly how many weeks and days were left to us here in Jerusalem; but now they had been numbered. How was everything to be got into them?

There was a sketch from my window to be finished; another to be taken from my terrace; flowers, from a dozen favourite spots, to be gathered and pressed; farewell rides to be taken. How would it be possible to do all this within six, or at most seven, short weeks? How should we be able to leave Jerusalem at all? I *would* not think of this, but turned to the multifarious tasks which must be got through. What a relief it is to have much to do, when one does not want to think! Had I had my own room, I should have now and then given way. I should, at least, have sat down a few minutes, in the early morning, at my dear east window, or walked a little bit up and down on my terrace before going to bed at night; but Miss Brandon had my room. I could not but have given it up to her, and she enjoyed it much. But to me it was the beginning of separation—the beginning of the breaking up I so much dreaded.

'Work, work! I won't think any more!'

ADORATION AND ANTICIPATION.

'O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.'—Ps. lxv. 2.

THE first verse of this psalm seems to intimate that God *had heard* the prayers of Zion, and that 'praise was now waiting' there for Him to accept. It also shows that those who offered private and acceptable prayer were now ready to perform their vows. The people of God were thus led to consider God with much delight under that character in which He had recently displayed himself, and to anticipate the time when *all* should know Him, and come to Him as the God who heareth prayer. Then will be revealed the threefold glorious sight of God attracting, man attracted, and the church adoring.

God is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. This is a glorious and gracious title, specially dear to his people. He has taken many names suited to encourage prayer, and this one is peculiarly so. Prayer is the heart having to do with God; laying hold of his names, pleading his promises, appealing to his perfections and character. It is asking, seeking, pleading, desiring. We should believe that prayer will be profitable to us, and prevailing with God; that God will notice and answer our petitions. While we thus think of prayer, we should praise God for his gracious revelation of himself as 'the hearer of prayer.' 'O Thou that hearest prayer,' is the language of *adoration*. Next we have *anticipation*. Only a few really pray now. The majority are prayerless and godless; but it

will not be so always. There is a time coming when all the world will be worshippers, and when all will come to God with fervent prayer and grateful praise. For there is a period coming when God's names, attributes, and relationships shall be exhibited and known, and then men will worship Him. They who know will trust, they who trust will worship. God's favour will then be the centre of all hearts, and the element of all the souls He has created; man will no longer stray away from God, in sullen pride and lofty independence, but will, with a lowly and dependent heart, rest in Him. Long has God been saying, *Come;* but few have regarded. Then will be heard the loud response from millions of hearts, wondering at God's grace, at their own wretchedness, at their own tendencies and desires, at the blessed prospect before them: '*Behold, we come unto Thee, for Thou art the Lord our God!*'

In this wondrous revolution there will be seen an answer to the prayers of the church, which in all ages has been crying, 'Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.'

CHRIST'S ESTIMATE OF A MAN.

'How much, then, is a man better than a sheep?'—MATT. xii. 12.

THE Lord Jesus often makes use of sheep as an illustration. Man wandering from God, sought by mercy, and restored to favour and holiness, is set forth by sheep.

Here the Lord is defending himself against the Pharisees, who were waiting to accuse Him as a breaker of the Sabbath, if He should determine to cure a man with a withered hand. The Lord proves that it was lawful to lift a poor sheep out of a pit on a Sabbath day, and argues from thence that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day; and as relieving the poor sufferer was doing good, it was right and proper to cure him. On another occasion He said, 'Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound these eighteen years, be loosed from her bond *on the Sabbath day*?' It was not right to defer that good till the morrow which could be done that very day. While thus defending himself with consummate wisdom, the Saviour taught a most important lesson. He shows his estimate of man. Ah! how highly He prized man; what a value He set upon him! He knew the worth of man's soul and man's body—what the one could become by regeneration, and the other by resurrection. His words imply that there was really no comparison. 'How much, then?' as if He had said, Who can reckon it? All the flocks of earth would not weigh in value so much as one man. The Saviour's *actions* tell the value He sets on *man*. Let his life of love, and death of sorrow, tell *his* estimate.

Let us mourn over the sad fact, that in all ages and places man has been deemed of less value than animals, and the land they tread on. *A few cattle* stolen, or a little land taken, has *often led to bloody* wars, in which thousands of *men* have been slain. And still trade and commerce treat men often but as a machine. Let us seek to enter into the estimate of Christ, and henceforth love man, labour for man, and seek by every means to save souls from death.

HONOUR PUT ON PRAYER.

'As he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered.'—LUKE ix. 29.

WONDROUS are the changes in the human countenance, as the soul is affected from around, beneath, and above. How lovely, how hideous, how almost angelic or demoniacal, have the varying features become! The Lord Jesus was a real man, but without sin. The prince of this world (He saith) findeth nothing in me. There was no sea of bad passions in his soul for the wind of temptation to act upon. Out of his heart nothing proceeded that could produce a word or look from which angels would turn away. No; they loved to gaze on that calm, loving, sorrowful face, and to trace in it every thing lovely mirrored forth. On that face all paternal Deity loved ever to look. The circumstances and temptations around Him did indeed draw out his pity, his sorrow, and even his anger; but all was righteous and good.

To all influences from above his soul ever responded; its whole surface was ever turned Godward; there was in Him no obliqueness, and therefore He ever reflected the glory of God. But while He always shone in moral beauty only once while here did his holy face emit rays of external glory. This was when He was in the mount of communion with God. Thus it had been with Moses before Him, and thus it was with Stephen after Him; and in both cases there was communion with God. But Jesus excelled both these, and all others, in everything. 'Jesus prayed.' In so doing He exercised all graces. Jesus was *transfigured*, and thus for a short time He anticipated his glory, and began to shine as Stephen and Paul saw Him, and as we who believe hope to see Him ere long.

THE TRUE STANDARD OF DRESS.

WE are always excessive when we sacrifice the higher beauty to attain the lower one. A woman who will sacrifice domestic affection, conscience, self-respect, honour, to love of dress, we all agree, loves dress too much. She loses the true and higher beauty of womanhood for the lower beauty of gems, and flowers, and colours. A girl who sacrifices to dress all her time, all her strength, all her money, to the neglect of the cultivation of her mind and heart, and to the neglect of the claims of others on her helpfulness, is sacrificing the higher to the lower beauty.

In fine, girls, you may try yourself by this standard. You love to dress too much when you care more for your outward adornings than for your inward dispositions; when it afflicts you more to have torn your dress than to have lost your temper; when you are much more troubled by an ill-fitting gown than by a neglected duty;

ı are less concerned at having made
t comment, or spread a scandalous
ıan at having worn a *passee* bonnet;
ı are less troubled at the thought of
nd at the last great feast without the
garment, than at being found at the
night in the fashion of last year. No
woman, as I view it, ought to give
ıtion to her dress as to allow it to take
three important things, viz. all her
ıer strength, all her money. Whoever
lives not the Christian, but the Pagan
ships not at the Christian's altar of our
ıs, but at the shrine of the lower Venus
ı and Rome.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

THE LARGE WISH.

also we wish, even your perfection.'—
2 Cor. xiii. 9.

l '*perfection*' is used in several senses
vord. Sometimes it refers to the *con-*
ı in Heb. x., and describes the removal
y the blood of Christ. It also refers to
ıs John speaks of 'perfect love which
ıt fear' (1 John iv.). More frequently
completeness of Christian character, or
ssion of all the graces of the Holy
lence Peter desires that the God of all
ıld make the saints perfect. So Paul,
21, and elsewhere. The word in the
ment generally signifies *sincerity* or *up-*
in opposition to hypocrisy. The text
in 2 Cor. xiii. has been rendered 're-
or restoration,' and we are told the
ifies 'the restoring of a dislocated limb
e or use in the body.' Besides all these,
nother meaning of the word, viz. ab-
fection, or the absence of all evil, and
nce of all good. Paul, in Phil. iii.,
is, and followed after it, but said that
ot yet attained it. Still he speaks of
nd others as already 'perfect.' And
ıother sense of the word, in which it
ı *matured* or *instructed Christian*, as
hed from a novice, or a partially igno-

Under these different aspects we
ıtemplate 'perfection,'—aim at all that
ble here, and desire and hope for full
hereafter.

Christians, who are eminent for gifts,
ınt as regards a maturity of Christian
e,—a combination of the various graces,
g harmoniously with other saints. See
; we should pray for, and aim to pro-
ach other. At the same time, let each
it for himself. Paul showed his sin-
vard the saints, by watchfulness over
y his earnest prayers for them, and by
forbearing, yet faithful way in which
vith those who needed restoring.

HEAVEN.

divine says, 'When I was a boy, I
of heaven as a great shining city, with vast walls, and domes, and spires, and with nobody in it except white tenuous angels, who were strangers to me. By and by my little brother died; and I thought of a great city, with walls, and domes, and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew in that time. Then another brother died, and there were two that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the flock continually grew. But it was not till I had sent one of my little children to his grandparent—God—that I began to think I had got a little in myself. A second went, a third went, a fourth went; and by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven, that I did not see any more walls, and domes, and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestial city. And now there have so many of my acquaintances gone there, that it sometimes seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on earth.'

THESE ARE THE TRUE SAYINGS OF GOD.

Sure the record, Christ has come!
Rich, for us became He poor.
O my soul, then know his love;
Love Him, love Him, more and more!

Sure the record, Christ has died!
Bearing on the cross our sin;
Is not this the gate of life?
Son of Adam, enter in.

Sure the record, Christ is risen!
He hath broken every chain;
Silent stands the empty tomb,
Never to be filled again.

Sure the promise, Christ will come!
Though the promise lingers still.
Heavy seems the wing of time,
Weary with the weight of ill.

Signs are mustering everywhere,
And the world is growing old;
Love is low, and faith is dull;
Truth and right are bought and sold!

Then when men are heedless grown,
And the virgins slumber all;
When iniquity abounds,
Then He cometh, Judge of all!

Cometh He to raise his own,
Wipe the tear from every eye;
Cometh He to right the wrong,
Trodden truth to lift on high.

To dethrone the lie of lies,
Each dark falsehood to destroy;
To begin the age of light,
Earth's long-sighed for Sabbath joy.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

JOHN XII. 35, 36.

THE Speaker here was one who knew what light was, what it could do, where it was to be found, and how terrible it must be to be without it. He had come from the land of light, where there was no darkness, and where all were walking in the light. In that home of light there were angels of light, and spirits of light. All sons of light! He speaks, therefore, with authority; and we know that his words are true.

I. *The light.*—Light is that which shows or reveals all objects, as darkness is that which hides. Our earthly sun reveals to us daily man and the things of man; the heavenly Sun reveals to us God and the things of God. Christ is himself that light. He is both the light and the sun. As the life, He is the light. 'The life is the light of men.' He is the light of the world, the true light, beside which all other lights are false and unreal. That which shines from his face, from his works, from his words, from his cross, is *light.* 'We look to Him, and are lightened.' He reveals the Father, the Father's love, the Father's righteousness, the Father's character; all the riches of his grace; and we, opening our eyes to take in this light, are thereby enlightened. That which shines into us is 'the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.' Light for a dark world! light for a dark soul!—this is our message.

II. *The Light with us.*—The first gleam of it came in the first promise. After that the rays multiplied. But still 'the Light' had not come. But when 'the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us,' then it came. It remained here in human form for thirty-three years. It is still, though impersonally, 'with us;' and it will yet be more gloriously with us when He comes again. After Jesus had spoken of the light being with them, He withdrew himself,—to show that his presence was the light, and to show the difference between light and darkness, his presence and his absence. Yes, the light is with us still. In a sense it is withdrawn, yet still with us; still in our world; still shining in its brightness out of the testimony concerning 'the Light' left us in the Gospels. There the true light still shineth. We may withdraw from it, but it never withdraws from us. We may shut our eyes and our windows, but the light still shineth. 'God is light,' 'God is love,' is still the burden of that testimony. The light is not far off, nor clouded, but nigh and clear; not starlight nor moonlight, but sunlight—pure, bright, and gladdening. O dark world! when wilt thou let in the light? O dark soul! O child of darkness! when wilt thou be enlightened?

III. *The 'little while' of light.*—The special 'little while' referred to here, was that of our Lord's presence on earth,—a blessed little while indeed! He so near, so gracious, so willing to bless! But there are other little whiles. Jerusalem had her little while. Israel had her little while. The churches have all had, or are having, their little while. The nations have had, or are having, their little while. Each congregation has its little while. *Each soul* has its little while. A little while of *the gospel*; a little while of invitations from God; a little while of Sabbaths, and sermons, and sacraments, and providences,—and all is done. The light departs. O man, what has the light done for you? How hast thou been dealing with it? Hast thou let it in, or shut it out? Thy little while of light may soon be at an end. The night cometh. The eternal darkness is at hand! Jesus is coming, but not with light; only with darkness to the despisers of the light!

IV. *The rising of the light.*—'Walking' is her a general expression for the whole of a man's life in all its actings, and changes, and movements. Our Lord's meaning is, 'Use this light for whatever you do, so long as you have it: do everything in your daily life in this light.' Use this light then, is the Lord's message to us.

(1.) *Believe in the light.*—Receive the Father's testimony to this light; to its genuineness, its excellency, its divinity, its suitableness, its various qualities and fitnesses to meet the wants of a child of darkness. Believe in this light, and believe in no other. The light of reason, intellect, literature, science, will do nothing for your soul. At best it is but starlight, 'distinct, but distant; clear, but oh, how cold!' Still oftener is it the meteor, or the lightning, or the volcano, or the taper, or the spark of your own kindling. Believe in this heavenly and divine light. It will suffice. There is no darkness too dense for it, either within you or without. There is light for the darkness. God proclaims his testimony concerning this true light. Receive that testimony; and, in receiving it, receive the light. It wants admission into you.

(2.) *Become children of the light.*—He into whom the light enters, becomes a child of light. The light rests on him, surrounds him, abides with him, dwells in him, pervades him. It guides him, heals him, comforts and cheers him, purifies him, assimilates him to itself. He becomes, in all senses, a child of light and of the day. He becomes also a light to others—a light to the world. And, walking in the light, he is not only filled with holy gladness, but he *shines;* his light shines; the dark world is the better for his being in it. He shines in his daily walk and public life. He is, in his own way and measure, what 'the Light' was when here—a 'light of the world.'

V. *The refusal to use the light.*—This may be called neglect, or delay, or hatred, or rejection; still it is refusal to make use of the light. It is preference of the darkness to the light; it is preference of the *works* of darkness to the *works* of light. It is something *positive* and *wilful,* whatever men may say. No man remains in darkness for lack of light, but because of his own shutting out the light. This refusal to make use of the light, leads to stumbling, to straying, to complete mistaking of the way, and losing the destination. It leads to this *now;* it ends in this more terribly. For the withdrawal of the light is at hand. The darkness comes,—the deep, the eternal darkness,—in which men, who have rejected the light, shall stumble and wander for ever. Oh these eternal stumblings! these everlasting wanderings! Oh these dark mountains, on which the sinner's feet shall stumble! Oh that gross darkness, that blackness of darkness, which is to be the sinner's portion and dwelling-place for ever! Night without morning! everlasting midnight!

THE UNANSWERED PRAYER OF MOSES.

BY THE REV. A. A. BONAR, GLASGOW.

DEUT. III. 24–27.

WHATSOEVER things were written aforetime were written for our learning' (1 Cor. x.; Rom. xv. 4). This prayer is one of those things, and none of the least,—the only time when Moses speaks much of *himself*. He was in his 120th year, and Israel in the fortieth year of wandering, when he so prayed. The event referred to in the prayer occurred, perhaps, about a year and a half before, viz. the angry, unbelieving smiting of the rock the second time. We said this is the only time when Moses tells of a thing wholly personal in its *details*. The Spirit guided him to do so, because the case is so fitted to yield us instruction.

I. *Here is a saint calling to remembrance his past sin.*—'Let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon.' That sad day at the rock (Num. xx. 12), and the chastisement threatened, are in his mind. Aaron had fallen under it, dying on Mount Hor: is Moses also to find the sentence executed?

Think who it is who prays—one who was every way singular and favoured of God. Every period of his life had been peculiar. The first period of *forty* years (for his life may be divided into periods of three forties) begins with Moses in peril, but hid; and again in peril on the Nile: a breeze may ruffle it, and overthrow the bulrush ark, or a crocodile swallow up the babe. But help comes—royal help—the king's own daughter. Then the king himself furnishes a nurse, a home, protection, education. In spite of himself, Pharaoh yields to the bridle of God in his mouth, and his palace is the college where this most formidable of the Hebrews (had he been known) was taught the wisdom of Egypt, the art of war, the policy of state. He is sent to no college; Egypt's wise men are sent by Pharaoh to him. His bitterest foe is his best teacher. And on some occasion he was offered to be made 'son' by adoption,—offered virtually a crown, and treasures suitable. But (perhaps looking out at the palace window) he points to the smoking furnaces, and prefers affliction therein with the people of God, to the 'pleasures of sin.' But now a second forty years begin. Moses is in flight again! See, he hastes over the desert sands toward Midian, often looking behind over his shoulder, in dread of the pursuing foe. And for *forty years* he does nothing but tend sheep! God sends him thither to learn humility. He who was fit to be a king, to govern a kingdom, to lead armies, who had the wisdom of Egypt,—lo! he does nothing for forty years but tend a flock, discover the best pastures, find out the wells that are longest full! Perhaps now he learned most of his *meekness*. This was his Nazareth-time of obscurity, and he was learning to obey. But it ends at last, and ends with miracle—*the bush burning*. And then his third forty years begin. They begin with flight; but it is not like the former flights. Moses has moved earth and heaven, and rolled thunders o'er Egypt and its gods; and is now marching forth at the head of a nation, cleaving his way through the depths of the Red Sea! With fiery column blazing over them, as their peculiar ensign, they march as on dry land through the deep, and next morning stand on the sloping shore, to gaze on the level wave, shone upon by the risen sun, the tomb of Pharaoh and his host. Ever onward, from that day, this man of God never rose at morning but over his head the ensign unfurled was the miraculous cloud; nor ever lay down to rest without the guardian fiery column. Nor had they journeyed many days ere, at his word, the food which they needed came from *heaven*, and the water from the *rock*. Miracles attended them all their journey through. This man moved amid miracles; and so intimate is he in holy familiarity with his God, that *forty days and nights* are twice spent alone with Jehovah on the mountain-top, a screen of fire, consuming fire, guarding the presence-chamber, so that no man but Moses might approach. At last, forth he comes, with his face shining, too bright for mortal eye. Yet, as if all this were too little, and as if the Lord would return the visit of his friend, when Moses is in peril, lo! *Jehovah* drives his chariot up to his tent-door, the pillar-cloud descending, and talk-

ing with him (Ex. xxxiii. 9, 10). This is but a sample. But what a man is this man of God! What scenes he has passed through! What a favoured saint! His God has done to him more than to any before him, or almost any since.

This, then, is the man who here prays over that sad sin (Num. xx. 12). It was but *one;* the first *public* sin of his life; the first time his *meekness* had failed these thirty-eight years, though every day tried by such a people! Yet even this *one* sin, in the case of this favoured man, see how it is chastised! Moses being now near the land, and the time for Israel passing in at hand, is often anticipating their entrance in. He sees the land from the spot where he is: 'Yonder hills are in the country promised to our fathers; yonder palms wave over it; this breeze, so cooling, brings the fragrance from its flowers; and only let me pass this Jordan, now in view, and, after all this wilderness-trial, I stand there!' He goes alone; the venerable man, his hair white with the snows of 120 winters, falls prostrate, prays under some bush or palm, at the foot of Nebo: '*O Lord God . . . I beseech Thee let me go over.*' But no sooner is the prayer done, than a voice is heard, not whispering through the trees, but from heaven: '*Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter.*'

Ah! how holy is the Lord! '*Our* God is a consuming fire!' (Heb. xii. 29.) He burns up sin wherever it is found. And though He means to *pardon* this sin, yet He must express his abhorrence of it. Sin in *Moses* is equally vile with sin in a *devil.* He must bear the chastisement; he must go halting to his grave.

Moses feels this is just, and complains not. He does not try to balance the present sin by recounting past services; nor to cover it, by referring to the fact that this is the *first* of its kind for thirty-eight years, in public, and that in meekness he hitherto had been most exemplary. No; this would be to try to blot out sin by former holiness—a subtle and perilous attempt for the conscience. Moses submits. Nor is there any trace of sullenness in his submission. Nay, rather, after this he speaks more highly of the land than ever: 'A land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of their valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olives and honey' (Deut. viii. 7, 8). 'A land flowing with milk and honey.'

Do any of you try to soften the blow, and to blunt the edge of conviction, when you do fall into some sin, —it may be some sudden ebullition of temper, some burst of old nature, something that your family or your friends feel and know? Do you say, 'Oh, it is but occasional—very rare; and, in the main, I am very different, and it is soon over?' Our God admits no such apology; our God does not pardon on such grounds. A black spot looks all the blacker on white snow. Oh that you had Moses' submissive tenderness of conscience! Who can tell how far your slow progress in grace arises from this once yielding to sin? Can it be that you are pursued by the chastisement?

Elsewhere we are taught by *Miriam's* sin (Num. xii.), to-day by the sin of Moses. And, unbeliever, where shall *you* appear, if God's own escape not sore chastisement? Oh the abhorrence God has of sin! The God of Moses and of Jacob will pursue you to the uttermost. 'If they whose judgment it was not to drink of the cup have assuredly drank of it, shall you go unpunished?' (Jer. xlix. 12.)

II. *A saint casting behind his back past experiences.*—This is seen in his prayer. His prayer refers to no one of the things that made him different from other men,—to none of his attainments, none of his privileges, none of his services, none of his sufferings and self-denials. It is grounded exclusively on the *revealed character of his God:* 'Thou hast begun to show me thy greatness and might.' He brings up to view just two things, viz. God's *power* to save and the tokens of his *willingness* to use that power. The revelation of 'power, mighty works, mighty hand,' and these '*begun to be shown,*' furnished a sufficient plea. If so, surely now to us the fuller revelation of the *heart and hand* of our God, in the face of Jesus, may furnish what is irresistible! Therein is the warrant. 'Take encouragement in *prayer from God only.*'

Moses does not (yet who would have wondered if he had?) speak of his fellowship with God nor quote God's own testimonial: 'Faithful in all my house' (Num. xii. 7); 'Face to face I speak with *him.*' He does not urge: 'Lord, remember I gave up the treasures of Egypt for Thee Lord, once Thou offeredst to make me a nation and cut off all the people, and I refused; and now am I, the preserver of the spared nation *not* to go in?' He omits all such pleas; *self* would have been in them; and the plea of God's power and willingness is enough.

Believer, you err egregiously if ever you resort to services, experiences, and sacrifices for God to embolden you to ask and expect. 'Forgetting the things behind.' Come afresh every time on the strength of the *warrant*, '*Able* to save . . . all that come unto God by *Him.*' Draw ever from the original fountain, Christ. 'Hold fast the beginning of your confidence to the end.'

But, further, Moses here may teach *the inquirer.* You think you could come if you had previously felt faith, and had attained somewhat

This is self-righteousness—seeking a ground of encouragement in self. Ask *Moses*, and he will direct you. He will say, 'I had the experience of 120 years; but I laid all away—threw all behind me—and came in the strength of the *warrant*, Jehovah's name. Do you the same. You, indeed, have no such experiences to throw aside; but all the more readily, therefore, you may stand on a level with me here. I divested myself of all, and came as a sinner whose eye saw encouragement enough in God himself.'

Again; Moses condemns the *excuses of the careless*. You pretend to be waiting till you are fit to go. But you ought to go now, at once, on the ground of what *God* is, not what *you* are. In your pretended reasons for not going, you are wholly mistaken. A man that really comes, comes as Moses did, eyeing *Jehovah's name*. Why not do so now? Why turn thine eye elsewhere? Ah! why so unwilling to look on *Him?* There you would find all your warrant. Well, this is your condemnation, that you, all unfit in yourself, will not *take* fitness from *Him*.

III. *A saint made still more a saint, and gaining his end, by having his will thwarted.*—'I pray Thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon. But the Lord was wroth with me for your sakes, and would not hear me: and the Lord said unto me, Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter. Get thee up into the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes: for thou shalt not go over this Jordan' (Deut. iii. 25–27). By the refusal of God to grant his prayer, he was benefited and prepared for glory, as well as blest at present. There is much of *flesh* and *nature* in many of our prayers; hence, no wonder they are refused.

'We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms,
Which the wise powers deny us for our good;'

and so

'We find profit by losing of our prayers.'

So spoke one of our poets, and it is all true. As Peter afterwards (John xxi. 20, 21) was refused his request, not only *though loved*, but *because so* loved.

We may wonder, indeed, why Moses urged his suit, after the positive declaration in Num. xx. 12. Perhaps he thought that that threatening extended only to his leadership, and that, possibly, he might go into Canaan on foot—a deposed leader. Or, like Hezekiah afterwards (Isa. xxxviii. 3–5), perhaps he felt, 'My God is so fertile in resources, so marvellous, it *may* be He has some way of taking his stroke from me; the threatening may be conditional.' But, at all events, he prayed, and was met by a peremptory refusal. Probably, till that moment, not he only, but all Israel to a man, thought it desirable that his prayer should be granted.

God was wiser far. By this treatment He greatly benefited *Moses*, and *in* this treatment He graciously discovered much of himself.

1. He thereby kept Moses on the proper ground of *justification*. After so many favours, and such holy intimacy with God, none was ever so apt (except Paul, who had been in the third heaven) to be exalted above measure. Need there was of a thorn in the flesh. Here it is: Moses is made to feel himself a *sinner* as others, needing the same righteousness as others. As he died, the hills *on the other side* Jordan stare him in the face; and so from Pisgah he sees what, in the very hour of death, causes him to betake himself solely to the righteousness set forth in the sacrifices and the ordinances which God caused him to appoint. Dying Moses would feel, 'But for my sin, I would have been dying yonder!' Thus it may have been with some of us. We were prescribing the answer that must come to our prayer,—the life of a dear Christian friend given back; or the eyesight of a friend threatened with blindness; the blow of adversity in regard to property warded off. But no. God did otherwise. Your self-importance got a blow. Had you been heard, perhaps you would have been ready to say, 'Now I am favoured above others.' Spiritual pride would have come in, and you have slid off the true Rock. But by rejecting your prayer, God made you feel yourself a commonplace, undeserving sinner; and you were glad to look again to the only justifying righteousness; for you saw clearly that there was no merit in you.

2. He thereby deepened his *sanctification*. For nothing helps on our holiness more than breaking the neck of self-will. Moses now, perhaps, got a finishing touch given to his meekness. 'Not *my* will' any more, 'but *thine!*' So you, believer? Perhaps everybody agreed with you in desiring the object; and yet no—the Lord's will is best, and you are best in acquiescing.

3. The Lord, nevertheless, at the same time, discovered his gracious character yet more, by doing all this in such a way as was fitted to give least pain. For He softened the pain of the refusal by giving a *glimpse* of the very land: '"Get thee up to the top of Nebo." Look *westward*—to where such scenes are to be witnessed at Messiah's First and Second Coming, *Jerusalem* and its hills. Look *north*, to that "goodly mountain." Look to *south* and *east*, and see the length and breadth of the whole glorious land' (ver. 27). Has not the Lord often done the like? After

some denial, some rejected prayer, some cross-providence, has He not, at the communion table, or in a text of Scripture, or while you prayed and waited on Him, given a lifting up of his face, or some earnest of glory, that filled you with joy unspeakable?

4. But more: He filled his hands with *present duty*, that there might be no time for morbid reflection and regret: 'Charge Joshua, and encourage him, and strengthen him: for he shall go over before this people, and he shall cause them to inherit the land which thou shalt see' (ver. 28). 'Spend your time in instructing and training him.' You have felt this too? Duty was waiting on you—forced almost on you—all, by his kind arrangement, to divert your mind, and give you much to occupy and engross you, till the end should arrive.

5. Yet more—to complete all. About 1500 years after this time, Moses was actually on 'that goodly mountain, Lebanon,' if not in the land.* On that memorable Transfiguration-night,—when Israel's Saviour was come, and when he might see Him, not only as 'Man of sorrows' toiling up the hill, but as '*the King* in his beauty,'—Moses was there. He saw the goodly mountain to best advantage; saw it at its best time, lighted up with glory, as it is yet to be when again its King returns. On that memorable night, when Moses returned with Elijah in the bright cloud, with what rapture would he say, 'Elijah, Elijah, let us praise Him! My cup runneth over. He once denied my prayer, and thereby blessed me with manifold blessings on earth; and now, lo! He has added at last the *very wish* of my heart!' And so when you whose friend was snatched from you, or whose friend's distress was not removed, in spite of all your prayers—when you at length stand in glory with Him, at his appearing and kingdom, you shall look back and see how He blest you fully—ever sending you back to the Justifying One, and ever carrying on your sanctification. And then, you shall add to all, 'He has made my cup run over! My friend is here in resurrection-beauty. No more separation now! my every wish is full!' For assuredly the sample given on the Transfiguration-hill shall be fulfilled in the kingdom in ten thousand instances.

Now, to sum up all—

1. Believers, see what blessing prayer brings! What a cluster of blessings! and all this attending even prayer *unanswered*, as it seemed! Blessing now, and hereafter too, when the golden vials are held up, 'full of incense' (Rev. v. 8).

* If the Transfiguration-hill were *Tabor*, he was *in* the land; but it was possibly *Hermon*, a spur of *Lebanon*, and beyond Jordan.

Even your unanswered prayers for the conver of friends yield a large harvest.

But, when speaking of unanswered prayer others, let us make no mistake. The *praye faith*, and *the prayer of a man of faith*, are necessarily the same. The *man of faith* unbounded confidence in the Lord's resource love, grace, good-will, power; but the thin is asking may not be a *matter of faith*—tha not a thing directly promised in the word. so it may turn out that this thing which the of faith prayed for is denied to him; there b reasons, hid from our view, why God should s We must carefully distinguish between a ma faith expecting a blessing on the ground direct promise, and a man of faith expecting blessing on the ground of a deep-wrought suasion in his own mind, or because of a stu hope and desire, as in the case of Moses. pray for particular sins, 'that they may not h dominion over me,' or for victory over S and the world, or for God's presence with in trouble, and in conflict with enemies, I h a warrant for saying *it shall be done;* and pray the *prayer of faith*. In James v. 15, person who prayed had got some intima (such as was common in apostolic days) God wished to heal the sick man. If, howe I have no statement in the word to ground request upon, and no intimation from God, prayer is not *the prayer of faith*. But, on other hand, the Lord often goes beyond promise, when we are exercising faith in Godhead-power and grace. He does not h himself to go beyond the terms of his prom but when, on the ground of encouraging st ments as to his good-will, in all matters concern his people, as well as on the groun his infinite love, we ask such a thing as the version of a particular person, the Lord give what we ask. Still, the answer, in this c is not the result of a special promise, and s not properly the answer to a prayer of fa It is, however, like the Lord's reply to Syrophenician woman: 'Be it unto thee eve *thou wilt;*' and as when He said to the centuri 'As thou hast believed, so be it unto thee.' referred to the centurion's faith in his unlimi Godhead-power, not to his faith in any p ticular promise regarding that special case. Holy Ghost often stirs up such prayers as Syrophenician's and the centurion's in the he of God's people. There are also hundreds cases, in which it pleases Him to answer while praying for our friends, though our quest is not grounded on any plain promise; He can say, if it please Him: 'Be it unto th as thou wilt, and according to thine appeal my general love and power.' At the same tim

re often cases of *unanswered prayer*, and l belong to this class: they are cases for no positive promise or statement of the ould be pleaded, and in which the Lord se reasons for saying, 'Nay; speak to me e of this matter.' Yet all the while the ; one is a gainer by his prayer.

nsaved men, if Moses' one sin made it a us thing in God to deny his request, and o, though the sin itself was forgiven; who l to hope for acceptance on a deathbed, ering, 'Lord, have mercy on me!' and friends to do so too? The Lord may you of this scene, or may say, from amid the accumulated heap of calls, invitations, warnings, 'Let it suffice; speak to me no more of this matter;' and you never shall see that 'good land!' Take up the warrant now: 'O Lord, Thou hast begun to show thy servant thy greatness, and thy mighty hand: for what God is there in heaven or in earth that can do according to thy works, and according to thy might?' Plead his power and willingness in Jesus. Use this plea now; otherwise you may yet see 'Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and the prophets,' go into the kingdom, but yourself cast out, left to weeping and gnashing of teeth in outer darkness!

HE TEMPTATIONS OF RICHES.

Jehoshaphat had riches and honour in abund- nd joined affinity with Ahab.'—2 CHRON.

[APHAT had in his father Asa an example beacon; much to encourage, and much to night be gathered from his sire's history. aphat began well, and God blessed him. ght *first* the honour of God, and the good people, and all things were added to him. d riches and honour in abundance;' but, e did *not* (like Paul) 'know how to abound.' umstances in which God places us, should our abandonment of first principles. To for God, to be separated from evil, and to o friendship with God's enemies, are first les in all ages, and for all characters. Jehoshaphat, when he became rich, joined with Ahab. How very unlike, the moral er and religious habits of these two kings! gh near neighbours geographically, they noral antipodes. Morally and spiritually d nothing in common. Yet Ahab could ate Jehoshaphat's honour and riches, and e of them welcomed his proffered friend-

what a crop of mischief grew from this eed! The friendship of the parents brought a marriage between their children, and the e result was, that the royal house of Judah but exterminated. '*Beware of the friend- the world*,' is written in large characters history.

is there not some connection between the ings mentioned in this verse—*i.e.* the riches ed, and the union formed? Had Jehosha- mained poor, probably he had never joined with Ahab. Poverty has many trials; prevents many evils. Perhaps the secret in the good king of Judah was *desire of* . This was the sin by which Hezekiah ards fell. Let us watch against it.

THE QUIET YEAR.

It came with soft and gentle tread,
A light was on its brow;
A wreath of mercies round its head,
Which it has left me now.

Softly it passed from winter's snow
To spring's delightful hours;
And still its voice was kind and low,
Its hands were full of flowers.

When summer came, all glowing up
With sound of nature's hymn,
The year still fill'd my ample cup
With blessings to the brim.

Through autumn's ripeness and decays,
With even step it went,
And gave to the soon short'ning days
The lustre of content.

'Tis well, O gentle, placid year,
Thy history to recall,
While still upon my list'ning ear
Thy parting footsteps fall!

All praise to Him who, day by day,
Commission'd thee to bring
Tokens of love, which on my way
Sent me forth carolling.

The years of sorrow gone before
I never may forget;
And oftentimes I ponder o'er
Their deeper lessons yet.

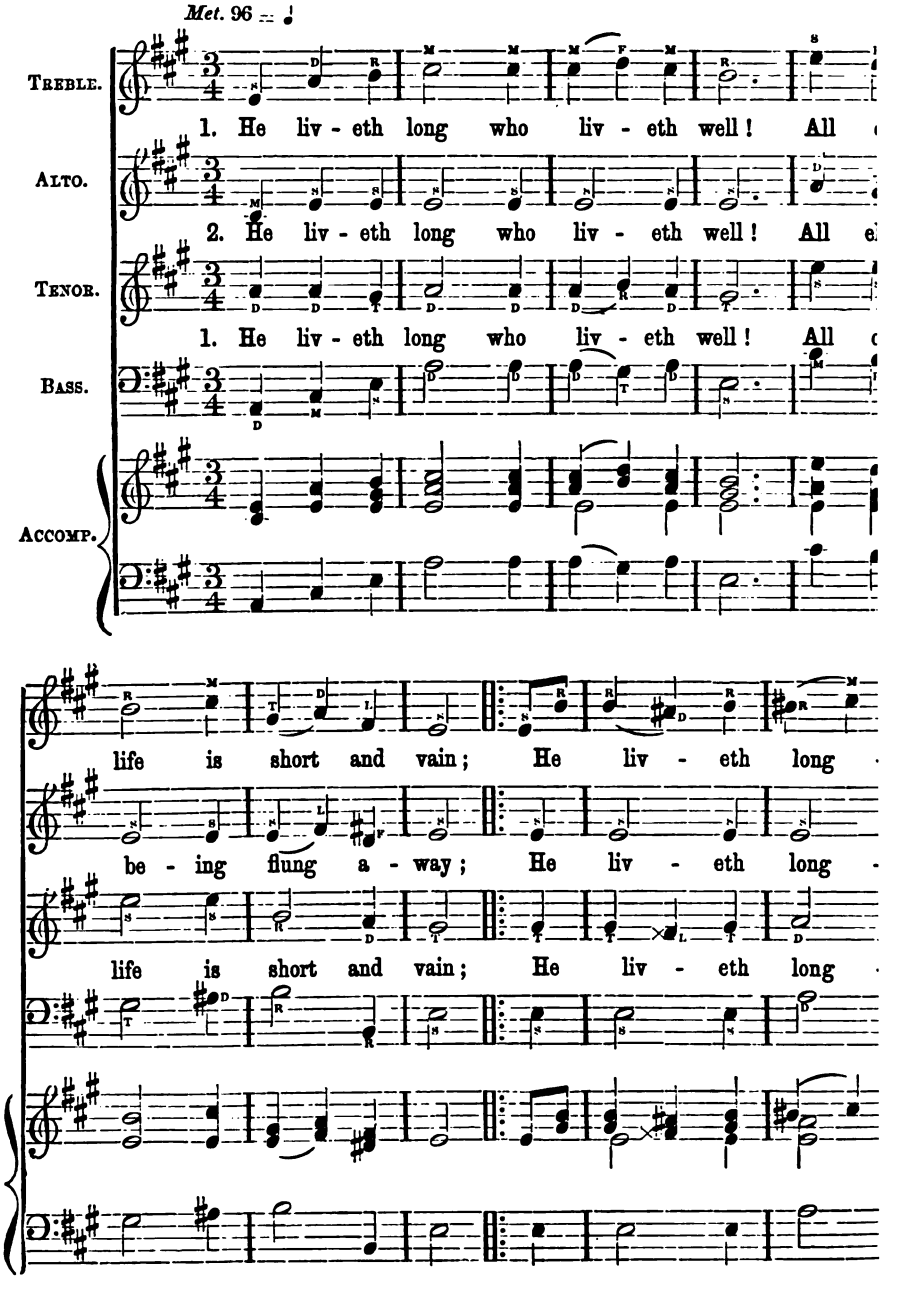
But now my Father's hand has given
The months without a tear;
I lift a grateful song to heaven
For this my quiet year.

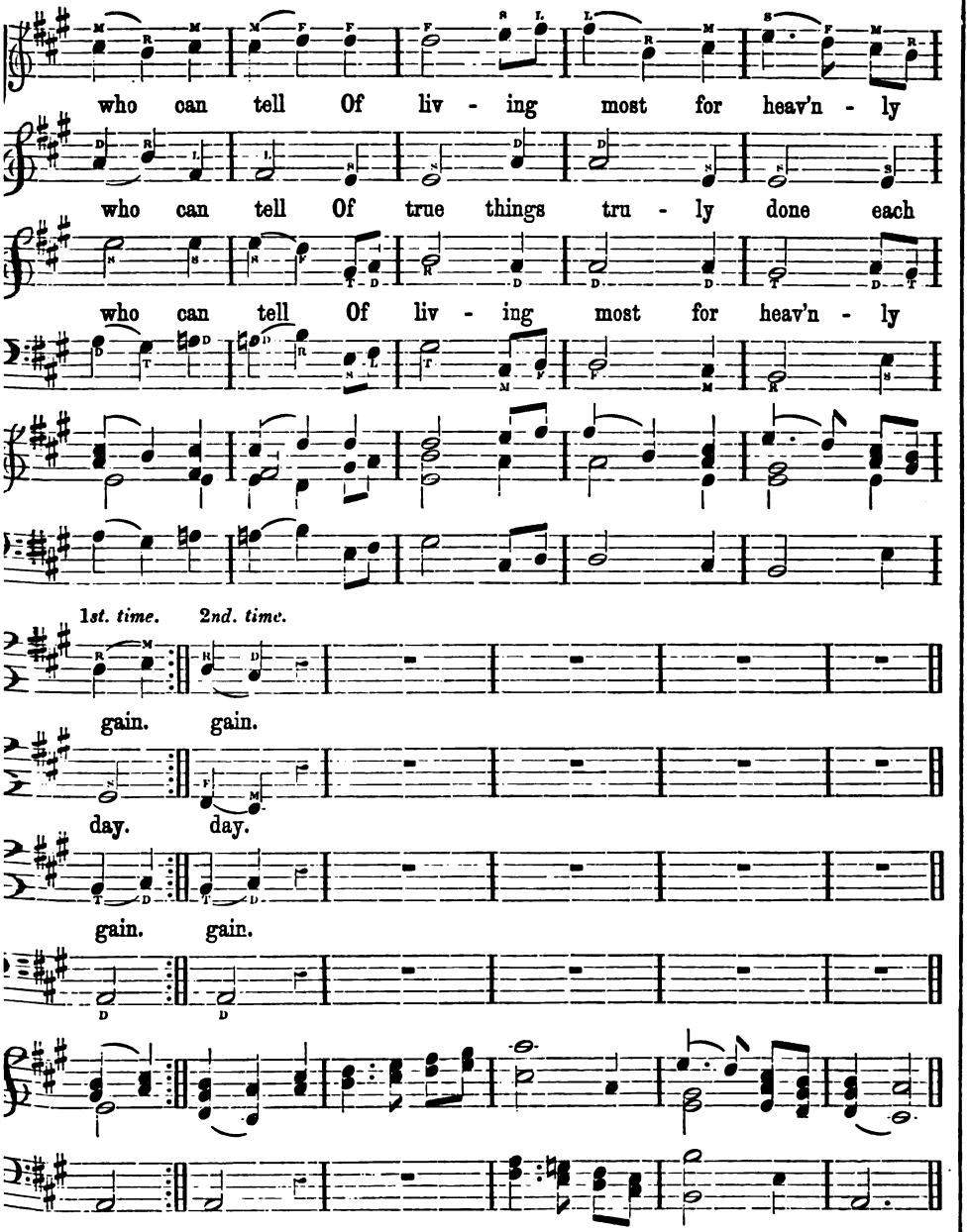
E. A. W.

The Treasury Hymnal.

The hymns are selected from Dr. Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-note M musical notation, by permission of Messrs. Colville & Bentley, is introduced as a help to young

HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WE

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Music from* Beethov

Met. 96 = ♩
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp.
1. He liv - eth long who liv - eth well! All
2. He liv - eth long who liv - eth well! All
1. He liv - eth long who liv - eth well! All
life is short and vain; He liv - eth long
be - ing flung a - way; He liv - eth long
life is short and vain; He liv - eth long

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flat*

who can tell Of liv - ing most for heav'n - ly
who can tell Of true things tru - ly done each
who can tell Of liv - ing most for heav'n - ly
1st. time.
2nd. time.
gain.
gain.
day.
day.
gain.
gain.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him,
  Who freely gave it, freely give,
Else is that being but a dream,
  'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well ;
  Who wisdom speaks must live it too ;
He is the wisest who can tell
  How first he lived, then spoke, the true.

Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed ;
  Hold up to earth the torch divine ;
Be what thou prayest to be made ;
  Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;
  Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
  Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap ;
  Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
  From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
  Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
  And find a harvest-home of light.

The Harleys of Chelsea Place.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOM continued to persevere, not only in his studies, but in endeavouring to walk in the good and the right way; and as the weeks slipped by, there was a degree of solidity manifested in his conduct hitherto unknown. Not but he was the same bright, joyous youth; for true religion tends to cheerfulness, not to depression of spirits; and wherever gloom and melancholy are constantly evinced in a believer, we may be quite sure that there is something wrong with him, bodily or mentally. God's service is perfect freedom; and where there is freedom there should be joy and peace. Doctor Cote was much pleased with Tom's evidently increasing steadiness, his impetuosity of character having caused him much anxiety; for what are talents, if from the slightest cause they can be used for evil to the possessor, rather than good? and such will they ever be, if the owner has no internal power to resist external influences. Tom's companions considered him getting a little too straight-backed when he would not stoop to some of their wild pranks; but, on the whole, voted him a first-rater and a brick.

But perhaps the most marked change in Tom was seen in his behaviour to Constance, whom it had been the delight of his life to make fun of. For a long time he had felt that ridicule is not the kindest or best way of showing persons their failings; but now that he had enrolled himself amongst the servants of the meek and lowly Jesus, he knew that it was decidedly wrong, and determined, with the Holy Spirit's aid, to take up his cross daily and deny himself. And a cross indeed it was to Tom; for it is no light matter for a hasty, impulsive person to set a watch over his tongue, and keep guard over his lips, lest a slighting, if not unkind remark escape him; and such he proved to be the case. But he strove to overcome; and strong in the strength of Him who is more than conqueror, he generally prevailed.

At first, Constance could not understand why Tom was so much more gentle and forbearing when she was in one of her high and mighty moods; and instead of addressing her as 'Your majesty,' or 'Major Magnificat,' either took no notice or called her Conny as usual; but after a while, she supposed that the reason he was so changed was that he had grown older, and thought it unmanly for a youth of just seventeen to be so light and frivolous. However, she was very much pleased, and tried to show him she was, by many little attentions which she would not have condescended to, before the alteration in his manner to her. Dora saw all and noted all, and though four years his junior, read his mind like an open book; indeed there never had been any concealments between them, and they were less likely than ever to occur now that they rejoiced in the same hope, tried to walk in the same way, and looked to the same end.

Christmas came and Christmas went, and the happy holiday family which had gathered at 6, Chelsea Place, again returned to school and school duties. Mrs. Harley had proposed that Madge should be a day-pupil, like Constance, at Miss Hughes', thinking the Colonel would like to have her in the same house with himself; but he had wisdom to refuse, saying he felt it would be better for Madge to continue a weekly boarder at school; for though capable of governing a regiment of soldiers, his past experience had proved that he was incapable of managing an only child. So Madge continued with Miss Hughes, perfectly happy at having dear papa so near, that she could always be with him from Saturdays to Mondays. Dora was also made happy, by Signor Piozzi's lessons being discontinued; Miss Mills having represented to Mr. and Mrs. Harley how useless, if not injurious, they were to her nervous and excitable pupil.

At midsummer, another triumph awaited the Harleys; for Tom actually obtained a scholarship (there being two attached to Lotsirl College), which entitled him to finish his education at Cambridge. Tom had never swerved from his earliest desire of being a barrister; and now that he saw his way made straight before him, his thankfulness was unbounded. It was therefore decided that Tom should enter at St. John's, Cambridge, the following October, and Uncle and Aunt Bennett came from Leighton to spend a few weeks at Lotsirl, to see and advise with him. Mr. Bennett had been a solicitor; indeed he still was the elder partner in the firm of Bennett, Hipper, and Son, at Leighton, though he had little or nothing to do in the business department. After the death of his children he had gradually withdrawn himself from a profession uncongenial to his tastes, and given himself more entirely to works of charity and love than he could have done had they lived and needed to be provided for. How Dora longed to tell Uncle Bennett that Cousin Tom loved God, no one can have any idea, unless they know by experience the soul's happiness in the love of Christ.

A few days before Tom went to Cambridge, Mrs. Harley determined to have a long talk with Tom about the necessity of being decided for Christ, if he would be truly happy for time and eternity. She had observed, with much thankfulness, how much more thoughtful and steady he had been for the last six or eight months; but she dreaded the influence of ungodly companions upon one as impetuous as he was, and could only lift up her heart to Him who knoweth the secret yearnings of his children, and pray that her boy might be preserved from the snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Her heart nearly failed her when she reached Tom's room; but when he opened the door in answer to her gentle tap, she was encouraged by the bright smile which welcomed her.

'My son,' she said, as she sat down, and he eaned over the back of her chair, his head nearly esting on her shoulder, 'your father and I are o anxious about you. We desire that you should ever forget that you are not your own, but ought with a price, even the blood of the Son f God, and that you should show by your life hose you are, and whom you serve. You will oon be leaving us, and will have to mix with ose who will laugh at and despise that which om your infancy you have been taught to love nd revere. My boy, my precious boy, never eny by word or deed the Lord your Redeemer.'

'I desire not to do so, mamma. I desire to e his faithful servant to my life's end.'

'I believe you do now, my dear child. I beeve that you would be ashamed to be conidered anything else than a Christian youth; ut oh, Tom, I am so afraid of you. I do so adly fear when you go out from amongst us, est you should be tempted to forget the solemn ubject on which we are now talking. You are o hasty and easily led, and are consequently so iable to err, that I can only pray that a strength ot your own will be vouchsafed to you in your ime of temptation and need.'

Tom's head quite touched his mother's houlder, nay, it seemed to rest upon it, as he hispered:

'Mother dear, I can say now from the bottom f my heart,

"No goodness, Lord, no strength have I,
I live upon a Saviour's grace;
Nor would I less dependent be,
Nor would I seek a higher place."'

'Tom!' cried Mrs. Harley, with a joyful voice, how long have you been able to say that?'

'Nearly eight months, mamma. Dora made ne seek until I found for myself that God loved e, a headstrong, wilful boy, who cared not to ove Him.'

Mrs. Harley was thoroughly overcome, and ept aloud for some minutes, when Tom said:

'Speak to me, mamma, do not weep; it sadens me to see tears flow from your eyes.'

'I weep for joy,' she replied. 'Oh, I have een so anxious, and so doubtful about you, om. I had quite forgotten that the Lord has idden servants in the midst of much seeming orldliness and inconsistency. But why did you ot tell me before?'

'I was afraid, mamma.'

'Afraid, Tom! afraid of me, your mother!' nd a pained look flitted over her pale, patient ace.

'Not in that way, mamma,' explained Tom, astily, as he bent over her and kissed her. I could tell you all my heart, my own dear nother. But I was so afraid I should be conitantly doing wrong; for I am so careless, and I knew it would fret you more if you thought I was a servant of God when I fell. Oh, namma, I have been so afraid lest I should offend my Lord and Saviour lately, and yet I ave not had courage to declare myself on his ide. Sometimes I think I should have been appier, and better able to have resisted temptaion, had I boldly professed "whose I am and whom I serve," for very often right seemed wrong to me. But I have determined to take my stand on my Master's side, and with grace to help, I will be his to death.'

'Does Dora know?' inquired Mrs. Harley.

'Yes, she is the only one that does, except yourself now. I bound her to secrecy.'

'Darling Dora! our little messenger of mercy, going about noiselessly doing good. Surely she is the blessing of the house. But I must tell your father, Tom, he will rejoice that his first-born has given himself to God.'

'As you please, mamma. But oh! do not tell every one. I am so afraid lest I should do something or other that might bring disgrace upon my profession, and give the world cause to doubt my sincerity.'

'Only your father shall hear it from me, Tom. But be not afraid, my son. "Greater is He that is for us than all that are against us." Wonderfully has God brought good out of evil for us. Your uncle's sad death paralysed all your father's energies, nearly affecting his reason. Then your aunt died, and little Dora came to be one of our household; with her came peace and comfort. Gradually her loving influence upon your father has been a blessing, and the gloom which had gathered over him is fast passing away; and now she has led you to the feet of Him from whom she derives all the love she so freely gives to others. God does indeed "move in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." Oh that we would trust Him more implicitly! To his everlasting mercies I commend you, my child, and may you find that He is "a strong tower whereunto you can always resort from the face of your enemies." God Almighty bless you, Tom, and keep you in all your ways! I must leave you now, for I expect papa will be wanting me.'

Tom watched his mother from over the bannisters go down to his father's room, and saw that the look of joy which his communication had conjured upon her face, still lingered there; and he inwardly prayed that nothing on his part might ever cast a shade on that beloved countenance.

He then went down to the schoolroom, where he found Colonel Allen relating a famous tiger hunt to Guy and Agnes, who, with open eyes and breathless interest, listened to his story.

As he saw Tom enter, he looked up and observed, 'It looks as if it had been a good day to you, my boy.' And Tom, with manifest feeling, replied, 'It has, sir.'

'That is right,' observed the old Colonel. 'You will find, if you stick to your colours, that all your days will be good, for he who serves God serves a good Master. I only wish I had been as true to my God as I have been to my queen and country; my past would be pleasanter to look back upon, and my future to look forward to. But I thank my God there is a place in his kingdom for the penitent deserter, as well as the faithful soldier. Glory be to his name!' and he lowered his arm reverently, as if dropping the point of his sword in a military salute.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. BENNETT accompanied Tom to Cambridge, to see him comfortably settled into his rooms, and to make necessary arrangements. Colonel Allen begged to be allowed to help in a pecuniary way; but Tom, with many thanks, refused his kindness, saying, 'What others had done could be done again; and he was determined to make his own way, with God's blessing, in the world.' Mr. Bennett had insisted upon paying for the furniture in his college rooms, and that was all the assistance he would accept. But the Colonel would not be quite set aside, and coaxed and came over Mrs. Harley to slip amongst Tom's books and clothing, many useful, if not really valuable presents.

Oh that packing for Tom!—dear Tom! How many tears were shed and laughs had over it! The Colonel presided over the book department, and Mrs. Harley the linen; whilst old nurse, Dora, Constance, and Madge (for Madge was kept from school some days over her Michaelmas holiday, to be with Tom until he left), assisted in any way they could. Mr. Harley, Guy, and Agnes, did the walking part; for they wandered from room to room, every now and then bringing some little trifle of Tom's which they had found, and thought ought to go to the schoolroom, where the packing was conducted. Jenkins did the hammering and cording; and he and Pat Donovan, who came every evening after work whilst the bustle was going on, carried the cases down into the hall, where their rough exterior contrasted strangely with the marble stones and polished oaken furniture. Truly they looked out of place; and yet no one could bear to anticipate the day when they should be removed.

It was well that there was so much to be done, so many things to be remembered, and so many to keep each other's spirits up when they began to flag, or it would have been a melancholy time at 6, Chelsea Place, for the Harleys had never been parted before. Only Johnny had gone out from their midst, and him they had learned to miss, but not deplore; but Tom, high-spirited, noble Tom, was going away for more than two months, and involuntarily the question rose in each breast, What shall we do without him? Tom tried to be brave and not let them see what he felt at leaving them; but it was as much as he could do, and very often he made a dash off to his room to hide his emotion.

At last the day really came, the carriage was at the door, the heavier luggage had been previously sent on, and Mr. Harley, with the Colonel, had walked to the terminus to see Tom and Mr. Bennett off, when Tom gave a parting kiss, or shake of the hand, to all the inmates of his dear old home. Even Madge held up her blushing face and claimed a sister's right from Tom, whilst all followed him down the steps to the carriage door. But the last look and the last kiss was for his mother, though he retained one of Dora's hands within his own, and his last words, whispered in his loving parent's ear, were, 'Mamma, I will be a son that *maketh* not his mother ashamed.'

It was so strange and odd when Tom was gon that no one seemed to know what to do. Mr Harley had retired to her room, and no one like to follow her there; and so the young Harley with Madge, gathered in the schoolroom, an with streaming eyes talked of dear old darlin Tom, until the Colonel and Mr. Harley returne from seeing him off. Then the Colonel propose that he should take the 'young fry,' as he desig nated the schoolroom party, away for a day pleasure, and leave Mr. and Mrs. Harley to little quiet, a proposal which was gladly assente to; and in less than an hour, the Colonel, accom panied by the five junior members of the family departed by train for a neighbouring watering place, where donkeys, brown bread, eggs, an cream were to be had in the greatest perfectio No person could have credited that the erec reserved, commanding-looking officer, who pa raded up and down Chelsea Place for half a hour every morning before breakfast, was th same merry, active, funny-spoken man who wa throwing pebbles into the water, or racing aft donkeys on the beach at Rockcliff. And coul Jenkins have beheld his master that day in th place, it is very doubtful whether he would hav believed that his eyes told him true. Yet so was; and the Colonel, upon his return to Lotsir informed Mrs. Harley that he had played th child all the day, and certainly he felt all th better for it.

In the course of two or three days M Bennett returned from Cambridge, bringin with him very favourable reports of Tom, an towards the end of a week he and Aunt Jenn took leave of Lotsirl friends. Madge and Co stance went back to school; and lessons wer resumed in the schoolroom at Chelsea Plac under Miss Mills' direction. It was a long tim before the Harleys could forget that Tom wa gone; and constantly there were inquiries mad for him, and, 'Where is Tom?' or, 'Run and se Tom,' were frequently on the lips of Dora, Agne and Guy. But at last they grew accustomed t his absence, and took to counting the days unt his return. Agnes had made a long strip o paper, marked with the days of the month unt the 16th of December, when the Cambridge term ended; and every day she and Guy cut off th number of the previous one, and put them awa to show Tom when he came home. Dora sai little; but there is every reason to suppose sh made private or mental calculations upon th flight of time, for she could always tell the exac number of days that would elapse before Cam bridge term ended.

Then, when December arrived, and Tom was once more amongst them, what rejoicings took place, and with what delight Tom's cap and gown were handled and inspected! And then Tom was actually grown taller in the two months; and, as Agnes and Guy proclaimed aloud, 'had real brown whiskers coming, which made him look so mannish,' a piece of information which other quick eyes had detected beside Agnes's and Guy's, but the possessor of the eyes had forborne commenting upon. But when holidays commenced, then the joy was at its climax, for

nd Constance could share with them in oyment of Tom. And all agreed he was .t altered in himself, but was just the ar Tom he had always been, only he :er, nicer looking, and, if possible, better used to be.

our weeks' recess slipped quickly by, n Tom returned to Cambridge; but the arting was not like the first. There was 'ness in it, for they knew all about where :oing to, even to the shape of his rooms furniture in them; and Tom had made l-ink sketches of his gyp, bedmaker, , and several other principal characters in his domestic and scholastic life; so y were tolerably well up in their indi- ppearances, and would talk about them had seen or known them. Mrs. Spriggs, aker, was a source of much amusement ; and many a hearty laugh they had , after Tom was gone, when they re- d some of the anecdotes connected with ic career.

nce having completed her seventeenth s not to have returned to school after the ; but Miss Hughes begged so hard that Madge might not be separated, for they such benefit one to the other, and the was so earnest in his entreaties that the s should finish their education at the ıe, that Mr. and Mrs. Harley consented o remain until midsummer, when Madge ave school with her, a plan which Con- ılly responded to. Indeed, latterly there ı a marked improvement visible in her, was far less high-minded, and more e to parental authority. She had learned long and seriously, and had striven hard ıer ambitious desires and pride of heart; perhaps, the fact that Madge, who was ounger than herself, and was quite her attainments and accomplishments, had ly assisted in her gaining a truer esti- her own position and acquirements.

CHAPTER XVIII.

st now beg our readers to pass over s, until Tom Harley had taken his B.A. t Cambridge, gone through the necessary tions in London, and has once more re- o Lotsirl to live, but not at 6, Chelsea r he has a house of his own, very near wever, and he is married to Robin Red- Madge Allen. The Colonel still resides ea Place, that is, he sleeps there, for the part of his days are spent at Madge's. n the middle school at Lotsirl College, ıs much a favourite as his brother was im. Agnes assists her mother in super- intending domestic affairs, and makes herself generally useful. Constance has been married two years, and keeps her carriage; but it is not a yellow one with grey horses, but a very unpretending but pretty barouche, drawn by a pair of ponies, who know their way so well to Chelsea Place, that they always stop at No. 6 without any tightening of the reins by the driver; and most fine days Mrs. Harley accompanies her daughter for a drive.

But Dora; what has become of Dora? you ask.

Follow me to the study in Chelsea Place, and see and hear for yourself. The evening shadows are deepening and gathering there; but there is sufficient light to make two figures clearly visible. The one is Mr. Harley, sitting in his easy-chair; the other is Dora, on an ottoman at his feet, an open book lying upon her lap.

'Dora,' observed Mr. Harley, 'is there not some one tapping at the door?'

Another tap is heard, and to Dora's 'Come in,' a young girl enters, and, with a curtsey, says:

'Will it plaze ye, Miss Dora, to spare me an hour or two this evening?'

'Where to, Kathleen?' inquired Dora.

'I'm a-wanting to take a peep at Biddy's baby, Miss Dora. Pat 'll be seeing me home if ye plaze.'

'Well, then, you can go, Kathleen; but you had better inquire of my aunt whether you can do anything for her before you leave.'

'Sure and Miss Dora, she's gone with the Colonel an hour or more to Master Tom's—good luck to him.'

'Then you can go at once, Kathleen; and tell Mrs. Donovan to come up to me to-morrow morning. Don't you forget.'

'As if I'd be forgetting to tell mother that,' said Kathleen, as she closed the door upon Dora and her uncle. 'I'd be forgetting my own name before I'd forget your word, my darlint young missus.'

'Dora,' remarked Mr. Harley, after a short silence, 'I have been thinking over the past, and comparing it with the present, my darling, to-day, and I cannot quite understand how it is, but so it is, that we are so much happier since we have been poorer. Of course, I am not alluding to your circumstances, dear—they are unchanged—but to my own.'

Dora drew nearer to her uncle, and, taking one of his hands within her own, replied:

'Because, dear uncle, we were drawn closer to each other in adversity, and learned to help each other in the time of need. We realized that it was our privilege to be members one of another—acting, living, loving members,—and as such have proved that in

'*Union is strength.*'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 PETER II. 3.

THE word, 'if so be,' does not imply uncertainty as to this tasting, as if it were still a doubtful thing, to a believing man, whether he had tasted that the Lord was gracious, or indeed whether He were gracious at all. It means rather, 'Since ye have tasted;' and assumes this as the beginning of their religious life, their Christian history.

The following points will bring out all this: (1) The Lord; (2) His graciousness; (3) Our tasting of this graciousness; (4) The effects produced on us by this.

I. *The Lord.*—It is the Lord Jesus. This is the common name for Him throughout the epistles. It is a name of honour and glory. In heaven his name is 'the Lamb,' for there is no danger of his being denied his honour there; on earth it is 'the Lord,' to keep before us his dignity and power. He is the Lord as truly as the Saviour. His graciousness, which we taste, is the graciousness of the Lord—the Lord of all—Lord of lords.

II. *His graciousness.*—It is his love, his tender love, or tender mercies *to the sinner*, that are here spoken of. He is *gracious*,—compassionate, loving, merciful, 'forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.' We 'know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' We see his graciousness in his incarnation, in his words and deeds of grace, in his cross and grave. All that He did, spake, suffered on earth, were declarations and proofs of his grace. He is 'full of grace and truth.' This is his character. We do not need to touch the question of whom this graciousness concerns; for it is of the gracious One and his character simply that the text speaks. *What He is in himself*, is the great question. He is the infinitely gracious one. This graciousness is free, infinite, unchangeable. This is the vessel of fulness out of which we drink. 'God is love;' Christ is gracious,—this is the core of the gospel.

III. *Our tasting it.*—The word 'tasting' is used in Scripture, both as to the evil and the good, the bitter and the sweet. Death is said to be 'tasted,' and so is the word of God; and so here is the graciousness of Christ. It means our thorough entering into the nature and properties of an object, whatever that may be. 'Taste and see that the Lord is good.' We taste that the Lord is gracious, when we relish and enjoy Him and his grace. This tasting is not something mysterious or unintelligible; it is the soul's appreciation the love of Christ, in the reception of the rec concerning Him. We feel our need, our pove our sin; and we feel in Christ something wh precisely meets all these. We drink in the g news as the thirsty man drinks the water; we l on them as the hungry man does on the bre we relish them as the tongue the sweetness of honey-comb. Christ is realized as precious, s able, sufficient; specially in his grace, his free l This is dearer to us than gold; sweeter than hon or the honey-comb.

IV. *The effects of this.*—These are many, one. This graciousness of the Lord thus fil us, and enjoyed by us, produces wonderful res in the soul.

(1.) *It is life to us.*—Its quickening effects marvellous. It rouses us from depression death, infusing heavenly life. Every featur Christ is, in its measure and way, quickening, specially his *grace*. For this is, above all oth that which a dead soul needs.

(2.) *It is gladness to us.*—No grace, no gladn uncertain grace, uncertain gladness; scanty gr scanty gladness. That there is such a thing grace in God, is of itself cheering; that it come down to us here on earth, is yet more That it has done so through such a channel as Son of God; that this Son of God is himself finitely gracious,—this is glad tidings to a sinn

(3.) *It is liberty to us.*—No grace, no liber no knowledge of grace, no sense of liberty; certain grace, uncertain liberty. But this gr so free, so sure, so boundless, is the breaking all bonds. It sets the soul wholly and for e free. The sight of such grace as there is in t gracious One, is deliverance from bondage and fe

(4.) *It is holiness.*—It makes us holy men. are not holy before we taste the grace, but beco so by tasting it. It sanctifies, purifies, conforms to the likeness of the gracious One. It leads to lay aside all malice, and all guile, etc., and desire the pure milk of the work. This is the sult of the good news received, of the grace tast It transforms us into new men, according to nature of the heavenly thing which we have tast The more and the longer we taste it, the m are we purified by it. It operates powerfully gloriously. It is like sunrise chasing away night; it is like early and latter rain, fertilis and refreshing the ground,—making 'the wild ness and the solitary place to be glad, and desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.'

OUR HIGH PRIEST.

BY THE REV. J. J. BONAR, GREENOCK.

NUM. VI. 22–27; LEV. IX. 22–24.

WE shall consider these four points, as suggested by our text: *The intercessor*, whose hands are lifted up; *the prayer* which rises from his lips; *the individuals* in behalf of whom he pleads; and *the success* which crowns his advocacy.

I. We look, first, at *the intercessor* who is mentioned here.

1. It is Aaron that is appointed to use these words; and, in doing so, his manner was as follows: As priest, he has slain the sacrifice; and passing onwards from the brazen altar, in the outer court, he sprinkles with blood the mercy-seat in the holy of holies. Having put off the raiment of an ordinary priest, he robes himself in the garments of the high priest—so conspicuous for 'glory and for beauty,'—and again comes forth into the midst of the tabernacle. Elevated upon a platform, he there lifts up those hands which had borne the sacrifice; and whilst still the blood is on them, he offers, in hearing of all, the supplications we have read.

2. In this whole action, however, *Aaron was the type of Jesus*, our true High Priest; and all this ritual of benediction has its counterpart in 'the true tabernacle within the heavens.'

In 'the outer court'—even this world—Jesus has shed the blood of remission; and, carrying it within the veil, He has sprinkled the throne. Laying aside the raiment of humiliation, He is glorified with 'the glory which He had with the Father from before all worlds.' And as High Priest of the church, He is ready to bless. The time is not yet come when He shall draw the curtain of the sky, and be seen in the apparel of his unlimited majesty; and till *then*, the antitype is not closed. Nevertheless, even *now*, as waiting to befriend us, Jesus 'stands' in the presence of God 'for us.' He is raised upon an eminence; 'for He has ascended into the heavens,' and 'every eye can see Him.' Lo! too, his hands are spread out, pierced by the nails; and by this it is known to all that He has made atonement for the guilty. But, as He leans in this attitude over our world, Jesus pleads for us, whilst He commiserates; and, with like authority and tenderness, claims every blessing that his saints may need.

You remember that Jesus opened his ministry with blessing; for the fifth chapter of Matthew begins with, '*Blessed are the poor in spirit*;' '*Blessed are the meek*.' Then, if we turn to the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, we can remark that, as his feet were rising from the Mount of Olives, on his return to the skies, He shed blessing from his lips anew. And, having sat down, He reigns to bless. The sacrificial priesthood of Aaron is merged in the royal priesthood of Melchisedec; and the blood of the altar has purchased the benediction of the throne.

3. Look past, then, the Aaron of our text, and see Jesus 'exalted at the Father's right hand.' Jesus cries, 'Father, bless!' Full of compassion and brotherhood, Jesus cries, 'Father, bless!' Pointing to the blood, wherewith He has washed the mercy-seat, Jesus cries, 'Father, bless!' Assured of the love that burns in the Father's heart, Jesus cries, 'Father, bless!'

This, this is He who must rise to our view when we meditate upon the words before us; and I beseech you to hear therein the voice of Jesus only. Carry your eye beyond that veil, over which the stars are shining, and ye will descry one like the Son of man. He lifts a censer in his hands; and these hands are cleft with wounds! He speaks; and oh! listen, for He is appealing to the Godhead. Over his own bleeding sacrifice Jesus pleads, and pleads for mercy, and pleads on our behalf!

II. We would now advert to *the prayer* Jesus offers. Jesus pleads above; but let us give heed to the import of his supplication; for his petitions are amazingly gracious, and suitable, and full.

The appeal is first to *the Father;* and it is an appeal for *safety*,—the terms being, '*Jehovah bless thee, and keep thee!*' Everywhere, in Scrip-

ture, it is to the Father, we find, that the righteous are committed; and *He* is to be their Guardian, till the decree of their salvation is accomplished. We read in Eph. i. 3, '*Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us.*' In Ps. cxxi. 5 we read, '*Jehovah is thy keeper: Jehovah shall preserve thy soul.*' And in John xvii. 11 we read, '*Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom Thou hast given me.*' It is, then, the Creator and Ruler of all; it is Jehovah who holds the sceptre, and regulates the universe; it is the God who ordained our being, and who made us; it is '*the Father*' who comes before us in these passages, as fixing his sleepless eye on Israel, and laying under them the arms of his eternal power. To the same Father, accordingly, is it that Jesus commends the people of his heart. And the blessing He claims for us is also the same, even this, '*Keep them!*'

Yes, it is safe keeping for them who have no strength, that He claims. It is protection from the hour when the elect one alights on earth, until his course is finished, that He claims. It is security against the paw of the bear, and the teeth of the lion, and the ferocity of the wolf, and the cunning of the adder, that He claims. It is deliverance from ten thousand ills, spiritual and common, known and unknown, that He claims. It is the supply of all help, and victory in every battle, that He claims!

Beloved, it is this that Jesus pleads for, when, as our High Priest, He cries, '*Jehovah bless them, and keep them!*' By this petition He lodges, as it were, his sheep in the hands of Him, from whom 'none can pluck them;' and engages on their behalf all the perfections of Him from whom He received them as his heritage.

The prayer in our text is next an appeal to *the Son*, and an appeal for *reconciliation;* its tenor being this: '*Jehovah make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.*'

You ask, 'How can Christ appeal to himself?' But the explanation of this seeming contradiction lies in his twofold nature and capacity, as at once God and the God-man. In his character of God-man, He addresses himself as God. And this mode of expression is not found here only; but in Eph. v. 27 we read, '*That Christ might present the church unto himself.*' And also Acts iv. 29 we read, '*Lord, grant that signs done, by the name of thy holy child Jesus.*'

The High Priest, then, standing before t throne, not as God, but as man, exclaims, '*M thy face to shine, and be gracious;*' which i prayer for *reconciliation.* '*Be gracious!*' t is a cry for mercy, in behalf of them who w condemned; it is a cry for favour, in behalf them whose guilt no merit of their own co expiate; it is a cry for pardon, in behalf of th who had no hope. '*Be gracious!*' it is sim a cry for 'grace;' and a cry for grace, w means that, but 'love them?' Love the Thou Judge whom they have offended! L them! Thou Holy One, in whose image they w made! Love them! freely, for they have thing to pay! Love them! though they sinners; and love them because they are s ners! Love them! and they will not die! L them! and let thy love be their everlast portion!

This is the accent of the second petition our text; and is it not sweet and comprehensi In its bosom lie forgiveness, assurance, imm tality. It is the lip of Jesus showing us w is in the heart of Jesus; and it makes it c beyond all risk. It secures us Jehovah's l without fail. It binds covenant grace to us, all its energy, and for ever.

The next clause, '*Make his face to shine thee,*' conveys the idea of still higher bless 'Grace' is the fountain and the channel t But here are the streams; and what strea Jehovah looking on us, and not turning aw Jehovah reconciled to us, and making us delight! Jehovah unfolding to us all his cellence, and seen without a cloud! Jeho 'shining' over us, and pervading us with glory!

Ah! beloved, angels have long walked in 'light of Jehovah's countenance,' and beamed its lustre. But Jesus now pleads with the G head to 'shine on *us;*' and at his voice, '*He commanded the light to shine out of darkness h shined in our hearts, to give us the light of knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Je Christ.*'

(To be continued.)

DIARY OF A COVENANTER.

CHAPTER II.

IT was with a sad heart that James Nimmo found himself obliged to leave Moray; and his journey was one of some anxiety, when he found whom he was to have for a fellow-

'On Saturday, crossing at Dundee, t in company with one of the king's which was unpleasant to me. But I best of it I could; and when we lighted, could not drink so well, yet I was paying, which pleased him. We were at Kennoway, and after supper the id, he thought we might ride to Kirk-t morning to hear sermon; and albeit, l me to travel on Sabbath; yet, con-ur quarters was hard at the kirk there, ght be noticed if I went not, which I reedom to do, we might venture for-l some gentle shift might be made. So him, "Then let us clear our reckoning, ave nothing to do on Sabbath morning our horses." He replied, "Then they us Whigs;" and I answered, "We soon up, and it was not fit then to ur hostess." And so we cleared, and ning took our horses early. Now, I ed for carnal discourse on the Lord's so boarded him with some uncontro-iritual discourse, which did so take, and o be so serious, that though we both ledge of the way, yet we went a con-space out of it, before we noticed. o Kirkcaldie Pathead, he said he had a ived there, and kept a change, and he we might breakfast there, and go from ie kirk at Kirkcaldie. I was willing to t instead of a brother, as I expected, he rother messenger-at-arms only, which more undesirable. But I carried it as as possible. After breakfast, I said I I was weary with travel, therefore would irk alone for a day. He replied, "So ." So, after a little, taking my Bible , and seeing a barn in the yard, I called ey thereof, and went to it, and enjoyed such duties as was most fit for that l wan to some seriousness in reading, and meditation; but alas! being too to know my way, I began to be too or with the Lord, and He withdrew and in to buffet me, and to present to my if I were a hanged man. I perceived it Satan, and laboured to plead with the rebuke the temptation; but yet some of it remained and begat some confusion ind.

1 Monday, the 23d, we went on our way horn, where we crossed; and so soon as touched at Leith, I went out in haste, my herald, and saw him no more.'

rived in Edinburgh on the 23d March 1683, the 30th April his wife arrived there also. But they had not been there a month when a strict search was made for him, and he was roused from sleep one night by his landlady, who told him that a party of the town guard were coming, and advised him to fly. 'After a little silence, I said, "No, I was in the hands of the Lord, and would abide there; but if I went to the street, I might fall into the hands of men." And the party coming to the next house, I hearing them, rose up, and putting my sword and wig in a kist, and there being only a thin partition between the party and me, I did see them with the lighted candles they had; but they could not see me in the dark. I did see them search so narrowly, and turn an old woman out of her bed, and then turned out the bedclothes also, and search under them. Then within a little they went off. . . . All this while, my mind was pretty composed; but when they were gone, and I in bed again, I fell a-trembling; that I might see my safety was of the Lord, and I had no strength in myself, but had need of continual supplies from Him.'

He now wished to escape to Holland; but the ports in Scotland were so strictly watched, that it was thought best for him to go from an English port. 'I got some letters of recommendation to some friends at Berwick, to desire them, if it were with their conveniency, to get me some recommendations to Newcastle, that I might take shipping there. *Oh! to observe how wonderfully the Lord's ways are linked, through difficulties, tending to mercy and assured loving-kindness to his own! Oh to believe!*'

'On Thursday, May 24th, 1683, taking my leave of wife and friends, no doubt with many thoughts of heart, considering the dangers of the time, and had but little money to leave with my wife, and little to take with me, I took my journey to Berwick, not knowing one foot of the way, and not having any that I had acquaintance with there.' However, he fell in with good companions—'two honest professors in my own circumstances,'—and on reaching Berwick, soon found friends. There he heard of the capture of Gordon of Earlston, and another Scotch gentleman, on board of a ship at Newcastle, in which they had embarked for Holland; so he was obliged to give up thoughts of escaping by that route, and as he had a friend who lived about two miles out of Berwick, he found it best to remain with him. In the meantime, his wife was suffering great anxiety on his account, being left alone in Edinburgh; and, as his plan for going to Holland had failed, he sent for her to join him, and they remained in the neighbourhood of Berwick for about sixteen months.

Here he fills his diary from day to day with very minute records of his spiritual state and experiences. We give the following as a specimen:—

'About the 18th of this month of August, I was made to see four things: First, There is seldom sound peace in the want of sound sub

mission to the will of God. Secondly, Often tears are deceitful when the heart is not touched with a deep sense of sin. Thirdly, It's hard to keep grace in exercise among carnal friends and professors. Fourthly, That the sight of all these things was the return of prayer which had been made in my darkness; therefore, albeit we get not a sudden answer, yet there is ground to wait.'

He fails not to mention, as one of the advantages of his present abode, that he enjoyed the privilege of getting 'the key of the barn'—a small matter it may seem to those who live in large houses, but no light thing to him; for there alone could he find an opportunity to escape from the society of men, and hold communion with his God. After some months, he and his wife were cheered by the arrival of their much loved minister, Mr. Hogg, who, on being banished from Scotland, joined the little band of exiles at Berwick. While residing there, their eldest child, John, was born, an event accompanied with many mercies, which the father takes pleasure in recording. But, instead of following him here to his 'tenthly' division of the subject, we shall turn from James Nimmo's memoirs to the little time-worn volumes in which his wife records her experiences, and we shall see with what feelings Elizabeth Brodie looked on the prospect of being a parent.

'One night I was before the Lord in prayer; it was suggested to my mind, What if I was to be a mother of children? and oh, how terrible was reprobate children represented to me! I, as one in an ecstasy, was made to cry, "*Elect seed or none! Elect seed or none!*" And presently I wan to the faith of hearing. and was fully persuaded of hearing and acceptance.' The prayer was richly answered, though her faith was tried by long delays.

Their peace was interrupted by new alarms, owing to a search being made at Berwick. James describes their escape: 'One day there came certain word of a general search through the town. Accordingly, after dinner, the garrison began, and the ports were closed, and houses searched, and haylofts, and the hay in some overturned with great pains. They began at the next house to where Mr. Hogg and I were, and went round, so as our house was last—a mercy also. Mr. Hogg went to a private closet behind a hanging, and I went up to a little place made for doves, above a fore-stair, where I could only sit or lie, but not stand, to which only a deal (board) did lift and come down again so exactly as if made of purpose. And so we were in prison till they went the round of search; and against they came back to our house it was growing dark, and they much fatigued; and Mr. Henry Shell, our landlord and true friend, met them at the entry, and said he judged they were weary—Would they take a bottle of his ale or beer? To which they willingly agreed and accepted of.' It ended in the men's going away without any search, and the friendly landlord immediately 'came to Mr Hogg and me, and took us in his arms with as much joy as if he *had got* a prize, and said that all was over; and so we mercifully escaped them.'

We are inclined to wonder that they took so much trouble to apprehend a humble personage like James, who certainly was neither by position nor abilities likely to disturb the Government. But he held principles which admitted of no compromise, and refused the offer of liberty upon what he calls 'a sinful bond, which many took, acknowledging Bothwell Brig rebellion.' And now, from time to time, his heart was grieved by tidings that one after another of his friends had been taken. And when once taken, '*few wan clearly from them.*' 'The Lord did let me see at this time, my life and all was in his hands, to kill or to save alive, to preserve or not. Not that it is not always so; but at this time it seemed He behoved either to save alive and preserve in a special manner, or else death and ruin, as to the things in the world, were at hand.... Upon Wednesday, November 5th, 1684, I got word that my father was taken and in prison for converse with me.' This was a terrible blow; his father had 'complied with the common course of defection,' and James had for some time feared that the Lord, against whom he had sinned through fear of man, would not defend him from trouble. His heart was earnestly drawn out in prayer that his affliction might be blessed to his father's soul. But the case seemed a very trying one, for the cause of the father's imprisonment was simply that certain letters from his son were found in his house; 'on which account he was guilty, by their law, in holding converse with his only son. *Oh, hard law!* So they carried him and all his papers and money, and brought him to Edinburgh; where, after reading the letters before the council, one of the Lords smiled and said to my father, "If ye had obeyed your son, you had not come here" (for in the end of each letter I had said, "read and burn"); "but although there be nothing in them against the king or us, yet ye are guilty of converse with your son, and therefore must go to prison." Because in some of them I had desired to leave his answer with Mrs. Ross or Mrs. Pyper, they were both forced to leave their houses, and fled to Berwick, where we were. Mrs. Pyper's house was so searched, that they looked under a scuttle for carrying coals, when one said, "She is little but she cannot be there."'

Trifling as these details may seem, they give reality to the picture, and make us thankful that we live in days when men no longer hunt for traitors under old women's coal scuttles.

A proposal was at this time made, that James and his wife should join some of their friends who were going to settle in Carolina. According to his usual practice, he sought to know the will of God in the matter. The method constantly pursued by him and Elizabeth on such occasions, was to look for guidance by such verses of Scripture as were presented to their mind—a practice which seems to have been very common among those simple-hearted Christians. Their valued friend, Mr. Hogg, thought that they carried it too far, and we cannot do better than quote his warning to Elizabeth on a former occasion, a warning to which, however, she did not pay much attention. She writes, 'I was not

lling to take my journey, because I had not rticular clearness from the Lord, as I thought, d being pressed by outward providences, I ew not what to do. But at length, having nverse with Mr. Thomas Hogg, I told him my uple. He told me that folk behoved to be ber, and not to be too peremptor; and seeking riptures to know the Lord's mind might be r sin, and a ready way to be deluded, for Satan ever busy on such occasions in some cases. But," said he, "my practice is, first, I labour have my mind brought to a ba'ance, that my ections have no sway to one thing more than another. Then I labour to believe that I have do with an infinite God who searches the art; and believing Him to be such, I cry that e may make a right choice for me, and order providence so that I may make a right choice. ien, after I have with singleness committed the atter to the Lord, I take the most reasonable ay of the two, and go on softly, crying, 'Lord, op me if Thou approve not;' so, though I use eans, I wait for a stop, and so my dependence still kept up."'

But James and his wife still adhered to their vourite way; and as he could get no 'clearness go,' they gave up thoughts of Carolina.

We return to his narrative. 'About the begin- ng of February 1685 (King Charles dying upon e 7th of that month, without any knowledge his sickness to us), about the tenth hour at ght, the gates of Berwick, where we were, ere shut, and proclamation made by tuck of um, that none after such an hour should out of their own houses, under pain of ath; which begat a great and surprising nsternation in most of the town, and many prehended a massacre, for the governor and veral officers were Popish. Ammunition was ken to the streets, and the whole garrison was arms all night. When at supper, some came we desired them to take some meat; they in- nuated they would never eat more. However, r wife and I took supper, and watched at the ndows all night by turns. Then, next day, ng James was proclaimed, and we were told arles was dead. And so the fear of that was er for the time; but sad things were feared.'

Thus closed the reign of him who has been lled 'the Merry Monarch.' In Scotland, where first received his crown, men called the last ars of that reign by the dark name of 'The lling times!'

As there was little hope of better times under s successor, James Nimmo, like many of his untrymen in similar circumstances, was now ost anxious to escape abroad, but knew not w to get money; for though his father had been erated from prison, he was debarred from in- rcourse with him by the severity of the laws. ere, however, he took encouragement from his culiar use of a scriptural expression: 'The ord gave me great ground of hope, yea, belief at He would make my father friendly, by ringing in that scripture with satisfaction to y soul, "He shall turn the heart of the fathers the children" (Mal. iv. 6). And albeit it be oken there in some respect to another, yet the Lord presented Jesus Christ so to me as more powerful than any to do so. I was made only to look to Him, and wait in the use of means. Indeed, so it came to pass, that when I sent to my father, albeit he seemed averse at first, yet at length was made willing, and did promise me some money, and I resolved, if the Lord would, to go abroad. Seeing we had now a professed Popish king, advancing that interest with all the cunning he could, and fearing the dreadful effects to follow, and Mr. Hogg being to go to London to see if there was any encouragement to go to Carolina, about the 8th April, I was resolving to go with Mr. Hogg to London, and was made to plead with and cry to the Lord for clearness, but could not get what was desired; yet, considering the thing so seemingly rational, I was in thought of going, and therefore made ready, but the Lord laid his hand upon my body that was much broken. . . . Shortly after, I did see great mercy from the Lord causing me to stay, though it was dark to me at the time, for, in a little after Mr. Hogg went, there was a great report of an invasion both to Scotland and England; and shortly after Mr. Hogg came to London, he was jaloused for a spy or trafficker for Monmouth, and the English oaths offered, and upon his refusing to take them both, he and his servant were taken to prison; which it is likely would have been my case if I had gone, which gave me cause to say, "His mercy endureth for ever!" Oh to be thankful!

'And now, by the aforesaid report of an invasion, all passages by sea and land were stopped, and so was my journey abroad at that time. . . .

'*May 11th*, 1685.—We got advice that Argyll was to land, or had landed in the West Highlands of Scotland, which would beget present trouble. Therefore I was advised to go out of Berwick if possible; and in taking some time apart to seek the Lord thereanent, He helped me to some earnestness with Him, and swayed my mind to leave that place, clearing me therein with that scripture with some life, "Escape for thy life" (Gen. xix. 17). . . . So I went from the town that same night, putting on all the courage I could to go through the guards, our landlord's son being with me, and so passed to Castlehill, our old quarters, and stayed there some days.

'One day, pleasantly inquiring at my spouse, whom the Lord had often made to be of one spirit and mind with me in the Lord's matters and our own, if she would let me go to Argyll; she said, "If the Lord cleared my way, why not?" which made me set some time apart, both to be concerned with that party, and to know my own duty; but got nothing but darkness.'

Soon after this he went towards Edinburgh; but staying for the night at Hartside, he was detained by news of the invasion. 'There came a daughter of the family from Edinburgh, and told me there was no winning in there, for all was in commotion and confusion, having heard that Argyll was landed with men and arms. Therefore advised me not to go, but entreated I would stay there till I advised what to do.' He was obliged to remain there 'hiddenly' for about

a month, though he had been averse to it at first; for some of those he met there were '*wild in their principles*.' However, 'the Lord made them both friendly and kindly; and I hope it was of the Lord, for He was kind to me in that place, and others were made to bless the Lord for my coming, saying the Lord made me useful to them, which was joy to my heart. Now before I went from this, Argyll was dispersed. And the Lord helped me to be concerned for the church and these lands at this time; for I was made to see sore and great evidences of the Lord's displeasure against us; albeit helped to fear Him, and hope in his mercy.'

Tidings reached him from his wife of the dangerous illness of his child, and this brought him back to Castlehill, near Berwick; for he could not enter the town. She joined him there, and the child recovered.

'Now we got certain advice that Argyll was prisoner in the castle of Edinburgh, and so I stayed; and albeit it was a time of great confusion and trouble, yet the Lord was merciful in protecting, and now and then gave intimations of his kindness to my soul.'

Such consolation was the more needed, for soon after they heard of the failure of Monmouth's expedition, and the dispersion of his army, so that the hopes of those who aimed at the overthrow of James II.'s government were now completely crushed. Great cruelties followed the defeat of these two invasions; and seeing no hope of security for himself at home, Nimmo again turned his mind to going abroad. He went to Edinburgh on the last day of October, and having prepared the way for her, he wrote to his wife to join him. She came accordingly, with her child and servant; and having heard that Mr. Hogg had been set free, and had gone to Holland, they prepared to follow him there. 'An occasion offered for our transport by sea; but there was some fears to win fairly aboard and off. The ship was lying at Burntisland, and we went the first night to Leith, and took a passage-boat next day, some friends accompanying us. And when we came over, there was four of Argyll's captains in the house we went to that were in our own circumstances, viz. William Cleland, John Fullarton, James Bruce, and John Campbell, who were singing and making as merry as they could, that they might not be discovered. And so passing that day, the 23d of November, about eleven at night, we all went aboard. The greatest difficulty was our tender child's taking out to the cold sea air that time of night; however, blessed be God, we set sail without discovery.'

This offset must have been a moment of intense interest to them, and not less to Argyll's officers. Cleland and Fullarton had borne a distinguished part in the invasion; and it must have been hard work for them to sing and make merry at Burntisland, when they knew that, had they been discovered, their heads would soon have been fixed on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh along with that of their unfortunate chief. But a *better fate* awaited them; and thankful for the *darkness* of the long November night, they glided unseen down the Frith, passed the Bass Rock, where some of their less fortunate friends were confined, and out to the open sea.

Elizabath writes: 'We had a sweet passage, and the child was well all the time of the voyage till the last day. That morning the wind blew hard, with cold, and rain, and mist, which discouraged the seamen very sore—not so much the storms as the thick air. We could have no pilot, and the coast being dangerous, we thought to be driven back again. I was in distress, not so much for my own sickness, as for the child; his provision was near gone. But all this was but a threatening; for He wrought for us, and brought us to land that day, after we were thinking to go to sea. This He did to make us prize our mercy, that it was not all the time so.'

The voyage lasted ten days; and upon the 4th of December, after it was dark, James and Elizabeth landed safely at Rotterdam.

CHAPTER III.

EXILES flying for their lives are not given to indulge in description; and though Rotterdam must have presented much that was new and interesting to our Scottish wanderers, James and Elizabeth make no remarks; indeed, they were hardly, even there, out of danger. 'At our first landing things seemed very strange: the place seemed to have no security; for they were taking notice of all strangers.' There were divisions in the Scotch congregation, and Elizabeth was in great difficulty about joining them, especially as she had now a second child, James, for whom they desired baptism; but they took him to the Hague, where their friend Mr. Hogg baptized him,—'at which time was signal and observable power and presence of the Lord.'

James had formerly suffered from the fear of man; he was now in trouble from fear of want; and laments that 'the Lord, after I came to Holland, justly left me, in the first place, to the fear of straitness; and secondly, to know how sad it was to have rest from fears of men, and want intimations of the Lord's favour. . . . Then the Lord much strengthened me as to my fear of want, from Matt. vi. 25, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" as also bringing several promises to my mind with strength and life.' He and his wife record various occasions on which money was brought to them as seasonably as unexpectedly, 'both for supply of our necessity, and to *shame me out of unbelief*.' He attempted to support his family by trading, but met with nothing but failure. 'Then I essayed somewhat else; but still all was refuges of lies. Faith and patience was to have the trial, and my weakness and the Lord's power and mercy was to be more discovered, and I made to wade in a labyrinth of difficulties, threatened with want, without sight of an outgate, and even in this place not without fear and danger from the enemy; for some were without order gripped, put aboard, sent for England, and there hanged. Some were murdered by enemies in that place where we were; some attacked by

violence, with sword in hand, to be carried off; and they, defending themselves,—resisting force with force,—in wounds and blood, till the magistrates of Rotterdam took and imprisoned both till examined. Some of these attackers were in prison when the Prince of Orange came over, at the happy revolution. Sometimes there was a search procured by King James from the States; but they kindly gave some advertisement, that Scotch people might be on their guard,—as particularly, once for Sir James Stuart, who narrowly escaped by the importunity of worthy old Mrs. Hogg, in whose house he was, that he would go out, she having heard the search, which put us all in alarm, was to be that night. We had indeed some comfortable friends that were fled with us, and some that had their residence for good there, such as Mr. Russell, and Mr. Pyper's family; and it pleased the Lord to make two Dutch women kindly and beneficial, Mefrow Warbeck and her sister-in-law.'

The enforced idleness of his life of exile was very irksome to James; and he used to exercise himself by taking many a walk to and from the Hague, where Mr. Hogg lived, until that valued friend was induced, by offers of toleration at home, to return to Scotland. Elizabeth writes thus of the promised toleration, which was indeed brought about by James II. only with a view to introducing Popery into the land, by taking off the Roman Catholic disabilities:—

'*Sept.* 1687.—Having advice from Scotland of a toleration to the Presbyterians to preach the gospel, and that ministers were to be under such and such restrictions, one Sabbath-day, being under the sad impression of wrath hastening on that land, to wit, on Scotland, I being in prayer, I was at that—oh! what shall I say of its misery?—that passage in 2 Sam. xx. 9 was brought to my mind, where Joab said to Amasa, "Art thou in health, my brother?" and the church's case was presented to me in that posture of a designed murder against her.'

This is highly characteristic, both of the fears wrought by long oppression, and of the peculiar use of Scripture common in those days. And not less characteristic is the prayer with which she concludes her meditation: 'Lord, give faith and patience to undergo what trials may come in my way, or in the way of thine!'

She was soon to be tried in another way than by fear of persecution.

'*May* 1688.—We could get no house in Rotterdam, though we would have given double price. At length, after long tossing one day, my husband came in and said he would go no more to seek one. My spirit being rankled much at the providence, I went my alone, and looked up to the Lord. I got that word, "The prayer of the destitute He will in no ways refuse." My soul was comforted, my spirit calmed, and my mind contented to go into a little chamber which before I would not think on.'

She had not long to remain there, however. Her husband returned to Scotland, 'being trysted with an extraordinary storm in his voyage, and sore sea-sickness, which had almost cost his life.' And when he found that they might be in safety there, he wrote to her, leaving it to her own choice to come immediately, or not, as might seem best to her. Seeking simply to do what was right in the matter, she brought her case before the Lord, and, according to her husband's way of expressing it, 'she found clearness to venture if Providence concurred, ... and so she came home; and in discouragements by the way that scripture still came in her mind, "But I have all my confidence thy mercy set upon" (Ps. xiii. 5.)' On the fourth day of the voyage she landed at Borrowstounness with her faithful servant, Beatrige Wood, and her two children. About a month after her arrival she had a daughter [whom Mr. Hogg baptized], named Grizzel. We shall have occasion to become better acquainted with her, for she inherited fully the ready pen of her parents, and we may find her writings interesting.

James now writes:—'The Lord was many ways merciful to us at that time; and albeit I needed to be cautious as to my safety, yet there was not that violence of persecution, King James resolving on smooth methods for some time. I caused speak to some to see if my full liberty could be procured; but they durst not engage therein, and even some of my near relations refused to converse with me for fear of after trouble.

'But it pleased the Lord to open a wonderful door of deliverance himself, by that glorious providence of the Prince of Orange landing in England about 4th November that year, which freely loosed all our bonds as to that tyranny and oppression we had long groaned under. Let that day never be forgotten by all fearers of God, and good Protestants; for that was a day of the rejoicing of their hearts!'

He gives the following account of the state of Edinburgh during that winter:—

'Albeit all in England submitted to the prince; yet Duke Gordon, our Popish Governor of Edinburgh Castle, thought fit to hold out, which obliged the prince to bombard and cannonade the same. And we living in the Grassmarket, where we could hardly go out or in but in view of the castle, and they having killed some persons upon the street, friends were very pressing for our removing from thence. As also Captain Wallace kept out the Abbey (Holyrood) with the foot guards as long as he could, which worked the minds of severals against him, and particularly the college youths and prentices, with some others, who went down in a body to require his leaving the Abbey, which he refusing and they pressing forward, he caused fire on them some small cannon, with small shot, and killed and wounded many, which so exasperated the whole town, as well as the relations of boys killed and wounded, that the boys and others left called for assistance by beating of drums through the whole town, who next night went down, assisted by the magistrates and town guards, which obliged Captain Wallace to leave his post and flee. And the boys and youths entering, went immediately to the Abbey church, where King James had made much preparation for his idolatrous worship, and brought out all that was

there, and burned and brake down the same; and then went to several other Papists' houses, and took what Popish books and trinkets they found there and burned the same also. For there was now a wonderful forwardness, and none durst oppose, for there had been fears of massacres formerly.' Thus did intolerance produce fruit after its own kind in the minds of those who had so long suffered from it.

The history of James Nimmo contains little else that can claim interest as belonging to the history of the country; but the reader may like to hear all that can be told of it. His friends, alarmed for their safety in Edinburgh, insisted on their leaving it; and they went to his father's house at Boghall, from which he had been an exile. Here he tells with pleasure that his gentle wife won the affections of that stern old father for whom he had so often prayed; so 'that in conference he was made with the tear in his eye to hear and acquiesce.' Still they were not happy there; they had gone to take refuge in that place only to please their friends, and against their own light, and they complain, 'We got not our wonted access in prayer; so that when the Lord gives light and peace, let them be tender of it that gets it, and let none be rash in advising to the contrary, or meddling to cross the light of others.'

He got an appointment under Government at Prestonpans, 'through the Lords Crawford and Cardross, who were my good friends,' and there he remained for about two years; but their stay there was saddened by much sickness, and the loss of one of their children, named Thomas, after 'blessed Mr. Hogg,'—'a verie pleasant child, anent whom his mother got some refreshing promises.'

They now took and furnished a house in Edinburgh; 'for to this time we had little or no plenishing except some feather beds'—a curious article of 'plenishing' for wanderers like them! After this he applied himself to trading, and prospered, so that he was, ere long, chosen to be one of the Town Council, and became town treasurer. Nor did he in his prosperity forget the God of his adversity; for, in 1700, we find him writing thus, and we shall give his own spelling, as a specimen of the rest of the manuscript, which will make the reader glad that it has been modernized hitherto:—'I began to have some litle competencie, and to plead with the Lord for a marcifull retreat from the throng of affaires, wherein the Lord hath hitherto helped me in all my concerns, to have ane tender regaird to the credit of the ghospell; and as I had been often desiring to bliss Him for restraining grace and preventing marcie, so also to plead for grace, wisdom, and prudence, meekness of spirit, and humbleness and lowliness of mind, and favor among those He trysted me among. And praise for ever to his blissed name, for He was not wanting to me, and I hope heard my requests; and I most say to his praise that sometimes when most throng in busines, He helped me to be in some measur fervent in spirit, in desiring to *serve* Him, and to eye his glorie. Blissed be his *name, Hee and Hee* only manadged afaires for me, and me in them, and often did let me see my own waiknes, and that He perfected his strainth therein, and often when throngest gave me most composednes of minde.'

He has again to record the loss of a child, at whose death he finds comfort in a verse brought seasonably to mind: 'The Lord made that sweet to me; this is a part of yr. first fruits to the Lord.'

His last entry in his memoirs is as follows:—'I atempted severall plans for to retire to a countrie life; but as yet could not setle, Providence one way or another still putting stops. I hope it is of the Lord, to whom I desire to look, plead for guiding, and waite for Him as I can in the use of all discovered means; for hitherto He has led and helped, and will yet help. For we kno not events; but all is known to Him.'

Extract from Elizabeth's diary:—

'*August 6th*, 1709.—The Lord removed to his eternal rest my precious yoke-fellow, being Saturday night, at seven o'clock. . . . He said, "My Lord seems to stand at a great distance, and as if He did not hear my prayer; but yet He heareth, for He is my God, my own God is He! These thirty-three years He has made me seek and serve Him, as my God and Father; and now though He hide his face I have no fear. I can say since my soul closed with Him by saving faith, I lay not down one night but that I saw a need of the blood of Christ to wash me from that day's particular guilt." At another time he said to a gentleman that came to visit him, "Sir James, I have been a man of many troubles; but when I look back on them all, I cannot pitch upon one that I dare this day say I wish it had not come in my way." His bodily distress was so great that he was not in case to speak much, but many times taking me by the hand, he said, "My dear, my dear" (he was pleased to say), "my sympathizing wife, the Lord in mercy put us together and He will in mercy part us, and it will not be long till you come where I am, even where Christ is."'

Extract from the diary of his daughter Grizzel Nimmo:—'In the summer of 1709 my father fell very ill of his health; and for a long time before his death I never set my eye on him but that word was brought to my mind, 2 Tim. iv. 6, "The time of my departure is at hand." . . . . Some time before his death, when any person asked him how he was, he would answer, "I am a ship at anchor; blow the wind as it will, I am safe, because I am fixed on the rock Christ; so, whether death or life, it's all one."

'He spake not much in his sickness; but all was the language of strong faith. His last words were these: "My Lord is now on his way; my Lord is coming with deliverance!" So, on the 6th of August 1709, it pleased the Lord to remove him from this weary wilderness to his eternal rest.'

'How many graves around us lie!
How many homes are in the sky!
Yes, for each saint doth God prepare
A place with care;
Thy home is waiting, brother, there!'

Readings for the Young.

CHARLIE WAINFLEET.

CHARLIE WAINFLEET was, perhaps, one of the most remarkable children I have ever known, and that's saying a good deal; for I am an old man—a *very* old man, some would say; and those dark locks, I used once to be so proud of, are now silvered by time. Yet I am a very happy old fellow, for I can still take pleasure in many of the enjoyments of others.

I am very fond of children, and the little people usually like me; and so by one of those mutual attractions it was that Charlie Wainfleet and myself became such firm friends.

Charlie was an odd, dreamy child, with large lustrous eyes, which sometimes glittered, and softened again, with an expression almost unearthly. The poor village folks used always to bless the lovely boy when he passed; and many a one have I heard exclaim, that he was 'too good' for this world!

My acquaintance with little Charlie began on this wise:—I was walking one day down the lane to our river, when I heard a young voice calling, 'Mary! Mary!' So I looked, and saw, at a little distance from me, a beautiful boy, of from six to eight years old. I asked him why he was calling. He told me he had come out with his nurse and little brother, and had wandered from them, to watch the water of the river ripple past. They had not noticed his absence, neither had he thought of them, till a few moments since, when he had lost his way; and after trying uselessly for some time to regain the right path, could not succeed in discovering it.

I found out where my little friend lived, and took him home. A few days after this I was out again, and met Charlie. He began to talk to me; and, in short, I soon became so fond of the child, that I asked him to come and see me. And, indeed, after his first shyness wore off, little Charlie would come very often, and spend an hour or two with me.

Things had gone on like this for a long time, when, some days having passed without any visit from Charlie, I called at his mother's house, and, on inquiry, found that the child was very ill; so I sent to Mrs. Wainfleet, to ask if I might see my little friend. Presently a scrap of paper was given me, with these words, traced in a baby hand:

'Do come to me. I am very ill, and they won't let me get up. I have such funny dreams.

'CHARLIE.'

So I went up into the child's room, and found him lying on a couch by the open window. When I entered the room, Charlie tried to raise himself, but fell back, too weak for the exertion.

His hand clasped that of his mother—a lady about twenty-four years of age, dressed in deep mourning, and wearing a widow's cap. I used to like to look at her sweet, pensive face in after days, for its loveable, gentle features; and the subdued, quiet melancholy reminded me of Charlie.

Well, when I entered the sick-room, Charlie and I chatted for some time (poor fellow! his voice had grown terribly weak since I had last heard it), his mother joining sometimes in the conversation, but very quietly and gently. She seemed fearful of too much exercising her child.

Soon she left us alone; and Charlie quite suddenly asked me, 'Do you ever think of heaven?' Now I am a cross-grained, queer old fellow, and a question of that kind takes one rather by surprise. However, I said, 'Of course, every one thinks of that sort of thing!'

So Charlie said, 'I must tell you a dream I had last night. I thought I was wandering by the river, and that it was getting dark. The sun was just going to rest, and a bright halo seemed spread over everything. I sat looking into the water, thinking of heaven, and wondering whether I should know papa when I went there.

'Suddenly there seemed to float in the air a crowd of fairy-like beings. I watched them for a long time; and then they seemed walking on a very bad and stony road. Some seemed almost faint with the long journey, and some of them fell and stumbled.

'As my eyes became still more accustomed to the sight, I saw that those who bravely tried to toil onwards, had in their hands bright golden rods, whose ends seemed to reach the sky. Round these rods was written, "Faith, Mercy, Truth, Hope, Charity, Love," and many other things. Some of the travellers dropped their rods when they had to cross a bad part of the road; and I noticed that, whenever they let go their rods, they fell and stumbled, and then some of those who had kept their staffs would come and help the fallen ones; and their rods seemed to gleam with a more glorious brightness each time they did any good deed, to help their fellow-travellers.

'In a short time they all disappeared in the distance, and I awoke; but the dream was so beautiful, so glorious, that I could not forget it.'

The child's dream I have put in my own words, as those who loved him less dearly than I did, might not understand his baby language. Surely *he* heard 'the clang of harp-strings, and angels from gold clouds beckoned to *him* like a brother!'

Another evening Charlie and I began to talk about the sun; and, after a few minutes' pause, the little fellow said, 'How happy the sun must feel at night!'

This remark rather puzzled me, but I did not say so; merely remarking, 'What makes you think so, Charlie?'

'Why, because it has done its duty all day

long, and can therefore enjoy heaven more, when it goes to rest there.'

'Enjoy heaven, dear! What makes you think the sun goes back to heaven every night, my boy?'

'Because I think that God takes it back to heaven, that the joy it feels there may wash away the remembrance of all the wickedness and sin it has seen by day!'

I could not correct the boy; for the idea seemed too curious to me to be at once replied to. Indeed, I almost doubted whether I had heard aright. That this child, so innocent, so young and happy, should have worked out thoughts which would hardly have presented themselves to the imagination of us 'wiser' ones, amazed me. But I learnt many a lesson from that little fellow, that has made me, in my old age, a wiser and a happier man.

After a moment's pause, Charlie added, 'Mamma, I shall be with the sun to-night!' And, indeed, each minute seemed to find the boy weaker than the last; and, as the last ray of sunshine faded from the horizon, Charlie Wainfleet's gentle spirit floated upward to its God.—*Louise M. Durrant.*

PREACH TO THE CHILDREN.

'I have heard my father say, and well my father knew,
In it was meat for full-grown men, and milk for children too.'

THERE was an element in the discourses of the olden time, which the sermonizers of the present day, for the most part, wholly ignore. Those ancient men, of whom it is now so fashionable to speak slightingly, as men of iron mould and adamant heart, had in them some spring of tenderness, which kept alive an interest in the little people.

Passing by that species of pulpit eloquence which, in our day, offers hardly more than milk and water for the 'full-grown man,' how few of those sermons, which are worthy of being called food for the experienced disciple, have in them a single word for the little one! While the sheep are fed, the lambs are frisking about the meadow, or fast asleep beneath the summer sun. Do you not see them, ministers, from your high vantage-ground? Do you not detect the various expedients to which the children resort, to while away the weary hours,—the knotting of handkerchiefs; the intaglios wrought with pin-points on many a surface, better without such decoration; the restless watching of the clock; the small buffoonery of face-making; and at length —a relief to 'parents and all natural guardians'— as to the little head itself, the quiet and comfortable nap? You may say, 'Let them go to the Sabbath school—that is the place for children.' Yes; but it is not the only place, nor the best place. They should be early taught that they have a right in the temple, as well as in the porch. The little people should not be made to feel themselves a tribe apart, but should be taught their unity with the whole congregation. The lambs are as truly a portion of the flock as the fleece-laden sheep. Three minutes allotted to the children, in every sermon, surely would be little time to give them, when you reflect that the fast-flying hours and days are bringing them to be, almost before you are aware, the men and women, the fathers and mothers, of society! And were they sure that these few words were coming, their interest would be kept awake in watching for them; and so, by the way, they might pick up some seeds of truth intended for their elders, which yet should spring up in the good soil of the young heart, and grow, and bring forth fruit, to the glory of Him who loved the little children; which should add to the 'golden sheaves' you shall bear to the heavenly garner,—the tender and graceful beauty, and the delicate fragrance of the opening flower, or the just reddening bud.

Think of it, ye preachers of the word! Think of the great influence you would gain over this class of your people, by showing them that you understand and love them. Some of them will live to bless you here; many of them will be called early to Jesus. Will it not be a glad and precious greeting, when you also shall go through the gates of pearl, to hear the child-like voices singing around you, and joining in your welcome home?—to hear from the lips whence fell the command, 'Feed my lambs,' the blessed assurance, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of *the least of these*, ye did it unto me?'

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands,
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep, as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadow-lamp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands!

—*Ellen Gates (American).*

Miscellaneous.

'I Rise to seek the Light.'

I saw a little blade of grass,
Just peeping from the sod,
And asked it why it sought to pass
Beyond its parent clod?
It seemed to raise its timid head,
All sparkling, fresh, and bright,
And wondering at the question, said,
'I rise to seek the Light.'

I asked the eagle why his wing
To upward flight was given,
As if he spurned each earthly thing,
And knew no home but heaven?
He answered, as he fixed his gaze,
Undazzled at the sight,
Upon the sun's meridian blaze,
'I rise to seek the Light.'

I asked my soul, what means this thirst
For something yet beyond?
What means this eagerness to burst
From every earthly bond?
It answers (and I feel the glow
With fires more warm, more bright),
'All is too dull, too dark below;
I rise to seek the Light.' —*Anon.*

ashionable Amusements.—The late Dr. xander gave some very pertinent reflections he tendency of our age, and of human nature erally, to cross the border line which separates world from the church, and engage in fashion- amusements. He says, 'The growing laxity he age gives peculiar meaning to the exhorta- , "Be not conformed to this world." The rule nost is corrupt and dangerous; it is to do as ers do. The consequence is, mutual injury and petual declension in the church. You will find essors who, as they increase in wealth, con- itly enlarge their licence. It requires a keen to discriminate between their pleasures and enditures, and those of the ungodly. If they ain from the theatre, they go freely to the ra; or, if they scruple at this, they linger at midnight ball. The step is so easily taken, n apparently innocent dancing to that which ee, indiscreet, amorous, and licentious, that a ler conscience will find it safest to reject all. ply, if you can, to such assemblages, however ant and however common, the divine maxim, ove not the world." That young communicant ear his fall, who is often asking how near he go to the brink of sin, and yet be safe. Ob- e the families which have made this passage n ancient strictness to fashionable Christianity, you will find their children, one by one, sliding y to looser forms of religion, if not to utter lessness. The same principles apply to ex- ditures in dress, furniture, equipage, and luxu- is living.'

Henry Tanner.—In the year 1743, George itefield had resolved to go to America, and had aged his passage in a ship that was to sail from tsmouth; but, as the captain afterwards re- d to take him, 'for fear of his spoiling the ors,' he was obliged to go to Plymouth. While ving there, he frequently preached; and an at- ipt having recently been made to murder him in his bed, much attention was excited, and many thousands flocked to hear him. While he was one day preaching, Mr. Tanner, who was at work as a shipbuilder at a distance, heard his voice, and re- solved, with five or six of his companions, to go and drive him from the place where he stood, and for this purpose filled their pockets with stones. When, however, Mr. Tanner drew near, and heard Whitefield earnestly inviting sinners to Christ, he was filled with astonishment, his resolution failed him, and he went home with his mind deeply im- pressed. On the following evening he again at- tended, and heard Mr. Whitefield on the sin of those who crucified the Redeemer. After he had expatiated on their guilt, he appeared to look in- tently on Mr. Tanner, as he exclaimed with energy, 'Thou art the man!' These words powerfully affected Mr. Tanner; he felt his iniquities to be awfully great; he cried, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and he was heard.

It is Well with the Child.—Bishop Leighton thus wrote to his sister's husband, on the death of a beloved child: 'I am glad of your health, and of the recovery of your little ones; but, indeed, it was a sharp stroke of a pen that told me your little Johnny was dead; and I felt it truly more than, to my remembrance, I did the death of any child in my lifetime. Sweet thing! and is he so quickly laid asleep? Happy he! Though we shall no more have the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of cry- ing, nor of being sick, nor of dying; and hath wholly escaped the trouble of schooling, and all the sufferings of boys, and the riper and deeper griefs of upper years,—this poor life being all along nothing but a linked chain of many sorrows and of many deaths. Tell my dear sister she is now so much more akin to the other world, and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two sooner to bed, as children use to do, and we are undressing to follow. And the more we put off the love of the present world, and all things superfluous beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down.'

Ritualism.—What is Ritualism but religious *worldliness?* It is not so much the church going into the world, as the world going into the church. By means of it men enjoy the world under a religious name and aspect. These ecclesiastical theatres,—these religious operas and operettas, the ritualistic churches,—are essentially worldly and sensuous. They are set up to gratify 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life.'

Amateur Concerts.—Under such titles as 'Amateur Concerts,' 'High-class Music,' advertisements now appear of oratorios or operas in churches. They are conducted partly by profes- sional singers, and partly by amateur performers, ladies and gentlemen. They are begun and ended with prayer, and their proceeds are for religious purposes! Surely this is not worship; it is not praise.

The King of Terrors.—He who fears not death, will start at no shadows.—*Greek.*

How to do Good.—The best way to do good to ourselves, is to do it to others; the right way to gather, is to scatter.—*Anon.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

REV. XIX. 10.

JOHN was overpowered with the glory. It was but the glory of an angel, and the words were the words of an angel; but the glory and the words were those of one who had come from the presence of God. Perhaps he was like Peter on the mount; he wist not what he did and said. He forgets, for a moment, that it is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God;' and he falls down at his feet to worship him. 'Stop!' cries the angel, 'don't worship me.' And if the holy men and women, to whom the idolatry of the Church of Rome is paid, could speak, they would say the same,—shrinking back horrified at the robbery of being made equal with God! But it is to the answer of the angel, and his declaration concerning himself, that I ask your attention.

'Who am I, that you should worship me? Am I God? No, I am thy fellow-servant; and shall the servants worship each other, and forget the Master? Nay; I am the fellow-servant of thy brethren, that keep the sayings of this book (Rev. xxii. 9). Nay, I am the fellow-servant of the prophets of old (*i.e.* the same angel who ministered to them). Nay, I am the fellow-servant of all who "hold the testimony of Jesus;" for "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."'

Thus, then, we have a proclamation made to us as to *the oneness* of the whole Bible.

I. *The oneness of the Testifier.*—He is the *one* God. The sender of the testimony is the one Jehovah; the subject of the testimony is the one Jesus; the inspirer is the one Spirit. Through many lips He has spoken, by many pens He has written; but it is the mind, the will, the purpose, the revelation of the *One* God that is here.

II. *The oneness of the messenger.*—It is intimated here that it was *one* angel alone that was employed to communicate the testimony. He was sent to patriarchs and prophets of old, to apostles and brethren in later times. The instrument, or medium of communication, was a created being—an angel; but it was the same throughout.

III. *The oneness of the testimony.*—It is not many testimonies, but *one;* it is the *word* (not words) of God. It was given at sundry times and diverse manners; in fragments and portions, great and small; by many lips and pens; spread out over more than 4000 years (for it began in Paradise, and ended in Patmos); yet there is *unity* throughout, not discord or contradiction; marvellous unity, which can only be accounted for on the fact that there was in reality but *one* writer,—He to whom 'one day is as a thousand years;' and therefore the truths enunciated are the offspring of *one* mind, the thoughts of one heart. This testimony bore all upon one point, one person, one work, one kingdom. It was the testimony of Jesus—that is, it testified of Him from first to last; for Christ is the all and in all of prophecy, the all and in all of the Bible.

But let us consider the oneness of this testimony more in detail.

(1.) *Its oneness as to the character of God.*—His is *one* name throughout—Jehovah. He is the Holy One; righteous, good, true, hating the sin, loving the sinner. He is 'King eternal, immortal, and invisible;' infinite in all things; 'without variableness or shadow of turning.' It is the same good and gracious God that you meet with at man's creation, that you meet at the close of time; it is the same holy God that you find driving Adam out of Paradise, and bringing the deluge over the earth, that you find pouring out his vials on earth, and preparing his judgment for the sons of men.

(2.) *Its oneness as to the character of man.*—He was made upright, but he sought out many inventions. And since sin came in, we see him uniform in evil: a dark understanding, a rebellious will, a stony heart; full of sin; thinking evil, speaking evil, acting evil. God's testimony to man, throughout the Bible, is the same. Patriarch, and prophet, and apostle tell us the same thing about the evil of man, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin. It nowhere hides the sins of the good, nor does it exaggerate the crimes of the evil. It bears one unvarying and undeviating testimony to man and man's heart: 'Deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'

(3.) *Its oneness as to the way of salvation.*—That salvation is described in many aspects, under many figures and types; yet it is but one salvation—one way to life for the sinner—God's free love, the great sacrifice, the sinner's faith. 'The just shall live by faith.' Salvation, free, complete, present, everlasting,—this is the announcement of Scripture from first to last.

(4.) *Its oneness as to the Saviour.*—He is the Seed of the woman, the Son of Abraham, the Seed of David, the Child of Mary. He is the Man with the bruised heel; finite, yet infinite; created, yet uncreated; dead, yet living for ever. Through his death life comes to us, through his blood cleansing comes. He is Jesus the Saviour, able to save to the uttermost; Messiah, the Sin-bearer, the Lamb of God. Every book of the Bible bears on this with marvellous concord.

(5.) *Its oneness as to the church's hope.*—It is resurrection, glory, a kingdom, and all connected with Messiah. 'Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints!' was Enoch's utterance at the beginning; and 'Behold, He cometh with clouds!' is John's at the close. One unvarying testimony to our eternal future.

(6.) *Its oneness as to the sinner's doom.*—Death! wrath! woe! a fearful judgment, and an endless hell! Throughout it is the same. It begins with, 'Thou shalt DIE!' it ends with, 'They were cast into the lake of fire, which is the second DEATH!'

OUR HIGH PRIEST.

BY THE REV. J. J. BONAR, GREENOCK.

(*Continued from p.* 590.)

THE other petition of our text is an appeal to *the Holy Ghost*, and an appeal for *assurance*,—running thus: '*Jehovah lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.*'

With the Holy Ghost are the treasures of wisdom, the gifts of faith, the endowments of holiness, the joys of grace. When He touches the heart, the rock melts. When He anoints the eye, the sight returns. When He breathes, all is life. Accordingly, having appealed to *the Father*, whose decree appoints, and to *the Son*, whose blood procures, the Representative of Israel now makes suit to *the Spirit*, whose grace applies salvation. And the request is, that the Holy Ghost would so bring home the work of redemption to the reconciled man, that the issue may be 'peace,' even assurance for ever!

'*Lift up thy countenance*,' it is likewise pleaded. And this is more than '*make thy face to shine*;' for it implies, over and above everything else, consciousness and perpetuity. It is even asking that the sun should never withdraw his rays, and that the soul should always feel his warmth. 'Lift up his countenance, *and give thee peace!*' No peace, beloved, but what is 'given;' no peace but from God! '*Jehovah give thee peace!*' But *what* peace? what peace? The peace of forgiveness, the peace of hope, the peace of God! What peace? Peace flowing from the cross, and which enters the heart, when it is washed in the blood of atonement! What peace? Peace such as Jesus bequeathed to his own, ere He left the world, and such as himself enjoys! What peace? Peace that the wicked never know—even peace with God! Peace that angels cannot know—even peace after the terrors of guilt! What peace? Peace that amounts to assurance; peace that cleanses, invigorates, and gladdens; peace that 'keeps the heart,' and 'passeth all understanding!'

Such is the threefold *prayer* of our text. *This* is the benediction of our High Priest, when in our name, and for our sakes,—as embodying and representing his elect,—He waves his glowing censer before the throne. And is this not 'gracious?'

Yes, gracious, most gracious. For what were *we*, that the whole Godhead should be moved for us—*us*, so indigent and abject? Yet Jesus would not be satisfied till He had taken all the perfection of God, and caused it to overshadow the poverty of man. How gracious! but not less authoritative. Not as a plaintiff, nor even as an advocate, does Jesus 'bless.' He 'blesses' as one who can say, 'I and the Father are one.' He 'blesses' as one who has laid down the price of all that He asks for. He 'blesses' as one having 'all power,' and whose arm shall accomplish what his heart desires. Yes, the benediction of our text is as much a pledge from Christ as an appeal to the Father, and is meant infallibly to convey what it so loudly claims.

III. Let us next inquire as to *the individuals* whom the Intercessor embraces in his prayer.

It is not on all the world the blessings of Jesus descend, but *the seed of* '*Israel*.' Nor is it even all Israel who will share the benefit; for the people around Aaron were to say '*Amen*,' and with their own hand take what was presented. Here, therefore, is both choice on the part of God, as indicated by the limitation to '*Israel*;' and acceptance on the part of man, as involved in '*the Amen*' which was given.

Mistake not, then, brethren, your real condition, and lose eternal life. As *offered* the blessings of salvation, without restriction or desert, ye may all claim the appellation and standing of '*Israel*.' Yes, brethren, over the heads of *all* Jesus lifts up his hands, and is ready to command his benediction to rest upon the most obdurate, and undeserving, and guilty.

Mark, however, that though Jesus *offers* all this to *each* of you, He will *compel* no one to receive it. He does put it within your reach; but now the question is, Are you ready with your '*Amen?*' Are you wishful to obtain what is held out? Has salvation any charm for you? Are you as anxious for eternal life as Jesus is willing to give it? When the High Priest exhibits all his blessings, will you re-echo his invitation? Is your '*Amen*' sent up to the throne, along with the Days-man's *prayer?*

Brethren, if it be *not* so, then are ye detcr-

mined to run an unblest, an unhallowed course; and not a hope gleams upon you from the future. But if, even *now*, you will bow the head, and accept the mercy of Jesus, yours, even to-day, will be every gift, and joy, and privilege, and blessing, which the divine fulness contains.

Yea, and to you who have been *already blessed* of Jesus, there are offered new and richer blessings. O house of Israel, man needs the whole Godhead! But the whole Godhead is yours. Reconciliation through the Son is needed; and *that* is yours. Joy in the Holy Ghost is needed; and *that* is yours. Shelter beneath the Father's wing is needed; and *that* is yours. Oh! you need much; but all that is needed is yours.

Yours, I say; but rather should I say *thine;* for, mark how sweetly personal is the style of our benediction. It is not, 'keep *you;*' it is not, be gracious unto *you;* it is not, give *you* peace. But it is, give '*thee*' peace; keep '*thee;*' be gracious unto '*thee.*' The eye of Jesus descries *each* believer, as if there were none beside, and his lips pronounce their very name. His hand rests, with all its efficacy to bless, upon their individual head; and He never mistakes Manasseh for Ephraim. Oh, what tenderness there is in this, on the part of Jesus! And to every believing soul what comfort should it impart! Apt are we to think that what is meant for all, is not designed for us. But Jesus would wish us to understand that He views us all apart—as Jacob did his sons; and that, as with the blessings of the patriarch, the blessings of his purchase also are not vaguely for the family at large, but distinctly for each member in particular.

Oh, then, believer, claim thy share in the High Priest's benediction; and be confident that, whatever other name is on our Aaron's breastplate, thine, at least, is engraven there. It is important to know that God encompasses all Israel. But it is abounding consolation to feel that God is acquainted with *my* individual case; and that God will provide for *my* peculiar wants; and that God will have respect to *my* special temptations; and that at *every* step of my way, under *every* burden of my cares, amid *every* tumult of my fears, He will keep his arm around *me*,—as if even this most destitute, infirm, troubled, weary *me* were the only spirit in his universe to be cared for! Hear, then, O man of God, every promise as spoken to *thee!* Embrace every joy, as sent to *thee;* welcome every blessing, as designed for *thee;* and *thou* wilt be at once a happier, and stronger, and holier believer.

IV. We have but to notice, in the last place, *the success* of our interceding High Priest.

Pointing to the great oblation, Jesus has implored, for the sake of it, all the fulness of redemption in behalf of his chosen. But scarce has the Mediator cried '*Bless,*' when a voice is heard saying, at ver. 27, '*I will bless them!*' It is 'the Amen' of Him who sits upon the throne —'Father,' Son, and Holy Ghost—sealing the request of Him who pleaded in our name. And very full is this response of the Triune Godhead.

It indicates unqualified assent to all that has been asked. For, answers the Godhead to our Advocate, 'I will *bless* them,' and they shall want nothing that my love can bestow. But there is also fixed determination in this response; and it declares that nothing will turn aside the Godhead from its purpose. 'I *will* bless!' There is, besides, an accent of eagerness in the response; for scarce has the voice of Jesus ceased to cry 'Bless,' when the voice of the Trinity is heard replying, '*I will.*' Then notice, lastly, that it is 'Jehovah himself' who makes known the answer. It is not to be left to the course of events; it shall not be entrusted to the arm of man; it shall not be confided to angels; but '*I*' shall arise, says Jehovah, and by my own zeal bring help to Israel.

Had the response gone no further than this, it would have been wonderfully 'gracious.' But it is added, '*And they shall put my name upon the sons of Israel.*' For Jehovah will not be satisfied until the believer, as the child of adoption, is proclaimed heir of God. To lose my own name, and receive that of another, implies a change in all my relations and all my prospects. I am henceforth unknown as to what I once was, and am only recognised according to the rank of him who has either made me his bride, or adopted me as his child. In like manner, when '*the name of God*' is put on the believer, all is forgotten that relates to his lineage, and poverty, and meanness, until the very angels wonder at him as the adopted son, nay, the chosen spouse of Jehovah. His previous rank as a sinner is no more spoken of; but he is loved and ministered to, as one whom 'the King delighteth to honour.'

The promise, you thus perceive, abounds over the petition. All that was asked is vouchsafed, but more by far. Honour is added to mercy; blessing is crowned with dignity. And the believer can feel sure that every gift with which the hands of Jesus are filled, must be his!

Ye have been for a moment within the veil, and seen the High Priest before the throne. The sin-offering has been slain, the blood has been sprinkled, and yonder is our Aaron lifting up his hands towards the people, waiting to bless. He is exalted to bless, and He is pledged to bless, and He longs to bless. His hands are

full of 'ascension-gifts;' He holds them up, so as to be seen of all; He stretches them over the walls of heaven, in his loving desire to bestow what we need. Let the thought, then, of a prevailing Advocate, and a propitious Godhead, be ever impressed upon your heart; and remember alike your privileges, your responsibility, and your hope.

Remember your *privileges*. God's people need all that God can bestow, to support them as they journey to their rest. They have no strength of their own, no joy in themselves. They must have Almightiness to sustain them, else they fall. They must have unerring Wisdom to guide them, else they miss their way. They must have boundless Love to gladden them, else they will be always sad. Ah! not one spiritual excellence can be ours, nor one spiritual feature; we cannot have spiritual thirst, nor spiritual satisfaction; we can have no spiritual tenderness, and no spiritual vigour, unless all is given us of God, through the mediation of our High Priest.

But lo! God is ready to 'bless;' and if we only commit ourselves to Him, we shall have all things. Art thou poor? art thou tempted? art thou sad? art thou anxious? art thou weary? Well, but be thy forebodings or thy trials what they may, place thyself under the uplifted hands of Jesus, and the voice of the Triune Godhead to thee is this, '*I will bless!*'

What *a Promiser!* Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, mutually pledged to one another, and all pledged to us! What *a promise!* You are in a world of snares; but there is safe-keeping in the promise. Your sins are ever accusing you; but there is atonement in the promise. You toil along a wilderness; but there is comfort in the promise. You often deplore the shades of unbelief falling on your soul; but there is light in the promise. You are forgotten and despised; but there is glory in the promise. Saints of the Most High, we are travelling to our kingdom, under escort of the Godhead. And what more do we need, even 'in this cloudy and dark day?'

But there is the same mercy for *unconverted ones*. At this moment ye are without fruit, and without water—dissatisfied and unprofitable. For what has a soul to live on, that has not God to feed it? But grace is grace still; free as the air you breathe, and seeking entrance by every avenue. Only know that 'by faith we are justified,' and, putting the work of Jesus in room of your own works, ye shall be reconciled to God. Only believe what God tells us of Christ, and you are saved. You are under the uplifted hands of Jesus—the hands once nailed to the cross, but now filled with gifts. Only believe what the Spirit testifies of Jesus, and every blessing shall be yours. The everlasting righteousness is yours, and the irrevocable pardon is yours. Access to God at all times is yours, and the witness of the Holy Ghost. Assurance is yours; peace is yours; holy freedom is yours; and the likeness of God is yours. Only believe in the Son of God, and all the earnests of heaven are yours; all the foretastes of bliss are yours; and in a little—a very little while—the inheritance of the kingdom is yours!

But remember your *responsibility*, beloved of God. Ye are debtors to that God who has put his own name upon you; and He bids you walk as the sons and daughters of a King. Not less are ye debtors to all around; and even as Jesus has blessed *you*, He expects that you seek to bless *others*. Oh then, brethren of the cross, be resolved that God shall be glorified, and men blessed in you. Every sinner is a curse. But be ye a fountain of blessing. Be your holy example a blessing; be your many prayers a blessing; be your constant faith a blessing; be your meek and quiet tenderness a blessing. Be a blessing in the house; and be a blessing in every place; and be a blessing all the day long. To bless was the work of Christ on earth; to bless is his work in heaven. And for what else are you and I in the world, redeemed and new-born, but to bless it?

Remember, lastly, your *hope*. Jesus is still a Priest; but not the humbled, toiling, painful Levite whom we saw, in sweat and wounds, in the outer court. 'He is a Priest upon his throne,' and reigns in heaven to 'bless.' It was not, however, till Aaron came out from the holiest, arrayed in his garments of beauty, that he caused the people 'to shout for joy' (Lev. ix. 22-24) in the abundance of his blessings. Once more, therefore, Jesus shall appear from behind the veil, and lift up his hands over this desolate world, to bless it, amid the hallelujahs of earth and heaven, with the blessing which no curse shall ever impair.

Friends of the Bridegroom, cherish this *hope*. Soon shall that blue firmament be riven like the temple-veil, and Jesus comes forth! No thorns are on his brow; no reed is in his hand; no cast-off robes of faded purple hang from his shoulders; but He wears the diadem of 'many crowns;' and as Heir of earth, sets up his throne amid the very scenes where once He was put to shame!

Unbelieving man! what an hour shall this be to you! Jesus come; but with no cross—only a sword! Jesus come; but for overthrow and vengeance—no longer for mercy! Man! man! found in thy guilt when Jesus comes, thou shalt see, and turn pale, and wonder, and perish!

But, *to the righteous*, oh what a hope lies in the assurance, Jesus comes! He comes with blessing; and we shall be blessed with all that our souls can enjoy. He comes in glory; and we shall share his glory. He comes as a royal Priest—the true Melchisedec; and we shall be 'kings and priests' in his everlasting kingdom.

Sunny Thoughts for Clouded Hours.

BY ZAIDA.

No. XII.

OLD AGE.

THERE are some trials in which we long for sympathy, and of which we can speak freely to those around us, and in doing so find help and comfort. But there is one trial whose approach is sorely dreaded; a trial which, when it does come, is keenly felt, and yet one which is rarely spoken of by those suffering from it; and for which, were sympathy given uninvited, it would be deemed by many a personal affront or unkindness—I mean the trial of old age.

And is it not somewhat strange, that although almost every one wishes to live to be old, yet that, as passing years warn them that old age cannot be very far distant, they put the subject away as quickly as possible, and try to forget the disagreeable fact?

Some are morbidly sensitive to its approach; while, to others, the fact that they are old, really old, steals upon them with almost startling suddenness. You, for instance, you who are reading these pages, were for years, it may be, wondering why the lamp gave so much less good light than it used to do. Then books were printed in so much clearer a type, and people spoke so much more distinctly; and it must be the weather that makes you feel so much more tired after your day's work than you were formerly.

But one evening, as you are resting in your arm-chair, the truth flashes upon you, with an overwhelming conviction that it *is* the truth: you are growing old; nay, you *are* old. The infirmities of age are creeping fast upon you, and they will increase. It is not the lamp, or the indistinct print, or the weather—it is yourself. And there is no help for it. Doctors can do nothing for you; their prescriptions would be useless. All the skill of man could not prevent your being older to-day than you were yesterday, and to-morrow than you are to-day.

And this, you think sadly, this is the old age to which every one wishes to attain! This is the goal which we pity people for not reaching! This is the 'fine old age' which people think so much about when they are young! Ah! if they knew what it really was, and what it must inevitably bring with it, would they so ardently desire a long life for themselves or others?

But there is a point in trouble, beyond or beneath which the kindest friend is most kind when he does not venture to penetrate. And there may be a loneliness in your heart at this moment, which you would shrink from having unveiled, even to those who love you best.

Be it so. But though 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness' (Prov. xiv. 10), there is *One* besides who knows it also, even Him who 'knoweth your frame, and remembereth that you are dust' (Ps. ciii. 14). He who said to Moses of his persecuted people, 'I know their sorrows' (Ex. iii. 3), knows yours. There is not a shrinking fear of the future, nor an undefined dread of what that future may bring you to, but it is known to Him, who, though 'He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names,' yet 'healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds' (Ps. cxlvii. 3, 4).

And has He not provided any comfort for you, under the circumstances which drew from the sweet Psalmist of Israel the plaintive cry, 'Leave me not in the time of old age: forsake me not when my strength faileth?' (Ps. lxxi. 9.) He has indeed. For, not content with the general assurance, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee' (Heb. xiii. 5), He has added the especial promise, so touchingly adapted to your need: 'Even to old age I am He, and to hoar hairs will I carry you' (Isa. xlvi. 4). Oh! is there not inexpressible tenderness in the thought? Our God will do for his aged ones just what He does to his lambs: 'He shall gather them with his arm, and carry them in his bosom' (Isa. xl. 11). Blessed resting-place! Do not the words irresistibly remind us of that other promise: 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort *you*?' (Isa. lxvi. 13.)

Do not, then, think so sadly of the trial of old age. He who has watched over you all your life through, will not fail you now. The eye of sense may indeed grow dim, but with the eye of faith you can look beyond the clouds, and 'see the King in his beauty, and behold the land that is very far off' (Isa. xxxiii. 17). And though the loving voices of those who tenderly minister to your wants, may sometimes fall unheeded on your deafened ear, and failing memory may seek in vain to recall the past, the still small voice of your Saviour shall cheer your lonely hours, and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter—He who delights in taking of the things of Jesus, and showing them to his people,—shall bring to your remembrance one precious promise after another, on which your weary heart may rest.

And more than this: He whose 'strength is made perfect in weakness' (2 Cor. xii. 9), and who can enable his people to 'glory even in tribulation' (Rom. v. 3), shall fill your heart with such full and blessed 'joy and peace in believing' (Rom. xv. 13), that you shall experi-

ence the truth of the poet's words, and thankfully exclaim:

'Nor *does* dull age, as worldlings say,
The heavenward flame annoy;
The Saviour cannot pass away,
And with Him lives our joy.

Ever the richest, tenderest glow,
Sets round the autumnal sun;
But there sight fails; no heart may know
The bliss when life is done.'

CONTINUAL GUIDANCE.

You tell me that you are sorely tried just now; that you are almost blind as to the future, and that the little you can see looks steep and rugged; that you have asked God to make your way plain, but that He has not done so; and that you are weary, and anxious, and perplexed.

Trying indeed I can well believe such a position to be, and yet not wholly trying; for, are you not exactly in the very circumstances in which you may venture to claim the fulfilment of that precious promise, which, as I think of you, seems so peculiarly suited to your case, that I almost feel as if I had never before really entered into, or understood its fulness and its beauty: 'I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them?' (Isa. xlii. 16.)

You are blind indeed, and not only blind, but the path that lies before you is new and untrodden. Humanly speaking, your past life was so different from that which now seems to lie before you, that neither experience nor habit can lessen your difficulties. Even a blind person can find his way tolerably well about the house in which he has long lived; but place him in one unknown and unfamiliar, and there would be not only difficulty but danger in allowing him to wander about alone. But consider your position at its worst—that you are not only blind, but are placed in an unknown path, is there not comfort, comfort deep and full, in the promise I have quoted, 'I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known?' Many a traveller has been lost amid the mountain passes of Switzerland from the negligence or ignorance of their guide; but they who follow the guidance of the Lord Jesus shall never perish. The path so new to you has all been trodden by Him: well He knows its dangers and his difficulties; well He knows your weakness and your weariness. Very gently and tenderly will He lead you along; often will He refresh you with a draught of the pure river of the water of life; and when the road is too steep or too rough for you to walk in, 'He will gather you with his arms, and carry you in his bosom' (Isa. xl. 11). When, therefore, He whispers, 'I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known,' will you not fearlessly entrust yourself to his guidance, saying—

'Forth into the darkness passing,
Nothing can I hear or see,
Save the hand outstretched to guide me,
And the voice that calls to me,
"I will bring the blind by pathways
That they knew not, nor have known;"
'Tis a way untried, untrodden,
But I shall not walk alone.

He who leads me knows the pathway,
Every step himself has planned,
Sees the end from the beginning.
Let me only see his hand,
I will walk into the darkness,
Shrink not, but with patience wait:
"Darkness shall be light before them,
And the crooked shall be straight?"'

Yes, not only will He guide you safely by a way you have not known, but as you follow Him and say, 'O Lord, I cannot see, vouchsafe me light,' He will answer by 'making darkness light before you, and crooked things straight.' If you follow Him closely, you shall find ere long that your perplexities have vanished, and difficulties, that seemed impossibilities, have been removed.

But though this were much, yet your loving heart feels that it would not be enough if, after having been led safely and tenderly over a rough and thorny path, your guide was to leave you. 'I am always glad,' said little Mabel, 'when we come to a steep hill, for then papa takes me up in his arms and carries me.' But, oh! none but those who have experienced it can tell the rest, and peace, and joy, that it is to have the Lord Jesus for a Guide; only they can tell how *really* He holds their hand, or carries them in the everlasting arms; only they can say that they would rather be led by Him along a rough path, than go alone along a smooth one. But do not fear. Little Mabel's father had often to leave her, deep and true as was his love, and great as was his joy in being with her; but in tender consideration to your heart's instinctive fear of losing Him, *your* Guide adds, 'These things will I do unto them,'—in addition to, or beside all this —'*and* not forsake them.' Oh no, in joy as in sorrow, in sunshine as in shade, you need a guide, and you shall have one, for elsewhere it is written, 'The Lord shall guide thee continually' (Isa. lviii. 11). Moment by moment your heart is saying, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? where wilt Thou have me to go?' and, moment by moment, you are receiving an answer, sometimes by a glance of his eye (Ps. xxxii. 8); sometimes by the voice of his Spirit, saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it' (Isa. xxx. 21); or yet again, by the mark of his footprints, for 'He has left us an example, that we should follow his steps' (1 Pet. ii. 21).

Would you, then, even if you could, have all your future so clearly and plainly marked out, that you would not need to have your Saviour as your Guide? Oh no, you would not like to walk alone, even if you could do so with safety; you would not like to have no need of prayer, no need to ask for counsel or advice from Him who is the Mighty Counsellor, and 'in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge' (Col. ii. 3). Rather you rejoice in the necessity that keeps the Lord Jesus ever beside you; you

are glad to think that you perpetually require his help; for surely, if in his actual presence alone there is fulness of joy, our present measure of it must be exactly in proportion as we are enabled to realize that presence by faith. And He must be very near, and always near, in order to guide us continually, as He has so graciously promised to do. However dimly, then, you may see your way, or however beset with dangers and difficulties that way may be, will you not say with simple, childlike confidence and trust—

'Lead the way, Lord, where Thou pleasest,
Only keep me close to Thee,
Craving not to see the distant,
Well content that Thou dost see.
Have I not my all committed
To thy keeping long ago?
Knowing Him whom I have trusted,
More I do not seek to know.

Teach me still the priceless lesson:
"Walk by faith and not by sight;"
Give a childlike heart to trust Thee,
Waiting for the perfect light.
Every step in all the journey
Shall reveal thy care and love,
When with opened eyes I trace it
From the radiant heights above?'

'UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING.'

I cannot help thinking that you have made a serious and a sad mistake in supposing that, because you are laid aside by illness from the ordinary routine of duty and business, you are therefore, as you express it, 'unable to do anything for either God or man.'

It is true that we value a machine in proportion to the quantity of work which it accomplishes; but we do not love it, we are not grateful to it; it is a mere matter of business, that does not in any way touch our hearts; and the only thing we think of in reference to it is, how to get the greatest amount of work done, with the least possible trouble and expense.

But men and women are not machines, and I think we could hardly say anything more painful of any one, than that he did his work like a machine, and did not put his heart to it. However well he might do his work, you would hardly like to have him as your servant; you would rather have a person who did less work, but who did his best, who was continually thinking of how you would like it to be done; in fact, who did it, as the apostle says, '*heartily*' (Col. iii. 23).

And you, I think, you can do a great deal for others, though not perhaps in the way you imagine. You cannot, indeed, bear another's burden by carrying it in your feeble hands; but are not the heaviest, the most crushing burdens, those that you may bear by carrying them *in your heart*, and lightening them by true and tender sympathy? You may not be able to prevent a friend suffering a grievous sorrow; but is it nothing to cheer him under it with words of love and hope? You may not be able to perform many acts of kindness for others; but may you not gladden those who perform them for you, by grateful thanks and keen appreciation? You may be wholly unable to visit the poor or the sick; but surely you may be amongst the 'blessed' ones who 'consider' them (Ps. xli. 1), while others can carry out the plans formed as the result of your considerations. Yes, there is a sense, a blessed sense, in which idleness and uselessness are as little appointed by God for his suffering people here, as in that 'happy land,' where they shall 'serve Him night and day in his temple' (Rev. vii. 15).

When Charlie Wellwood was quite a baby, he lost the use both of his hands and feet in a severe illness; he was in consequence utterly helpless, and continued to be so all his life. He could not dress himself, or feed himself, or even turn in bed without assistance. 'What a dreadful burden to his poor mother!' people used to say. But his mother did not think so. She had three sons and one daughter younger than Charlie; but he was her favourite amongst them all. Night and day she was never weary of attending him; and even after her husband's death, which took place when Charlie was about ten years old, and made a great change in her circumstances, she seemed only to cling to him the more.

No matter how worried she was, or how troubled, a few minutes with her helpless boy seemed to rest and cheer her in a way that nothing else did. He could never do anything for her, in one sense, not even run a message, and yet she used to say that he was such a help and comfort to her, that she did not know what she would do without him. The secret of it was that he loved her intensely; and this love made him wonderfully quick, helpless though he was himself, in helping her.

He had a tiny little room of his own, with a cheerful window, and there he used to lie all the day long on his bed, except occasionally, when he used to be well enough to be dressed, and put in an arm-chair for a few hours. He was marvellously patient, or rather, far more than patient, for he had indeed been 'strengthened with all might, according to his (God's) glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering *with joyfulness*' (Col. i. 11); so that his mother used to call him her lesson-book, and say that, whenever she was inclined to fret and murmur about anything, the thought of Charlie's patience would make her ashamed, he had so much more to bear than she had.

With the other children his influence was unbounded. The thought that it would grieve 'poor sick Charlie,' stopped many a quarrel, and made the little hands raised in anger fall again without the intended blow having been given. Every childish sorrow was confided to him; every plan for the future laid before him for advice. Even his mother hardly knew how much trouble she was saved, and how many quiet hours she enjoyed, through Charlie's power of amusing the children. His stories seemed inexhaustible; and he had a great gift of planning pleasures for others; while his gratitude for any little kindness shown to himself was most touching. And then he was so full of sympathy. He could be sorry for everything that made others sad; from the broken toy, or the cut finger of one of the children, to his mother's serious

anxiety as to how she could best educate her boys. Nor was it only with sorrow that he could sympathize. He could 'rejoice with them that did rejoice,' as heartily as he could 'weep with them that weep' (Rom. xii. 15). Who was half so glad as Charlie if the day fixed for a holiday to be spent in the woods, or by the sea-side, was fine? Who rejoiced so much when one of his brothers gained the prize at school, or was considered the best hand at cricket in the whole neighbourhood? As he grew older he seemed wise beyond his years; so that Mrs. Wellwood used to say, that God had given him to her to take the place of the husband she had lost, while his brothers and sisters loved him with the most devoted affection.

His patience and cheerfulness were rewarded by the kindness and thoughtfulness of every one in the house. Even the strong, hardy boys, who hardly knew what it was to be sick, even for a day, would lower their voices, and go softly down stairs, not to disturb 'poor Charlie' if he had a bad headache. Eagerly were the first spring flowers watched for, that they might adorn Charlie's table; and the first ripe fruit was a treasure far too great for any one but him. In sorrow and in joy his room was the place where, as a matter of course, they all went to tell their tale. While his very helplessness, added to his power of identifying himself so thoroughly with all that concerned them, made them listen to advice or warning from him, that they would have scoffed at from any one else; and by being the confidant of all their school adventures, he saved them from many a trouble, and their mother from much anxiety and sorrow.

Thus things went on peacefully and happily, till Willie, the boy next in age to Charlie, was grown up, and got a situation of forty pounds a year, which was to be gradually increased. What riches this forty pounds seemed to him! and what wonderful plans were unfolded in strict secrecy to Charlie, as to how it was to be spent! After much deliberation as to whether the first quarter's salary would look best in a single note, or ten sovereigns, they decided that the note would look grandest; so it was arranged that Willie was to give it unbroken to his mother—the first money he had ever earned.

The three months seemed very long in coming to an end; but at length they passed, and when Willie came home on the evening of the quarter day, with pride and joy he gave the ten pounds to his mother, as they were all sitting in Charlie's room.

A ten pound note was a rarity in that house, and it was passed from one to another to be admired. Mrs. Wellwood was very unwilling to take it, though it gladdened her heart that Willie wanted her to do so; but he would take no refusal, so she was obliged to accept it. Great talk there was then as to how it was to be spent; for she was determined that, after one pound had been laid aside for the orphan society, as a thankoffering, the remainder should be shared amongst every one in the house. A print for Charlie was the first thing decided on, the only dissenting voice being his own, which, as Willie said, went for nothing; but before anything else could be arranged, he looked so flushed and weary that his mother sent every one away, and after settling him comfortably, said she would leave him quite alone for an hour or two, after all the excitement.

When she returned, she found him weeping bitterly, a thing so unusual, that she was quite alarmed, as, stooping down, and kissing him tenderly, she asked him what was the matter.

'Oh, mother,' he said, 'I cannot help it. It is breaking my heart to think that, as long as I live, I can never do anything for you. Oh! I *wish* I could get strong and well, that I might work for you like Willie.'

'My poor boy,' said his mother, while her own tears flowed fast, 'you must not say that you can never do anything for me. You surely do not measure the value of a child by the amount of money he may earn? Willie's ten pounds is very precious as a proof of his love, and self-denial, and steadiness; but who, under God, has been the means of making him what he is? Who dissuaded him from going to sea, when he would not listen to my advice, because he thought it was dictated by foolish and unreasonable fears? Who encouraged him to persevere in reading for his examination, when, in consequence of his long illness, he had lost so much time, as to make the possibility of his passing seem almost hopeless? Who checked his impetuous spirit, and fostered his diligence? Who so lovingly made him take the place and position of the eldest brother, to try the effect that the feeling of responsibility would have on his too volatile character, and with such a happy result? Oh, Charlie, if it was only for what you have been to him, and the other boys, and Minna, I would feel that you are the greatest blessing that I have. What you have been to me personally, I could never tell you. I do not know how I could have borne my heavy trials without your ready help. Your love and sympathy have cheered me through many a dark and cloudy day, while your cheerfulness has made me ashamed to murmur at my lesser privations. In fact, darling, you are so precious to me, that I am afraid you make me selfish. Very often, when I think of the others growing up, and having homes of their own, I cannot help thanking God that my sick boy will be with me always. I can never be lonely while I have you, my comfort and my resting-place; and I feel that if it had pleased God to have given you health and strength, you could hardly have been as great, and certainly not a greater blessing than you are, now that you are lying helpless on your sick-bed.'

Charlie was satisfied. It was only for the sake of the mother who had done so much for him, that the thought of his helplessness troubled him; and now that her cheering words had given him yet another proof of the truth of the words that '*all* things work together for good to them that love God' (Rom. viii. 28), he was contented and happy.

But you say, 'My circumstances are not like Charlie's. I cannot do as he did.'

Certainly not. No two persons' circumstances are ever exactly similar; but surely we must believe that, in whatever position Charlie might have been placed, his loving heart, guided by 'the wisdom that cometh from above,' and which is so freely offered to all who wish for it (James iii. 17, and i. 5), would have found ways of being a help and comfort to those around him. For those who have 'a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize,' there will always be 'a work of lowly love to do.'

But, again, do you say, 'Even though I might be able to do something for those around, I do not see anything that I could do for God?'

Do you not? Then I think you have forgotten that in ministering to his people, we minister to Him. Has not He himself assured us that it is so, in these blessed words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *me*?' (Matt. xxv. 45.) And, besides this, I think there is direct work for Him that may be done even on your sofa. The following anecdote will tell you of one kind. You will easily find others yourself.

Some time ago a clergyman went to see a great invalid, to whom 'wearisome nights,' and wearisome days too, had for years been 'appointed' (Job vii. 3). 'I was thinking of you as I came along,' he said kindly, as he sat down beside her, 'in connection with two verses that struck me very much this morning.'

The invalid looked up brightly, expecting that he would repeat some precious promise. But he did not. He read these words from the 147th Psalm: 'He delighteth not in the strength of the horse; He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in them that hope in his mercy.'

'Now,' he continued, 'I think these verses ought to be full of comfort to you. I think the first plainly shows that in mere active work, *as such*, the Lord takes no pleasure. We may go all over the world, and seem to be very busy for Him, and yet He may not take any pleasure in what we do. Active work is indeed a great joy and a great privilege when we do it *as* God would have us, and *when* God would have us. But the next verse shows that, however set aside from active work, and however complete our incapacity for it may be, we may still do what will please the Lord, for "the Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in his mercy."'

After speaking of fear as the fear of a loving child for a kind father, whom he fears to grieve or to offend, he went on: 'I believe we are apt to think of hope too exclusively as regards its effects on ourselves; but if I had promised to give you something that you would very much like to have, would it not be a great pleasure to me to know that you were watching for it, expecting it, thinking of it, hoping for it? And so, when God makes us a promise (we would not dare to use the expression, but that He does so himself) it gives Him pleasure when we hope for its fulfilment, for He "taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in his mercy."'

Very often did this thought bring joy and comfort to the invalid. I pray that it may do so now to you. Oh! never imagine that you cannot do anything for God, while, through the operation of his Holy Spirit, you can fear and you can hope. Cultivate these graces to the utmost, for surely angels, or archangels, could not desire a greater or more glorious service than that of giving pleasure to the Lord of heaven and earth.

HOW A RAGGED SCHOOL COMMENCED.

THE kitchen at Burton Parsonage excelled all the kitchens *I* ever saw. It was a delightful place. Such closets and presses; such snowy dressers and tables; such rows of glittering crockery; such a huge, hospitable-looking range, with roomy ovens, suggestive of all sorts of good things! Comfort gleamed from the shining brass knobs on the doors, flashed from the bright dish-covers that hung on the wall, laughed in the well-polished fender, and, in its joyous exuberance, went careering up the chimney in long tongues of flame.

This jolly old kitchen was lighted by one large mullioned window, broad, but low. Thriving pots of musk, two or three clumsy-looking cactuses, and a brisk little rose-tree ornamented the sill; whilst underneath ran a wide, cushioned seat. Near to the window stood a table; and on the Saturday morning of which I am writing, it was a very attractive table too. There was a bladder of lard, and a dish of delicious golden butter, and some seductive white jars. To think of the contents makes one's mouth water, after nineteen years! We will only hint, in passing, at 'strawberry jam' and 'lemon cheesecake.' There was a bowl of milk, and a wire basket of fresh eggs, and a basin of sugar; a pastry-board, and a rolling-pin—the latter in active operation. I think I see her now, that sweet lady, who, with the sleeves of her delicate print wrapper turned back, was so deftly using that rolling-pin. She was about fifty, and wore her soft, prematurely white hair drawn back from her noble brow. Her whole face was expressive of goodness and refinement. She was not one of your modern fine ladies, who are ashamed to know how potatoes look before they are cooked, and who fancy that the essence of ladyhood lies in utter ignorance of all domestic knowledge. Mrs. Grayson belonged to the old school. Dignified she always was; but there was also a spice of stateliness in her manner, which effectually checked any undue familiarity. No doubt you will think she pushed her domestic notions too far. 'Her husband' might be 'known in the gate' from the whiteness of his linen. No clergyman in the diocese, not even the bishop, could boast more spotless

bands and collars, cravats and wristbands; but then she would never trust the 'getting up' of these important appendages to hired hands. Yet she did not put all her energies of body and mind into the starching of linen and the making of pies, though she was busy enough with the latter that same Saturday morning.

'Holloa, missus! doa yo want ony tins?'

'Dear me, child, how you startled me! You should *knock* at the door, and ask nicely, and then, perhaps, you would sell more tins. Now you must go out, and I will shut the door, and you must knock—so; then, when I open the door, you must say, '*If you please*, do you want anything to-day?'

The child thus addressed was quite a little boy, not more than six or seven years of age. His clothing was scanty and ragged, and his hands and face were not scrupulously clean. He wore no hat, and his little head seemed a perfect mop of tangled curls, which lay on his shoulders when he lifted up to Mrs. Grayson's gaze those wonderful, confiding, childish blue eyes of his. He was so long in knocking, that Mrs. Grayson began to fear he had run away. Presently the silence was broken by a timid rat-tat, upon which the door was immediately opened.

'Please, missus, doa yo want anything in my way, think yo?'

Mrs. Grayson was so amused with his quaint, old-fashioned manner, as not to be able to reply directly. He eagerly continued—

'They's vary good uns, missus; real strong. These skewers, now, is real good skewers, and vary cheap: look at 'em!'

'Well, I think I must take these. How much do you ask for them?'

'Thrippence, missus; I can't take no less than that. I only gets a halfpenny for every bunch I sells.'

Whilst Mrs. Grayson was feeling in her pocket for coppers, she asked—

'What is your name, and where do you live?'

'Johnny, missus; and we live nowheres; we're on tramp.'

'Did you ever go to Sunday school?'

'Noa: what is't?'

'It is where kind people teach little boys and girls to read God's book—the Bible, you know—and where they are taught about God.'

'Whose him, missus?'

'Did you never hear about God, Johnny?'

'Not as I knows on.'

A look of sad yearning stole over Mrs. Grayson's countenance. The snowdrops had only twice bloomed above the little grave where her only son was buried. As she gazed at this little neglected boy, she pictured that other bright-haired, blue-eyed child, who had so early learned to lisp 'Our Father' with loving confidence. A thought entered her mind; and, being an impulsive woman, she acted upon it.

'Have you any mother, Johnny?'

'Yes, and a little sister—littler than me.'

'Well, now, to-morrow will be Sabbath. You ask mother to wash you well, and send you to me. You can come in the morning, about nine o'clock. We go to church at eleven; so, if you do not come early, you must wait till afternoon. Do you hear?'

'Yes, missus; I'll be sure and come.'

Mrs. Grayson finished her pie-making in a very pre-occupied state of mind. She afterwards went to a little room, and, shutting the door, unlocked a box, which contained many precious mementoes of her lost darling. She selected socks and shoes, a Holland blouse and belt, and a child's linen collar. With what loving, tender hands she starched and ironed that little collar! How carefully she arranged the bow of black ribbon in the button-hole! Her step was as light and her voice as cheerful as ever; but who could count those tears that fell silently as the dew? This mother's grief was no selfish, mawkish, sentimental emotion. It was a quiet, deep, fruitful, because a sanctified sorrow, which came upon her chastened heart like 'rain on the mown grass.' Her heart, instead of being a reservoir of concentrated affection, became a fountain, sending forth fertilizing streams of sympathy, of which many drank and were glad.

Sabbath morning came, but no Johnny. About three in the afternoon, when the servants had gone out, and the house was still, Mrs. Grayson spied her *protégé* creeping shyly along by the garden wall, as if half ashamed of being seen. She went into the kitchen, and opened the door for him.

'Well, Johnny, there's a good boy! What a nice clean face! Now, I'm going to make you a tidy little boy, whilst you stay with me.'

She then proceeded to invest him with socks and shoes, blouse and collar, talking to him the while. She found he had not come in the morning because his mother would not get up to wash him, or give him any breakfast. At length, in despair, he had gone to a good-natured neighbour, who had scrubbed him well all over.

'And did Mrs. Jones give you any breakfast?'

'No.'

'Have you had *anything* to eat to-day, Johnny?'

'No, missus. Mother was a-getting of it ready when I came off; but I was feared you'd think I wasn't coming.'

On learning this, Mrs. Grayson brought him a large cup of milk, and some bread. It made the tears come into her eyes to see how eagerly he ate it. He broke the bread in two pieces, and was putting one part into his ragged little pocket, when Mrs. Grayson asked—

'Why do you do that?'

'Oh, missus, it's for Lizzie; it's so good!'

'Eat all you want, my dear,' replied Mrs. Grayson, 'and I will give you some to take for Lizzie.'

When the meal was concluded, Mrs. Grayson felt some difficulty in commencing. She wished to offer prayer, but felt she must first explain who the Great Being was whose blessing they were about to ask. She began by asking Johnny if he liked flowers, and birds, and butterflies, and if he had ever seen the stars shining at night; and having interested him, she told him that God in heaven made them, and took care of them, and loved them; and that He loved Johnny, and wanted him to be a good boy, and love Him, and his dear Son Jesus Christ, for

whose sake God was willing to forgive her and him everything they had ever done that was naughty; only they must try and not vex Him any more. She told him of God's presence; that his eye was on him then; that He could hear all she was saying to him.

'Can He see us now, missus?'

'Yes; He is everywhere.'

'Is He in this room?'

'Yes.'

'Is He in yon?' (pointing to a door that led into the scullery.)

'Yes.'

Sinking his voice to a whisper, he asked—

'May I go in and look?'

'Yes, you may go in; but you cannot see Him, though He can see you.'

Cautiously advancing on tiptoe, he peered into the scullery, and returned quite mystified to his teacher, saying—

'Tell Him to give o'er looking at me; I'd as lief He didn't!'

'But He is your friend, and loves you, and He wants to do you good; and how can He, if He doesn't look at you, to see what you need?'

'Wab'but I cannot see Him,' said Johnny, going back to the old difficulty.

Mrs. Grayson remembered Charlotte Elizabeth's attempt with her dumb boy, and resolved to take a leaf out of her book.

'You cannot see God, Johnny, until you die. Can you tell me what it is that moves that large tree in the garden?'

'Why, the wind, to be sure; it very nigh blowed me over as I was coming!'

'Can you *see* the wind, Johnny?'

'Noa; but I can feel it, though.'

'Well, God is like the wind. You cannot *see* Him, but you can learn to *feel* his presence, and rejoice in it.'

And so the lesson went on; and, at its close, Mrs. Grayson knelt in prayer, and Johnny, for the first time in his young life, bent his knee to Him who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

The lesson being over, Mrs. Grayson proceeded to divest her pupil of his blouse and collar, telling him she would keep them for him till next Sabbath, if he would come again. She hardly liked to take off the socks and shoes, and send him out, in the keen March wind, with his little naked feet. Seeing her about to leave them on, Johnny said—

'Nay, you'd best take 'em off, missus; they'll very like go to "pop" if you don't.'

Mrs. Grayson thought so too; so off they came, and Johnny was soon trotting home,—made happy with a large piece of cake for himself, and another for 'Lizzie.' Week after week passed, till the spring brightened into summer, and each Sabbath found Johnny and Mrs. Grayson in the kitchen, reading and talking of Him who careth for the falling sparrow: how much more, then, for 'one of these little ones?'

At length, towards the close of July, the child called to say 'good-bye.' Teacher and scholar were sorry to part; but Mrs. Grayson was not surprised. Indeed, she rather wondered the family had remained so long in the place.

'I'm very much obliged to you for teaching me. If ever we come here again, I'll be sure to come and see you; and I'll not forget what you've said to me.'

And as he turned away, the sweet eyes looked wistfully back, and each saw the other through tears. And so Johnny turned sadly into the hot July sunshine; but, you may depend upon it, he did not forget the sweet lady at Burton Parsonage.

Again weeks passed away. Autumn's rich fruitage was gathered in, and the bleak winds of October had stripped the woods of their gorgeous robes. The dismal rains and sullen fogs of November had set in. The gloomier and darker it grew outside, the more cozy and inviting became that delightful old kitchen, as its well-polished furniture winked and glowed in the ruddy firelight.

Mrs. Grayson had been nodding for some time, as she sat by the drawing-room fire with a book in her hands, which she believed she was reading. She was thoroughly roused by the sudden entrance of her daughter, who exclaimed—

'Mamma, here's Johnny; and he's brought six more boys with him!'

It was quite true. When Mrs. Grayson reached the kitchen, there stood Johnny, with a face all smiles, and behind him half a dozen other lads, all bigger than himself, exhibiting different degrees of sheepishness, and all more or less astonished at their leader's daring in putting out his hand to shake hands with 'the lady.' With the exception of Johnny, none of them were very clean; and all were ragged, stockingless, and shoeless.

'Yo see I've comed back, missus, and I've brought these here six others. I thought, maybe, yo'd like to teach them what yo've taught me.'

'I am pleased to see you again, Johnny; and I shall be very glad to teach your friends, if they are willing to learn.'

Mrs. Grayson had a peculiar gift for dealing with children; and she soon had, in these little roughs, a most attentive class. After their departure, she thought long and prayerfully. Burton was a densely populated manufacturing town. There were hundreds of ragged, neglected children swarming its streets. Sabbath schools there were in abundance, but none for such wretched little outcasts as these. Thought led to earnest effort; and, before the first snow covered the tombstones in Burton churchyard, a room had been taken and fitted up, and a 'ragged school' formed, of which Johnny and his six friends were the first scholars. It is nineteen years ago, but the school still flourishes. It seldom numbers fewer than 200 in attendance; but it will not be till the last great day that the good accomplished can be fully estimated. Who will not be encouraged to 'sow by all waters?' Who will withhold the scattering hand in the morning, or restrain it in the evening, seeing we know not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether God will make 'both alike good?'

A CONFIDENT CLAIM TESTED.

T was after a long and sore conflict with the enemy of souls and desponding thoughts, also after much earnest prayer, that the Psalmist came to a comfortable conclusion, th much confidence laid his claim before aying, '*But I have trusted in thy mercy*' ii. 5).

cely anything is more common than for s to put in some such claim as this. If t much the beds of sick and dying people, k to many in health, we shall be sure to very general acknowledgment of sin, and e in God's mercy. The reply often is: I do pray to God; I trust in his mercy; ope all will be right at last.'

us endeavour to bring some of those who this claim to the test of truth. It will h better for persons to do this now, while unity is given for mistakes to be rectified, o find out that all is indeed wrong, when o late to begin aright.

t comes a person who scarcely pays any to the externals of religion. He seldom any place of worship; spends the Lord's work, or sleep, or pleasure; yet he says, as good as many who make a great to do religion. I do not believe that God made condemn me. He is a merciful God; and ot think so ill of Him, as to suppose that l cast me, or any of his creatures, in a f misery for ever!' Such an one hopes l's mercy without any warrant from his yea, in defiance of all its awful threaten- There is the Bible, from which alone we arn anything about God's mercy. That peaks also very largely and plainly about misery, and shows clearly the way of

The heavens, the earth, the sea, the , the sun, the stars, all say God is great ise; but they are all silent as regards toward sinners. But hark! the Bible : 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and righteous man his thoughts, and let him to the Lord, and He will have mercy im, and to our God, and He will abun- pardon.' But it says also, that those who t return to God, nor forsake their own ts, can have no interest in God's mercy, all be punished with everlasting destruc- om the presence of the Lord, and from ry of his power.'

cond comes forward and says, 'I go to e of worship regularly; I pay my way ly, and occasionally do a kind turn for a our; but I do not puzzle my head about ctrines of the gospel, nor care to talk religion. I think that all good-living, honest people are bound safe for heaven, and that only those who are very wicked and profane have any reason to fear. I do my best. God is merciful, and I have no fear.'

To such an one we say, 'What you speak of is well *as far as it goes;* but your hopes are altogether false. God's mercy will not help you, because you leave Christ out of your creed, and have not his blood in your conscience, nor his love in your heart. Be you sure that God has no mercy for those who despise Christ, unless they cease to do so. Only those who so feel their lost and miserable state, as to fly to Christ for safety and blessing, will be owned by a God of mercy. Ponder two scriptures: "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we may be saved." "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema"—that is, accursed, devoted to destruction.'

A third person speaks very fair indeed; but we must test him also by the touchstone of truth. 'It is true,' he says, 'that no one who overlooks Christ can be saved. Only his blood cleanseth from sin. I read my Bible; I know it well. Salvation is all of grace; our own works cannot save us.' True; but is yours a living faith? Does it produce love, and lead to holiness? What about your conduct? Have not many been stumbled by your loud talking and unholy walking? Your trust in God's mercy is as vain as the rest, for your religion is 'without fruit.' Read again the words of Jesus: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven.' 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'

A fourth comes, with the Bible in his hand, Christ in his heart, and holiness in his life. He says, '"I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." I know no name but the name of Jesus. God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven me; and I desire now to walk in love, and to be an imitator of God. I renounce all my works; I rely only on Jesus. I desire to serve Him, and pant to be like Him. I can, through the teachings of the Holy Spirit, look up *to God*, and say *to* Him, and not merely *before* Him, "I have trusted in thy mercy."' Happy, favoured soul, you may safely add, 'My soul shall rejoice in thy salvation.' Such a *truster* is blessed now, and shall never be confounded; for it is written, 'Blessed are all they that trust in Him.' Leaning on God's mercy, as manifested in Christ, such an one may say, with a triumphant truster, 'I know whom I have trusted, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that I have committed to Him against that day.'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

JOHN VII. 37.

HERE we note—(1) The time; (2) The place; (3) The Giver; (4) The gift; (5) The persons; (6) The love.

I. *The time.*—The last and great day of the Feast of Tabernacles, when Israel's joy was fullest—at least in appearance and expression; just when men would have thought there was least need of any other joy, and no propriety in diverting their minds from the scene before them; when many days of religious service would have seemed quite enough to fill them. Just then the voice is heard, and the message strikes on their ear, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.'

II. *The place.*—Jerusalem—the temple. What need of anything else than what that temple afforded? Was not David's experience still true, 'How amiable are thy tabernacles!' 'I was glad when they said to me?' Besides, the temple was now filled with crowds, and a scene was enacting in its courts of striking aspect. The Levite was now bringing in the water from Siloam in the golden pitcher, or pouring it on the sacrifice; and Israel was about to burst forth in one loud shout of joy. Imposing scene and place!

III. *The Giver.*—It is the Son of God who stands up in the midst of these ten thousands, with something in his hand for them—something which He counts worthy of their acceptance. The Giver is divine and heavenly; not merely a prophet or teacher sent from God, but the Son of God himself, who knew what they needed, and what He had to give; who saw into their hearts, had sounded their depths of emptiness, had measured the intensity of their thirst. He is himself God's gift, yet He is also Giver; the dispenser of a fulness which is absolutely infinite. To *himself* He turns their eye—here, as always elsewhere: 'Come unto *me*.' They were dealing with other things or persons; He bids them deal with himself. Feasts, altars, sacrifices, doctrines, ceremonies, were all in vain; they must deal with himself.

IV. *The gift.*—Living water; something wherewith to quench their thirst—the Holy Spirit. Here is a gift in Christ's hands for them; a divine gift from a divine Giver; a gift sufficient to fill the soul of the emptiest, to quench the thirst of the thirstiest; a gift not only great enough to fill them, but to overflow upon others; a gift personal, infinite, free. There are two gifts of God which stand aloft and alone in their priceless greatness—the gift of his Son, the gift of his Spirit; both of these presented to man, pressed upon him: 'If thou knewest the gift of God, thou wouldst have asked, and He would have given thee living water.'

V. *The persons.*—Who are they who need this living water? Not heathens, not profane and irreligious, but *Jews*,—religious Jews,—engaged in the worship of God, at one of their most joyful feasts. This is remarkable. In the fourth chapter, it is to the Samaritan that He presents the cup of living water. In the book of the Revelation, it is presented indiscriminately to all, Jew and Gentile; so also in the fifty-fifth of Isaiah. But here it is to the Jew—the religious Jew. He is the thirsty one; he needs living water. His rites, and feasts, and sacrifices cannot fill him nor quench his thirst. He has still a deep void within,—an intense thirst, which calls for something more spiritual and divine. It is not, then, to the idolatrous Pagan that the Lord speaks; not merely to the lover of pleasure or lust; the heedless sinner. It is to the men who frequent the sanctuary; who pray and praise outwardly; who go to the Lord's table. It is to them He speaks. Perhaps the thirstiest of our race are to be found among our so-called religious men; and I do not mean the hypocrite or Pharisee, but those who, with devout conscientiousness, attend to what are called religious duties in all their parts. They go through the whole round and routine of service, but they are not happy. They are still thirsty and weary. This external religiousness helps to pacify conscience, but it does not make them happy. Sabbath comes after Sabbath, and finds them in their place in the sanctuary; but they are not happy. It is a form or a performance; an empty vessel. They are just where they were. There are multitudes of such in our day, in our churches, at our communion tables. To them Jesus speaks: 'If any man thirst, let him come to *me* and drink.' Duties, ceremonies, etc., cannot make you happy. They are a weariness. They leave you often more thirsty than before. But deal with Jesus, as God's gift, as the dispenser of God's gift: you will find in Him the fountain of living water.

VI. *The love.*—It is all love, from first to last. In love Jesus stands up and speaks. In love He presents the full vessel of living water, and presses it to their parched lips. Here is the love that passeth knowledge; love yearning over unhappy man, and pitying his unhappiness. Come ye to the waters! Come, and quench your thirst! Come, and be full! Come, and be happy for evermore!

ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.*

BY THE REV. H. T. HOWAT, LIVERPOOL.

1 KINGS xviii. 8-24.—B.C. 909 TO 907.

'IT came to pass that the brook dried.' There can be no doubt that the feelings of Elijah would be very peculiar as he saw the Cherith lessening day after day, while possibly the very name of the streamlet, which in the original Hebrew means 'drought,' only tended to deepen his sense of alarm.

A preliminary question arises. Could not the same God who had miraculously supplied the prophet with food, as miraculously have supplied him with water? Was the difficulty greater to make Cherith flow, than to make the voracious ravens Elijah's ministers? And yet blessings perpetuated too often become mere matters of course. There is a tendency in the very uniformity with which the sun rises, our pulses beat, and our lungs breathe, to beget a feeling of indifference and forgetfulness to the great Source of them all. All life is a miracle; new mercies and new mornings dawn together, and yet frequently it is only their privation that recalls the consciousness of their former presence. We have no right to say it was so with Elijah; it may be permitted, however, to suggest, whether, by the new surprise his Master had in store for him, He did not intend to test his faith—to ascertain whether it was to Cherith or to God he was trusting, to confirm his sense of dependence, and show that, without an ever-wakeful and working Providence, even an Elijah was nothing.

A second preliminary question is this, Why, when Elijah was to leave the Cherith, he was sent to Phœnicia, and not back to Israel? Apart from the danger, humanly speaking, of such a proceeding, and the new surprise of providence awaiting him in Phœnicia, reasons may be found in the sovereignty of God's grace; in his desire to strengthen the faith of one of his 'hidden ones;' to strengthen also the prophet's own faith, by the discovery amid Israel's degeneracy, and even in the headquarters of Baal, of one who was 'an Israelite indeed;' and to prove that both for this world and the next, living, dying, or dead, 'godliness is profitable unto all things.' It is a safe inference, we think, from the language of our blessed Lord (Luke iv. 26), that the widow of Zarephath was a true believer, not probably matured in faith, but still a believer, wherever, like her sister in the Gospels who successfully struggled with Christ, she had obtained the foundations of her faith. Phœnicia was the last place in the world to have found a worshipper of 'the Lord, the living God.' It was also the last place in the world to have found an Elijah. And yet both are here—the one 'a lily among thorns;' the other, in the quaint but fine thought of Lightfoot, 'the first apostle of the Gentiles.'

'Arise, get thee to Zarephath.' 'Servants rise,' says the proverb, 'when the bell rings,' and so Elijah obeys the call of God. Up to this point he had had no will of his own, and God did not intend he should have any. The prophet was like Israel in the wilderness: 'At the commandment of the Lord they rested in their tents, and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed.' God was leading him by a way he knew not; and although, like Israel again, it might not be the shortest way, might not be the easiest way, might not apparently be the safest way, still it was the right way, and in the end was to lead to 'a city of habitation.'

Let us see Elijah on his journey. He takes his last look of the dry bed of the Cherith; of the rocky grot where, like Noah in the ark, the Lord had 'shut him in;' of his ravens, who, perched overhead, survey his movements with wondering eye. He is unburdened with equipage of travel. He throws around him his sheepskin mantle. He has a staff already, or improvises one from the forest before he leaves. He steps out to the open country again. Led by a heavenly instinct and impulse, he makes for the Jordan. He crosses it. He reaches the mountains of Gilboa, memorable as the scene of the death of Saul. Passing over their eastern ridge, he finds himself in the plain of Jezreel. It is suggestive of Jezebel's 'groves;' but God is his guide, and as he journeys, we fancy we hear him singing one of David's psalms, 'I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' And now he has arrived at the base of Carmel, the most beautiful

* From an excellent volume entitled, *Elijah, the Desert Prophet.* Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

mountain in Palestine, clothed to its very summit with perennial verdure, and destined so soon to play a very conspicuous part in the prophet's own history. From Carmel he passes to the shore of the Great Sea. He travels hopefully on. He is now at Accho or Ptolemais, where Paul tarried a day on his voyage to Jerusalem (Acts xxi. 7), and which, under the name of St. Jean D'Acre, has also a place in our own British story. From Accho, and still by the sea-shore, he reaches Tyre. In Tyre's busy streets, where are traders of all countries, no notice is taken of one solitary pilgrim, meanly clad compared with Tyre's sons of commerce and merchant princes. And so, weary and footsore, the lonely prophet continues his way till fifteen miles farther on, and at the gate of a small city on the coast road, he beholds, no doubt by a sign divinely communicated, 'a widow woman gathering of sticks.'

Zarephath, the Sarepta of the New Testament, was situate midway between Tyre and Sidon, and, according to Calmet, was celebrated for refining metallic ores, the word itself literally signifying 'a place of smelting furnaces.' It is also thought by some that it was here the Syro-Phœnician woman of the Gospels had her daughter restored to life by our blessed Lord, when He 'went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon.' In the days of Jerome, the spot where Elijah met the 'widow woman' was marked by a tower, while over her house a church, termed τὸ χηρεῖον (from χηρεία, widowhood), was erected in the twelfth century by the Crusaders. It is still to be seen near the water's edge, and Elijah's chamber and the widow's kneading-trough are professedly pointed out. The modern representative of Zarephath is Surafend or Sarafand. It has somewhat changed its position in the course of centuries (and especially since the period of the Crusades) from the site of the old town or village—being now, according to Dean Stanley in his *Sinai and Palestine*, more on the top and slope of one of the hills the long line of which skirts the plain of Phœnicia, and 'conspicuous by the white domes of its many tombs of Mussulman saints.' The ruins of the ancient Zarephath, however, are still very considerable, and—strange association—are now being dug over, perhaps the twentieth time, for stone to build the barracks at Beyrout.*

On the first glance of his future hostess, who seems to have been an unconscious agent in the whole transaction, the prospects of Elijah did not look very bright. The 'gathering of sticks' told a sad tale of distress. This widow was a widow indeed. A strong trial of the prophet's faith it was to be dependent on a woman; a still stronger to be dependent on a widow; but the strongest and strangest of all, to be dependent on a widow whose circumstances were so humble that she had to search for fragments of fuel upon the public road, or perhaps fragments of drift-wood on the neighbouring beach. And yet, true faith thinks of God, not of circumstances. 'There is a lad here,' said the disciples, 'which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?'—that was the language of doubt. 'I have no man,' said the invalid at Bethesda, 'when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool;' that was the language of doubt again. Both thought of circumstances, the circumstances in which they were placed. Elijah, however, thinks not of circumstances, but of the God of circumstances. Like Abraham, he staggers not at the promise through unbelief, but is strong in faith, giving glory to God. And so his faith triumphed. Mightier than any magician, it laid every doubt and fear in the dust; a 'thus saith the Lord' was enough; God had *commanded* the widow woman and *commanded* his servant Elijah as well; it mattered not how the support was to come; God could send it, and He would: 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you.'

It is the hour of the prophet's 'weakness.' He is faint and thirsty. The streams on his way from Cherith have all been dried up, so the first thing he asks is a cup of cold water. Encouraged by the readiness to help, 'Bring me also,' he says, 'I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand.' But what a reply follows!—a reply in which we know not what arrests us most—the simplicity of the language, the extremity of the poverty, the depth of the distress, the affection of the mother, or the singularity of finding here a believer in God who can recognise his prophet: 'As the Lord *thy* God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die.'

The whole story at this point is terribly touching. It had been a sad season in Zarephath, and indeed all over Phœnicia, where the drought and famine were long remembered. Menander, the Greek poet (B.C. 342), makes mention of both in recording the acts of Ethbaal, the king of Tyre, informing us that solemn prayers were offered by that monarch in the temples of Ashtaroth on their account; 'and when he made supplications for the descent of rain there came great thunders.'*

A sad season, however, in Phœnicia and Zare-

* Dr. Thomson in *The Land and the Book* (1863).

* *See* Josephus, *Antiq.* Book viii. chap. 13, sec. 2.

phath generally, it had been specially sad in the home of this 'widow woman,' her husband dead, and she left helpless with an only child—a comfort truly to her heart, but a great addition to her cares. She had struggled and striven in poverty and famine. But still the bloom was going from her boy's ruddy cheek, and her hopes that he might yet be to her in his father's place were apparently soon to be blighted. More piercingly than any words, his famished lips, and lustreless eye, and poor thin form had all been crying for bread, and she had scarcely any to give. It was enough to make a mother's senses reel; and if therefore now, by sore stinting and hard labour, she could give him one meal more, did not all humanity say, 'Provide first for your perishing, dying boy?'

It *was* nature,—the language of Nabal in another form, 'Shall I then take my bread, and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men whom I know not whence they be?' (1 Sam. xxv. 11.) But just in proportion as it was *natural*, it was dangerous, distrustful, and dishonouring to God. Possibly the best of us in a similar position would have done precisely the same. 'The seen and temporal' are close beside us; 'the unseen and eternal' are far away. Not this widow of Zarephath only, holds as first principle 'me and my son.' With far less excuse than she had, it is the world's main-spring of action, the pivot on which men are hourly turning round. And yet, taking lofty ground, without any blush for selfishness, trying her deeper still—like the Master in the days of his flesh: 'This He said to prove him, for He himself knew what He would do'—the travel-stained seer repeats his request, 'Make *me* a little cake first, and after make for *thee* and for thy son,' vowing that God—the God of them both—would take care of the domestic stores: 'for thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.'

It was indeed a trying moment. Many difficulties might have been started, and chief among them, why Elijah was in want at all, if he could so easily multiply the little remaining provision. 'Some sharp dame,' says Bishop Hall, 'would have taken up the prophet, and sent him away with an angry repulse.' But no, the widow of Zarephath stands the test; her confidence in God is no frail plank; it bears her up and through; she believes the 'Fear not' of the weary prophet; she can even look beyond the privations of her child; and, in a faith like Job's, can say as she kindles her 'two sticks' on the hearth, 'Though He slay us both, yet will I trust in Him.'

'And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah; and she, and he, and her house did eat many days.' We need not linger over the miracle, although its features are of the most astonishing character. The same power that multiplied the loaves and fishes on the shores of Galilee, could multiply with equal ease the particles of meal and the little drops of oil this 'widow woman' possessed in her home. With the Lord nothing is impossible. Believe in the *fact* of the miracle, and the rest may safely be left to God. The re-creation of the meal and oil from day to day for two years—the period, as we reckon it, Elijah remained in Zarephath—was indeed a very small matter, compared with the original creation of the world out of nothing. Admit the almighty energy of God, and you have a force which is infinite, and a force which is infinite admits of no limitation.

It is impossible, also, to fail to see here, nearly a thousand years before they were spoken, the fulfilment of these words of our blessed Lord: 'He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward.' For two whole years the prophet's reward was received by this Sareptan widow. She was preserved in the midst of famine. We read not of luxuries enjoyed, but 'the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.' The widow's heart was singing aloud for joy. She had no anxiety about daily bread, for it came with the day, and there was enough for all. Her boy, too, was brightening up, and the old ruddy glow was coming back to cheeks no longer shrunken from want of food. Further still, and apart from his resurrection, was there not enjoyed by her, for two whole years, the teaching, example, and prayers of a man of God in her humble home? Were these not something? Would they be lost upon herself or her child, and could money have purchased them at that moment throughout the whole of Phœnicia? A good man's prayers, a good man's 'blessing,' are inestimable: 'And Jacob blessed Pharaoh.'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

HEB. I. 3.

THERE is no difficulty in ascertaining who the 'He' is here. He is well described to us. He is the 'Son,' 'the heir of all things,' the 'Maker of the worlds,' the 'brightness of Jehovah's glory,' the 'express image of his person,' the 'upholder of all things.' Such is He! The 'Word made flesh;' 'the only-begotten of the Father,'—infinite, eternal, divine.

The special thing which this glorious One is described as doing, in our text, is 'purging our sins.' For this He descended, lived, died, and was buried. And this work is one which comes in between a glorious past and a glorious future—a brief but marvellous interruption or interposition. He, the Eternal Son, descends to do a work on earth; He does it in thirty-three years, and then reascends to eternal glory. Yet, ere He went, He could say, 'It is finished.'

We should be led to conclude, from his person, and character, and past eternal history, that the work He comes to do will be thoroughly well done; and we should no less conclude, from his subsequent history of exaltation and honour, that it *had been* fully and satisfactorily accomplished. His sitting down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, implies that He himself is satisfied, and that the Father is also satisfied. He is glorified because his work is done.

The work is that of purging our sins; and these He purged 'by himself.' Let us consider this. It is literally, 'Through himself He made purgation of our sins.'

I. *A purgation or cleansing is needed.*—The need of purgation arises from the existence of *sin*. It has come in as guilt and as evil. It has come in to defile us, to pollute our consciences, to render our persons unacceptable to God. It has made us filthy, so that God cannot approach us; and it has produced such a sense of filthiness, that we cannot approach God. Purgation, then, is needed, because of pollution. It is needed to satisfy God, and to satisfy us. So long as this defilement exists, there can be no approach to God, no intercourse, no peace of conscience, no safety; but distance, terror, isolation, like that of the leper; 'fearful looking for of judgment.' No service, no safety, no peace, no strength, no love without it. If our sins are not purged, we are yet in them, and they in us; God is yet angry with us, and we at enmity with God.

II. *It must be sacrificial purgation.*—The washing away of sin is something special and peculiar.

(1.) *It is not indifference to sin, or forgetfulness of it, either on our part or that of God.*—This cannot satisfy God, or relieve our consciences. Yet this is all the purgation which most betake themselves to!

(2.) *It is not God's love to us.*—God's love, in itself, cannot purge sin. It may and does lead to the adoption of measures for the purgation; but it must not be confounded with these. It cannot pacify the conscience.

(3.) *It is purgation by pardon.*—Our consciences cannot be purged without forgiveness. No pardon, no purgation. Where there is righteous pardon, there is true purgation.

(4.) *It is purgation by priesthood.*—The purging of the conscience is a priestly act. It is by priesthood that the relationship between us and God is established on its true footing. There must be priesthood in everything pertaining to the removal of sin; and this priesthood must be divine.

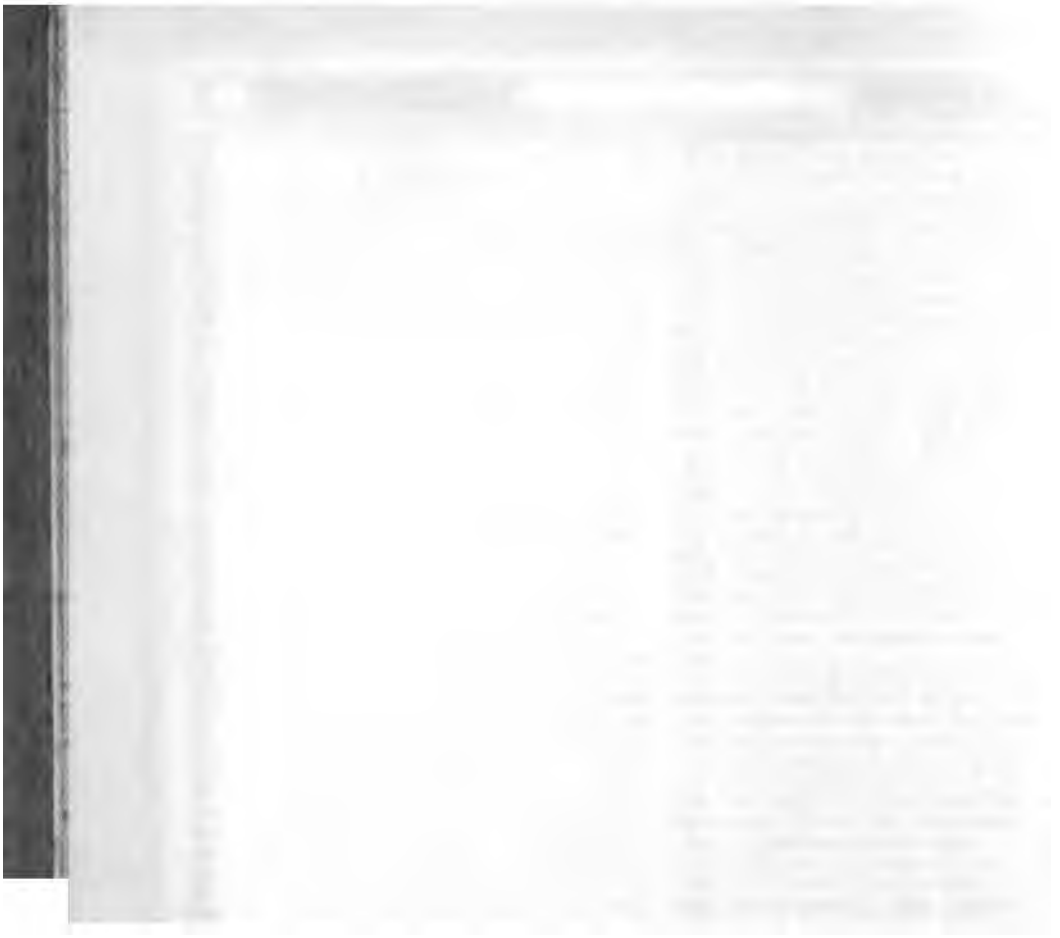
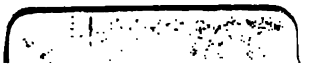
(5.) *It is purgation by blood.*—It is the blood that purges; the blood of the Lamb, the blood of the priest. This blood is the blood of the substitute. It purges because it is the *life;* and purgation can only come by the giving of life for life.

III. *Christ himself has made this purgation by himself.*—It is not merely that He purged our sins, but He did it *by himself.* He was High Priest, altar, temple, sacrifice. It was his own blood, his own death that did the work. That which He did on earth is our purgation; He wrought that thing which purges, pacifies, pardons. In consequence of it, it was a righteous thing in God to draw near to us, and a safe thing for us to draw near to God. God looks at it, and says, 'It is enough, I draw near;' we look at it, and say, 'It is enough, let us draw near.' All that sin, and guilt, and condemnation produced, of distance, displeasure, dread, are done away by this. The sacrifice has been offered; the blood has been shed; life has been given for life; it is finished. Not by our works of righteousness, but by the one work done by the Son of God we are saved, our sins are purged, our approach to God is provided for. Nothing more is needed to propitiate God, or to purge our conscience, than the sacrifice of Calvary. Without this, God would have remained unpropitiated, and the sinner's conscience unpurged, unpacified. Mark—

(1.) *The love of God is here.*—'Herein is love.' Love originated the propitiation. It is not, 'God gave his Son, that He might love the world;' but, 'God so loved the world, that He gave his Son.'

(2.) *The open gate is here.*—It is the blood that has rolled away the stone, and opened the gate; not love alone, but love working its way to us through the blood. The veil is rent. The flaming sword is removed or quenched.

(3.) *The removal of dread is here.*—It is not mere love that removes the distrust and terror. More than love is needed. The sacrifice presents that which is needed. Now we do not need to fly from God, nor dread Him as an enemy. Now He is both gracious and righteous, loving and holy. We need not be terrified at the mention of his name or law.

Here is the purging sacrifice. You are not actually purged till you believe; but here is the purging work. Receive God's testimony to its meaning, its nature, its efficacy, its power. It purges all who believe.

THE END.